

**The
STRANGE
DEATH
of
MARILYN
MONROE**

by

FRANK A. CAPELL

\$2.00



The STRANGE DEATH of MARILYN MONROE

**by
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THE AUTHOR



FRANK A. CAPELL

Frank A. Capell is the Editor of the "Herald of Freedom," a national anti-Communist educational bi-weekly. Beginning as an undercover criminal investigator (tight-roper) for District Attorneys and Police Commissioners, he later became Chief Investigator of the Westchester County (N.Y.) Sheriff's Office. In this capacity he established a Bureau of Subversive Activities. He supervised the investigation of over five thousand individuals and organizations, including Nazis, Fascists and Communists, on behalf of the F.B.I. in most cases. During World War II he served as a civilian investigator overseas doing intelligence work.

The author has been fighting the enemies of our country for twenty-six years in official and unofficial capacities. As a writer, lecturer, instructor, researcher and investigator, he has appeared before audiences, on radio and television from coast to coast. He maintains files on two million people who have aided the International Communist Conspiracy. Mr. Capell is the author of "Freedom Is Up To You" (now out of print), "The Threat From Within," "Treason Is The Reason" and "The Strange Case Of Jacob Javits." His biography has appeared for the last fifteen years in "Who's Who in the East" and "Who's Who in Commerce and Industry."

Walter Winchell

OF NEW YORK

"THE STRANGE DEATH of Marilyn Monroe" (author F. Capell) is an eyebrow-raising breather—even if what the chronicler sets forth can never be confirmed. This column submitted the "low-down" 48 hours after Marilyn Let Go . . . The book reveals the alleged "details" . . .



A certain H'wood female was given employment with the United States Information Agency on May 6, 1963. She did not get around to filling out her application until Oct. 10, 1963. This is supposed to be a sensitive agency requiring security clearances. Can the secret service or CIA explain that???

"THE STRANGE DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE" author conferred with Chief Deputy D.A. Bowler of L.A. County last week. The writer turned over information not in the book. The staff is now "reviewing and evaluating" the alleged evidence and statements to decide whether or not the Dist. Atty. should turn it over to the Grand Jury . . .

★
Puzzlement Dept.: Sgt. Jack Clemmons (of the Los Angeles police dept.) was the first officer on the scene when Marilyn Monroe died. He can verify that the psychiatrist and the housekeeper first stated that the time was 10 p.m. when the housekeeper awakened—and midnight when she summoned the doc . . . Later detectives were told that the woman woke up at midnight and called medics at 3:30 a.m. . . . Now read pages 40-41 of the new book "The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe" . . . Mighty strange, indeed, if true . . .

★
THE AUTHOR of "The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe" jetted to the Coast to discuss it with L.A. police . . .

From the
Borger,
Texas
News-
Herald
Aug. 11,
1964. . . .

★
Marilyn Monroe
"The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe," by Frank A. Capell, whose address is given in the foregoing article, is the title of a book, just off the press, which sells for \$2. It is published by the Herald of Freedom, copyrighted 1964.

This is not a book that can be carelessly reviewed. It involves the element of sex, murder, Communism, mental health, and Very Important People.

The book is printed in large type, on slick paper, and is easy to read. Stories are supported by reproductions of photographs, of Marilyn Monroe, those with whom she was associated, and her psychiatrist to whom she paid a fabulous fee.

If you are interested in a mixture of sex, mental health, psychiatry, murder, and political chicanery, you will read this book.

Photographs of official documents, expense factors, and supporting physical details are reproduced in the book.

This book will be widely read if for no other reason than because Marilyn Monroe was known to millions of people, many of whom excused whatever faults she may have had, as does the author, because of the manner in which these faults were exploited.

You will read this book.
It will shock you.
It will shame you.
Yes, it will scare you.

★

INTRODUCTION

This is the story of an American girl who was used by materialistic avaricious people, by false friends with bad advice, by sex-depraved V. I. P.'s. She came under the influence of many whom she allowed, in child-like trust, to chart the course of her life and who led her to a premature grave. That she had become immoral cannot be denied but she was also kind and generous. Because she typifies the exploitation of trusting and uninformed persons with "Possibilities" by the pro-Communist cabal which has wormed its way to positions of importance everywhere, the author decided to take a closer look at what can happen to someone who accepts the plums extended to her without regard for the type of characters extending them.

The stranglehold on our country today has been accomplished by using this method in a great many cases. It takes great strength of character to resist tempting offers from important people, but when the tempting offer is accepted the person accepting it finds out later that he has been "bought." He is thenceforth in the clutches of something or someone from which he cannot escape. This happens in politics with attractive personalities being pushed ahead and owing their election to powerful behind the scenes forces. This happens in all areas of endeavor where young people find it easier to get ahead by "playing along" than by honest effort and ability. Bright youngsters and not-so-bright but attractive youngsters are selected and suddenly become very successful and popular. The reason for their phenomenal success is, as the cynical saying goes, "not what they know but who they know."

The persons who decide to "play along" usually find that the "playing along" includes "playing around" and the "playing around" can be dangerous when important public figures are involved. These public figures must maintain some semblance of respectability and their public "image" must conform to the ingrained American moral standards. These standards are under heavy fire from atheists, pornographers and immoral actors and actresses who set bad examples, but they have not yet broken down completely. Therefore the "playing around" of V. I. P.'s must be done quietly and privately and all efforts are made to see that the American public is unaware of Mr. V. I. P. being anything but a devoted husband and father.

Marilyn Monroe's involvement with a V. I. P. (is there anyone who doesn't know that this stands for Very Important Person?) during the period just preceding her death was well known to her friends and reporters in the Hollywood area. This important person was and is ambitious, ruthless and will stop at nothing to attain his goal which is to be President of the United States.

Introduction

V. I. P.'s with important names assume that they are beyond criticism and that no one will dare to mention the name. Usually Americans like to think the best of people and it takes a great deal of documentation to convince anyone that a V.I.P. could be involved in a sordid affair. But in the case of our particular V.I.P., his name has become one which no man may take in vain. A "martyred" president whose whole career was built upon a public image very different from the real man has become the basis for deification of his whole family. Through one of the greatest (and most expensive) public relations jobs in all history a sacred name has been created which no one may speak against—unless he wants to be denounced by an emotionally keyed up populace, have his income tax returns gone over with a fine-tooth comb or have his person or family jeopardized by official harassment, social ostracism or economic reprisal. And this in the land of "freedom of speech" and "civil rights."

However, at the time of Marilyn's death this name was not yet sacred, just very important. Marilyn thought it would be a nice one to add to Dougherty DiMaggio Miller. She even thought she has reason to expect that she was going to do just that. Her untimely death put an end to her hopes and expectations. Her untimely death also benefited certain persons financially. After her untimely death the two people most closely associated with her took extended trips to Europe. Had Marilyn become a liability to her left-wing friends as well as a threat to the public respectability of her very important friend?

Marilyn's doctor, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, was an identified Communist. The wife of her principal beneficiary was an identified Communist. Her third and last husband was an admitted former Communist whose break with the Party was not so clean that he would cooperate with a Congressional Investigating Committee. Her V.I.P. friend has not been unfriendly to the Communist Party or its members during his term in office. He has played down the strength of the Communist Party and his views seem to conform to those of the New York "Times" which stated editorially June 11, 1964: "It is time to give up this futile degrading persecution of the tattered remnant of the American Communist Party by trying to force it to proclaim itself a subversive organization."

When a person has become a liability or is getting out of hand, the Communist Party has no compunction in ordering his or her liquidation. Many "suicides" and "heart attacks" and "accidental deaths" are in reality murders ordered by the Communist Party. Marilyn was deeply involved with left-wingers and identified Communists and her death has many suspicious aspects to it which we shall attempt to bring out by presenting documented evidence.

Introduction

As an old time investigator of criminal and subversive activities, the author is well aware of the possibilities of retaliation, reprisal and revenge and has accordingly taken the necessary precautions of having several sets of documents and other evidence placed in the hands of a number of patriotic key individuals, including newspapermen and members of Senate and House Committees. Many dedicated anti-Communists have worked with the author in obtaining the facts and documentation contained in this short book. What we have learned is another example of the trend toward decadence, immorality, materialism and the ever present influence of the conspiracy which seeks to weaken the will to resist.



Marilyn Monroe with first husband, James Dougherty (top), Joe DiMaggio (center) and Arthur Miller (bottom)—three husbands.

(UPI Photo)

THE VICTIM

At 4:25 A.M. on Sunday, August 5, 1962, the telephone rang at Los Angeles Police Headquarters. A man, stating he was Dr. Hyman Engelberg, reported the death of a movie star, Marilyn Monroe. Instantly the call was relayed to the West Los Angeles Police Division.

Was this just a routine case of suicide—a movie star, beginning to age, whose contract with 20th Century Fox had been cancelled? This was what the papers and radio announced and, except for the fact that Marilyn Monroe was an international celebrity, the “suicide” would have gone almost unnoticed by the public. However, the public was ghoulishly interested and so all her friends were interviewed by reporters, as were her doctor, psychiatrist, housekeeper, press agent, etc. The incredible contradictions in the different statements did not seem to bother anyone. The Los Angeles “Herald Examiner” on Aug. 6, 1962, quoted Marilyn’s psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph R. Greenson: “Marilyn had talked with me at 5:50 P.M. Saturday evening (Aug. 4, 1962.) She appeared distraught. I told her to take a drive and relax.” The same newspaper on Aug. 15, 1962 quoted Marilyn’s press secretary and close friend, Pat Newcomb, as saying, “Saturday she was getting things done inside the house—she loved it. This was the first home she ever owned herself. She was as excited about it as a little girl with a new toy when I last saw her at 6:30 P.M. Nothing about her mood or manner had changed. She said to me, ‘I’ll see you tomorrow. Toodle-loo’.”

Born Norma Jean Baker, Marilyn had been raised in foster homes until she was sixteen. Her early life was unhappy, in fact miserable, and she had been abused both physically and carnally at an early age. When the opportunity presented itself she quickly married to get out on her own. Her first husband was James Dougherty, a Van Nuys, California, policeman. After an unhappy marriage and a turn at modelling, Marilyn came under the guidance and influence of Lee Strasberg, who was connected with the New Theatre, and the Film and Photo League, both of which had been cited as Communist fronts by Congressional Committees. Strasberg maintained a Svengali-like influence over Marilyn to such an extent that she left him a sum of money in her will. It has been estimated he will get almost half a million dollars.

Like leeches, the left-wingers managed to cling to Marilyn through her years of success in Hollywood. Her marriage to Joe DiMaggio, while unsuccessful, was one which might have been happy if they had been left alone. Joe sincerely loved her and deeply mourned her passing. He was aware of the influences which had crept into her life and felt so strongly about it that he kept the “Hollywood crowd” away from her funeral. Among those excluded were Peter Lawford and his wife, the former Pat Kennedy,

The Victim

sister of the President of the United States. Joe had felt that something was wrong, that Marilyn was in danger, and had resigned his \$100,000.00 per year job as Vice President of V. H. Monette, Inc. in Virginia (suppliers of Military Post Exchanges) on August 1, 1962, to come to California to be near her. One of the last telephone calls that Marilyn received was from Joe DiMaggio, Jr. who was in the United States Marines. They had a friendship and respect for each other and Joe, Jr. was in the habit of asking Marilyn for advice from time to time.

After Marilyn and Joe were divorced, she married Arthur Miller, a playwright and admitted former Communist who refused to cooperate with a Congressional Committee and who therefore is still popular with the extreme left. Over the years Miller has made clear his lack of respect not only for women but also for God and country. Joe DiMaggio has promised to give Miller the beating he deserves whenever he meets him publicly. Miller's new play, "After the Fall," in spite of his denials, is obviously based on his marriage to Marilyn and is most unflattering to her while glorifying him. Marilyn's marriage to Miller was much publicized and ended in divorce. She returned to California after an absence of almost seven years and lived in an apartment on Doheny Drive until she built a home at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive, Brentwood, Beverly Hills Section, Los Angeles County.

Marilyn, at the time of her death, had been working on a film, "Something's Got To Give," for 20th Century Fox Films. During the filming she became ill and lost twenty days out of thirty-two, causing the film company to cancel her contract in June, 1962. During one illness, Marilyn came under the influence of a Beverly Hills psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph R. Greenson, of 436 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, California. He is a relative or very close friend of Marilyn's lawyer, Milton A. (Mickey) Rudin of the law firm of Gang, Tyre, Rudin & Brown, 6400 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Rudin has also been the lawyer for Elizabeth Taylor. Headshrinker Greenson was charging Marilyn fifty dollars per visit and his bill from July 1, 1962 to August 4, 1962 was \$1,400.00. His statements to the press were that he was getting Marilyn off the use of barbiturates. It must have nullified his efforts, however, when a physician friend of his who was also treating Marilyn kept prescribing barbiturates for her. This physician was Dr. Hyman Engelberg of 9730 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills who pronounced Marilyn dead at 3:45 A.M. on Sunday, August 5, 1962 and signed her death certificate. Dr. Engelberg has been identified by three different witnesses as a member of the Communist Party.

On Friday, August 3, 1962, these two doctors were very busy with Marilyn, according to their sworn affidavits supporting

The Victim

their claims for fees filed in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles. Dr. Greenson shows that he "treated" Marilyn at his office on Friday, August 3rd for at least one and one-half hours. Dr. Engelberg shows that he visited Marilyn on the same day at her home for which he charged twenty-five dollars. He also swore he gave her an injection of some kind for which he charged ten dollars extra. In spite of her visits to and from doctors, however, Marilyn felt up to ordering fine liquors and food delicacies on the same day from Briggs and Co. of 13038 San Vicente Boulevard, Los Angeles, the bill totalling \$49.07.

Dr. Greenson gave Marilyn a prescription for twenty-five capsules of Phenergan in 25 mg strength. This is an anti-histamine drug often used for allergy. He also gave her a prescription for twenty-five Nembutal capsules in one and one-half grain strength. The prescriptions were dated August 3, 1962 and were filled by the Vicente Pharmacy, 12025 San Vicente Boulevard, Los Angeles. They assigned number 20857 to the Phenergan prescription and number 20858 to the Nembutal prescription. Dr. Engelberg told the police on August 5th and their report shows that he had prescribed a refill of Nembutal "about two days ago" and that there should have been about fifty capsules at the time of the refill. This is completely false. The prescription was dated August 3, 1962 and it called for only twenty-five capsules. It was not a refill since it was given a new number.

Pat Newcomb, Marilyn's close friend, when questioned about the events prior to Marilyn's death stated: "I had arrived at the house Friday night after work. I was fighting a bad case of bronchitis and had decided to enter a hospital for a complete rest. But Marilyn had called me and said why don't you come out here. You can have all the privacy you want. You can sun in the back and you won't have to go to a hospital. I found her in wonderful spirits. She was in a good mood, a very happy mood. Friday night we had dinner in a quiet restaurant near her home." Miss Newcomb stated that part of Marilyn's happiness was due to the decision of 20th Century Fox to resume making the film, "Something's Got To Give," with their star back in the role. It also pleased her that when completed portions of the film were shown to studio executives in New York there was a great deal of excitement. Dr. Greenson painted a different picture when he was questioned by police. The police report shows, "Dr. Greenson had seen the deceased on August 4, 1962 (Saturday) at 5:15 P.M. at her request because she was unable to sleep. He had been treating her for about one year." Why she should want to go to sleep at 5:15 P.M. in the afternoon he did not say, nor would it seem logical for her to want to go to sleep since she had a guest (Pat Newcomb) with her. In explaining

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Creditor's Claim No. P-458935

Affidavit of creditor, D. J. Briggs, subscribed and sworn to on April 26, 1963, before William G. Sharp, County Clerk, Superior Court of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND
FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

In the Matter of the Estate of
Marilyn Monroe
Deceased.

CREDITOR'S CLAIM

Date of death: August 5, 1962.

Date of first pub. notice to creditors: March 4, 1963.

Don J. Briggs, Incorporated, whose address is
(if claimant is executor or administrator, must so state)

13038 San Vicente Boulevard, Los Angeles 49, California

is a creditor of the above named decedent and presents the following claim:

<u>Date of Item</u>	<u>Description of Item</u>	<u>Amount Claimed</u>
	Merchandise sold and delivered in accordance with attached invoice.	215.41

BRIGGS wines
spirits
unusual foods

13038 San Vicente, Los Angeles 49

EXbrook 5-9997
GRanite 6-1223

Marilyn Monroe
12305 - 5th Helena Dr.
Los Angeles 49, Calif.

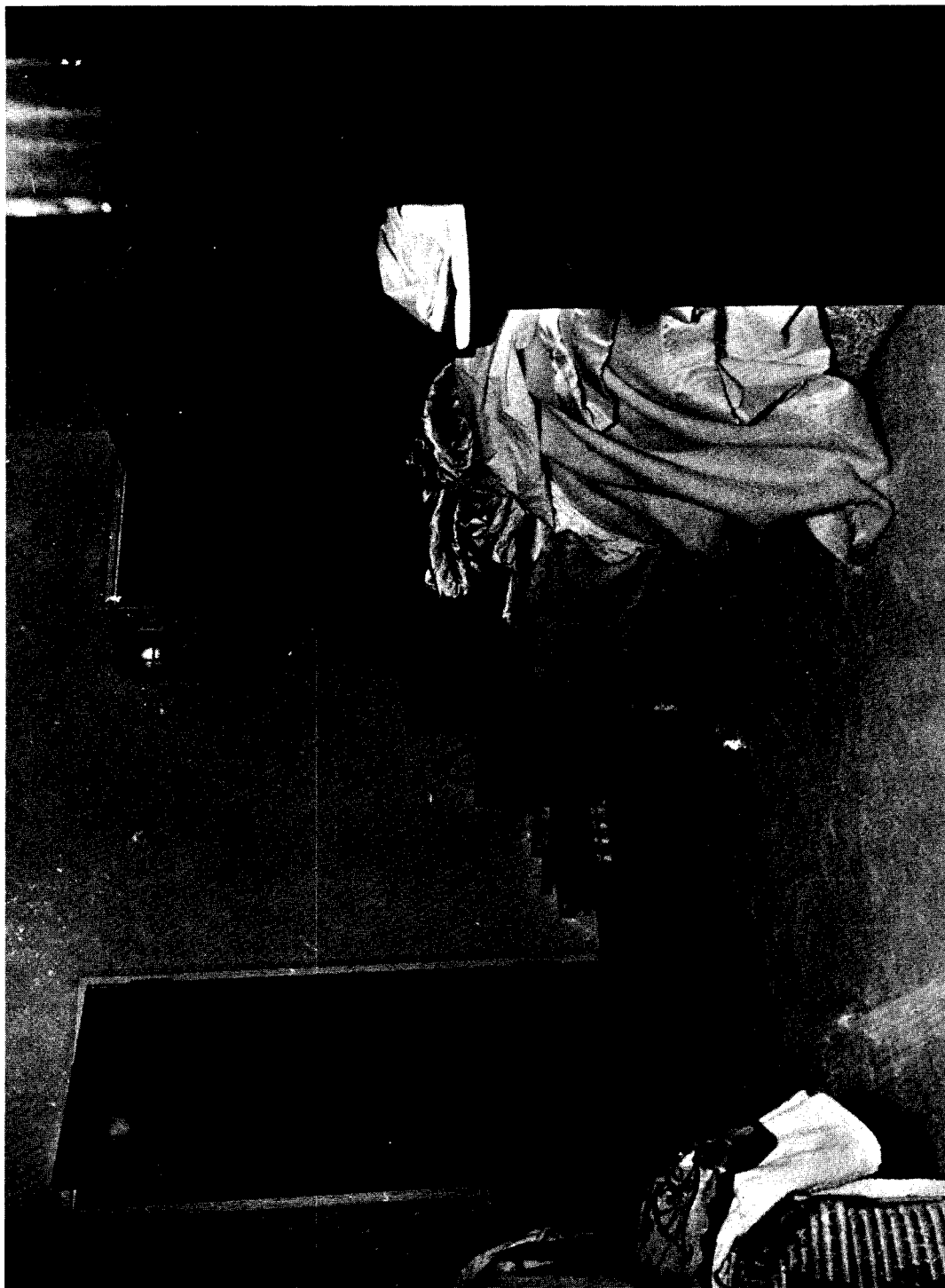
<u>Date</u>	<u>Charges</u>	<u>Credits</u>	<u>Balance</u>
<u>Balance forward</u>			
July 11, '62	65.28		
19	57.75		
30	43.31		
Aug. 3	49.07		215.41

Your balance is
last amount in
this column

Payments are due on or before the 10th of the month following the date of
purchase.

BRIGGS 13038 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, 49

T R U E
C O P Y



The bed on which Marilyn Monroe was found a suicide—or was it murder?
(UPI Photo)

The Victim

a bill of \$1,400.00 submitted to Marilyn's estate for payment, Dr. Greenson had this to say, "All office visits lasted a minimum of one and one-half hours. All visits to the home were approximately two hours in duration."

If we are to accept Dr. Greenson's story, he would have been trying to put Marilyn to sleep while she and Pat Newcomb were enjoying each other's company and Marilyn was in a "good mood, a happy mood" as stated by Miss Newcomb who did not leave until 6:30 P.M. and makes no mention of seeing any psychiatrist trying to put Marilyn to sleep. To the contrary Marilyn told her very gaily, "I'll see you tomorrow. Toodle-loo." At 7:00 P.M. Marilyn reportedly talked on the telephone to Peter Lawford, who invited her to come over to a dinner party.

According to the police report Marilyn had retired at about 8:00 P.M. on Saturday, August 4, 1962. This information was given to them by Marilyn's housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice Murray. She stated she saw a light under the door in Marilyn's room at 12:00 Midnight but went back to bed. At 3:30 A.M. she looked again and saw the light under the door. The door was locked so she walked around and looked in the bedroom window. She said she saw Marilyn "lying in bed on her stomach with the phone receiver in her hand." She stated she called Marilyn's psychiatrist and he told her to call Dr. Engelberg, which she did. Dr. Greenson arrived at 3:40 A.M., he stated, and broke the window pane in the bedroom window. He entered through the window, removed the telephone from her hand and found her "probably dead" (rigor mortis had already set in.) About ten minutes later at 3:50 A.M. Dr. Engelberg arrived and pronounced her dead (she had been dead for at least three to six hours already.) Finally at 4:25 A.M. Dr. Engelberg called the police who had a man on the scene in minutes. He was Sgt. Clemmons who in turn notified detectives, after which Sgt. Byron took charge of the investigation. The Coroner's Office was notified by 5:25 A.M. The Coroner showed the time of death as 3:40 A.M. while the police, being uncertain, showed the time of death between 8:00 P.M. on Saturday, August 4th, and 3:35 A.M. on Sunday, August 5th.

By 10:30 A.M., Sunday, August 5, 1962, an autopsy had been performed by T. Noguchi, M.D., Deputy Medical Examiner and a report was prepared, file #81128. In the section of the report entitled "Digestive System," Dr. Noguchi stated, "The stomach is almost completely empty. The contents is brownish mucoid fluid. The volume is estimated to be no more than 20 cc. No residue of the pills is noted. A smear made from the gastric contents and examined under the polarized microscope shows no refractile crystals.

Death Report of Marilyn Monroe—Los Angeles Police Dept.

Marilyn Monroe on August 4, 1962 retired to her bedroom at about eight o'clock in the evening; Mrs. Eunice Murray of 933 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Calif., 395-7752, CR 61890, noted a light in Miss Monroe's bedroom. Mrs. Murray was not able to arouse Miss Monroe when she went to the door, and when she tried the door again at 3:30 A.M. when she noted the light still on, she found it to be locked. Thereupon Mrs. Murray observed Miss Monroe through the bedroom window and found her lying on her stomach in the bed and the appearance seemed unnatural. Mrs. Murray then called Miss Monroe's psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph R. Greenson of 436 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., CR 14050. Upon entering after breaking the bedroom window, he found Miss Monroe possibly dead. Then he telephoned Dr. Hyman Engelberg of 9730 Wilshire Boulevard, also of Beverly Hills, CR 54366, who came over and then pronounced Miss Monroe dead at 3:35 A.M. Miss Monroe was seen by Dr. Greenson on August 4, 1962 at 5:15 P.M., at her request, because she was not able to sleep. She was being treated by him for about a year. She was nude when Dr. Greenson found her dead with the telephone receiver in one hand and lying on her stomach. The Police Department was called and when they arrived they found Miss Monroe in the condition described above, except for the telephone which was removed by Dr. Greenson. There were found to be 15 bottles of medication on the night table and some were prescription. A bottle marked $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains Nembutal, prescription #20853 and prescribed by Dr. Engelberg, and referring to this particular bottle, Dr. Engelberg made the statement that he prescribed a refill for this about two days ago and he further stated there probably should have been about 50 capsules at the time this was refilled by the pharmacist.

COPY OF MARILYN'S DEATH REPORT

Follow-up Report of L. A. Police Department

Dr. Greenson received a telephone call from Mrs. Eunice Murray who is the the reporting person, at 3:30 A.M. on 8/5/62, wherein she stated she was unable to get into Miss Monroe's bedroom, and also that the light was on. He instructed her to pound on the door and look through the bedroom window, after which she should call him again. Mrs Murray called back at 3:35 A.M. and said that Miss Monroe was lying on the bed with the telephone in her hand, and that she looked strange. Having dressed by this time, Dr. Greenson left his home to go to the residence of the deceased, which is about one mile away. Dr. Greenson also told Mrs. Murray to call Dr. Engelberg.

It was about 3:40 A.M. when Dr. Greenson arrived at the home of the deceased. He broke the window pane and entered the home through the window and then he removed the telephone from the deceased's hand.

Rigor Mortis had set in. Dr. Engelberg arrived at 3:50 A.M. and pronounced Miss Monroe dead. The two doctors, above named, talked for a few minutes. It is the belief of both of them that it was about 4:00 A.M. when Dr. Engelberg telephoned the Police Department.

A check with the Complaint Board and WLA Desk indicates that the telephone call was received by the Police Department at 4:25 A.M. Miss Monroe's telephone, which is GR 61890, has been checked and it was found that no toll calls were made during the hours of this occurrence. The telephone number of 472-4830 is being checked at the present time.

COPY OF FOLLOW-UP ON
MARILYN'S DEATH REPORT

"ORIGINAL COPY"

81128

File #

OFFICE OF COUNTY CORONER

Date Aug. 5, 1962 Time 10:30 a.m.

I performed an autopsy on the body of **MARILYN MONROE**
at the Los Angeles County Coroner's Mortuary, Hall of Justice, Los Angeles
and from the anatomic findings and pertinent history I ascribe the death to:

ACUTE BARBITURATE POISONING

DUE TO:

INGESTION OF OVERDOSE

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION:

The unembalmed body is that of a 36-year-old well-developed, well-nourished Caucasian female weighing 117 pounds and measuring 65½ inches in length. The scalp is covered with bleached blond hair. The eyes are blue. The fixed lividity is noted in the face, neck, chest, upper portions of arms and the right side of the abdomen. The faint lividity which disappears upon pressure is noted in the back and posterior aspect of the arms and legs. A slight ecchymotic area is noted in the left hip and left side of lower back. The breast shows no significant lesion. There is a horizontal 3-inch long surgical scar in the right upper quadrant of the abdomen. A suprapubic surgical scar measuring 5 inches in length is noted.

DIGESTIVE SYSTEM:

The esophagus has a longitudinal folding mucosa. The stomach is almost completely empty. The contents is brownish mucoid fluid. The volume is estimated to be no more than 20 cc. No residue of the pills is noted. A smear made from the gastric contents and examined under the polarized microscope shows no refractile crystals. The mucosa shows marked congestion and submucosal petechial hemorrhage diffusely. The duodenum shows no ulcer. The contents of the duodenum is also examined under polarized microscope and shows no refractile crystals. The remainder of the small intestine shows no gross abnormality. The appendix is absent. The colon shows marked congestion and purplish discoloration. The fecal contents is light brown and formed. The mucosa shows no discoloration.

PORTIONS OF AUTOPSY REPORT

SPECIMEN:

Unembalmed blood is taken for alcohol and barbiturate examination. Liver, kidney, stomach and contents, urine and intestine are saved for further toxicological study. A vaginal smear is made.

T. Noguchi, M.D.

T. NOGUCHI, M. D.
DEPUTY MEDICAL EXAMINER

TN:ag:G
8-13-62

THE FOREGOING INSTRUMENT IS A CORRECT
COPY OF THE ORIGINAL ON FILE AND/OR
OF RECORD IN THIS OFFICE.

ATTEST *MAY 14 1964*

THEODORE J. CURPHEY, M.D.
CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER-CORONER
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

BY *R. H. Rathbun*, DEPUTY

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
County of Los Angeles } ss.

Nº 28182

On this 14th day of May in the year nineteen hundred and sixty-four,
before me, HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in
and for the County of Los Angeles, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared

R. H. Rathbun, DEPUTY CORONER,
known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to
the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he
executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand
and affixed the official seal of said Superior Court the day
and year in this certificate first above written.

HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk,
By *M. Douglas* Deputy.

76C821-2/57

PORTION OF AUTOPSY REPORT

Tape # 2583 Start 478 End 496CORONER
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
CASE REPORTCase No. 81128Taken by CRONKPost Mortem at Lochner Crypt # 33 Request of _____NAME MARILYN MONROE AGE 36 Sex F Race C Date and Time of Death 8-5-62 3 AMPlace of Death 12305 FIFTH HELENA DR. - BRENTWOOD Pronounced Dead by DR. ENLBERGReported by SGT. CLEMMENS Address W. L.A. Phone 476-1890Date 8-5-62 Time 5:25 A.M. (8:45 AM) Phone at Scene _____Police Investigation ☐ Yes ☐ No Police Agency _____

Officer _____ Date _____ Time _____ A.M. P.M. Supplemental Request _____

REPORTED AS:

- ☐ Natural
☐ Accident
☐ Suicide
☐ Homicide
☐ Undetermined
☐ _____

BARBS - OVERDOSEDec. was removed from Bed - Covered with a sheet + BlanketResidence of Deceased SAME Occupation actress Religion _____Employer Studio Soc. Sec. Number ? Military No. ? Vet. ?Next of Kin Gladys Beck Address _____ Phone _____Relationship mother Notified by _____ at _____ A.M. P.M.Weight 117 lbs. Height 65 1/2 In. Hair Blonde U own Norm Norm Teeth own Eyes Blue Mustache NoneTattoo or Deformity None noted Condition of Body DiscoloredPrints ☒ Yes ☐ No Sent: FBI _____ CII _____ FBI No. _____ L.A. No. _____

Personal I.D. By: _____ Address _____

City _____ Relationship _____ Phone _____ Initials and Date _____

Brought in by Dambacher - Pace Date 8-5-62 9:00 AM Dr. Mortuary Dr. MortuaryProperty ☐ Yes ☒ No P.A. Case ☒ Yes ☐ No P.A. Notified by _____ Date _____ Invest. _____Remains Removed by Charles E. Price Release Received 8-6-62 Receipt # 677585Released to Westwood Village on 8-6-62 By L.J.M.INQUEST ☐ Yes ☐ No Held on _____ Inquest Deputy _____

Verdict: _____

CERTIFICATE ISSUED: Pending 8-7-62 By PKS FINAL By _____

REMARKS: obtained the following from Guy Hackett - Westwood delage mortuary. Dec. was found at approx. 3:00 PM by Hauskuchen Lumer Murray, who got up to check on Dec. and she found the Bed Rm. door locked. She called Dr. Engleberg who came over immediately. The Dr. took the poker from the fire place & broke the Bed room window to gain admittance. Dr. pronounced death at 3:30 PM. The mortuary att. stated all doors to Residence were sealed. Dec. Mother is apparently in a San. Body is discolored but no evidence of any trauma See above CPAC Deputy

MORTUARY DEATH REPORT

PLEASE OBTAIN THESE FACTS CONCERNING THIS PERSON'S DEATH

FILE NO. 81128
 DATE 8/3/2
 SEX M AGE 36
 RACE White
 COLOR EYES Blue HAIR Dark
 HEIGHT 5'4 WEIGHT 115
 AT WORK WHEN ILL OR DIED (YES) (NO)

NAME OF DECEASED Wesley Monroe
 STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____
 DOCTOR (YES) (NO) DOCTOR'S NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____
 DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS Personal Head @ 3:30 AM
 HOSP. DIAGNOSIS by Dr. Engelberg
 PLACE OF DEATH — STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ DATE _____ TIME _____ (A.M.) (P.M.)

SYMPTOMS PRECEDING DEATH _____
 DURATION OF SYMPTOMS _____

PAIN? (YES) (NO) LOCATION OF PAIN _____ VOMITING (YES) (NO)
 CONVULSIONS OR OBSERVATIONS _____ UNCONSCIOUS (YES) (NO)

ACCIDENT (YES) (NO) PLACE OF ACCIDENT — STREET _____ CITY _____
 ACCIDENT DATE _____ TIME _____ A.M. P.M. NATURE _____
 (YES) (LIFE) POSSIBLE (YES) GIVE
 (INSURANCE) (NO) (ACCIDENT) SUICIDE? (NO) DETAILS _____

NAMES AND ADDRESSES _____

OF PERSONS PRESENT AT DEATH _____
 ADDITIONAL INFORMATION Dr. Norman Engelberg - 9730 Wilshire Blvd.
 YOU THINK will given report on handwritten day before yesterday
 IS OF VALUE _____

IF NON-POLICE ACCIDENT

DATE OF INJURY _____ TIME _____ (A.M.) (P.M.) PLACE _____

DETAILED REPORT OF ACCIDENT, INJURY OR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION OF VALUE IN DETERMINING CAUSES OF DEATH:

Shirley Barker - mother ? in law
Mrs Eunice Murray 932 Ocean Ave S.M. 395-7752
Hickory Aug 6 1890

Get bladder operation 1 1/2 yrs ago
Physicist talked to her yesterday, very dependent

INFORMANT'S SIGNATURE _____ MORTUARY Westwood Village
 STREET _____ STREET 1218 Shadon Ave.
 CITY/STATE _____ CITY/STATE L.A. 24
 RELATIONSHIP TO DECEASED _____ REPRESENTATIVE Gary R. Kac M. H.

A specimen of blood must be taken on every body before embalming and the bottle must be labeled immediately and carefully. Use only bottles furnished by the Coroner.

The Victim

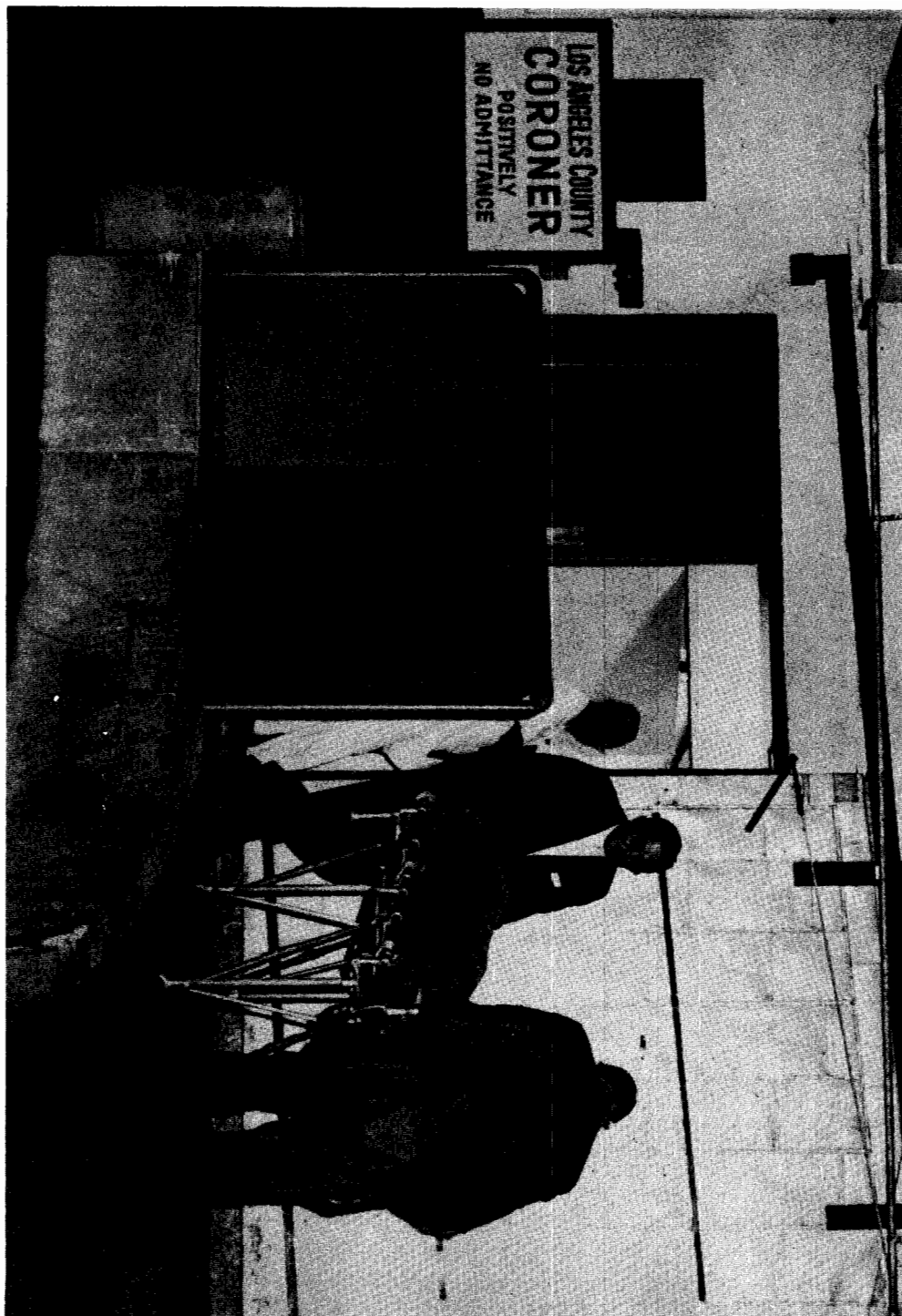
The mucosa shows marked congestion and submucosal petechial hemorrhage diffusely. The duodenum is also examined under polarized microscope and shows no refractile crystals. The remainder of the small intestine shows no gross abnormality. The appendix is absent. The colon shows marked congestion and **purplish discoloration**.

Physicians questioned by the author knew of no case of acute barbiturate poisoning causing death by ingestion of overdose in which some residue of the drug was not found in the stomach or duodenum. Yet Dr. Noguchi could not find a single crystal of the drug during his microscopic examination.

The Case Report of the Coroner, County of Los Angeles, recorded on Tape #258B, start 478, end 496, and the hand written questionnaire form signed by C. Pace, Deputy, show some interesting information. Condition of the body was stated to be "discolored." Remains were removed by Clarence Pierce and brought in by Dambacher and Pace at 9:00 A.M., Sunday, August 5, 1962. Deputy Coroner Pace in a hand written section of the report under title "Remains," writes: "Obtained the following from Guy Hackett of Westwood Village Mortuary. Deceased was found at approximately 3:05 A.M. by housekeeper Eunice Murray, who got up to check on deceased and she found the bed room door locked. She called Dr. Engelberg (Note: She told police she first called Dr. Greenson.) who came over immediately. The doctor took a poker from the fireplace and broke the bed room window to gain admittance. Dr. pronounced death at 3:35 A.M. The mortuary attendant stated all doors to residence were sealed. Deceased's mother is apparently in a sanitarium. Body is discolored but no evidence of any trauma." (signed C. Pace) The report shows under "Reported As,"—"Suicide?"

Westwood Village Mortuary was assigned by the Coroner's Office to remove the remains from the residence of the deceased. This was as a result of a police call to the Coroner made by Sgt. Clemmons on August 5, 1962 at 5:25 A.M. A receipt (#677588) was issued for the remains. Fingerprints were taken before the deceased was removed.

Dr. Noguchi, after he had completed his autopsy, arranged for a toxicological study to be made of the liver, kidney, stomach and contents, urine, intestine and a sample of unembalmed blood. The tests were to be made for alcohol and barbiturates. The Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" of August 18, 1962 quotes the Coroner, Dr. Theodore J. Curphey, as stating, "Toxicologist Raymond Abernathy found a lethal dose of Nembutal and an equally fatal dose of Chloral Hydrate." The Report of Chemical Analysis Los Angeles



Body of Marilyn Monroe at Los Angeles Coroner's where autopsy and microscopic study showed no trace of barbiturates.

(UPI Photo)

REPORT OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS
LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER
Toxicology Laboratory
Hall of Justice
Los Angeles, California

File No. 81128 I

Name of Deceased Marilyn Monroe

Date Submitted August 6, 1962 Time 8 A.M.

Autopsy Surgeon T. Noguchi, M.D.

Material Submitted:	Blood x	Liver x	Stomach x
	Brain	Lung	Lavage
	Femur	Spleen	Urine x
	Kidney x	Sternum	Gall bladder
	Drugs x	Chemicals	Intestines x

Test Desired: Ethanol, Barbiturates

Laboratory Findings:

Blood: Ethanol Absent

Blood: Barbiturates 4.5 mg. per cent
Phenobarbital is absent

Drugs:

- (1) 27 capsules, #19295, 6-7-62, Librium, 5 mgm. #50
- (2) 17 capsules, 20201, 7-10-62, Librium, 10 mgm. #100
- (3) 26 tablets, #20569, 7-25-62, Sulfathallidine, #36
- (4) Empty container, #20858, 8-3-62, Nembutal, 1 1/2 gr. #25
- (5) 10 green capsules, #20570, 7-31-62, Chloral Hydrate, 0.5 gm. #50 (Refill: 7-25-62 - original)
- (6) Empty container, #456099, 11-4-61, Noludar, #50
- (7) 32 pink capsules in a container without label Phenergan, #20857, 8-3-62, 25 mg. #25

Examined By *R. J. Abernethy* Head Toxicologist. Date August 6, 1962

The Victim

County Coroner Toxicology Laboratory, Hall of Justice Los Angeles is dated August 6, 1962 and is signed by R. J. Abernathy, Head Toxicologist. The report shows material submitted for tests: 1) quantity of blood, 2) kidney, 3) liver, 4) stomach, 5) urine, 6) intestines, and 7) drugs (prescriptions found in containers found on deceased's night table.) In the toxicologist's report we find this important information—his findings show: "Blood—Ethanol absent. Blood—barbiturates 4.5 mg. per cent, Phenobarbital is absent."

The findings, therefore, show no traces of barbiturates in kidney, liver, stomach, urine or intestines—only in the blood sample. No alcohol was found anywhere nor was any Phenobarbital. The toxicologist's report does not support the statement attributed to the Coroner in the Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" on August 18th that a lethal dose of Nembutal was found and an "equally lethal dose of Chloral Hydrate was also found." The toxicologist's report does not indicate any tests were made to detect Chloral Hydrate. Chloral Hydrate is also known as "knockout drops" and is a powerful drug which causes unconsciousness in a short time and causes death if given in quantity.

Among the containers of drugs found in Marilyn's bed room was one containing ten green capsules with the prescription number 20570 which had been filled by the same druggist on July 25, 1962 and called for fifty capsules of 0.5 gram doses of Chloral Hydrate. On the same date another prescription was filled for her (#20569) which was for thirty-six tablets of Sulfathallidine, an antibiotic. The Chloral Hydrate prescription was renewed for an additional fifty capsules on July 31, 1962, six days after the first prescription for fifty capsules had been filled. At the time of Marilyn's death on August 4th or 5th ten capsules remained. This would mean that a total of ninety capsules were used in ten days. The question arises as to what happened to them as it would have been impossible for her to have used them all even if she slept twenty-four hours a day. And why did the Coroner say she had taken a lethal dose of them when the toxicologist did not find any evidence of it or even make such tests? There is much to be explained by the authorities in this matter alone.

Several columnists made mention at the time of Marilyn's death that there seemed to be need for a full inquest with the examination of witnesses. Either this was not done in spite of all the contradictions and unresolved questions, or it was done in secret and the report never placed in the file. As matters stand the questionable findings of the toxicologist's report do not agree with the official statement of the Coroner. The report of the physician who performed the autopsy clearly shows no signs of drugs in her body organs and



Joe DiMaggio and Joe, Jr. at Marilyn's funeral. No ostentation or hypocrisy, just sincere grief.

(UPI Photo)

The Victim

this would indicate the need for a full investigation. The physician who signed the death certificate pronounced her dead after rigor mortis had set in, but did not mention the fact or try to estimate the time of death. Both he and the psychiatrist failed to call the police for an unnecessarily long period of time. Even the Coroner made no attempt to fix the exact time of death. If it were not for the police reports, one would assume that she actually died at 3:40 A.M. Sunday, August 5th. Actually she may have expired at 8:00 or 8:30 P.M. on August 4th. If we are to accept the word of Pat Newcomb that she left Marilyn at 6:30 P.M. on Saturday, August 4th, making no mention of having seen a doctor visiting Marilyn, the doctor must have arrived later if he did visit Marilyn as stated in his claim for payment from her estate. And if, as stated in his claim, his visits lasted for at least two hours, he could have been with her when she died.

Efforts have been made to make it appear that Marilyn was depressed, morose and a potential suicide. While it is true that Marilyn had made four previous "suicide attempts" in her life, it is also true that they were not serious and were to gain sympathy when she felt lonely and in need of attention. The following statements reported in the Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" would indicate she had no intention of committing suicide and was well experienced in taking proper doses of barbiturates, and the toxicologist's report shows no evidence of alcohol so she was not under the influence of liquor. Pat Newcomb is reported on August 6th as saying, "It just had to be an accident. Things were going too well for it to have been anything else. Why just last week a 20th Century Fox executive told her 'Look we can't replace you.'" Milton Rudin, Marilyn's lawyer, stated as reported on August 6th, "A telegram was found on Marilyn's table in the hall from Natalia Dansei Murray, New York Representative of Anita Loos, offering Marilyn a starring role in a new Broadway musical entitled, 'Go-Go.' Two others were bidding for her services—J. Lee Thompson, director of the film, 'Guns of Navarro,' and producer Sam Spiegel. Marilyn had just turned down an offer to appear in a Las Vegas night club at \$55,000.00 per week." Mrs. Elizabeth Courtney, assistant to designer Jean Louis, well known Los Angeles couturier, stated as reported on August 12th, that Marilyn had just ordered a \$1,600.00 gown.

The press reports regarding the estate of Marilyn Monroe are interesting. They attempt to create the impression that her financial condition might have had something to do with her "suicide." "Time" Magazine of August 17, 1962, page 50, states: "Marilyn's troubled financial state was suggested as meaningful. Apart from her \$77,500 house which carried a \$35,000 mortgage,

The Victim

her property consisted of some \$4,000 in cash plus clothing, furs and jewelry. For the past two years she had restricted herself to \$20.00 per week pocket money." The fact is Marilyn had been spending \$100.00 for face make-ups, \$70.00 for hairdos. Her psychiatrist's bill for thirty-four days was \$1,400.00 and she was seeing Dr. Engelberg frequently at \$25.00 per visit and paying \$20.00 each for unnamed injections. She paid a photographer \$200.00 per session. The Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" carried articles indicating Marilyn's estate was at least a million dollars. So she was far from impoverished and worrying about finances.

Marilyn, in spite of all the medicines, tranquilizers and sleeping drugs prescribed for her; was found by the physician making the autopsy to be in good condition physically. Being a kindly soul, perhaps she gave some of the drugs away to friends when they visited her. Since the evidence indicates she had at least a million dollars, that 20th Century Fox had agreed to take her back in a starring role, that she had other lucrative offers, that she was happily furnishing her new home in a Spanish motif, there seems to be little basis for suicide. But what if she were helped along into the next world by someone who would either benefit financially or who feared she might disclose something he wished to conceal. Suppose, for example, a married man were involved, that he had promised to marry her but was not sincere. Suppose she had threatened to expose their relationship.

THE VULTURES

A look at the background of some of the people who were close to Marilyn at the time of her alleged suicide may give us a clue as to who has benefited by Marilyn's death. It will be noted that some have had strong affiliations with the Communist Party or with known Communist fronts. Others acted strangely after Marilyn's death.

Dr. Ralph Romeo Greenson, M.D., of 436 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, California was Marilyn's psychiatrist and had been treating her for about a year. He is a couch analyst type of psychiatrist, which type of treatment seems to go on and on, ad infinitum. In recent years there has been a tendency in Hollywood for movie stars to have a personal analyst as a status symbol. It is well known that many psychiatrists have advocated that their patients should not hesitate in engaging in conduct which most Americans would consider immoral rather than have inhibitions.

Dr. Greenson was born in Brooklyn, N.Y. August 20, 1911 and attended Columbia University from 1928 to 1930. He received his M.D. degree from the University of Berne, Switzerland in 1934 and had special training at the Los Angeles Institute of Psychoanalysis. He has been on the faculty of the Medical College of Los Angeles.

Dr. Greenson thought it perfectly proper to visit Miss Monroe or have her visit him as often as seven days a week, sometimes twice a day. Bearing in mind that he was charging fifty dollars per visit and that his bill for approximately one month was \$1,400.00, one could come to the conclusion that he had a strong financial as well as professional interest in her. Dr. Greenson told several reporters who interviewed him at the time of Marilyn's death that he was breaking her of the habit of taking sleeping pills, yet his friend Dr. Engelberg, who was treating Marilyn at the same time, was writing prescriptions for large quantities of sleeping drugs. His account of his actions at the time of the discovery of the body conflicts with the statements of other witnesses.

The other doctor treating Marilyn at the time of her death was Dr. Hyman Engelberg. His office is located at 9730 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California. He was born in 1911 and licensed to practice medicine in 1935. His specialty is internal medicine. In the period from June 28, 1962 to August 3, 1962, which is thirty-five days, his bills showed that Dr. Engelberg made sixteen residence calls and that he gave a total of thirteen hypodermic injections of various types during these visits. All residence calls except three were twenty-five dollars each. Three for some unknown reason were twenty dollars each. The charges for the injections varied, some being four, five, six, ten and twenty dollars.



Dr. Ralph Greenson (and wife)—Marilyn's psychiatrist who saw her professionally on twenty-eight days from July 1 to August 4.

(UPI Photo)

RALPH R. GREENSON, M.D.)
436 North Roxbury Drive
Beverly Hills, California

True copy of letterhead

July 15, 1963

Miss Wolf
Gang, Tyre, Radin & Brown
6400 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California

Dear Miss Wolf:

The following is an itemized account explaining the bill for professional services which I sent to the estate of Marilyn Monroe for the sum of \$1400. I shall list below the date and place where the psychiatric interview took place:

Sunday, July 1	Patient's Home
Monday, July 2	Office
Tuesday, July 3	Office
Wednesday, July 4	Patient's Home
Thursday, July 5	Office
Friday, July 6	Office
Sunday, July 8	Patient's Home
Monday, July 9	Office
Tuesday, July 10	Office
Wednesday, July 11	Office
Thursday, July 12	Office
Friday, July 13	Office and Patient's Home
Monday, July 16	Office
Tuesday, July 17	Office
Wednesday, July 18	Office
Thursday, July 19	Office
Thursday, July 20	Office
Monday, July 23	Office and Patient's Home
Tuesday, July 24	Office
Wednesday, July 25	Office and Patient's Home
Thursday, July 26	Office
Friday, July 27	Office
Monday, July 30	Office
Tuesday, July 31	Office
Wednesday, August 1	Office
Thursday, August 2	Office and Patient's Home
Friday, August 3	Office
Saturday, August 4	Patient's Home.

1962

Explanation: All office visits lasted a minimum of 1½ hours. All visits to the home were approximately 2 hours in duration. On those days on which it was stated that the patient was seen both at the office and at her home, it means there were two separate visits on that particular day. I had arranged with Miss Monroe that her fee would be \$50. per hour. However, since she needed a great deal of extra time and since I did not want her to think I gave her extra time or made extra visits for monetary reasons, I decided that I would charge her \$50. for every day that I saw her professionally. The sum of \$1400. therefore represents the fact that I saw her professionally on 28 days from July 1 through August 4, 1962.

Very truly yours,

Ralph R. Greenson, M.D.

**SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES**

In the Matter of the Estate of

Marilyn Monroe

Deceased.

CREDITOR'S CLAIM

Date of death: August 5, 1962

Date of first pub. notice to creditors: March 4, 1963

HYMAN ENGELBERG, MD.

IF CLAIMANT IS EXECUTOR OR ADMINISTRATOR MUST SO STATE.

whose address is

9730 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California

is a creditor of the above named decedent and presents the following claim:

Date of Item	Description of Item	Amount Claimed
6/28-7/3 7/5-7/5 7/10-7/14 7/16-7/17 7/18-7/25 7/26-8/1 8/3/62	Residence Calls @ \$25.00	\$325.00
6/29-6/30 7/1/62	Residence Calls @ \$20.00	60.00
7/23/62	Injection @ \$20.00	20.00
7/23-8/1 8/3/62	Injections @ \$10.00	30.00
7/3/62	Injection @ \$6.00	6.00
6/30-7/1 7/16-7/17 7/18/62	Injections @ \$5.00	25.00
7/3-7/10 7/10/62	Injections @ \$4.00	12.00
		\$478.00

INSTRUCTIONS TO EXECUTORS AND ADMINISTRATORS

Date of death, date of first publication of notice to creditors, estimated value of estate and name and address of attorney for estate should be shown in space provided on claim before filing.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CLAIMANTS

Claims must be itemized, showing in detail the nature of claim and the time the obligation was incurred. If the claim is based upon a note or other written instrument, a copy of such note or instrument must be attached; if secured by mortgage or other lien that is of record, a sufficient description of such instrument will be the date, volume and page of its record.

(OVER)

CREDITOR'S CLAIM

The Vultures

Dr. Engelberg has had a long history, according to sworn testimony, of affiliation with the Communist Party, U.S.A. In the Senate Fact Finding Committee of Un-American Activities of the State of California Report for the Year 1948 we find the following information.

Sidney Davison, who had been identified as a member of the Communist Party under the name of Sidney Martin and who was affiliated with the cited Communist school, Peoples Educational Center, was subpoenaed to appear before the Committee at its February, 1948, Hearing. His lawyers prepared a doctor's certificate signed by H. Engelberg, stating that Davison was under his care and suffering from intestinal flu, and would be unable to answer the Committee's subpoena.

Dr. Hyman Engelberg, who signed this certificate, is listed as a teacher in the Communist Peoples Educational Center. He was an instructor in this Communist school during the winter and fall terms of 1937. He was listed as a speaker at the Communist Conference on Thought Control at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California July 11, 1947. He was a subscriber to the Communist "Peoples Daily World" as of July, 1940. In September, 1947 Dr. Engelberg was one of the donors to the Spanish Refugee Appeal at the Paul Robeson Concert meeting in the Shrine Auditorium.

The 1955 Report of the same Committee shows that Dr. Oner Barker, Jr., in sworn testimony, identified Dr. Hyman Engelberg as a member of the Communist Party who belonged to the same professional unit of the Communist Party to which Dr. Barker belonged. In this same report Dr. Louise Light, in sworn testimony, identified Dr. Hyman Engelberg as a member of the Communist Party and swore that she personally knew him to be a member of the professional unit of the Communist Party.

In the Hearings of the U. S. House Committee on Un-American Activities under date of May 28, 1954, Elizabeth Boggs Cohen, in sworn testimony, identified Dr. Hyman Engelberg as a member of the Communist Party and swore that she knew him to be a member of a professional unit within the Communist Party of her own personal knowledge.

Dr. Engelberg told the police that he had prescribed Nembutal tablets and that Marilyn had refilled the prescription a couple of days before her death. This would, he said, have made about fifty capsules on hand. The prescription indicated called for only twenty-five Nembutal tablets and was not renewed. Two new prescriptions with new and consecutive numbers had been presented. This statement concerning the fifty tablets is, therefore, erroneous.



Broken glass in French door leading to Marilyn's bedroom through which Doctor or Doctors entered to discover her body.

(UPI Photo)

The Vultures

It was Dr. Engelberg who signed the death certificate and who showed the time of her death as 3:40 A.M., Sunday, August 5, 1962. But at that time rigor mortis had already set in and apparently no effort was made by Dr. Engelberg to indicate that 3:40 A.M. was an estimated time of death. Physicians questioned by the author stated that, while rigor mortis could set in in as few as three hours, taking into consideration the time of the year, temperature, etc., it would be more likely to occur in a minimum of five or six hours from the time of death. It would be more likely then that the death occurred some time between 8:00 P.M. and 10:00 P.M. on Saturday evening, August 4, 1962.

In the Police Report, Dr. Greenson stated he had gone to Marilyn's home after receiving a telephone call from the housekeeper, Mrs. Murray, and upon arrival, broke the bedroom window, and upon entry to the bedroom found Miss Monroe "possibly dead." He stated he then called Dr. Engelberg who came and pronounced Marilyn Dead at 3:35 A.M. Upon being reinterviewed by the police, Dr. Greenson changed his story to having asked Mrs. Murray to call Dr. Engelberg as soon as he, himself, had received the call from Mrs. Murray. In the second interview with the police, Dr. Greenson stated he arrived at 3:40 A.M. and that Dr. Engelberg arrived at 3:50 A.M. on Sunday, August 5th.

"Newsweek" magazine of August 13, 1962, page 40, states:

"At midnight, her housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice Murray, noticed a light in the actress' bedroom and when it was still on three hours later she went to investigate. The bedroom door was locked and there was no answer to her calls. Alarmed, she called Dr. Greenson, who then called another doctor when he was not able to force the door. The two broke the bedroom window and inside they found Marilyn Monroe dead in bed, nude, with the covers pulled up to her neck."

Photographs taken show that a small pane in a French door had been broken so that the catch was released. Dr. Greenson's statement to the police indicated he had broken the window with a poker from the fireplace. The housekeeper said she had telephoned Dr. Engelberg at the request of Dr. Greenson even before Dr. Greenson had arrived, and Dr. Greenson had examined Marilyn and found her "presumably dead" by the time Dr. Engelberg arrived.

Although both doctors tried to indicate they had called the police earlier, the fact is no call was made to the police until 4:25 A.M., August 5th. The best explanation Dr. Engelberg could give the police for not having called them immediately was that he and Dr. Greenson were "talking."



Mrs. Eunice Murray, Marilyn's "housekeeper" who got her job through Dr. Greenon, had trip to Europe at someone's expense.

(UPI Photo)

Many questions come to mind regarding these doctors' actions and testimony. Why was Dr. Engelberg prescribing barbiturates when his friend, Dr. Greenson, was supposedly trying to have Marilyn avoid the use of them? Why did the doctors fail to notify the police promptly as they are required to do? Why did they make conflicting statements as to who arrived first, who broke the window and/or door? Why did Dr. Engelberg not make an estimate of the time of death and clearly indicate that Marilyn had been dead for a number of hours? Was Dr. Engelberg acting under orders from the Communist Party and fulfilling an assignment given him by his superiors?

The other person present at the time of the discovery of Marilyn's death was Mrs. Eunice Murray. While known as Marilyn's housekeeper, this woman did not stay regularly at Marilyn's home in the evenings. She stayed only occasionally and is really not the housekeeper type at all. For many years she worked as an interior decorator and had many acquaintances and friends in the movie colony. Mrs. Murray maintained an apartment at 933 Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica, California where she had lived for about a year with her daughter, Jacqueline, who was single and about twenty-five years of age.

Mrs. Murray told reporters in an interview between the time of Marilyn's death and her funeral that she had gotten her job with Marilyn through the psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson. Her competence as a "housekeeper" is attested to in an article appearing in "Life" magazine. Richard Merriman interviewed Marilyn a few weeks before her death and, giving his impression of Marilyn during a long interview, stated that along about midnight Marilyn asked him how he would like a nice steak. When he agreed she went off to the kitchen and returned with a comment, "I am sorry, there is no steak in the refrigerator, in fact, there isn't even any food in the house."

Among the conflicting statements made by the witnesses of the discovery of Marilyn's body was one made by Mrs. Murray who told reporters and the police that one of the things that upset her on the night of Marilyn's death was that her bedroom door was locked. This should have come as no surprise to Mrs. Murray as Marilyn had been locking her bedroom door for years as a result of a fear she had of prowlers.

After Marilyn's funeral Mrs. Murray checked out of her Santa Monica apartment and left no forwarding address. A check with other residents in the apartment house disclosed that shortly after Marilyn's death Mrs. Murray seemed to have come into some money and took off for an extended trip to Europe. Recent inquiries brought forth the information that she has again made



Pat Newcomb, Marilyn's press secretary, denied entrance to Marilyn's home, has influential friends in Washington.

(UPI Photo)

The Vultures

connections. It was stated she is with a family of means, one of the heads of which is in a sanitarium.

The Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" on Tuesday, August 14, 1962 stated, "According to Hollywood sources, two women close to the star at the time of her death have departed the scene. Pat Newcomb, Marilyn's personal Press Agent, was reported 'no longer with us' at the Arthur Jacobs Agency. She was reported in Hyanisport, Massachusetts yesterday (August 13, 1962) as a guest of the Peter Lawfords. The star's housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice Murray, has checked out of her Santa Monica apartment and left no forwarding address."

MARGOT PATRICIA NEWCOMB, was press secretary for Marilyn Monroe and also a close friend. She was born on July 9, 1930 in Washington, D.C., the daughter of Carmen Adams Newcomb and the former Lillian Lee. She graduated from Immaculate Heart High School, Hollywood, California, in 1948 and Mills College, California, where she took a Liberal Arts course, majoring in Psychology, in 1952.

In April 1954, according to her government employment application, she started working for the Arthur P. Jacobs Co. of Beverly Hills as a publicist and writer at \$50.00 per week. She became an account executive which means she took care of one of more clients of the firm. In 1957 she went with Rogers and Cowan Co., Beverly Hills, again in public relations. She remained with them until May, 1960 when she went back with Arthur Jacobs Co. in Beverly Hills. Her job as she described it was to "write and plant" press releases with top columnists and magazine writers in the United States and Europe. She also promoted campaigns for TV shows. Her principal client was Marilyn Monroe.

At the time of Marilyn's death Pat lived at 120 South Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and frequently stayed overnight with Marilyn. Pat is now in her thirty's and has remained single. It is no secret in Hollywood and Beverly Hills that Pat and Marilyn were very close and that, while Marilyn had male interests mainly, Pat was not given to romantic interests in men. Both Marilyn and Pat were close friends of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawford who have a beautiful home at 625 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, California. There have been persistant rumors that the Lawfords have been on the verge of a split for some time but stay together to help preserve the Kennedy family image. Their interests are reported varied, and they and their friends have ultra broadminded views. Bobby Kennedy usually attends the parties given at the Lawford's when he is in town.

APPLICATION FOR FEDERAL EMPLOYMENT

57-10:

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE	APPLICATION NO.	1. Kind of position applied for, or name of examination Federal Administrative and Management Examination		Announcement No. 167	DO NOT WRITE IN THIS BLOCK For Use of Examining Office Only																																		
		2. Options for which you wish to be considered (if listed in examination announcement) Information Specialist (Motion Pictures)																																					
		3. Primary place(s) of employment applied for (City and State) Washington, D.C.					☐ Appor. Material Entered Register: ☐ Nonappor. ☐ Submitted ☐ Returned																																
		4. Name (First, middle, maiden, if any, last) Margot Patricia Newcomb																																					
		5. Address (Number, Street, City, Zone, State) 2920 P Street, N.W. Washington, D.C.					Notations: App. Reviewed: App. Approved:																																
		6. Home phone 452-8981		7. Office phone DU 3-4160																																			
		8. Legal or voting residence (State) California					<table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th>Option</th> <th>Grade</th> <th>Earned Rating</th> <th>Preference</th> <th>Augm. Rating</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>☐ 5 points (Tent.)</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>☐ 10 points Comp. Dis.</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>☐ Other 10 Point</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>☐ Disal.</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>☐ Being Investigated</td> <td></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>			Option	Grade	Earned Rating	Preference	Augm. Rating				☐ 5 points (Tent.)					☐ 10 points Comp. Dis.					☐ Other 10 Point					☐ Disal.					☐ Being Investigated	
		Option	Grade	Earned Rating	Preference	Augm. Rating																																	
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			☐ Other 10 Point																																				
			☐ Disal.																																				
			☐ Being Investigated																																				
9. Height without shoes 5 feet 6 inches		10. Weight 114																																					
11. Sex ☐ Male ☒ Female		12. Marital status ☐ Married ☒ Single (Incl. widowed, divorced)																																					
ANNOUNCEMENT NO.	13. Birthplace (City and State, or foreign country) Washington, D.C.																																						
	14. Birth date (Month, day, year) July 9, 1930		15. Social Security Number 559 45 8494																																				
	16. If you have ever been employed by the Federal Government, indicate last grade and job title: GS-13 Information Specialist (Motion Pictures)																																						
	Dates of service in that grade From May 6, 1953 To Present																																						
17. AVAILABILITY INFORMATION																																							
A. Lowest grade or pay you will accept Per OUTLET or grade		B. Will you accept temporary appointment? (Acceptance or refusal of temporary employment will not affect your consideration for other appointments.) ☒ Yes ☐ No If "Yes," indicate by "X" in appropriate box or boxes. ☐ 1 mo. or less ☒ 1 to 4 months ☐ 4 to 12 months																																					
C. Will you accept less than full-time employment (less than 40 hours per week)? ☐ Yes ☒ No		D. Are you willing to travel? ☐ Not at all ☐ Occasionally ☒ Frequently																																					
E. Will you accept employment: In Washington, D.C.? ☒ Yes ☐ No Outside U.S.? ☐ Yes ☒ No		F. Will you accept appointment only in certain locations? ☒ Yes ☐ No If "Yes," list locations: Washington, D.C. City																																					
18. ACTIVE MILITARY SERVICE AND VETERAN PREFERENCE																																							
A. List Dates, Branch, and Serial or Service Number of All Active Service From _____ To _____ Branch of Service _____ NONE																																							
B. Have you ever been discharged from the armed forces under other than honorable conditions? ☐ Yes (Give details in Item 39) ☐ No																																							
C. Do you claim 5-point preference based on wartime military service? ☐ Yes ☐ No				D. Do you claim 5-point preference based on service during peacetime campaign? ☐ Yes (Complete and attach Standard Form 15) ☐ No																																			
E. Do you claim 10-point preference? ☐ Yes ☐ No If "Yes," check type of preference claimed and complete and attach Standard Form 15, "Veteran Preference Claim" TYPE: ☐ Compensable disability ☐ Disability ☐ Wife ☐ Widow ☐ Mother																																							
THIS SPACE FOR USE OF APPOINTING OFFICER ONLY																																							
The information given in answer to Question 18 has been verified with the discharge certificate and/or other proof which shows that the separation was under honorable conditions.																																							
VETERAN PREFERENCE ALLOWED: ☐ 5-point ☐ 10-point Comp. Disab. ☐ Other 10-point ☐ None																																							
Signature and title				Agency			Date																																

16-70219-1

ATTACH SUPPLEMENTAL SHEETS OR FORMS HERE
• ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS CORRECTLY AND FULLY

20. SPECIAL QUALIFICATIONS AND SKILLS

A. Kind of License or Certificate (For example, pilot, teacher, registered nurse, lawyer, radio operator, C.P.A., etc.)	B. State or other licensing authority	C. Year of first license or certificate	D. Year of latest license or certificate
E. Special skills you possess and machines and equipment you can use. (For example, short wave radio, multilith, comptometer, key punch, turret lathe, transcribing machine, scientific or professional devices)		F. Approximate number of words per minute: Typing _____ Shorthand _____	
G. Special qualifications not covered in application. (For example, your most important publications (do not submit copies unless requested); your patents or inventions; public speaking and publication experience; membership in professional or scientific societies, etc.; and honors and fellowships received.)			

21. EDUCATION

A. Place "X" in column indicating highest grade completed												B. If you graduated from high school, give date		C. Name and location of last high school attended					
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	June, 1948		Immaculate Heart Hollywood, California					
											X								
D. Name and location of college, or university												Dates attended		Years completed		Credit hours		Degree received	Year received
												From	To	Day	Night	Semester	Quarter		
Mills College												1948	1952	4				BA	1952
E. Chief undergraduate college subjects												Semester Hours Credit	Quarter Hours Credit	F. Chief graduate college subjects				Semester Hours Credit	Quarter Hours Credit
Psychology major																			
History &																			
Government																			
Liberal Arts Course																			
G. State major field of study at highest level of college work																			
Psychology																			
H. Other schools or training (for example, trade, vocational, Armed Forces, or business). Give for each the name and location of school, dates attended, subjects studied, certificates, and any other pertinent data.																			

22. FOREIGN TRAVEL

Have you lived or traveled in any foreign countries?
☒ Yes ☐ No

If "Yes," give in Item 39 names of countries, dates and length of time spent there and reason or purpose (military service, business, education, or vacation).

23. FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Enter foreign language and indicate your knowledge of each by placing "X" in proper column	Reading			Speaking			Understanding			Writing		
	Exc.	Good	Fair	Exc.	Good	Fair	Exc.	Good	Fair	Exc.	Good	Fair
French			X			X			X			X

24. REFERENCES

List three persons living in the United States or territories of the United States who are NOT RELATED TO YOU AND WHO HAVE DEFINITE KNOWLEDGE of your qualifications and fitness for the position for which you are applying. Do not repeat names of supervisors listed under Item 19.

FULL NAME	PRESENT BUSINESS OR HOME ADDRESS (Number, Street, City, Zone, and State)	BUSINESS OR OCCUPATION
David O. Selznick	1400 Tower Grove Rd. Beverly Hills, California	Producer
Lois Weber	Allan-Weber Co. NYC	Public Relations Exec.
Mr. & Mrs. Peter Lawford	625 Ocean Front Santa Monica, California	Actor
George Stevens, Jr.	1330 New Hampshire Ave. N.W.	Director, DMS

The Vultures

Pat Newcomb, according to her own statements, would have been one of the last few persons to have spent time with Marilyn Monroe before her death. She had gone to visit Marilyn early Friday evening, August 3rd. They had dinner at a quiet restaurant nearby; she stayed overnight and had not left until 6:30 P.M. on Saturday, August 4th. This would have been within a few hours of Marilyn's death. Miss Newcomb was a friend and confidant of Marilyn and often stayed overnight at her home. This last Saturday afternoon with Marilyn did not find the star morose, according to Pat, but gay and happy, sunbathing, looking over film scripts and playing with two cloth dolls, one a lamb and the other a tiger.

After Marilyn's death Pat had a run-in with newspaper men and photographers as they were covering the story in Marilyn's home. She became hysterical and the police had to restrain her. Her efforts to prevent photographers from taking pictures and reporters from getting stories caused considerable difficulty with the press, to such an extent that her employer dismissed her for this reason. Public relations firms are expected to maintain at least friendly relations with the press. After the funeral Pat Newcomb flew to the "Kennedy compound" at Hyannisport, Massachusetts.

After this Pat left the country and remained away for six months. During this period from August, 1962, to February, 1963, she visited Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland. When she returned to this country she was put on the government payroll as an information specialist (motion pictures) for the U. S. Information Agency, 1776 Penn. Ave. N. W., Washington, D.C. She was hired in a GS-13 rating at a starting salary of \$12,245.00 per year. On her employment application she gave as references Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawford, David O. Selznick and George Stevens, Jr., the man under whom she was to work. Her residence is at 2928 P Street N. W. and her duties interesting.

"Through liaison with the U. S. motion picture industry to develop programs of participation of outstanding American motion picture personalities in traveling abroad to participate in programs of benefit to the Agency, including lectures, seminars, personal appearances and international motion picture events."—"To increase and augment U. S. prestige abroad through the increased circulation of creditable motion pictures produced by the Government or by the theatrical and non-theatrical agencies." — "To use motion picture specialists and experts for international cooperation and understanding." These are high-sounding aims, but if the image of America is to be formed overseas with some of the films coming out of Hollywood it is little wonder that we are so intensely disliked in many areas of the world.

When Pierre Salinger decided to run for Senator in California, Miss Newcomb left her employment with the U.S.I.A., either by leave or otherwise, and assisted Salinger with his political campaign. Also assisting in this campaign are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawford and reportedly financing and masterminding the campaign is Bobby Kennedy. Reporters in the Los Angeles area have stated that Pat Newcomb obtained her government job through Robert Kennedy. Since Miss Newcomb shared many secrets with Marilyn Monroe and was one of the last persons known to see her alive, one wonders if this government appointment was not a form of payoff for helping out and/or keeping quiet, and if so, what part did she play in the strange death of Marilyn Monroe?

LEE and PAULA STRASBERG are two others who were closely associated with Marilyn over the years and right up to the end. At present they are connected with the Actors Studio in New York City. Mrs. Strasberg was identified as a member of the Communist Party on April 10, 1952 in sworn testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. During these hearings it was brought out that she was a member of the Communist Party under the name of Paula Miller. Her husband also has numerous Communist front affiliations.

Lee Strasberg, according to the Hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was actively connected with the New Theater, official organ of the League of Workers Theaters, which was a section of the International Union of Revolutionary Theaters. He was also connected with the Film and Photo League, a cited Communist front, which, together with the Workers Theater, was located in Rothenberg House which was named after the first General Secretary of the Communist Party. Lee Strasberg is shown in Appendix 9 of the House Committee on Un-American Activities to have had seven affiliations with Communist fronts. In addition to this he was the signer of a telegram for the Civil Rights Congress, a cited Communist front. The telegram was to U. S. Attorney General McGrath and was on behalf of the Communist leaders. This was written up in the Communist paper, "The Daily Worker," on October 25, 1949, page 3. Lee Strasberg was a co-founder of the Group Theater and has been an instructor in drama for the School of the American Theater Wing. He has also been Director of the Actors Studio, television series.

The Strasbergs had given theatrical instruction and coaching to Marilyn Monroe and exerted considerable influence over her. They were not bashful in accepting favors from her. There is a record of a phone call made by Paula Strasberg to Marilyn from Paris, France, and charged to Marilyn's telephone bill. The call

The Vultures

was to request money for plane fare which Marilyn obediently took care of by payment of \$411.00. Paula Strasberg was in Beverly Hills around the time of Marilyn's death and there is record of a payment made to a travel agency for Paula's plane fare to New York City. Marilyn's check #1800, drawn on the City National Bank at Beverly Hills in the sum of \$205.59 to Rand Fields Travel Agent, was dated August 2, 1962. The check was refused payment by the bank as Marilyn had died before it cleared. The travel agent had to file a claim with the estate in order to collect. The check shows in the upper left hand corner "For Mrs. Lee Strasberg A.A.L. to New York." Since airline tickets are paid for at the time of use, it is reasonable to assume that Mrs. Lee Strasberg was in Beverly Hills shortly before Marilyn's death.

While there is no known evidence to indicate any involvement by either of the Strasbergs in the unfortunate death of Miss Monroe, it is interesting to note that Marilyn's new will, which was made a year and a half before her death, named Lee Strasberg as the principal beneficiary. According to newspaper accounts, the sum he was to receive was approximately half a million dollars.

The Strasbergs reside at 135 Central Park West, New York N.Y., the same address as that of Dr. Marianne Kris, a psychiatrist, who had been treating Marilyn prior to Dr. Greenson.

Another couple who benefited from Marilyn's will were Norman and Hedda Rosten. They reside at 84 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. and were close friends of Marilyn and of Arthur Miller, her former husband. Rosten is a writer who, like Miller, has a long list of affiliation with Communist fronts. He was a member of the Young Communist League, was affiliated with the Communist publication, "The Daily Worker," and "New Masses." He was a supporter of Communist Bookshops and many other Communist fronts.

Norman Rosten and Arthur Miller wrote a play together called "Listen My Children." The play ridiculed Congressional Investigating Committees which so effectively expose the enemies of our country and are consequently hated by the Communists and their friends.

Other beneficiaries of Marilyn's will were May Reis, her former secretary, and Dr. Maryanne Kris, her former psychiatrist. May Reis resides at 299 West 12th Street, New York, N.Y. She received \$10,000.00 cash and an additional \$40,000.00 or twenty-five per cent of the estate, whichever was less. Dr. Kris resides at 135 Central Park South (same address as the Strasbergs) and was to receive the balance of a \$100,000.00 trust fund on the death

The Vultures

of Marilyn's mother, Gladys Ealy also known as Gladys Baker, who is in a sanitarium.

Marilyn's half sister, Mrs. Bernice Miracle, received \$10,000.00; the Rostens received \$5,000.00; and Mrs. Michael Checkhov of 3374 North Rowena Street, Los Angeles, California received an unstated sum.

Marilyn's new will was dated January 14, 1961, a year and one half before her death. The will named Aaron R. Frosch, an attorney of the law firm of Weissberger and Frosch, 120 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y., as the executor. Frosch wired the Los Angeles Coroner on August 6, 1962 via Western Union as follows: "I have possession of last will and testament of Marilyn Monroe dated Jan. 14, 1962. Names me as executor. I concur in release of her remains to Inez Melson (guardian of Marilyn's mother) and agree to any arrangements she will make for burial interment."—signed Aaron R. Frosch, 120 East 56 St., New York, N.Y.

Arthur Miller, Marilyn's former husband, was not named in her will and was not close to her at the time of her death, in fact did not even attend her funeral. However, she was very much under his influence during the years of their marriage, which was performed by Rabbi Robert E. Goldberg. Incidentally Rabbi Goldberg has had fifty-one affiliations with Communist fronts according to the Reports and Hearings of the House and Senate Committees investigating Un-American Activities. Marilyn tried to fit in with the left wing "intellectual" crowd to which Miller belonged without much success as she was definitely not the intellectual type.

Arthur Miller's Communist Party application number was 23345 according to the House Committee on Un-American Activities Hearings entitled "Investigation of the Unauthorized Use of U.S. Passports," June 1956, during which Miller testified. Miller protested the "persecution" of Soviet espionage agent, Gerhard Eisler, and the conviction of the twelve Communist leaders.

When writing of Marilyn, "Life" magazine stated, "When Marilyn became the world's reigning symbol of sex there remained about her an air of decency and almost child-like innocence." She was used by these left-wingers and manipulated for their own purposes. Who else may have used her and cast her aside when he no longer had any use for her?

I, MARILYN MONROE, do make, publish and declare this to be my Last Will and Testament.

FIRST: I hereby revoke all former Wills and Codicils by me made.

SECOND: I direct my Executor, hereinafter named, to pay all of my just debts, funeral expenses and testamentary charges as soon after my death as can conveniently be done.

THIRD: I direct that all succession, estate or inheritance taxes which may be levied against my estate and/or against any legacies and/or devises hereinafter set forth shall be paid out of my residuary estate.

FOURTH: (a) I give and bequeath to BERNICE MIRACLE, should she survive me, the sum of \$10,000.00.

(b) I give and bequeath to MAY REIS, should she survive me, the sum of \$10,000.00.

(c) I give and bequeath to NORMAN and HEDDA ROSTEN, or to the survivor of them, or if they should both predecease me, then to their daughter, PATRICIA ROSTEN, the sum of \$5,000.00, it being my wish that such sum be used for the education of PATRICIA ROSTEN.

(d) I give and bequeath all of my personal effects and clothing to LEE STRASBERG, or if he should predecease me, then to my Executor hereinafter named, it being my desire that he distribute these, in his sole discretion, among my friends, colleagues and those to whom I am devoted.

FIFTH: I give and bequeath to my Trustee, hereinafter

(b) To DR. MARIANNE KRIS 25% of the balance thereof, to be used by her as set forth in ARTICLE FIFTH (d) of this my Last Will and Testament.

(c) To LEE STRASBERG the entire remaining balance.

SEVENTH: I nominate, constitute and appoint AARON R. FROSCH Executor of this my Last Will and Testament. In the event that he should die or fail to qualify, or resign or for any other reason be unable to act, I nominate, constitute and appoint L. ARNOLD WEISSBERGER in his place and stead.

EIGHTH: I nominate, constitute and appoint AARON R. FROSCH Trustee under this my Last Will and Testament. In the event he should die or fail to qualify, or resign or for any other reason be unable to act, I nominate, constitute and appoint L. ARNOLD WEISSBERGER in his place and stead.

12918

(L.S.)

SIGNED, SEALED, PUBLISHED and DECLARED by MARILYN MONROE, the Testatrix above named, as and for her Last Will and Testament, in our presence and we, at her request and in her presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses this 14 day of January, One Thousand Nine Hundred Sixty-One.

residing at

residing at

residing at

STATE
FILE
NUMBER

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
STATE OF CALIFORNIA—DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH

LOCAL REGISTRATION
DISTRICT AND
CERTIFICATE NUMBER

7053 17716

1a. NAME OF DECEASED—FIRST NAME
Marilyn

1b. MIDDLE NAME
Monroe

1c. LAST NAME
Monroe

2a. DATE OF DEATH—MONTH DAY YEAR
August 5, 1962

2b. HOUR
3:40 A.M.

3. SEX
Female

4. COLOR OR RACE
Cauc.

5. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY)
Los Angeles, Calif.

6. DATE OF BIRTH
June 1, 1926

7. AGE (LAST BIRTHDAY)
36 YEARS

8. NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER
unk. unk.

9. MAIDEN NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER
Gladys Pearl Baker -Mexico

10. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY
United States

11. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER
563-32-0764

12. LAST OCCUPATION
Actress

13. NUMBER OF YEARS IN THIS OCCUPATION
20

14. NAME OF LAST EMPLOYING COMPANY OR FIRM (IF ANY)
20th Century-Fox

15. KIND OF INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS
Motion Pictures

16. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN U. S. ARMED FORCES GIVE WAR OR DATES OF SERVICE
none

17. SPECIFY MARRIED NEVER MARRIED WIDOWED DIVORCED
Divorced

18a. NAME OF PRESENT SPOUSE

18b. PRESENT OR LAST OCCUPATION OF SPOUSE

19a. PLACE OF DEATH—NAME OF HOSPITAL

19b. STREET ADDRESS—(GIVE STREET OR RURAL ADDRESS OR LOCATION DO NOT USE P. O. BOX NUMBERS)
12305 -5th Helena Drive

19c. CITY OR TOWN
Los Angeles

19d. COUNTY
Los Angeles

19e. LENGTH OF STAY IN COUNTY OF DEATH
3 YEARS

19f. LENGTH OF STAY IN CALIFORNIA
36 YEARS

20a. LAST USUAL RESIDENCE—STREET ADDRESS (GIVE STREET OR RURAL ADDRESS OR LOCATION DO NOT USE P. O. BOX NUMBERS)
12305 -5th Helena Drive

20b. CITY OR TOWN
Los Angeles

20c. COUNTY
Los Angeles

20d. STATE
Calif.

21a. NAME OF INFORMANT (IF OTHER THAN SPOUSE)
Mrs. Inez C. Nelson

21b. ADDRESS OF INFORMANT (IF OTHER THAN SPOUSE)
9110 Sunset Blvd.

22a. PHYSICIAN (IF ANY) CERTIFY THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR DATE AND PLACE STATED ABOVE FROM THE CAUSES STATED BELOW AND THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED FROM
Dr. J. J. Murphy / M. D. Coroner

22b. CORONER (IF ANY) CERTIFY THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR DATE AND PLACE STATED ABOVE FROM THE CAUSES STATED BELOW AND THAT I HAVE HELD
autopsy

22c. PHYSICIAN OR CORONER'S SIGNATURE
Charles W. Madwell

22d. ADDRESS
MALL OF JUSTICE LOS ANGELES

22e. DATE SIGNED
8/18-28-62

23. SPECIFY BURIAL, INTERMENT OR CREMATION
Entombment

24. DATE
Aug. 8, 1962

25. NAME OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY
Westwood Memorial Park

26. EMBALMER (SIGNATURE) (IF NOT EMBALMED: LICENSE NUMBER)
Charles W. Madwell

27. NAME OF FUNERAL DIRECTOR (OR PERSON ACTING AS SUCH)
Westwood Village Mortuary

28. DATE ACCEPTED FOR REGISTRATION
SEP 12 1962

29. LOCAL REGISTRAR—SIGNATURE
Verona M. Venzel, M.D.

30. CAUSE OF DEATH
PART I: DEATH WAS CAUSED BY:
IMMEDIATE CAUSE (A)
ACUTE BARBITURATE POISONING
CONDITIONS IF ANY WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE ABOVE CAUSE (A) STATING THE UNDERLYING CAUSE LAST
INGESTION OF OVERDOSE
PART II: OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH BUT NOT RELATED TO THE TERMINAL DISEASE CONDITION GIVEN IN PART I (A)
APPROXIMATE INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH

31. OPERATION—CHECK ONE
☒ OPERATION PERFORMED
☐ OPERATION NOT PERFORMED
32. DATE OF OPERATION
As Above

33. AUTOPSY—CHECK ONE
☒ AUTOPSY PERFORMED
☐ AUTOPSY NOT PERFORMED
34. SPECIFY ACCIDENT, SUICIDE OR HOMICIDE
Probable Suicide

34a. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED
As Above

35a. TIME OF INJURY
3:40 A.M. 8-5-62

35b. PLACE OF INJURY
☐ WHILE AT WORK
☒ NOT WHILE AT WORK
Home

35c. CITY, TOWN OR LOCATION
Los Angeles

35d. COUNTY
L.A.

35e. STATE
Calif.

This is a true certified copy of the record
if it bears the seal of the County Recorder
imprinted in purple ink.

FEE
\$2.00

SEP 24 1964

Ray E. Lee COUNTY RECORDER
AND DEPUTY COUNTY HEALTH OFFICER
LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



THE V. I. P.

Although Marilyn Monroe lived in the glare of publicity, one of the most fateful associations of her life was carefully shielded from that glare. Her friendship with Attorney General Robert Kennedy was well known to newspaper reporters and columnists in the Los Angeles and Hollywood area but never publicized.

Many of the criticisms which were directed against the late President John F. Kennedy and for which he took full responsibility were actually recommendations and decisions made by his younger brother, Robert F. Kennedy, the Attorney General of the United States. This is borne out in a new book by Frank L. Kluckhohn who had been with the New York "Times" for almost twenty years as a Washington, Foreign and White House correspondent, and who was a ranking officer of the U.S. State Department from 1955 to 1961. Kluckhohn points out that after Otto Otepka testified before the Senate Internal Security Sub-Committee he was given the "full treatment" with ruthless efficiency on personal orders of Robert Kennedy. John Reilly, Otto Otepka's superior, who arranged for the telephone tapping of Otepka's phone and a search of his waste baskets, is a close friend of Bobby Kennedy. This is the same John Reilly who perjured himself before the Senate Committee in swearing he did not cause the telephone to be tapped and then later changed his testimony and admitted it.

Under the direction of Bobby Kennedy the F.B.I. has been frustrated as never before. Communists have defied the law requiring them to register without being arrested. Gus Hall and Benjamin Davis, heads of the Communist Party, U.S.A., although indicted three years ago, have never been brought to trial. It was on Bobby Kennedy's insistence that the U.S. Army was called into action to invade two states in "Civil Rights" cases, violating the sovereignty of the states.

Paul Scott, in the Allen-Scott Report of May 11, 1964, exposed Bobby Kennedy's mad ambition to become head of the United States and leaders of the "Revolution of Youth." The column states:

"He has decided to go after the leadership of what is known in U.S. Intelligence quarters as the Revolution of Youth that is flaring excitedly throughout the world.—Kennedy has begun to align himself and his political future with the revolutionary aims of the youthful leaders of Africa, Asia and Latin America who represent a wide range of ideologies.—In a speech in Toronto Kennedy stated, 'We must recognize that the young in many areas of the world today are in the midst of a revolution against the status quo.—And we must recognize one central fact. They will prevail. They will achieve their idealistic goals one way or another. If they have to pull governments tumbling down over their



Bobby Kennedy and friends. He stated in speech in Toronto, Canada: "If they have to pull governments down over their heads they will do it. I believe we must encourage them."

(UPI Photo)

heads they will do it.—We in turn are part of their revolution, at least we should be. I believe we must encourage them. Someone will share their aspirations and their leadership. If this means that the future is perilous I must admit that I think it is.’”—“As proposed by Kennedy in this Canadian trial balloon he will call for U.S. Government support for such controversial leaders as Kenneth Kaunda, Northern Rhodesian Nationalist Movement, known pro-Soviet Marxist; Oskar Kambona, left-leaning Foreign Minister of Tanganyika; Jonas Savimbi, Angolan exile leader who has secret Russian ties; Sekou Toure, President of Guinea, a Marxist; Tom Mboya and Heckanova, left-leaning Philippines minister of finance.”

The Department of Justice, which formerly had seventy-five lawyers in the Anti-Trust Division, now has three hundred lawyers in that division and Bobby has been seeking even more in this department which is used to harrass and blackmail business firms. At one time Communist lawyer John Abt was an Assistant U. S. Attorney General in charge of this division and used it in the same way. It has been reported frequently that businessmen, particularly drug manufacturers, who donated drugs to bail out the Bay of Pigs prisoners and relieve the embarrassment of the administration, were given illegal tax exemptions as an inducement to give large donations. This was done under the direction of Bobby Kennedy.

In the Congressional Record of April 11, 1962, Congressman Robert Wilson cited the case of a newspaper publisher who was dined at the White House and then taken to the Department of Justice for a conference with Robert Kennedy. The conference had to do with a possible anti-trust violation. So the orders went out that the publishers, columnists and newspapermen were to let up on criticism of the New Frontier.

The boldness with which Bobby takes the law into his own hands is revealed in a column by Holmes Alexander on March 24, 1962 which states,

“Robert F. Kennedy ruled legal on Feb. 17, 1962 a ruling of U.S. Civil Service Chairman John W. Macy, Jr., which according to Senator John J. Williams of Delaware, makes the 2,122,069 Civil Service employees an arm of the Democratic Party. Robert Kennedy is quoted as saying, ‘It would constitute a serious impropriety, a distinct breach of duty for Civil Service people to oppose the administration’s policies in any form.’”

Robert Kennedy was using the Attorney Generalship to perpetuate the Kennedy Klan’s hold on the government rather than the pursuit of justice.

An example of Bobby Kennedy's ruthless and dictatorial nature is the case of General Edwin Walker (U.S. Army Resigned) who was illegally and forcibly taken off to an insane asylum, with statements given out to the press accusing him of urging students to defy the law in Mississippi. The charge of inciting to riot was preferred against him and a vicious smear campaign instituted against him until the average citizen who thinks he can believe what he reads in the newspapers was convinced that Walker was insane and a serious law violater.

When his attorneys arranged for his release from the Government Mental Hospital, General Walker was examined by three prominent psychiatrists approved by the government. They found him to be not only completely sane but of superior intelligence. This finding was not given publicity so most people still think of him as insane. The grand jury examining the facts in the government's case against him found that General Walker did not incite the students to riot but rather had urged them to obey the law. The case against him was dismissed and the attempt to "get" him failed.

The next attempt to "get" General Walker also involved the Attorney General of the United States. The case was not given coverage in the United States but the German newspaper "Deutsche National Zeitung" November 29, 1963 stated as translated from the German,

"The murderer of Kennedy made an attempt on U. S. General Walker's life early in the summer when General Walker was sitting in his study. The bullet missed Walker's head only by inches. Oswald was seized, but the following investigation—as it was reported to us—was stopped by U.S. General Attorney, Robert Kennedy. In the case that Oswald would have been investigated, he eventually would have been imprisoned for many years and so he would not have been able to commit the murder of John F. Kennedy, the brother of Robert Kennedy."

In this case the admitted Communist assassin of President Kennedy was protected by the Attorney General.

Another person Bobby Kennedy has been trying to "get" is Jimmy Hoffa. The Congressional Record of May 4, 1964, p. 9699 shows the statement of Congressman Glen Cunningham of Nebraska in which he asked and received permission to place into the record an article which appeared in the Washington "Evening Star" March 4, 1964 entitled "An Odor of Police State Methods," by William S. White. In this article Bobby Kennedy is held responsible for "illegal wiretapping and federal snooper over the mail of private persons." Congressman Cunningham also inserted into the record a resolution adopted by 350 delegates to the AFL-CIO Construction

Trades Legislative Conference held in Washington, D. C. on March 23, 1964. It reads in part as follows:

"Whereas the Justice Department has spent seven years in an unrelenting drive to get Hoffa one way or another and—recent events in the trial of James R. Hoffa in the Federal Court in Chattanooga, Tenn. raise serious questions concerning the administration of justice in the United States and—the actions of the government during the course of the Chattanooga trial included the surveillance of the defendants, their lawyers and witnesses, the employment of labor spies for the purpose of subverting and disrupting Local Unions of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and the interference with the defendant's rights to effective counsel through the planting of spies and informers who reported back the daily plans of the defense, which actions have led members of Congress to call for a Congressional investigation and there is additional evidence indicating that the government attempted to influence the jury by providing liquor, gifts and other favors during the course of the trial making the trial one of the blackest pages in American justice and—this attack on James R. Hoffa is an attack on all members of organized labor and on their basic rights and—the charges and protests made by members of Congress indicate a grave threat not only to the personal security of each official of every local union in America but also to the continuance of the free labor movement itself. Therefore the undersigned delegates convened at the Ninth National Legislative Conference and Construction Trades Dept. at Washington, D.C. on March 23, 1964 resolves that all officers and members of the local unions affiliated with the respective state, county and city bodies of the Building and Construction Trades Council be urged to immediately communicate with Lyndon B. Johnson, President of the United States and the members of Congress protesting the persecution of Teamster President James A. Hoffa and demanding a Congressional investigation at the earliest possible time."

Congressman Cunningham went on to say that "I would like to call to the attention of my colleagues the unhappy fact that a number of witnesses who are available to testify on pertinent facts regarding the Hoffa trial have been subjected to various pressures including threats of physical violence, economic reprisal and other forms of intimidation."

In the Hoffa trial for allegedly tampering with a jury the government's main witness was Edward Grady Partin. Partin had been jailed for embezzling \$1,600.00 in union funds. He had also been sentenced to fifteen years in jail for breaking into a restaurant. He was involved in a shooting in Louisiana. Two union members who complained about Partin were beaten and one was killed when

I. IMPROPER INFLUENCE OF JURY BY U.S.
DEPUTY MARSHALS

During the 7-week period that the jury was "locked up" in the Read House in Chattanooga, Tenn., U.S. marshals sought to influence the jury by engaging in activities of an immoral and illegal character.

The following charges are supported by affidavits of private citizens, as well as information received from U.S. marshals who are willing to testify under subpoena, but are denied the right to cooperate voluntarily by directives from the Attorney General's Office in Washington, D.C.

A. Gifts to the jury: Dorothy Vaughn affidavit

1. On February 21, 1964, affiant observed U.S. Deputy Marshal wrap 16 gifts for the jury and 4 alternates, which were picked up and delivered to the jury by another marshal.

B. Serving of liquor to the jury and other alleged acts of irregular conduct by the marshals:

1. Liquor was purchased in large quantities by the marshals, paid for out of Government funds and was served to members of the jury, to marshals and "girl friends," "call girls," and others over a period of several weeks while the jury was locked up on the 10th floor of the Read House.

2. Supporting statements:

a. Two deputy marshals are available to testify to the serving of liquor to the jurors, to wild parties, and to immoral behavior by a female marshal who was on duty to guard the jury. These statements can be secured only through the use of the subpoena power as these marshals are presently restrained by orders of the Attorney General.

b. Affidavit of Troyce Dean. The affiant testified that she was the guest of Marshal Reidy at 2:30 a.m. in the morning of March 3, 1964, on the 10th floor of the Read House where the jury was locked up. Her testimony, beginning on page 14, relates the drinking of jurors and the presence of "call girls" as well as the lewd and vulgar conduct of her escort, U.S. Marshal Reidy, which included appearing in public wearing women's panties and a bra in the course of this party. She also testified to the "happy hour room," where the jurors would relax and drink every night.

c. Four bellhops, employed by the Read House, signed affidavits to the effect that they either delivered or observed delivery of liquor to the 10th floor of the Read House; they observed the jury "having a gay time" and recall delivering ice and setups on numerous occasions. For example, affiant Virgil Culpepper states: "I know there was considerable whisky taken up by the waiter on the service elevator, I remember some

Pipeman's gin, martini mixes, and different kinds of whisky that went to the 10th floor."

C. Intoxication of marshals and/or jurors:

1. Affidavit of Seymour Ball. "On several occasions, I have seen persons that were intoxicated going up to the 10th floor accompanied by a person I thought to be a marshal."

D. Immoral activity—prostitutes and call girls:

1. Affidavit of Ezell Eryons. "I remember on one occasion, I received a call from a

marshal and he wanted me to get a girl for him. I finally called a girl and got him a room on the third floor. This was room 352 and was a sampleroom. I let the marshal and the girl use the room. They stayed there about 30 minutes."

2. Affidavit of Troyce Dean. Referring to the all-night party with the marshals and jurors on the 10th floor of the Read House, affiant states: "I do know that sometime during the night there were two call-girls that were—one of the marshals sent downstairs—that came up." She further states: "Mr. Reidy (one of the marshals) was coming down in a woman's pair of panties and a bra—nothing else on except the two garments. . . . After the display of him coming down the hall with the undergarments on that he had, I told him I thought the party had been carried just about far enough for me; that I would like to go home."

E. The jury was taken on January 31, 1964, to the Arnold engineering development project which is located in Tullahoma, Tenn., about 85 miles outside of the jurisdiction of the court on a special Sunday tour with a prominent industrialist. (See Bufalino affidavit.)

F. Intimidation of witnesses by Government and private agents and threats of bodily harm and economic reprisals:

1. U.S. marshals are under instructions from the Attorney General not to talk to anyone regarding the Hoffa case with threat of discharge for any infraction of these instructions.

2. Four Negro bellhops, who signed affidavits, were fired from their jobs at the Read House within hours of their statements being filed with the courts.

3. Troyce Dean, who signed the aforementioned affidavits, received four telephone calls threatening her and her children with bodily harm if she signed any affidavits revealing any truth. She requested protective custody and was placed in a hotel room and under watch."

II. HOFFA'S CONVICTION RESTS SOLELY ON THE PERJURED TESTIMONY OF A GOVERNMENT INFORMER WHO WAS FACED WITH THREE FEDERAL INDICTMENTS AND THREE STATE INDICTMENTS AT THE TIME HE TURNED INFORMER

A. Government has requested postponement of trial on his Federal indictments on five separate occasions since he turned informer. The criminal record of Partin is herein attached; most of this record was excluded from the jury by the court including the following:

1. Castro collaborator. Voir dire testimony of Sol Fox, beginning at page 1682 of transcript, states Partin's efforts to obtain his cooperation in illegally smuggling arms into Cuba.

2. J. D. Albin's offer of proof. Mr. Albin offered to testify of his knowledge of Partin's collaboration with the Castro brothers in Cuba.

3. J. D. Albin and Ann Smith also signed affidavits to the effect that Partin had visited Cuba and was a paid mercenary to train Castro troops in 1961 and 1962.

B. "Setting up" Mr. Hoffa by the Government.

1. The Government admits that Partin was directed to wean an invitation from Mr. Hoffa to come to Nashville. Two wire-recorded conversations are evidence to this fact.

PORTIONS OF CONGRESSIONAL RECORD OF
MAY 4, 1964, DEALING WITH HOFFA CASE

The V. I. P.

a truck load of sand fell on him. Partin was indicted on June 27, 1962 for thirteen counts of falsifying union records and thirteen counts of embezzlement. On September 26, 1962 he was again indicted for first degree manslaughter and leaving the scene of an accident. He had struck a car with three Air Force men in it, killing one of them. Partin is also under indictment for kidnapping. Partin has a history of having trained militia for Castro in Cuba. This, the government's star witness, was also found to have been paid \$1,500.00 through an intermediary.

If this is the kind of "justice" we can expect from the Department of Justice with Bobby Kennedy at the helm, we suggest the name be changed to the Department of Injustice. What happened to Hoffa at the Chattanooga trial could happen to anyone provided Bobby Kennedy decides to "get" them. Affidavits have been made that the jury in the Hoffa trial was supplied with large quantities of liquor, was given gifts and even provided with call girls, all paid for by the Department of Justice with taxpayers' funds. And this at a trial where the defendant was accused of "tampering with a jury." It would seem to make a difference as to who does the tampering. Such are Bobby Kennedy's methods of "justice."

The Allen-Scott Report during April 1964 revealed the widespread practice of telephone tapping and indicated that the telephones of Senators, Congressmen, government employees and civilians were being tapped by a private detective agency which has seven offices in the United States and has contracts to do work for government departments. What was not brought out at the time was that the largest user of this service is the Department of Justice under the orders of Bobby Kennedy. The telephones tapped are not those of Communists, criminals or spies but anti-Communists and others who disagree with the policies of Bobby Kennedy.

The ruthlessness of this man, his utter disregard for the rights of others (in spite of his political pose as a champion of "civil rights") is frightening. He does not hesitate to try to embarrass and even disgrace the President of the United States with the idea of promoting himself. He feels that he has evidence of alleged questionable financial transactions on the part of Mr. Johnson and is accordingly immune.

But Bobby has a playful side and it is in this side that we are really interested. During his first year in office his parties received considerable publicity. There were frequent news stories of his guests falling into his swimming pool or being playfully pushed in fully clothed. His sister and brother-in-law, the Peter Lawfords, also gave parties in Hollywood and it was at one of these that Bobby met Marilyn Monroe.



Bobby Kennedy and Rep. Emanuel Celler (fifteen affiliations with Communist fronts) after coming out of a Civil Rights Hearing. Bobby waived security regulations for four thousand immigrants in one year. Celler is lining up support to repeal the McCarran Walter Act, while at the same time fighting against prayers in schools.

(UPI Photo)

The V. I. P.

Bobby had been making trips to Hollywood to see Jerry Wald, the producer who was going to make a film out of Bobby's book, "The Enemy Within." The Lawfords are frequent party-throwers and are closely associated with Frank Sinatra and his "Rat Pack." Lawford and Sinatra are reported as having a joint business venture, a restaurant, on South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, which numbered among its customers the type person the local police would prefer to see leave town.

One party Marilyn attended at the Lawfords at which the Attorney General was present was of sufficient interest for her to have spent \$170.00 for a special hairdo and make-up. Stories made the rounds that Bobby interceded with 20th Century Fox on Marilyn's behalf when she was dropped, since she sent a personal telegram to him at McLean, Virginia, as soon as her contract had been cancelled by 20th Century Fox. There were a number of telephone calls made as shown by Marilyn's telephone company records of person to person calls to Robert Kennedy. The calls were made both to the Department of Justice in Washington, D.C. and to the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, California.

When in Beverly Hills Bobby Kennedy stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel and one of his visits is an interesting one. On July 26, 1962 and July 27, 1962 he stayed in Room No. 227 and had the charges for room, meals and telephone calls billed to the National Insurance Association, 2400 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois, for the attention of Charles Davis. Inquiry discloses that the National Insurance Association of that address was originally known as the National Negro Association, made up of some individuals who have connections with small negro insurance companies in the South, and that the Executive Director is Charles Davis.

Most V.I.P.'s do their partying and carrying on in strict privacy in private homes, private clubs and hotel suites. Those involved, if they know what is good for them, do not talk and this is especially true with the sacred name of Kennedy. Was Marilyn about to do some talking? Did she think her involvement was more serious, expecting perhaps a divorce and marriage to her?

227 Kennedy Atny Gen. Robt. 7/27
28.00 1 Washington, D. C.
7/26 62

eks ϕK r ϕK t sign

BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

		FROM FOLIO					TO FOLIO		
PHONE CALLS	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY		
MEMO	DATE	1962 JUL 27	FR	CHAS	CREDITS	BAL. DUE	PICK UP	ROOM	
1	JUL 26-62	ROOM	****		* 28.00			0227*	
2	JUL 26-62	PHONE	****		* 0.36	* 28.36	* 28.36	0227*	
3	JUL 27-62	RESTN	----		* 8.42	* 36.78	* 36.78	EE227*	
4	JUL 27-62	L'DIST	----		* 0.56	* 37.34	* 37.34	EE227*	
5	JUL 27-62	PHONE	----		* 0.90	* 38.24	* 38.24	EE227*	
6	JUL 27-62	PHONE	----		* 0.18	* 38.42		E -227	
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TRANSFERRED TO
CITY LEDGER

REMARKS
 BILL NAT INS ASSOC
 2400 S MICHIGAN AVE CHICAGO 16 ILL
 ATTN CHAS DAVIS

TRANSFER TO CITY LEDGER
 GUEST'S SIGNATURE *Robert M. Kennedy*
 CHARGE TO _____
 ADDRESS _____
 APPROVED BY _____

ARTHUR P. JACOBS COMPANY, INC.

Date July 31 1962

CHARGE TO Marilyn Monroe

Page _____

NO.	DATE	EXPLANATION	FOLIO			CLIENT'S CODE	AMOUNT
			DATE	SOURCE	BY		
1	6/12	Union Union Services - Long Beach					
2	6/11	Engine Bay - Gene Kelly - 6/12/62	6/12	11/3			
3		M. Monroe - Report not to be					
4		working together					2.00
5	6/11	Receivable Kelly - Phil S. S. -					
6		M. Monroe - Report not to be					
7		working together					2.00
8	6/13	McGraw-Hill, Va. - 6/14/62 and					
9		Thos. Robert Kennedy - M. Monroe -					
10		Personal Message &					6.91
TOTAL							11.91

FORM RCY LASSCO

TELEGRAM ON JUNE 13, 1962 TO ATTY. GEN. AND
MRS. ROBERT KENNEDY (PERSONAL MESSAGE)
CHARGED TO MARILYN MONROE.

Affidavit of creditor, Agnes M. Flanagan, subscribed and sworn to on March 25, 1963, before William G. Sharp, County Clerk, Superior Court of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

In the Matter of the Estate of

Marilyn Monroe

Deceased.

CREDITOR'S CLAIM

Date of death: August 5th, 1962.

Date of first pub. notice to creditors: March 4th, 1963.

Agnes M. Flanagan, whose address is
(if claimant is executor or administrator, must so state)
11972 Sunshine Terrace, Studio City, California

is a creditor of the above named decedent and presents the following claim:

<u>Date of Item</u>	<u>Description of Item</u>	<u>Amount Claimed</u>
	Salary	
August 25th, 1961.	Hairstyleing..for Pictures for Look Magazine John Engstead Studios. West Hollywood, Calif.	\$140.00
June 26th, 1962	Hairstyling. for Dinner Party Peter Lawfords Home	\$70.00
June 28th, 1962	Hairstyling, for Meeting with Studio Heads.	\$70.00
June 29th, 1962	Hairstyling for Pictures, Photographed by George Barris. at Tim Leimerts House.,	\$70.00
June 30th, 1962	StillPictures,by Geo Barris	\$140.00
June 31 st, 1962	Still Pictures, by Geo Barris Peter Lawfords Home and Pool.	\$140.00
July 6th, 1962	Hairstyling for Pictures for Life Magazine Photographed by. Allan Pictures in Life Magazine. Aug. 3rd. 1962	\$140.00
July 12th, 1962	Hairstyling for Meetings at 20th. Fox Studio	\$70.00
Total		\$840.00

T R U E

60 C O P Y

BILL FOR HAIRSTYLING FOR JUNE 26th DINNER

Creditor's Claim No. P-458935

Affidavit of creditor, Allan Snyder, subscribed and sworn to on March 25, 1963, before William G. Sharp, County Clerk, Superior Court of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

In the Matter of the Estate of
Marilyn Monroe

CREDITOR'S CLAIM

Deceased.

Date of death: August 5, 1962.

Date of first pub. notice to creditors: March 5, 1963.

ALLAN SNYDER, whose address is
(if claimant is executor or administrator, must so state)

21663 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, California

is a creditor of the above named decedent and presents the following claim:

<u>Date of Item</u>	<u>Description of Item</u>	<u>Amount Claimed</u>
	SERVICES RENDERED FOR PUBLICITY LAYOUTS AND PERSONAL MAKEUP FOR MARILYN MONROE BY ALLAN SNYDER.	
August 25 1961.	Photographs for Look Magazine: Used John Engstead Studios on Santa Monica Blvd. West Hollywood. Call 6:30P.M.	\$200.00
June 23 1962.	Photographs for Vogue Magazine: At Bel Aire Hotel in Beverly Hills. Call 4:00P.M.	\$200.00
June 24 1962.	Vogue Magazine: At Bel Aire Hotel. Call 2:00P.M. (Sunday)	\$200.00
June 25 1962.	Vogue Magazine: At Bel Aire Hotel. Call 3:30 P.M.	\$200.00
June 26 1962.	Personal makeup to attend dinner at Peter Lawfords home honoring Robert Kennedy. Call 7:30P.M.	\$100.00
June 28 1962.	Personal makeup for meeting with Studio Heads. Call 3:30P.M.	\$100.00
June 29 1962	Photographs for Cosmopolitan Magazine: At Tim Leimerts house. Stills by George Barris. Call 10:00A.M.	\$100.00
June 30 1962	Cosmopolitan Magazine: Stills by George Barris. Call 12:00 noon.	\$200.00
July 1st 1962.	Cosmopolitan Magazine: Stills by George Barris. Location Peter Lawfords house and pool. Call 12:00noon Sunday.	\$200.00
July 6 1962.	Photographs for Life Magazine: Allan Photographer for August 3, 1962 issue. Call 5:30P.M.	\$200.00
July 12 1962	Personal makeup for meeting with 20th Century Fox Officials. Call 3:30 P.M.	\$100.00
		<u>\$1800.00</u>

TRUE COPY BILL FOR MAKEUP FOR JUNE 26th DINNER

THE VERDICT

The official verdict in the death of Marilyn Monroe was that she died by her own hand either deliberately or accidentally. No effort was ever made to check further into the conflicting reports and stories told by witnesses. In fact the two most important witnesses departed immediately after the funeral for parts unknown. The cause of death was determined by the physician who performed the autopsy to be "acute barbiturate poisoning due to ingestion of overdose." But no residue was found in her body to indicate that this overdose had been taken orally. The lividity of the body would mean that the body had been turned over before the police were called. What must we think when so many stories do not "add up?" We must think that there is a distinct possibility that the death was not what it was made to seem—an accident or suicide—but murder, and that the people whose stories or actions were strange were involved.

"Newsweek" magazine of July 2, 1963, pages 102 and 103, contains a story concerning a book called "Norma Jean Baker—A Venture Into Mythology." The author is Ezra Goodman, and the story concerned itself with his inability to find a publisher for his book, even though he had received a \$5,000.00 advance on it from MacMillan. According to the article, the 356-page manuscript was rejected by fourteen publishers, and turned down by Esquire. Mac Millan suggested radical revision, Simon and Shuster said that in its present form it was "dangerous." Little Brown, Dial, Bobbs-Merrill, Lippincott, Grove and McGraw-Hill sent it back to Goodman's agent. Goodman was quoted as saying, "I think people have a fear of reality. This is a sort of factual 'Day of the Locust,' but people don't want that. They want myth—or at least editors think people do."

According to the "Newsweek" article, Goodman had unearthed information about Marilyn's dabbling with Lesbianism toward the end of her life and suggested a good deal by innuendo about various sexual relationships with studio executives in the early part of her career and involvements in her later life that reached up to the national Administration. Goodman admitted that the truth is very difficult to pin down and says in a foreword, "I met a good many people who I would much rather never have met. Many of them were on the make and take. Few of them told anything approximating the factual truth. Even fewer of them are civil. Marilyn Monroe knew many such people . . . nasty, mean, rotten little people. And nasty, mean, rotten big people, too."

The truth, as Mr. Goodman sadly admits, is hard to pin down and so, since sex affairs are not generally carried on in Macy's window especially when they "reach up to the national Administration," we must speculate and draw our own conclusions from docu-

The Verdict

mented facts, hushed rumors, and strange actions.

What the public was supposed to believe when Marilyn Monroe died was that she was despondent, having lost her job and being in financial straits, and a bit unbalanced, having been under the care of a psychiatrist, and therefore took an overdose of sleeping pills and that her death occurred later than it really did.

What the facts show is that Marilyn was not despondent, was well off financially, was going back to work on the picture from which she was dropped and had other attractive offers as well. She had no reason to do away with herself deliberately and was not under the influence of alcohol which might have caused her to do it accidentally.

Whose statements after the death did not ring true or were contradictory? The psychiatrist said he visited Marilyn at 5:15 on Saturday afternoon to put her to sleep. Pat Newcomb said she was with Marilyn until 6:30 on that same afternoon and they were sunbathing and looking over film scripts. Mrs. Murray was quoted in one report as having called Dr. Greenson first and in another as having called Dr. Engelberg first. She was quoted as saying she was alarmed to find Marilyn's door locked when Marilyn always kept her door locked. Peter Lawford said he called Marilyn to invite her to a dinner party which never happened and ended up with one odd guest in his home. Seven o'clock the same evening is not the usual time to invite a guest to a dinner party. The Coroner stated for publication that the toxicologist found a lethal dose of Nembutal and an equally lethal dose of Chloral Hydrate in Marilyn's body but the toxicologist's report did not confirm this. The doctors who went to Marilyn's home after her death stated they delayed calling the police because they were "talking."

Whose actions were strange? Mrs. Murray who obtained her job with Marilyn through Dr. Greenson although this was not her profession disappeared for a couple of days after the death and could not be located by newsmen for interviews. She later came into a bit of money and took an extended European vacation thereby making herself unavailable for questioning. Pat Newcomb was whisked to Hyannisport and thence to Europe, also for an extended vacation and also making herself unavailable for questioning. Upon her return she was placed on the government payroll. The action of Marilyn's psychiatrist and doctor before her death were strange, with one prescribing drugs when the other was supposedly trying to get her off the use of them. Dr. Engelberg's action was strange when he gave the time of death as 3:40 A.M. although it had obviously occurred much earlier since, according to the police report, rigor mortis had set in.

Clipping from Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" 8/15/62:

Pat Newcomb says she was with Marilyn from Friday night until Saturday night at 6:30PM, August 4, 1962.

From other sources we know that Marilyn received at least two, perhaps three, telephone calls after Miss Newcomb left.

One of the calls was from Joe DiMaggio Jr., her ex-husband's son. A second was from actor Peter Lawford. The identity of the third caller—if there was one—remains a mystery.

Lawford has said he telephoned Marilyn at 7 p.m.

Told Lawford She Was Sleepy

"She said she felt sleepy and was going to bed," he related. "She did sound sleepy, but I've talked to her a hundred times before and she sounded no different.

"Thinking she was lonely, I asked her to have dinner with me and some friends. But Marilyn decided not to come along."

Marilyn had already retired for the night when young DiMaggio called. The actress' housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice Murray, has stated.

"I woke her and asked if she wanted to talk with him. She said yes. She carried the telephone into a bedroom across the hall and later went back into her own bedroom and finished the call there."

Young DiMaggio has said:

"If anything was amiss I wasn't aware of it."

"I had arrived at the house Friday night after work," Miss Newcomb told this writer. "I was fighting a bad case of bronchitis and had decided to enter a hospital for a complete rest.

"But Marilyn had called me and said: 'Why don't you come out here? You'll have all the privacy you want. You can sun in the back, and have all the rest you want. And you won't have to go to a hospital.'

"It was typical of Marilyn," Miss Newcomb continued, "this concern for friends. So I accepted her invitation. I found her in wonderful spirits. Some furnishings for her house had just arrived from Mexico. She was in a very good mood, a very happy mood.

"Friday night we had dinner at a quiet restaurant near her home. Saturday she was getting things done inside the house. She loved it. This was the first home she ever owned herself. She was as excited about it as a little girl with a new toy.

"When I last saw her nothing about her mood or manner had changed," Miss Newcomb related. "She said to me:

"I'll see you tomorrow. Toodle-loo."

The time was approximately 6:30 p.m.

Clipping from L.A. "Herald Examiner", 8/15/62:

The last phone calls Marilyn received were from Peter Lawford and Joe DiMaggio, Jr....

A third unidentified call was received. Some say it was a VIP.



Clipping from Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" 8/8/62:

Peter Lawford relays his story to the press through an intermediary. He had called Marilyn shortly before her death to invite her to a party. Note that Marilyn had often been a guest at the Lawford home.

Lawford Uninvited To Rites, 'Shocked'

A-12 Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

S

Wednesday, Aug. 15, 1962

Marilyn Never Bitter or Depressed Type, Says Confidante

Lawford Tells Phoning Marilyn

By HARRISON CARROLL

Film star Peter Lawford last night revealed that he called Marilyn Monroe at approximately 7 p.m., Saturday night, and may have been the last person to talk to the blonde star before she was found dead in her bed from an overdose of barbiturates.

He has no way of knowing, though, said Lawford, whether his was the final "mystery" call received by the actress after she retired to her bedroom.

The actress' housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice Murray, earlier had reported that Marilyn received such a call.

Lawford relayed his story through a close friend and business associate, Milt Ebbins.

"There certainly was no mystery about Mr. Lawford's call," declared Ebbins. "He was a close friend of Miss Monroe's."

"At approximately 7 p.m., he called to invite her and her friend, Pat Newcomb, to attend a small dinner party at his home."

"He says Miss Monroe told him she would like to come but that she was tired and was going to bed early."

"He says that he noticed nothing unusual except that she did sound tired."

According to Ebbins, he and his wife were among the guests invited to Lawford's small dinner party. Others included TV producer Joe Naar and his wife, and Bullets Durgom.

Never one to attend many Hollywood social affairs, Marilyn often had been a guest at the Lawford home. Recently, she flew to Cal-Neva Lodge at Lake Tahoe in company with the actor and his wife.

Clipping from the Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" 8/14/62:
 Joe DiMaggio quits \$100,000.00 job in
 Virginia to go to California and be near
 Marilyn. She feared for her life.

Was Going to Get Role Back

Miss Newcomb ascribes at least a part of Marilyn's happiness during the last hours of her life to the fact that 20th Century-Fox appeared ready to resume "Something's Got To Give" with their star property again in the lead role.

"It pleased Marilyn very much that the picture was going back into production," Miss Newcomb related.

"And it pleased her to know that when the completed portions of the film were shown to studio executives in New York there was a great deal of excited comment."

There was, however, a much more basic reason for her happiness. After a seven-year absence, she had returned to California to find there a sense of peace and contentment.

Clipping
 from
 L. A.
 "Herald
 Examiner"
 8/15/62:
 Marilyn
 had
 gotten
 job
 back
 at
 20th
 Century
 Fox.
 Hardly
 a po-
 tential
 suicide.

Di Maggio Worried For MM

Baseball hero Joe DiMaggio quit his \$100,000-a-year job to be near his ex-wife, blonde screen beauty Marilyn Monroe, according to his former employer.

DiMaggio resigned Aug. 1 as vice president of V. H. Monette, Inc., of Smithfield, Va., a firm which supplies military post exchanges, a company spokesman said. The former Yankee slugger reportedly was worried about Marilyn several days before she died on Aug. 5 from an overdose of sleeping pills.



Clipping from L. A. "Herald Examiner" 8/13/62:

"Housekeeper" Mrs. Murray states she obtained job through Marilyn's psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson and had "certain instructions" but can't say what they are.

Mrs. Eunice Murray said today that Marilyn Monroe's psychiatrist had recommended her to the star to serve as companion and decorator last November, and that the doctor "gave me certain instructions about Marilyn, but I can't say what they were."

Marilyn Monroe's psychiatrist was Dr. Ralph Greenson.

Clipping from Los Angeles "Herald Examiner" 8/13/62:

Pat Newcomb is fired by the Arthur Jacobs Agency for her "dispute" with the press and is vacationing at Hyannis Port.

Meanwhile, according to Hollywood sources, two women close to the star at the time of her death have departed the scene.

Pat Newcomb, Marilyn's personal press agent, was reported "no longer with us" at the Arthur Jacobs agency. She was reported in Hyannis Port, Mass., yesterday as a guest of the Peter Lawfords and later to have gone to New York City.

The star's housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice Murray, has checked out of her Santa Monica apartment and left no forwarding address.

Officials at Westwood Memorial Park Cemetery, where the actress was entombed last Wednesday, said a diminishing trail of visitors—all quiet and orderly—continued to file past the unmarked crypt. A simple bronze plaque inscribed "Marilyn Monroe—1926-1962" is being prepared for placement on the face of the crypt.

Clipping
from
L. A.
"Herald
Examiner"
8/14/62:

Arthur
Jacobs
Agency
says
Pat

Newcomb

is no longer with us. She is in Hyannis Port as guest of the Lawfords (at Bobby Kennedy's). Note also that the housekeeper, Mrs. Murray, has moved and left no forwarding address.

Marilyn's personal publicity agent, Pat Newcomb, is out of a job and is reported vacationing in Hyannis Port with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawford at the presidential summer home.

Friends here said she had been fired for her dispute with the press following the star's death.

The morning Marilyn was found dead of an overdose of sleeping pills, Miss Newcomb was reported to have clashed with newspaper photographers for attempting to get pictures at the scene.

NO LONGER EMPLOYED

The Arthur Jacobs agency, who employed Miss Newcomb for the publicity on Marilyn, would say only: "She is no longer with the firm."

Her phone has been disconnected.



The Verdict

If Marilyn's death were really murder dressed up to look like an accident or suicide who would have wanted her out of way? The most likely one would be an ambitious man, already important but wanting to become more important and knowing that a serious scandal might ruin his chances for the biggest job of all. Would he take a gun and shoot her or personally involve himself in the dirty work? No, he would be devious as always and utilize the forces best qualified for the job—the Communist Conspiracy which is expert in the scientific elimination of its enemies. Marilyn, already surrounded by doubtful people, was easy game.

She knew that all was not well and was fearful of her life. Joe DiMaggio, alarmed and worried about Marilyn, gave up his high-salaried job to be near her, according to newspaper reports. He obviously knew she needed help but did not get to her side in time to save her life. Marilyn, having sustained an injury to her nose, thought it serious enough to have had it xrayed by Drs. Conti and Steinberg of 416 North Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills to see if there were any broken bones on June 7, 1962. On July 17, 1962 Austin A. Innis of 6916 North Figueroa Street, Los Angeles was paid a sum of money by Marilyn for repairs he made to locks at her residence on July 14, 1962. Marilyn had some documents which were so important to her that she had a locksmith change the lock on the file cabinet in which they were kept a short time before her death. After her death it was necessary to call the same locksmith to open this cabinet, which was located in a cottage on her property, as she had carefully secreted the keys. After Marilyn's death, a locksmith was again called to repair locks.

There seems to have been a great deal of lock-changing and lock-breaking and lock-repairing going on. According to the witnesses questioned after Marilyn's death, no locks were broken. Her bedroom door was locked so entrance was gained to her room by going outside, breaking a pane of glass in a French window and reaching in to turn the handle to open the door. But the A-1 Lock and Safe Company, through Mr. Halovaty of 3114 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica filed a bill with the estate for payment for repairs they made to locks which were broken after the death of Marilyn Monroe. Supposedly there would be no need to break any locks since the housekeeper was present to open doors for anyone desiring her to do so. Were the locks broken by the three persons who reportedly entered her home on the evening of August 4th? Were they searching for certain incriminating documents? These men, one of whom is reported to be a lawyer, supposedly turned over Marilyn's body to make sure she was dead which would account for the lividity noted on her body. Setting the time of Marilyn's death at a much later hour than that at which it actually occurred would cover up the activities of these men.

The Verdict

Since Marilyn died of an overdose of barbiturates, traces of which were found only in her blood, it would seem that the drugs must have been injected rather than taken orally. Either that or her body had been thoroughly pumped out to remove the traces of what killed her. This would seem to require the services of a doctor. One of her doctors was an identified Communist and Communists are trained to obey orders, even orders to kill. Communists eliminate their enemies and the enemies of friends in high places.

That the Attorney General of the United States is their friend must be deduced from his failure to proceed against the Communist leaders who have been under indictment since the Supreme Court decision requiring them to register. "Human Events" of April 7, 1962 on page 239 reported that Senator John Tower of Texas had openly accused Attorney General Robert Kennedy of failure to enforce the provisions of the Internal Security Act of 1950 which requires Communists to register. Not a single Communist has registered and not a single Communist has been prosecuted by the Attorney General. Newspaper reports have informed us that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy made a pronouncement before the Advertising Council in Washington, D.C. that the Communist Party in the United States is a windmill virtually powerless to harm the United States. This opinion is not shared by F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover whose department keeps track of the activities of American Communists. Mr. Hoover has repeatedly warned of the danger to our country from this source. Bobby Kennedy is also reported to be responsible for the shipping off to England of a Soviet defector who came to the United States seeking sanctuary and desiring to give information on Soviet agents and collaborators.

It was at the home of the Peter Lawfords that Bobby Kennedy reportedly met Marilyn Monroe. The Lawfords have an attractive swimming pool and Marilyn had photographs taken there for publicity releases to various magazines. For these photographs Marilyn would have special make-up and hairdos and pay the photographer as much as \$400.00. Bobby is reported to have interceded on Marilyn's behalf with 20th Century Fox and their friendship grew and grew to the point where, according to Marilyn's friends, she was led to believe his intentions were serious. There are person-to-person telephone calls, living witnesses, tape recordings and certain writing to attest to the closeness of their friendship.

Did the trouble begin when Marilyn realized that her V.I.P. had no intention of getting a divorce and marrying her? Did she insist he fulfill his promises to her or face her making public their relationship? Neither of these alternatives would appeal to Mr. V.I.P. Since Marilyn could destroy him either by talking or with written evidence, did he decide to take drastic action?

The Verdict

Book publishers and newspapers owners have been reluctant to print this story although it is known to many. Their failure has not been due to fear of libel since many deal with this problem almost daily. What they do not like to admit is fear of anti-trust suits, Internal Revenue examinations and other forms of official harrassment. The mere mention of Mr. V.I.P. seems to put fear into the hearts of too many people. With his personal Gestapo he does not hesitate to persecute those who incur his displeasure. General Walker has tasted this treatment as has Jimmy Hoffa.

Newspapermen such as Walter Winchell have made reference to the significance of the Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe. Under date of May 25, 1964 Walter Winchell printed in his column the following:

"Hollywood, California—Mr. W. W.

Please save this girl's life! She is 23, a sensitive blonde, now in Beverly Hills. She's been terrorized for months by the same person who caused Marilyn Monroe's death. The law has not given her the help she needs so very, very badly! ! ! You can check this with F.B.I. Special Agent in Charge, Mr. Grapp in L.A. This girl attends Good Shepherd Church. Her initials are M. J."

The individual referred to was identified in a later column by Mr. Winchell as Marilyn Johnson, whom he asked to get in touch with him.

The circumstances surrounding the death of Marilyn Monroe are extremely suspicious and the events following her death are also suspicious. They reek of intrigue, pay-offs and official disinterest in trying to find the truth. Have things gotten so bad in the United States that a possible murder will go uninvestigated because pressure is brought to bear or someone important may be involved? Is everyone really equal before the law or have some people gotten so powerful that they are above the law?

ADDENDA

Since this book was written more information has come to light through the author's continued investigation on the subject and from readers with bits of knowledge which add to the over-all picture. This information confirms the left-wing backgrounds of persons close to Marilyn who were influencing her and the importance of Pat Newcomb's role in the case.

Mrs. Eunice Murray, Marilyn's companion-housekeeper, was born March 3, 1902, in Chicago, Illinois and married John Murray, a left-wing labor organizer, March 12, 1924. Her maiden name was Eunice Joerndt. The Murrays built a home at 902 Franklin Street, Santa Monica, California, about 1946. They lived there until they were divorced in 1949 at which time the house was sold to its present occupant, Dr. Ralph Greenson. Dr. Greenson and Mrs. Murray remained friends over the years and he recommended her to Marilyn Monroe as a companion-housekeeper six months before Marilyn died.

Mrs. Murray has a married daughter, Mrs. Philip LoClair, who lives at 9644 Oso Street, Chatsworth, California. Mrs. LoClair is known as an ultra-liberal who is reported as active in promoting UNESCO and cooperative nurseries. After Marilyn's death Eunice Murray went to Europe via Air-France, leaving the United States on August 17, 1962. She indicated she was going on a "pleasure trip" and was going to travel through Germany, France, Italy and Switzerland.

Dr. Ralph Greenson, Marilyn's psychiatrist, resides at 902 Franklin Street in a home built by the husband of Mrs. Eunice Murray, Marilyn's "housekeeper." Mrs. Murray's husband was a left-wing labor leader and organizer who often came home "messed up" from his strike and organizing activities. Dr. Greenson held meetings in this house for a number of years at which an odd group of people assembled. They consisted of well dressed professional appearing people, Negroes, and laboring type persons. Neighbors got the impression that Greenson's home was used for some type of "cell" meetings. The Greensons were described by neighbors as being strong advocates of a socialistic government.

Dan Greenson, son of Dr. Ralph Greenson, was a member of SLATE at the University of California. He forced through a resolution of the Executive Committee condemning the University of Illinois for dismissing Dr. Leo Koch who was fired for advocating free love among the students. This is the same SLATE group that helped organize the demonstrations against the House Committee on Un-American Activities in San Francisco in May, 1960, which resulted in riots as shown in the film "Operation Abolition." (from the 1961 Report of Un-American Activities in California by the California Senate Fact Finding Committee.)

Addenda

The Greenson's involvement with Marilyn was quite a family affair. "Mickey" Rudin, Marilyn's new lawyer, is married to Dr. Greenson's sister. He and his law firm have represented many clients on the far-far left. One of Rudin's clients is Frank Sinatra, who was among those barred from Marilyn's funeral. Mrs. Greenson and her daughter Joan used to coach Marilyn in what to discuss with Bobby to make a favorable impression and to appear intelligent, confident and able to talk on various subjects. Joan Greenson, who is an artist and maintains a separate apartment away from her parents' home, is reported as having told neighbors that Marilyn was going to change her will on Monday, August 6, 1962, making Joan one of the beneficiaries.

Dr. Greenson met his wife when he was a student in Switzerland. Mrs. Greenson's brother, a college professor and politician, is a leader in the Socialist Party in Switzerland. Dr. Greenson is a member of the Advisory Board of the American Civil Liberties Committee in Los Angeles. This organization at one time had been cited as a Communist-front by the States of California and New York. Dr. Greenson was reported as so shaken up or frightened after Marilyn's death that he did not seem normal over three weeks.

Dr. Greenson swore in an affidavit for payment of his final bill to the estate that he had visited Marilyn on Saturday, August 4, 1962, and he told this to the police. Yet he told reporters he had not visited her, but only talked on the telephone with Marilyn. This would make it a very expensive phone call as the charge was listed as \$50.00. If Dr. Greenson did not visit Marilyn, he committed perjury in submitting the sworn statement to the Superior Court. If he did visit Marilyn, he would have been among the last persons to see her alive.

The person who claims to be the last person to have seen Marilyn alive is Pat Newcomb. She stated she was with Marilyn from Friday evening, August 3rd, at dinner time until Saturday evening, August 4th, at 6:30 P.M. There is positive evidence that this story is untrue. What facts she could give are evidently important enough for our VIP not to want them known. She was hustled off to Hyannisport after Marilyn's funeral, thence to Europe for six months, and then kept under our VIP's watchful eye in government service, first in the U.S. Information Agency and then in the Department of Justice itself. After going to California to help Pierre Salinger, Bobby's fellow carpetbagger, capture the nomination for U.S. Senate and raise funds for his campaign, Pat returned to Washington to be put on the payroll of the U. S. Department of Justice in a special unit on the Fifth Floor not too far from the office of the (now former) Attorney General.

Addenda

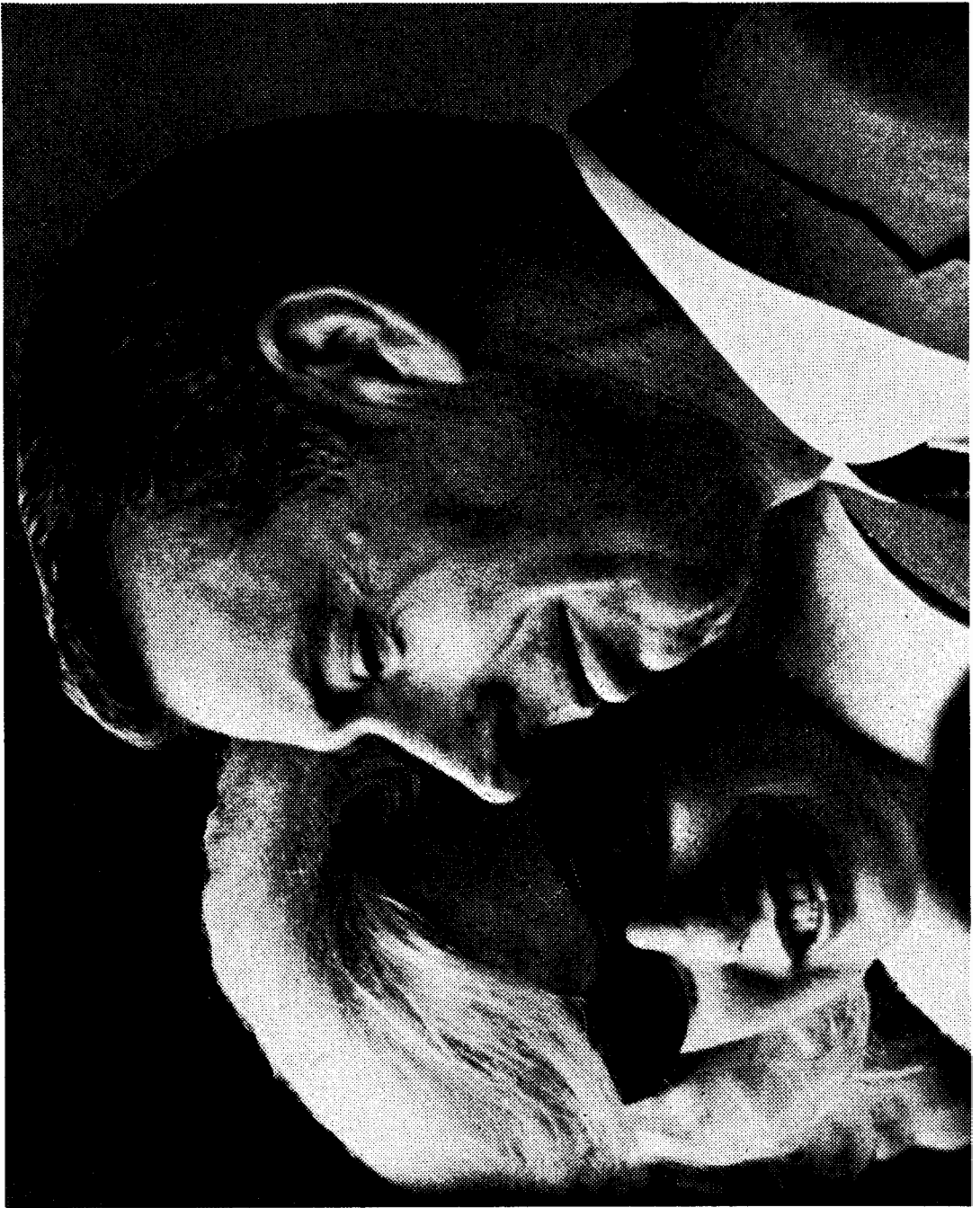
Neighbors told of having seen Bobby entering and leaving Marilyn's home. In fact, witnesses claim to have seen Bobby coming out of her home on the very date of her death. One informant stated Bobby stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel on Friday evening, August 3rd, but did not sign the hotel register. Pat Newcomb would be in a position to know if Bobby was really in Marilyn's home at any time during the final hours of her life.

Another individual with knowledge of Bobby's activities in Beverly Hills is Edwin O. Guthman who lives at 6700 Renita Lane, Bethesda, Maryland. He acted as Bobby's press agent and public relations man and held the title of Director of Public Information, Department of Justice. He too has stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel and charged his hotel bills to the Negro group in Chicago called the National Insurance Association.

Certain local police officers were assigned to security duty when Bobby visited California. A Santa Monica police officer who did security duty at the Peter Lawford's home because of Bobby's presence there reportedly observed Bobby and Marilyn at a party which he described as one of the wildest he had ever seen or even heard of. The Greensons are close friends of the Lawfords and are said to have knowledge of the parties held there.

The various Police Department personnel who had contact with the investigation of the death of Marilyn Monroe are Sgt. Jack Clemmons, Sgt. Ianone, Officer Coberley, Officer McGuire, Officer Curran, Officer Gillis, Detective Sgt. R. E. Byron and Inspector Walker. No coroners inquest was ever held and no real investigation involving questioning witnesses under oath. There is ample evidence of misstatements, lies, deceit, cover-ups, pressures and false affidavits. This would justify a full scale grand jury investigation. Hundreds of people in the Hollywood and Los Angeles area as well as other parts of the country have been demanding this. It remains to be seen whether this will be done and whether the facts will be brought out, so the American people will finally have the truth about the strange death of Marilyn Monroe.

Since the first printing of this book Walter Winchell, who long ago had inside information on the case, has mentioned it in his column five times. Other columnists and journalists in different parts of the United States have also referred to the case. Obviously the press is not in favor of cover-ups and the suppression of information in this case. Marilyn still has friends.



ADDENDA 1967

At this time we should like to bring our readers up to date on some of the principal characters in the Marilyn Monroe Case. Patricia Newcomb, who had been working under George Stevens, Jr. in the U.S. Information Agency, resigned after Walter Winchell raised questions about "security matters."

George Stevens, Jr. is a friend of Bobby Kennedy and is the son of the well known Hollywood director. He produced the JFK glorification documentary, "Years of Lightning, Day of Drums." He was married in 1965 to Elizabeth Guest, daughter of a State Department official with Ambassador rank, Raymond Guest. Stevens, Jr. and his bride were married in London and spent their honeymoon in Moscow.

Patricia Newcomb gave Mr. & Mrs. Peter Lawford as references on her application for U.S. Government employment. The Lawford beach home was the scene of many parties involving the so-called Rat Pack and, reportedly, Bobby and Marilyn. The Lawfords are no longer man and wife. Catholic Pat Kennedy sued and obtained a divorce from Peter Lawford allegedly on the grounds of extreme cruelty. After the divorce something happened in 1967 which had all the earmarks of a pay-off. Walter Winchell reported that the Joseph Kennedy Sr. Foundation had bankrolled Peter Lawford's new Hollywood motion picture producing company to the extent of seven million dollars.

After Patricia Newcomb resigned from her paid position in the U.S. Information Agency, she was rehired as a consultant at a dollar a year and worked in an office next to Bobby Kennedy in the Justice Department. When he departed and ran for Senator in New York, she joined the ranks of his campaign workers. She has now returned to Hollywood and has a high-salaried job in one of the motion picture studios.

Bobby Kennedy, seemingly the guiding force in all Patricia's activities after Marilyn Monroe's death, has been very much in the public eye. That he plans to run for President of the United States everyone knows. What they do not know is whether he will be able to get the nomination in 1968 or will have to wait until 1972. The publication, WASHINGTON OBSERVER, states in its December 30, 1966 issue: "Incidentally Bobby claims that he will not make a run for the Presidency in 1968 but will wait for 1972. However, sources close to him say that he is merely following the usual Kennedy family strategy of always aiming at two targets simultaneously and, at the last moment, being prepared to make a lightning-like decision to hit the target which is most opportune.

"One thing needling Bobby to make his stab at the top job early is

his wife, Ethel. When she found out about his romance with the late Marilyn Monroe, she threatened to divorce him. Bobby has been on his good behavior ever since, realizing that a divorce would kill his political ambitions."

By some coincidence the same date this story reached the public, the residence and laboratory of Bernard B. Spindel, a nationally known wiretapping expert, were raided by police on charges of illegal eavesdropping. The WORLD JOURNAL TRIBUNE reported on December 18, 1966, "The entire nine-hour police raid on the upstate home of one of 28 eavesdropping experts indicted Thursday was itself recorded on the expert's own equipment. . . . 'This was a fishing expedition. They wanted to find out exactly what we have. . . ,' said Spindel."

On Wednesday, December 21, 1966, the N.Y. TIMES reported that Spindel had asked the N.Y. State Supreme Court to force the District Attorney to return hundreds of items allegedly seized in the raids. The TIMES stated: "In an affidavit submitted to the court, Bernard Spindel asserted that some of the seized material contained 'tapes and evidence concerning circumstances surrounding and causes of death of Marilyn Monroe, which strongly suggests that the officially reported circumstances of her demise are erroneous.'"

Mr. Spindel has stated that the tape recordings and files in the Marilyn Monroe death case contain certain facts and data in which the names of Robert F. Kennedy and Peter Lawford are mentioned; and that these tapes and files (of which he still has extra copies) support the allegations in this book, and even go much further.

Things seem to happen to persons with such information. Strange things happened to the author of this book, also, and to some who helped him gather the information contained in it. Strong efforts are still being made to discredit him, efforts too well coordinated and insistent to be wasted on the editor of a small right-wing publication, but perhaps meant for him as the author of "The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe." He has even been castigated by the powerful Institute of American Democracy for having waited until after Marilyn Monroe's death, when she couldn't defend herself, to write about her.

Throughout this book we have seen Communist influences popping up here and there in connection with the life and death of Marilyn Monroe. Now it has come to light that Robert Kennedy himself, when he was Attorney General of the United States, wrote to a notorious identified Communist. This incident with a copy of the letter itself was placed into the Congressional Record by Rep. John R. Rarick (D. - La.). Mr. Rarick

stated on March 14, 1967: "Mr. Speaker, a shocking discovery came out of the recent Louisiana Committee on Un-American Activities when a tax-paid community worker in the Louisiana War on Poverty was identified as a Communist. . . .

"This was front page news in Louisiana, yet for some unexplained reason or motive was not considered worthy of public reading by the wire services - who suppressed the story.

"As a report of what our taxpayers are receiving for their dollars, I am including the full news release as it appeared on the front page of the Daily Advertiser of Lafayette, La., on March 9, 1967. . . .

**"POVERTY WORKER IDENTIFIED AS RED-ORLEANS WOMAN
TABBED BY AGENT.**

"An undercover agent surfaced at a legislative committee hearing in Lafayette this morning to identify Virginia Y. Collins as a Communist who received \$4,200 a year as a community worker in the Louisiana War on Poverty.

"The climax to the Louisiana Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities two-day probe which ended this morning into possible subversive elements in the anti-poverty program came when committee attorney Jack N. Rogers called Joseph P. Henry to the stand as the first witness. . . .

"Henry identified himself as a private investigator who has worked for the state committee in New Orleans, Bogalusa and the Lafayette area. . . .

"The private investigator said that he knew the Collins woman personally in New Orleans as an employee of a poverty agency called 'Social Welfare Planning Council.' He also revealed that she is the same Mrs. Collins who is a special assistant to James Dombrowski, director of the Southern Conference Education Fund. Dombrowski is a Communist and SCEF a Communist-front.

"Henry said that Mrs. Collins was a Marxist-Leninist who tried to recruit him into the Spartacist League, a Trotskyite splinter organization.

"The undercover agent said that Mrs. Collins, a Negro, participated in a debate on social revolution and that she favored the Russian system. . . .

"The committee was told that Robert F. Kennedy wrote the director of the controversial Southern Conference Education Fund sometime after Nov. 14, 1962, and asked his help in establishing a national service corps.

"Jack Rogers, attorney for the Louisiana Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities, testified that the letter from Kennedy, then attorney general, helped 'initiate interest in using federal funds for civil rights activity.'

"Rogers introduced into the record a letter from the attorney general's office bearing Kennedy's signature. . . . It was addressed to Dr. James A.

Dombrowski, SCEF director, then at New Orleans.....

"Dear Dr. Dombrowski: On November 14, 1962, the President of the United States appointed a committee to assess the feasibility of a national service corps so that more citizens may serve their country in addressing pressing human problems.

"The feasibility study will primarily concern the Government's possible role in this undertaking.

"In view of your organization's experience, you are in a position to offer needed advice. We would welcome and appreciate your immediate response to the general outline and questionnaire which accompanies this letter.

"Should the study ultimately determine a national service corps to be prudent, we shall then request more specific suggestions.

"Sincerely yours, ROBERT F. KENNEDY, Attorney General."

Dombrowski is one Communist Bobby was willing and anxious to work with.... have there been others? He has taken a position opposing President Johnson's policy of resisting Communism in Vietnam and has even been quoted as stating he would be willing to give blood to the Communist VietCong. During his term as Attorney General of the United States he made no moves against the Communist Party of the United States and even made the statement that it posed no danger to our security. One article reviewing his term in that office stated he saved the government a great deal of money by not going after the U.S. Communists. We can only say that money saving was never one of Bobby's traits...at least not the taxpayers' money.... so his kindness to the U.S. Communists was not an economy measure. He doesn't fear internal Communism and doesn't want to fight external Communism. Certainly the Communist Party, with its secret agents, assassins, forgers and hidden members in the medical and other professions, must feel obligated to this man who as Attorney General failed to prosecute them and who, we now learn, sought the assistance of one of their top people in setting up a nationwide poverty program once it was deemed "prudent."

Marilyn Monroe is dead, an unusually beautiful but childlike girl, who was used and misused by ambitious people. Murders which seem like suicides are a specialty of the Communists. Cover-ups and falsification of records are also their specialty. Such things can also be arranged by extremely powerful and wealthy people with or without their help. There is ample evidence to justify the reopening of this case if a courageous public official will initiate a thorough investigation into the STRANGE DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1941.

PORTIONS OF LETTER FROM SHERIFF
GEORGE A. CASEY, UNDER WHOM
FRANK A. CAPELL WORKED AS
CHIEF OF SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES BUREAU.



GEORGE A. CASEY
SHERIFF
COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER
OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
FRED W. RUSCOE
CHIEF DEPUTY

December 31st, 1941

To Whom It May Concern:

Francis A. Capell was employed by me for four years ending January 1st, 1942. He originally started as a Confidential Investigator and Assistant, and later became Chief Investigator in charge of my Bureau of Investigation and Subversive Activities Department, incidentally, which he organized for me.

Mr. Capell's work and supervision resulted in a sharp decrease in crime in Westchester County, and his cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the U. S. Army Intelligence, the Office of Naval Intelligence and other government departments, in the investigation of over five thousand persons in Westchester County merits exceptional commendation.

His many years of detective work and legal training makes him an outstanding man in his field.

Very truly yours

George A. Casey
George A. Casey
Sheriff

DIES AGENTS TO MAP WESTCHESTER INQUIRY

Investigators Arrange for a
Closed Hearing Tuesday

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., June 19

The Dies committee arranged today for its staff of investigators to conduct a closed hearing in the court house here Tuesday to determine the extent of un-American activities in Westchester County and to list the witnesses who would be available for open hearings contemplated by the committee.

Notice of the hearing was served on Frank Capell, chief investigator for the Westchester Sheriff's office, Stephen Birmingham, chief investigator for the Dies committee, said he and his staff would be here Tuesday to question fifteen Westchester officials, detectives and civilian volunteers who have been collaborating with the Federal Bureau of Investigation more than a year in investigating subversive activities in Westchester.

"Residents will be surprised when they discover the identity of neighbors, school and college teachers, wealthy business men and clergymen whose secret activities are being investigated for cause," Mr. Capell declared. "Our undercover agents have discovered even Nazi Storm Troopers drilling in uniform at secret places in the county."

The Sheriff's office, Mr. Capell said, would submit to the Dies committee detailed reports on activities of 2,000 county residents who are members or friends of Nazi, Fascist and Communist organizations.

THE RECORD OF THE HERALD OF FREEDOM

Now in its fifth year, this publication has supplied documentation for its readers on the background of individuals and organizations whose activities are against the best interests of our country. Articles, material, documentation, leads or information supplied by The HERALD of FREEDOM have been used by or appeared in national syndicated columns, newspapers, radio stations from coast to coast, religious publications, anti-Communist bulletins too numerous to mention. In addition, The HERALD of FREEDOM has supplied information and documentation to Congressmen, Senators, lecturers, educators, writers, political clubs, clergymen, students and many individual patriotic Americans.

The HERALD of FREEDOM has contacts, research specialists and correspondents from coast to coast and in many foreign countries, and maintains files on almost two million people who have aided the Communist Conspiracy. The HERALD of FREEDOM is essentially a national news service and private intelligence agency. Our contacts are mainly former military and naval officers, former government investigators and experienced former police department men, each of whom has contacts of his own.

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THE SECRET LIFE OF

*Marilyn
Monroe*

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MARILYN MONROE FILMOGRAPHY

PREFACE

Marilyn Monroe.

The mere name alone represents different images for different people. For some, it suggests the absolute standard of female sensuality. Beauty. Grace. Sophistication. For others, insecurity comes to mind. Misery. Tragedy. However, in order to appreciate the complex and fascinating life of this enigmatic star, one must attempt to put aside any preconceived notions about her—certainly no easy feat, considering her iconic status.

Perhaps the first step toward truly understanding Marilyn is to accept that all of the vivid images conjured by her name are true—from the good to the bad, the glorious to the tragic. Indeed, she was a woman who enjoyed and suffered a wide spectrum of experiences, many that are well known and quite a few—as you will read on these pages—that have remained private and undisclosed until now. Still, her devoted fans have always felt that they’ve known her well. Some who admire her without reservation can be moved to tears by the memory of a certain, maybe haunting, performance she gave on film. They fall into a group of devotees who would sacrifice almost anything to have their idol back among the living—only this time healthy and happy. To them, she is someone to be adored and placed high on a pedestal—preferably in a pose befitting her cinematic royalty. Others who are more circumspect view her as a spoiled Hollywood celebrity. They see her life as a cautionary tale of the dangers of excessive superstardom. To them, she is someone to be pitied as much as loved. Again, though all judgments and musings about her have an element of truth, there is a group I’d like to invite you to join with the reading of this biography—the select group of people who simply want one thing: the truth.

To say that much has been written about Marilyn Monroe is an understatement if ever there was one. Yet during the time I spent researching this book, I was surprised by just how muddled and conflicting the previous accounts of her life have been over the years. I also learned that there are some intriguing reasons why many of the stories about Marilyn have felt at arm’s length from her, as if her time on this earth had been viewed through a diffusion filter. For one thing, many fantastic legends about her have been accepted as fact. Therefore, separating truth from fiction is not an easy task—especially since a good deal of the fanciful tales about her were created by the lady herself! Then there’s the residue of old Hollywood’s public relations tactics. Some of those who were personally involved in Marilyn’s life were products of a vastly different era. Once upon a time, there was a hands-off policy when it came to the images of celebrities, and there is to this day, among surviving members of that community, a feeling of reverence—a respect for the way the studios wanted us to view movie stars... from a distance.

However, Marilyn’s presence, both onscreen and off, promised something quite different. She often appeared open and available, as if the answer to anything you wanted to know about her was just a question away. That, though, was an illusion. You see, Marilyn Monroe had a love-hate relationship with the truth, and at times with reality itself. It’s no great mystery why she so desperately tried to avoid the truth. Often it was agonizing, unbearable, and, she hoped, escapable. Why? Because, Marilyn—the picture of glamour and confidence to the outside world—was a woman far more troubled than most people knew. Though she would try to hide it from the world with her seamless portrayal of style and wit, those closest to her were privy to her deepest, darkest secret: She feared for her own sanity. Because her grandmother and mother were committed to insane asylums, Marilyn lived with the constant threat of impending madness. The often heartwrenching war she fought with her own mind has never, until now, been properly examined and presented. Thankfully for this biography, many of Marilyn’s contemporaries were convinced to come forward and discuss the specifics of her secret battle. These interviewees, many in the twilight of their lives, were vital to the completion of this book. In part, I believe their cooperation came with the realization that certain details of Marilyn’s life had not yet been accurately revealed, and that the truth of her struggles would die with them.

Much of what can be taken from Marilyn Monroe’s story is inspirational. After all, she is a woman who overcame seemingly insurmountable odds to become not only adored and respected but also, arguably, the biggest movie star in all the world. While a large part of her life was spent building and maintaining her career, in private Marilyn was passionate in her quest for *family*. She sought the permanency that the notion of a family promised. Sadly, it rarely delivered. Undaunted, she maintained close relationships with a mother who was constantly being institutionalized and a half sister the world didn’t know existed. On these pages, you will read about those fascinating relationships for the first time, and numerous others that have been previously misunderstood. Marilyn also went to great lengths to identify and then meet her father. Indeed, her quest for genuine and meaningful bonding would continue throughout her life.

Perhaps the real story of this woman revolves around something she—at her best—possessed in great abundance: hope. She believed throughout her entire time on this earth that anything was possible, and she often proved just that. Those who find it difficult to read the unsettling details of her life outlined in this book should remember that, even toward the very end, Marilyn had moments when she believed ultimate happiness to be just within her grasp. In fact, if there is one thing that set her apart from most people, it was her ability to maintain an urgency to the present moment. She believed that her “now” was more important than her past and future. Sadly, while she attempted to remain in the present, her past haunted her almost as much as her future frightened her.

Marilyn Monroe was so much more than just a famous movie star. She was a vulnerable soul, a generous spirit, and a brave soldier in a devastating battle with her own mind. Attempting to explain her difficult journey is the challenge I set for myself with this book. At the heart of the story, I discovered a very different kind of Marilyn, a woman far more complex and serious—and maybe even tragic—than the one I thought I knew.

PROLOGUE

The cavernous arena is electric, its walls vibrating with applause one moment, laughter the next. Yet at the end of one of its long hallways and sitting behind a closed door is a woman having an experience all her own. Just minutes earlier, she had breezed through a crowd of onlookers and backstage technicians with a confident smile and a glamorous way. At this moment, however, while waiting for a drink she'd requested of a stagehand, she seems to shiver with apprehension. "They're making fun of me," she tells the young man as he offers her a glass of New York City tap water. "Listen." But he can't follow her direction, for he is too taken aback by how her eyes are locked on his... how *she* is talking to *him*... and how she is... *Marilyn Monroe*. Indeed, even though he shook hands with the president of the United States less than an hour ago, *this* is the moment he will always treasure.

Moments earlier, the woman was an emotional wreck, confused and panicked when she popped her head out of her dressing room to ask him for the favor of a drink. But now she is looking to him for something altogether different. Perspective. Reassurance. Maybe even wisdom. After it's clear that he is nearly immobilized by her presence, she drops her look of concern and smiles knowingly. After all, he's just another one, and she knows it—another one of the millions of men who love her. One thing he *doesn't* know, however, is something that might surprise him: She loves him back.

By May 19, 1962, Marilyn Monroe had whittled down her circle of close friends to a precious few—or perhaps the circumstances of her life had done it for her. Along the way, there had been many who tried to talk her through her bouts of anxiety or paranoia. However, their efforts were almost always in vain. Marilyn was convinced that she knew better. In a heartbreaking catch-22, those dearest to her would throw up their hands and surrender to her need to be right—even if what she was correct about was her own misery. Without anyone left in her world able to lift her from her darkest periods, she would spend the majority of her time alone... thinking—which was, of course, exactly what kept her in such despair. Therefore, it would often be in small moments like this one—time spent with a starstruck stranger rendered speechless in her presence—that she would be reminded of who she was, and of what was expected of her.

She pushes away from the wall she's been leaning against and approaches the young man. Once standing before him, she bends forward, holds his ears between her palms, and kisses the top of his head. "Thank you," she says in a soft voice. "Now I need to get ready."

As he slips out of the room, he notices her moving to a large mirror, sighing loudly. She begins laughing as he pulls the knob—and then, when the door clicks shut: silence, again. This strange behavior leaves him thinking what everyone else backstage that night has been: What is going on in there? Not just in that dressing room, but inside that beautiful head of hers.

"Marilyn had practiced so hard for that performance," explained her friend Susan Strasberg, "far too much if you ask me. It was too important to her. All she had to do was sing 'Happy Birthday.' Most performers could have done that with their eyes closed."

Marilyn, of course, was not "most performers." In fact, she wasn't even most "people." Rather, she was a woman waging a specific battle fought by many in the world on a daily basis: mental illness. Her mood swings and unpredictable behavior were usually viewed by her public as mere eccentricities incidental to who Marilyn Monroe was as a woman. Yet the difficult emotional tug-of-war she endured for much of her life, ignored by almost everyone, may have been her most defining characteristic.

On this night, however, why would Marilyn, globally recognized as a major celebrity, think that she was being made fun of? While she had often wrongly believed in the past that the worst was being thought and said about her, on this evening she happened to be right. They *were* making fun of her.

By this time in her history, gallons of newspaper ink had been used to describe to the world just who Marilyn Monroe was—that was nothing new. However, in the weeks leading up to this performance at Madison Square Garden in New York City, much of that ink was used to explain that she was, above all, irresponsible. She had been chronically late or completely absent for the making of her most recent film—a production from which she would ultimately be fired. The world knew about it and didn't care. After all, she was Marilyn Monroe. In the public's collective reasoning, she had carte blanche. Those who had been fans for at least the last decade viewed her mounting unpredictability as a necessary evil—just one of the things that made Marilyn... Marilyn. However, the truth was that her increasingly troubling behavior was much more than just a star's idiosyncrasy, to be joked about over cocktails. It was a sign that something was terribly wrong with her.

Onstage that night, many renowned performers were assembled to celebrate the birthday of President John F. Kennedy. Frank Sinatra was present, as were Diahann Carroll, Jack Benny, Henry Fonda, Leontyne Price, and many other luminaries. Each of them took to the stage to perform after being introduced in a dignified manner. Marilyn, however, received a very different introduction.

"Mr. President, Marilyn Monroe," the distinguished British actor Peter Lawford intoned numerous times throughout the evening. However, the "gag" of these many introductions was that when her arrival was announced, the spotlight would swing to the side of the stage and then—nothing. She wouldn't appear. Everyone would laugh, of course. After all, it had become a not-so-inside joke that Marilyn Monroe was a woman upon whom nobody could depend. Funny? Not particularly, especially if one took the time to examine just *why* she had become so unreliable.

She had been in on the joke that night, of course, and had even seemed tickled that her eventual appearance would be teased throughout the four-hour-long event. Indeed, as had often been the case in Marilyn's life, she knew that the public's expectations of her revolved around what they thought she lacked, not what she possessed. "Most people didn't think of talent when they thought of Marilyn," Dean Martin once observed. "They saw this creature who happened to be blessed with the beauty of a goddess and the brain of a peacock." However, Marilyn was no dumb blonde; she was much more intelligent than most people realized. For years she had used her intellectual abilities to conceal her most private struggles.

Once again, every ounce of willpower would be brought to bear this evening in order that the mere mortal could transform herself into the goddess the world had come to know and love. When Marilyn finally took the stage, the theater erupted into thunderous applause. She was charismatic, empowered, and, of course, spectacularly beautiful. Peter Lawford watched her wriggle toward him, her steps restricted to tiny strides due to her sheer gown's tightly tailored hem. After delivering a final punch line to the running joke of the evening—"Mr. President, the *late*... Marilyn Monroe"—he reached toward the star's ample bosom and took from her an ermine fur. There she stood, looking almost naked, wrapped only in her ethereal beauty, shimmering in sequins, beads, and sparkling light.

Alone now, she waited for the crowd's reaction to wane before she could start to sing. It didn't for quite some time. The applause became less apparent, though, as a low-pitched throng of gasps and cheers came forth, mostly from the men in attendance. In fact, there was a full thirty seconds between the moment her outfit was revealed and the time she was able to begin singing. During that time, the audience's reaction changed from hoots and hollers to audible mumbles and, finally, to smatterings of laughter. She held her hands at her brow in order to shield her eyes from the spotlight, maybe hoping to see more clearly the man of honor—a man she had hoped might one day be more to her than just her commander in chief. Then, after a

particularly loud guffaw from a man in one of the first few rows, Marilyn's shoulders dropped and she sighed audibly. Eventually, deciding not to wait for silence, she started to sing while the masses continued expressing their reaction.

"Happy birthday... to you," she cooed, her voice a sexy—and maybe just a tad off-key—whisper. "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday... Mr. *Pre-si-dent*. Happy birthday to you." The room continued its rowdy response as she did her best to give her public what it wanted—an unmistakable and very specific memory of Marilyn Monroe. Finishing the first chorus, she motioned for the audience to join in—"Everybody! Happy birthday..." The crowd responded to her invitation by taking up the song and trying to follow her somewhat erratic, arm-waving conducting.

After she finished her performance, a man approached Marilyn from behind. While the cameras cut to a birthday cake being wheeled in, she was escorted from the stage and away from a moment in which she had wanted to participate: President John F. Kennedy climbing the stairs to the stage to say a few words of appreciation. Marilyn had wanted to simply give him a quick peck and then shuffle back offstage. Yet there were many who felt that she was too unpredictable that night, too erratic. "Yes, there was some anxiety surrounding her appearance," recalled Diahann Carroll. "I can't say that I knew why, or what was going on. But I do remember a certain level of... tension. Some people were quite... edgy."

Once backstage, Marilyn heard the president express his gratitude for her performance. "Now I can retire from politics," he said, "after having 'Happy Birthday' sung to me in such a sweet and wholesome way." A couple of months prior, she had told JFK how her ex-husband, Joe DiMaggio, wanted her to retire from show business to be his wife. Now, hearing his words, a look of astonishment crossed her face. Later, she would ask his sister, Pat Kennedy Lawford, if he had made the statement for her benefit. The reasonable response to her question was most certainly no. However, at that point, Marilyn's supply of reason had been dwindling for quite some time. She had begun living her life in clearly defined segments of clarity and confusion. For years Marilyn Monroe had been able to use her craft to perpetuate an illusion. Indeed, the star that people saw toward the end of her life was but a shell game—a well-crafted presentation of someone who had disappeared years ago... that is, if she ever really existed.

PART ONE

The Beginning

Norma Jeane's Foster Mother, Ida

How to describe Ida Bolender? With dark brown eyes behind large, round spectacles on an elongated and severe face, she looked like the classic schoolmarm. She could have been attractive, had she been interested. However, she didn't have time to worry about superficialities. Her hairstyle spoke volumes. Cut bluntly just below her ears and unevenly around her head, her hair looked as if she'd taken scissors and chopped away without any forethought. The total effect was a haphazard, inky black coif around her head. Her clothing also said much about her. She wore the same type of dress every day—a short-sleeved frock that hung loosely on her frame like a gunnysack. She called this garment, functional and practical, her “house dress.” Though still a young woman of just thirty-seven, she was such a model of efficiency and diligence she seemed much older—maybe in her fifties. She was always busy, whether with a full schedule of housework or with the day's errands of devotion to the Hawthorne Community Church in Hawthorne, California, of which she was a parishioner. *

To some, Ida seemed a somewhat cold and unfeeling woman who, despite being a foster mother, didn't really take to children. Sometimes she appeared distant and remote, which is why there was some question as to whether she sincerely had the desire to raise children or simply had an interest in the money she received to take care of them—roughly twenty-five dollars a week per child from either the child's family or the State of California. ‡ It wasn't a fair characterization. In fact, Ida had opened her home to underprivileged children during the challenging 1920s. This was a time when scores of young people were being put up for adoption, due in part to a floundering economy, and also to the needs of a growing number of young women who felt a calling to enter the workforce. Though she certainly had no interest in business, Ida did want a better life, one her husband's meager salary as a mailman could not provide. The extra income she received from foster parenting may not have been plentiful, but it was enough for her to feel some worth and also a certain degree of independence. Moreover, as her foster daughter Nancy Jeffrey explains, “One of the reasons Ida may have appeared disconnected was because she was hearing impaired and without the benefit of a hearing aid. She often had to read lips, especially as she got older.” A proud woman, Ida Bolender would just as soon people think she was hearing what they were telling her when she really wasn't. Thus her seeming aloofness.

The daughter of devout Baptists, Ida was taught that an abundance of pride was the devil's work. Therefore, she rarely acknowledged her own achievements, such as good grades in school or being popular with other students. Her parents were strict and uncompromising. Every day was a test from God. Pass or fail (and she usually failed, according to them anyway, especially her mother), it was sure to be a long and difficult exam. Her parents had instilled in her so urgent a sense of responsibility and duty, she'd allowed her youth on a small farm near Buffalo, New York, to pass her by without ever having much fun.

In 1918, after living a chaste early adulthood, Ida married a quiet, gentle man named Albert Wayne—known primarily by his middle name. He'd also been raised on a farm, this one in Brown County, Ohio. Since he had been brought up with essentially the same beliefs as Ida, he had simple, attainable goals for the future. In fact, the couple had no plans when they married, other than to work hard, pray hard, and try to live what they both viewed as decent lives based on scripture. They moved to California in 1919.

Besides foster caring, Ida had few passions in life—and, truthfully, being a foster mother wasn't as much a passion for her as it was a duty. However, as a fervent member of her church, she was quite enthusiastic about fund-raising. The church held bake sales and raffles, but its most lucrative venture by far was its widely praised rummage sale. Women would travel great distances to pick through the discarded belongings of the church's many parishioners while searching for just the right hat, dress, or other clothing at a price that could be considered a “steal.” However, not only would the possessions of churchgoers go up for sale, but other items as well. According to the family's history, in order to enhance her own sales table, Ida formed a secret alliance with a woman named Anna Raymond, a seamstress in Hollywood who would bring boxes chock-full of items to the Bolender residence on a monthly basis. These pieces were mostly garments that Ida would never think to wear, such as colorful flapper dresses, ornate costume jewelry with enormous imitation stones, or high-heeled shoes that made Ida shudder. It's a safe assumption that these items were leftovers from various film productions, but just how Miss Raymond happened to come into possession of them is, all these years later, impossible to ascertain.

Over the years, Ida often spoke to other members of her congregation about certain women in her community she felt were “too boastful.” Inevitably, these were ladies who flaunted their femininity to get what they wanted, conduct Ida viewed as tantamount to a mortal sin. As it would happen, a woman whose behavior fit just that description came into Ida's life in a place that might seem ironic: the Hawthorne Community Church. Indeed, whenever Ida Bolender stood watch at her rummage-sale table, she looked forward to selling as much of her tacky merchandise as possible to one eager customer in particular—her neighbor across the street, Della Monroe.

By 1925 standards, forty-nine-year-old Della Monroe was certainly not a wealthy woman, but she still had a craving for extravagance. Without the ability to purchase particularly lavish items at retail prices, she hunted down bargains wherever she could—even in places where she didn't feel particularly welcome. Descending the steps into the basement of the Hawthorne Community Church, she had to have heard the judgmental whispers of those who wouldn't have used the word "elegant" to describe her secondhand fur and costume jewelry.

In her prime, Della had been a spectacularly attractive woman. Back then, a mane of full, thick brunette tresses had framed an almost constantly smiling face set with stunning blue-green eyes. She was eye-catching and full of life. However, time had not been kind. Her skin, once so porcelain and smooth, had loosened and lost its glow. Now she appeared unkempt, her hair thinning to wiry locks that seemed to lie lifeless atop her head. It hadn't simply been the expected signs of aging that altered Della, either. She had once been gregarious with a quick wit and exuberant personality. There had always been a dazzling smile under her bright red lipstick. However, over time, the light behind her eyes began to flicker. As she got older, she became remote. It was as if a great distance had come between the world and Della Monroe's experience of it. Everyone she knew noticed this gradual change in her, but no one knew what to do about it. Actually, it had started with the birth of her children.

"The way I heard it, she would fall into deep depressions after having the babies," recalled Louise Adams, whose mother was the secretary to Reverend Charles Lewis, pastor of the Hawthorne Community Church. "My mother said [Della] would cry uncontrollably at the drop of a dime [*sic*], and she had never been one to cry. Then she would be fine. But a few days later, she would start crying again, for no apparent reason, and she would cry for days, or at least it seemed like it. Then, fine. She wouldn't eat and got painfully thin. She couldn't sleep. No one knew what was wrong with her, but there wasn't much anyone could do back then but just worry about it and hope for the best."

It's possible, of course, that Della Monroe was suffering from postpartum depression. However, with modern obstetrics procedures just starting to be developed in the early 1900s, grave symptoms such as hers were often ignored or just attributed to "baby blues" and not taken seriously. In her case, though, whatever was happening to her as a result of her pregnancies would be a harbinger of things to come. Of course no one knows for sure, but the family's belief is that Della's pregnancies triggered a mental illness in her that was never reversed.

Time, however, could not steal from Della the memories of her untamed youth. She had often welcomed the wandering eyes of the opposite sex, which threatened her peers and made the possibility of having many close girlfriends remote. Therefore, when she sought companionship, it was usually in the company of men. Indeed, earlier in her life, Della would happily share a stiff drink with a fellow, often with no desire at all for any sort of romantic relationship. She was "one of the guys" during many happy hours at the local watering hole, which led to a good number of groggy late-night encounters of the intimate variety, and of course the inevitable tongue-wagging of women familiar with her behavior.

Now past her prime, Della was living with a man named Charles Grainger at her home on East Rhode Island Street in Hawthorne. She insisted they were man and wife, but no one ever saw a marriage certificate—nor did anyone believe they'd ever been wed. Though her desire for male attention had weakened, Della's instinct to package herself in what she considered stylish attire remained—thus her visit to church on this day in October 1925, where she would meet her neighbor across the street, thirty-seven-year-old Ida Bolender.

Obviously, Della's life had been very different from Ida's. Whereas Della had always been a free spirit who enjoyed what would most certainly have been considered in the early 1900s a loose morality, Ida's personality was constricted by a rigid religious code. Had Ida been aware of some of Della's past experiences, she wouldn't have allowed herself to even share the same oxygen with her. As it was, the two women formed an unusual bond. In fact, for her wardrobe, Della had come to depend upon the constant stream of garish garments and baubles found only at Ida's booth at the rummage sale. Over time, Ida would even leave a smattering of the gaudiest of merchandise on display—clothing and other items that no one else would ever think to purchase—knowing full well that even these most offensive pieces would be eagerly snapped up by Della.

As Della's style "dealer," Ida made a decent amount of money for the church—and possibly even a bit for herself. Eventually, she even opened up her home to Della in order that she might purchase items without waiting for the next sale. On one such occasion in October 1925, Della noted how well-behaved two foster children being raised by Ida were, and then mentioned that her own daughter, twenty-five-year-old Gladys Baker, was pregnant with her third child. The pregnancy posed quite a problem, she explained, since Gladys was not married. Gladys had been pursuing a career in Hollywood, Della said, working for Consolidated Studios as a film cutter. In fact, as she went on, Della had actually given her some of the clothing she had purchased from Ida. She wanted to brighten her daughter's days, she said, because she'd never been the same since giving up the first two children she bore. Both were now being raised by her ex-husband and his new wife. After losing them, Della admitted, Gladys became a heavy drinker.

As it happened, Della was getting ready to join her husband, Charles, in India, where he'd been transferred by the oil company for which he worked. She was going to leave in December. He didn't seem anxious to see her, though. In a postcard to her, he wrote that he felt the trip would be "too much" for her and that perhaps she should "stay where you are for an indefinite period of time." Della's mind was made up, though. However, she told Ida that she was worried about what might happen to Gladys and the new baby. "I'm not going to be around to see to it that things are okay," she explained. Ida said, "Well, maybe you should stay behind until you know they are okay." Della thought it over a moment and decided, "No, I don't think so."

During that conversation, Ida became very concerned not so much about what might happen to Gladys, but over the future of the child she was carrying. It was clear to Ida that not only were Gladys's work schedule and social life going to be an issue in raising the new baby, but there was also another undeniable truth, one to do with morality. There was a question about the paternity of Gladys's pregnancy. Della said that she didn't quite know who the father of her daughter's baby was—and any number of men could have been candidates. This unfortunate situation was more than just distasteful to Ida, it was unseemly. In her view, neither Gladys—given what she had heard—nor Della—given what she had seen—was, as she put it, "following the Lord's path."

Ida quizzed Della about just how Gladys planned to raise the child, especially if Della was to be out of the country. Would it be in accordance with God's plan? Had they considered what school the young one would attend? Was she going to be able to set a good example for him or her? As Ida saw it, it was an untenable situation, so much that she could barely believe they were even discussing it. In her mind, all questions were moot since Gladys wasn't even married, "and in this situation, she most certainly should not be allowed to keep that child," she said.

"And what about you, Della?" Ida asked with a faint smile. "You know, you're not the most stable woman, either."

Della—according to a later recollection—seemed to not be able to connect to what Ida was talking about. On some level, though, she must have known that Ida was referring to her unpredictable mood swings, and especially her insistence of late that she was the subject of some sort of

surveillance. “When I leave the house, I *know* I’m being followed,” she had often told Ida. “As long as they know that I know, I feel I’m fine. However, I never let my guard down. I’m not a stupid woman.” Paranoia had become such a recurring theme in Della’s life that her friends had begun to disregard it, even if they did find it upsetting.

“If Gladys can’t raise that child,” Ida told her candidly, “I certainly don’t think you can, either.”

“It doesn’t make any difference,” Della told her, “because I’m going to India, and I’m not coming back.”

None of this made sense to Ida. She was twelve years younger than Della, but it was Della who must have seemed like the immature one to her. At the very least, she couldn’t imagine how this woman could leave the country when her child was in trouble. Moreover, she couldn’t fathom how any mother could ever have allowed her daughter to find herself in such a predicament. “You need to think about this,” Ida told Della. “You and I should discuss this further. We’re both mothers. We know what’s right.”

In the days to come, Ida’s continuing attempts to alert Della to the seriousness of the task at hand would lead to an unexpected set of circumstances that would alter the lives of everyone involved. No doubt directly related to Ida’s finger-wagging, the day soon came when Della was able to convince Gladys that she should not be the primary caretaker of the baby she was carrying. First of all, it couldn’t be denied that she was a woman to whom the night called—and when it did, she answered with a resounding yes. Also, she too had certain other... problems. Indeed, someone was following Gladys as well. Maybe the same person who had been following Della? Mother and daughter understood each other’s fears because they shared them.

Eventually, Della Monroe successfully convinced her daughter, Gladys Baker, that when she had her baby, she should “temporarily” place it in the care of the very religious and righteous woman who lived nearby—Ida Bolender.

From all outward appearances, Gladys Pearl Monroe had always seemed like such a happy youngster, surprising considering her tumultuous youth. She was born on May 27, 1900, to Otis and Della Monroe in Piedras Negras, Mexico—at the time called Porfirio Díaz, after Mexico's president José de la Cruz Porfirio Díaz Mori. It was here that her father had found employment with the Pacific Electric Railway. Soon after her birth, the family moved to Los Angeles.

Gladys's mother, Della, always caused heads to turn as she sashayed down the street. However, she was apparently as tough as she was eye-catching. Early photographs taken of Gladys's parents show a handsome, somewhat robust woman with a severe countenance—that would be Della—standing next to a gentleman who looks rather scared to death—Otis. If he ever thought he would be able to tell Della what to do, Otis soon found out it was not the case. Della was never one to acquiesce to anyone's will. Therefore, the arguments between them started on their honeymoon and never ceased. In one of the family's photographs Otis has a deep scar on his cheek, and there's no telling how he got it. However, one thing is clear: He doesn't have it in pictures taken before he married Della.

Soon, Gladys and her brother, Marion Otis—born in 1905—became accustomed to a transient lifestyle as the Monroes moved in and out of nearly a dozen different rented apartments and houses in California between 1903 and 1909. Otis, who couldn't keep a job, began to live a reckless and cavalier life. Not only was his drinking a growing problem, but he also started having sudden blackouts and frightening memory lapses.

By 1908, when Otis was just forty-one, his health and emotional state had declined so rapidly it became clear that something was very wrong with him. He was temperamental and unpredictable, and his body seemed to always be in a tremulous state. His headaches would become so numbing and severe, he could barely stand. When not physically debilitated, he was filled with blind rage. On occasions when he would fly into fits of fury, Della would have no choice but to take their frightened children to a neighbor's home and wait for the storm to pass. Doctors were at a complete loss to explain Otis's mystifying behavior. "Otis has lost his mind, and I'm just going to have to come to terms with it," Della wrote in a letter at this time.

In 1909, Otis Monroe died of syphilis of the brain. He was just forty-three. "How will I explain this to my children?" Della asked the doctors at the hospital. Because the professionals were of no help to her, Della simply told Gladys, nine, and Marion, four, that their father had gone mad and died. In years to come, some family members would argue that he actually hadn't died an insane man but rather had contracted syphilis, which then led to his death. Others would say that it was precisely because of the syphilis that he had gone insane. Back in the early 1900s, though, such distinctions were generally not made outside of the medical community. "He went nuts and then went to God," is how Della described it, and she hoped that would be the end of it. However, this would most certainly not be the end of it. In fact, a fear of genetic madness would hold the Monroe descendants in its suffocating grip for decades to come—and it all started with Della's declaration that Otis Monroe's death was the direct result of insanity.

After Otis passed away, Della—just thirty-three years old—was on her own with two small children. She was attractive and usually fun to be around, but she could also be unpredictably volatile and, if in one of her moods of despair, even morose. In March 1912, when she was thirty-five, she married a railway switchman supervisor named Lyle Arthur Graves, six years her junior. That union was over quickly. After the divorce, Della began to date an assortment of characters, some respectable but most unsavory, who came and went from her life swiftly, most not before spending at least one amorous night with her. In fact, it was at this time, after the end of her second marriage, that Della developed a looser sense of morality and didn't seem particularly concerned as to how it might adversely affect or otherwise influence her two children, Gladys, who was now twelve, and Marion, seven.

By the time she was a teenager, Gladys Monroe wore her chestnut brown hair—though it sometimes appeared more reddish—in soft waves and long curls that cascaded luxuriously down her back. She was a real looker, with Wedgwood blue eyes, a full mouth, a dazzling set of white teeth, and skin that glowed with vitality. Enviably thin and petite, as an adult she would grow to only five feet tall. However, an oversized personality and captivating quality made her well-liked at school and the life of any party.

When Gladys was about sixteen, her mother banished Marion, eleven, from the household. Because he was constantly in trouble at school and obstreperous at home, Della didn't know what to do with him. Disciplining him didn't seem to work. Stubborn and willful, he tried her patience. Therefore, one morning she collected all of his toys and tossed them into a pillowcase. Then, as Marion cried softly in the backseat and Gladys sat quietly staring straight ahead in the front passenger seat, Della drove to San Diego. There she left the boy in the care of a cousin, and that was the last anyone ever heard of Marion.

At about this same time, in 1916, Gladys met a young businessman named John Newton Baker, known primarily as Jasper. He'd just moved to Los Angeles from Kentucky after serving in the military. Jasper was tall and lanky with a lean, angular face and straight dark hair that he parted with great purpose to one side. Seeming genuinely interested in Gladys from the start, he not only wanted to hear about her many problems at home but also assist her in coming up with reasonable solutions. Twelve years her senior, he had more experience than her and seemed eager to insulate her from her troubled life and maybe even protect her from future heartache. Therefore, when he asked for her hand in marriage, she eagerly agreed. Della not only accepted the coupling of her young daughter with Jasper, she wholeheartedly encouraged it.

Sixteen-year-old Gladys Monroe took John Newton Baker as her husband on May 17, 1917. They had two children, Robert Kermit—nicknamed Jack—and Berniece, before their marriage began to crumble. It turned out that Jasper was an alcoholic with a violent temper. He beat Gladys, making her young life a misery, often striking her about the head and twice giving her concussions. When she finally divorced him, Jasper took both of their children and moved to Kentucky because he'd decided she'd been an unfit mother. Gladys didn't have any say in the matter, and she certainly didn't have the money for an attorney.

In 1924 Gladys, who was twenty-four, took a second husband, Martin Edward Mortenson—known as Edward. The twenty-seven-year-old son of Norwegian immigrants, Mortenson was not classically handsome in the strictest sense of the word, but he was nonetheless a good-looking man with a broad brow, high cheekbones, and a full, wide smile. Tall and solid, he seemed like a stable and amiable fellow who only wanted to please and take care of his new wife. It was impossible for him to do so, though, because by the time she was in her mid-twenties it was clear that something was terribly wrong with Gladys. Like her mother, she began experiencing mood swings and crying jags. With the marriage all but over after just four months, Edward Mortenson filed for divorce.

Once she felt free of her matrimonial bonds, though she was not yet divorced, Gladys Baker mirrored her mother's behavior and became notoriously promiscuous. Taking many lovers, she developed a terrible reputation at her job at Consolidated Studios, where she worked as a film editor or "cutter." Soon she began an affair with a man named Charles Stanley Gifford, a sales manager at the company.

Stanley Gifford was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1898. When he was twenty-seven, he moved to Los Angeles after an unsuccessful marriage during which he had fathered two children. He found employment at Consolidated, as foreman of the day shift. When Gladys met him, she fell hard. A good-looking man with a thin mustache, dark eyes, and wavy jet black hair, he was both elegant and distinctive. Debonair and personable, he was a real lady-killer. He had a quick wit, a wonderful sense of humor, and, as someone who came from a family with a little money, he also enjoyed the occasional game of polo. His family had made a fortune in the shipbuilding business and Gifford was well-off enough to be able to afford two houses in Los Angeles during the Depression, a bleak period when most people were fortunate to even have one.

“He had a decent job,” says his son, Charles Stanley Gifford, who today is eighty-six years old. “He had a good life. Along with polo, he enjoyed hunting and fishing. I was born in 1922, and he and my mother divorced in 1926. Still, he was a wonderful father to both me and my sister. I knew the only three women that he seriously dated over the years. He married two of them, my mother and then his second wife, Mary. Gladys was not one of the three women. The other one was a Catholic woman, a very nice lady he decided not to marry for his own personal reasons—not Gladys. I don’t believe he was ever serious about Gladys, or he would have told me about it at one time or another over the years. He said he knew her, they dated casually, but that was it. The truth is that Gladys was a very attractive woman and she dated many people back then.”

In late 1925, Gladys learned that she was pregnant. But who was the father? It’s been published repeatedly over the years that Gladys didn’t have a clue, that she wasn’t keeping score of her lovers, she was just enjoying them. That’s not the case, though. In fact, she always insisted that Stanley Gifford was the father of her child, and she never wavered from that belief. Biographers and other historians over the years have simply not wanted to believe her, citing her mental instability and promiscuity as reasons for doubt. However, it seems unfair to conclude that just because Gladys had serious problems, her identification of her daughter’s paternity should be completely dismissed, especially since she was so consistent about it over the years.

In 1925, when Gladys told Stanley Gifford he was the father of her child, he refused to accept responsibility, claiming that he knew she’d been with other men. The more she insisted, the angrier he got, until finally he stormed off. She would see him a few more times, but he simply never believed her. She knew she would have to raise the child on her own, and was prepared to do so—or at least that’s what she thought at the time.

In the 1940s, as we will later see, Gladys would continue to insist that Gifford was the baby’s father. Then, in the 1960s, she would again confirm what she had been saying all along about him. In fact, in 1962, right after the death of Marilyn Monroe, Gladys discussed the actress’s paternity with Rose Anne Cooper, a young nurse’s aide at the Rock Haven Sanitarium in La Crescenta. Cooper was just twenty at the time she worked there. Gladys was sixty-two. “She was very clear,” recalls Cooper. “She said that she’d been intimate with a number of men, and she talked about her past, openly saying that when she was young she was, as she put it, ‘very wild.’ However, she said that the only kind of intimacy that could have resulted in a pregnancy was what she had shared with the man she called ‘Stan Gifford.’ She said she had always been bothered by the fact that no one seemed to want to believe her, but that it was the truth. She said that even her own mother didn’t believe her. ‘Everyone thought I was lying,’ she said, ‘or that I just didn’t know. I knew. I *always* knew.’ ”

Norma Jeane Is Born

On the morning of June 1, 1926, Della Monroe's daughter, Gladys Baker, gave birth to a child in the charity ward of the Los Angeles General Hospital (known today as the Los Angeles County USC Medical Center at 1200 North State Street). A collection had been taken up from concerned coworkers at Consolidated in order to tide Gladys over until she could return to work, and also for any medical expenses that would not be covered by charity. As she lay in the recovery room, bone tired from hours of labor, there was of course no expectant father pacing in a waiting room hoping for news about his child's arrival. Even her own mother was nowhere in sight since she'd taken off for India the previous December.

It should be remembered that during this period, there was a tremendous judgment on single mothers. No doubt Gladys could feel the condemnation directed toward her from the nurses at General Hospital. The paperwork she was required to fill out upon admittance did little to quiet any uneasiness she felt because of her situation. For instance, one of the first questions asked on the form was the father's name. Gladys wrote that a man named Edward Mortenson was the baby's father, even though she had been separated from him for some time. She also misspelled his name as "Mortensen." That she and the father didn't share a last name was controversial enough, but it was the response to the next question that was sure to start tongues wagging: father's residence. Examining the paperwork from that day as filled out by Gladys, the word "unknown" appears to be scrawled in a bolder, more deliberate handwriting. Indeed, filling out this paperwork had to have been difficult for her. She provided her address, which was no problem. Then, in answering the question of how many children she'd previously given birth to, her reply was "three"—odd, since she hadn't yet had the third. The next question—"Number of children of this mother now living"—was either answered incorrectly or dishonestly, depending on her understanding of it. She said that only "one" of those three was still living. Of course, she had borne two other children, who were presently being raised by her ex-husband, Jasper. Yes, Gladys did have a colorful past. Maybe she'd been deliberately dishonest in order to garner sympathy from an attending nurse. Perhaps she thought that if her first two children had passed away, she could be forgiven for having this third child out of wedlock. Whatever her reasoning, the questions put to her and the way she responded certainly suggest that the day was difficult for her. Years later she told a friend, "I keep dreaming of that [hospital]. Everything seemed bright, too bright, and the nurses all seemed like nuns to me, mean awful nuns."

As is the case with many women, Gladys had a major emotional spiral immediately after the birth. Postpartum depression may have been a factor. It certainly appeared to many people in the family that her mother, Della, suffered from it as well—and maybe never got past it. Whatever the case, Gladys seemed disoriented and troubled for many days after giving birth. When the nurse brought the baby into the recovery room, the tiny child was placed on her mother's chest. "She just held her, with her eyes closed," Della later wrote to a family member when speaking of that moment, even though she wasn't present for it. "I feel awful. I know she can't keep [the baby]. She is not well. She needs to get her mind right first."

Gladys would have two weeks with her baby girl before she would have to do what she had agreed to do: Before her mother had left town, Gladys had agreed to hand over the infant to a stranger, Ida Bolender. During those two weeks, something dreadful occurred, making it clear that the arrangement made between Della and Ida was necessary. A friend and coworker of Gladys's at Consolidated Studios named Grace McKee came by the house to take care of the baby for an afternoon while Gladys went grocery shopping. (Grace would play a very important role in the lives of Gladys and Norma Jeane in years to come.) When Gladys returned, she went into a manic state for reasons unknown and began to accuse Grace of poisoning the child. One thing led to another, and somehow Grace ended up on the receiving end of a kitchen knife, stabbed by Gladys. Though Grace's wound was superficial, it was clear that Gladys could be a danger to her baby. After that violent episode, which panicked and bewildered everyone, it was an easy decision to turn Norma Jeane over to Ida.

The emotionally charged transfer happened on June 13, 1926—that was the sad day Gladys Baker showed up on Ida Bolender's doorstep with a two-week-old infant. After a long and difficult farewell, she walked out the front door of Ida's house without the child named Norma Jeane Mortensen. * Norma Jeane was a help less infant who had entered this world without any form of welcome. There was no freshly furnished nursery awaiting her, no tiny wardrobe, and in fact no one on earth whose future plans included her. She spent the first few days of her life simply being sustained, not nurtured. She was a burden, one that needed to be unloaded. No one can know for certain, but it very well may have been at a tender age that she began to sense that something wasn't quite right in her world—that there wasn't sufficient attention being paid her. Indeed, she would spend much of the rest of her life trying to change those circumstances—but to do so, she would need to one day become... Marilyn Monroe.

Della's Terrible Fate

Within just days of surrendering Norma Jeane to Ida and Albert Wayne Bolender, Gladys Baker began to feel remorse over the decision. “It occurred to her, I think, that maybe she could have done for this child what her mother had not done for her—love her, be there for her,” said one of her family members. The deal was that she would pay the Bolenders twenty-five dollars per week to raise Norma Jeane, which she did the entire time Norma Jeane was in their care. In the beginning, though, she gave them a few extra dollars a week so that she could stay with them on occasional weekends and at least be with her baby. That didn’t last long, though. “The truth was that Gladys had a problem watching Ida raise her child,” said Mary Thomas-Strong, whose mother was a close friend of Ida’s. “Ida could be strict and controlling. She felt she knew what was right. She was a professional mother, in a sense. She wanted to have her way with Norma Jeane and it was hard for Gladys to be on the sidelines. Therefore, she moved back to Hollywood determined to visit the baby every weekend. She was back and forth a lot.” In a 1930 census the Bolenders and Gladys were reported to live all in the same household.

Adding to Gladys’s bewilderment at this time was the arrival of her mother, Della, who returned from India with malaria. Her “husband” Charles Grainger decided not to come back to the States with her, leaving most people to believe that their relationship was over. Della was delusional and sick with a fever for many weeks. It took a terrible toll on her.

In summer of 1927, Della walked across the street from her home to the Bolenders’ with the intention of seeing Norma Jeane. She banged on the front door, but Ida didn’t want to let her into the house. It’s unknown why Ida took this position, but she may have felt that Della was out of control and a danger to the baby. Indeed, Della broke the door’s glass with her elbow and let herself in. The family history has it that she confronted Ida and said she believed that Norma Jeane was dead and that no one had told her or Gladys. Alarmed and not knowing how to handle the situation, Ida let Della see Norma Jeane sleeping in her crib. She went to get Della a glass of water and when she returned she found Della smothering the baby with a pillow. “Ida became almost hysterical,” said one friend of Gladys’s in the telling of the story. “She grabbed the child. Della said that the baby’s pillow had slipped and she was simply readjusting it. But Ida was very upset and demanded that Della leave the house.” Marilyn Monroe—and even the Bolenders—would tell variations of this story many times over the years.

“Ida and Wayne called the police,” said Mary Thomas-Strong. “When they came, they found a very mixed-up Della babbling incoherently. With Norma Jeane crying in her bedroom, and Ida shouting accusations at Della, it was such a chaotic scene the police didn’t know what to do about it. So they escorted Della back to her house and left her there. What they should have done was taken her to a hospital.”

For a long time, Della had been filled with an aching sadness. Now it was not only more acute but had also turned into abject anger directed at whoever happened to be in the room with her—and unfortunately, that was usually Gladys, who had recently moved in with her mother to care for her. After a battery of tests, it was determined that Della was suffering from a weakened heart, and probably heart disease as well. Of course, that diagnosis certainly did not account for her many years of unpredictable behavior, which had started back when she gave birth to her children. Once she began taking the prescribed medication, things went from bad to worse. Her swift decline reminded some family members of the sudden descent into madness that had been suffered by Della’s late husband, Otis. Gladys couldn’t help but fear the worst. The horrifying likelihood was that the same thing that had happened to her father was now afflicting her mother.

A few nights after Gladys moved into the house with her, Della came rushing into her bedroom screaming that Charles Grainger had broken into the house and raped her. Gladys didn’t even have to check the property to verify that Grainger wasn’t on it—she just knew he wasn’t. However, there was no calming Della that night. A couple of days later, she started to complain that the local butcher had put shards of glass in her ground beef. Then, a week later, on August 1, Della took a turn for the worse, so much so that Gladys and Grace had to rush her back to the doctor. “He said there was no doubt about it, Della needed to be institutionalized,” said Mary Thomas-Strong. “Gladys couldn’t believe it. She wasn’t going to allow it. But then the strangest thing happened.”

According to the family’s history, handed down a generation, on August 3 mother and daughter were having a silent and contemplative meal at the kitchen table. Perhaps Gladys was trying to sort through her emotions, maybe attempting to divine how she might proceed with her mother. Over the years, Della had become Gladys’s most loyal confidante. After all, mother and daughter shared the same kinds of mental problems, and often one would have to convince the other that the voices being “heard” were not real, that the people “watching” were imaginary. How could Gladys say goodbye to Della now? In her absence, who would be there for her? She had already lost her three children, and now her mother, this woman sitting across from her with an empty look in her eyes? Gladys couldn’t accept it, especially with the knowledge that when her father had been sent to a similar place, he never returned. His fate had rarely left her thoughts, especially during the last couple of weeks.

Suddenly, in a moment of surprising lucidity, Della looked up from her plate and stared at her daughter with sad eyes. “You must let me go, Gladys,” she said earnestly. “It’s time for me to go. I *want* to go.” Mother and daughter looked intently at each other for a long, infinitely heartbreaking moment. Then, as the tears began to roll down Gladys’s face, Della went back to her meal.

On August 4, 1927, Della Monroe was taken to the Norwalk State Hospital. Nineteen days later, on August 23, she died. She was buried in the Rose Hill Cemetery in Whittier, California, next to her first husband, Otis. She was just fifty-one.

By the time she was three, in 1929, Norma Jeane Mortensen was an extraordinarily pretty girl with honey blonde curls and baby blue eyes. Hers was a face that somehow seemed perfect, as if carved from pale, polished marble. It was difficult for anyone to just pass her by without taking notice. Interestingly, despite all of the confusion around her during these early years, she seemed remarkably well-adjusted to her life at the Bolenders'. She was not unhappy. "We treated her like our own child," Ida Bolender said in 1966, "because we loved her." However, in years to come, writers would paint a very bleak picture of this time in Marilyn's life.

"I guess there was an effort to sensationalize things," says Nancy Jeffrey, the only surviving member of the foster Bolender siblings. "Because of the way things turned out for Norma Jeane, every one of her biographers over the years has wanted to make it sound like it was awful at our home, but I'm the only one of us still alive and I can tell you that it wasn't. Norma Jeane was happy in our home. It was a loving family, just a happy home full of children. Mother was very industrious, too. She made all of our clothes for us. She loved us beyond words and she hung on to us. She didn't want anything to happen to us. Whenever we left the house, I don't care where we were going, she would say, 'Stop just for a second,' and she would then say a quick prayer for our safety."

Of course, a big part of the problem was that Marilyn constantly referred to her impoverished background when she became famous, and very often made the circumstances of her first seven years seem much worse than they were. Jeffrey says that when Ida was alive, she was "very upset" by the mischaracterizations of Norma Jeane's time in the Bolender household.

On Ida and Wayne Bolender's two-acre agricultural property in Hawthorne, they raised chickens and goats and grew vegetables. "We grew up on fresh tomatoes, corn on the cob, watermelon, green beans, and squash," recalls Nancy Jeffrey. "We also had trees that were full of plums, apples, and lemons. There was one huge fig tree that Norma Jeane and Lester—our foster brother who was the only one Mother and Daddy actually adopted—loved to climb. They would drag blankets up there and make a fort for themselves. We also had chickens and rabbits, and Daddy even bought a goat because a couple of us were allergic to cow's milk as little children. It wasn't necessary to go to the store often, but on those occasions when we did go Daddy would drive us in his Model T Ford and we would wait in the car while Mother shopped. We played guessing games of the surrounding sights, sang favorite songs, or Daddy would tell us stories. Another childhood memory was that on rainy days we had to stay in the house, so we would make a fort under the dining room table, leaning the top of the chairs around it for rooms. Then we would cover it all with blankets. Mother even let us eat lunch under there at times. Norma Jeane loved that."

The house itself, at 459 East Rhode Island Street, ^{*} was small and cramped, a ramshackle-looking structure in the middle of what must have seemed to little children to be... nowhere. During the seven years Norma Jeane would live there, quite a few children came and went, but there were five foster children who were there most, if not all, of the time: the aforementioned Lester, plus Mumsy, Alvina, Noel, and Nancy. "Around the time of the Depression, a lot of parents simply didn't have the resources to care for their own children," recalls Nancy Jeffrey, "so they would drop them off in foster homes until they were ready to take proper care of them. It was a common thing." From all accounts, Norma Jeane got along well with all of her foster siblings, especially with Lester, who was two months younger.

Wayne Bolender was an amiable and openhearted fellow who was pleasant to everyone and had always eagerly embraced the idea of raising foster children. He was wiry, with light gray eyes behind thick tortoiseshell glasses, and the most prominent feature on his face was his very large nose. He had a jolly air about him. Sturdy and dependable, as a mail carrier for the United States Postal Service he would work the same route for thirty-five years (48th Street and Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles). "He loved being with the kids," says one source who knew the Bolenders, "and the kids loved him. He was devoutly Baptist, like Ida. He had a little printing press in the house and he would make prayer cards for the church with it."

Though they shared many of the same ideals, Wayne and Ida didn't have much of a relationship. He and Ida rarely spoke and when they did it was usually Ida chastising him for some perceived transgression or insisting he do something he obviously did not want to do. He was clearly intimidated by her and, some thought, maybe even afraid of her. Indeed, she ran her household with the stringent rules and regulations of an Old World orphanage, taking her responsibility to the foster children quite seriously.

Much has been made over the years of Ida and Wayne's fanatical religious leanings. It's been written that they were zealots about their Protestant faith. "First of all, we were Baptists," says Nancy Jeffrey. "Though I think along the way Mother did belong to a United Pentecostal Church. We went to Sunday school on Sunday mornings and then Wednesday night services. I don't think that was too much. Mother sometimes did the cooking for big church dinners—there would be a big dinner at the church for the congregation—or sometimes many of them would come to our home. I'm not sure how it evolved that my parents were religious fanatics. Maybe it was just part of the myth that was created around Norma Jeane when she became Marilyn Monroe. Mother taught us to love the Lord and, by extension, to love each other. It was really the only foundation Norma Jeane ever had, and I think it did her a lot of good in her life. I know that was Mother's intention."

Supposedly, at least according to the stories written about the adult Marilyn Monroe, she was forced to memorize the following prayer when she was about four—and she would be quizzed often to make sure she remembered it: "I promise, God helping me, not to buy, drink or sell or give alcoholic liquor while I live; from all tobaccos I'll abstain and never take God's name in vain." Her foster sister Nancy Jeffrey scoffs at the notion. "I never heard that prayer in my entire life. I'm not sure that there's anything wrong with it, anyway, even if Mother had made us say it. But she never did."

Another story has it that going to the movies was out of the question because there was no telling what Norma Jeane would be exposed to in the theater. In fact, Marilyn once recalled Ida having told her, "If the world came to an end with you sitting in the movies, do you know what would happen? You'd burn along with all the bad people. We are churchgoers, not moviegoers." Years later, Marilyn would say, "I don't think it's right to use God to frighten a child like that. I just think that was an awful thing for her to do to a child."

Again, Nancy Jeffrey disagrees with that piece of history. "The truth is that we were only not allowed to go to the movies on Sundays. However, we really didn't go to movies that much anyway. We were little kids. How many movies were we going to see between the ages of one and seven? I just don't think Mother would have frightened Norma Jeane like that. She may have said something like, 'We are churchgoers not moviegoers.' That sounds like her. But the rest of it, burning with bad people? That doesn't sound like Mother to me."

Whether or not she went to the movies—and of course she wasn't going without an adult anyway—it sometimes seemed that there wasn't much Norma Jeane could ever do to please Ida. No matter how hard she tried, she could never measure up to the Bolender matriarch's standards of cleanliness or behavior. "Poor Norma Jeane always seemed to be in some kind of trouble," said Mary Thomas-Strong. "She loved to play in dirt, like a

lot of kids. Ida would be unhappy about that. Ida would dress her in pretty clothes and Norma Jeane would go and play and come back thirty minutes later, dirty again. It drove Ida crazy. She wanted Norma Jeane to toe the line. She was strict, at times.”

Yes, Ida Bolender could be difficult—there seems to be no argument there from any quarter. She was tough and resilient, an indomitable woman. “But I believe to this day that she was one of the major stabilizing influences in Norma Jeane’s young life, and truly the first powerful woman she’d been exposed to,” says her foster daughter Nancy Jeffrey. Maybe Ida sensed there might be a shortage of stable and decisive adults in Norma Jeane’s world, and she was determined to be one of them—no matter what her foster daughter or anyone else thought of her. “I was hard on her for her own good,” she once explained to Jeffrey. Then, with great positiveness, she added, “But I know I raised her the right way. I know it in my heart.”

Many of Ida Bolender’s best character traits were impressed upon Norma Jeane Mortensen during her seven years at the Bolender home. Because she was born to a mother who was in emotional disarray, perhaps it served the young girl well to be molded by a foster mother who was firm and controlled. Indeed, it was Ida’s strength and determination that Norma Jeane would one day need to draw upon in order to make it in show business. However, Gladys’s traits of extreme vulnerability and emotional instability were also an undeniable part of Norma Jeane’s biology. For instance, she would be well equipped to handle rejection in her professional life, just as Ida would have in her place. However, to handle it in her personal life would prove to be very difficult—just as it would have been for Gladys.

“All she ever wanted for Norma Jeane was for her to be strong, like she was,” said Nancy Jeffrey of her foster mother. “She always knew that [Norma Jeane] would have a very difficult life. She could see that her family background was not going to be helpful to her and, in fact, could possibly be the downfall of her. So she wasn’t going to coddle her. She would say, ‘The girl will face stronger foes than me, I can tell you that much. She has to be able to stand on her own. For all I know, she may hate me now, but she will be strong. She *will* have a good life.’ ”

A Frightening Encounter with Gladys

By the fall of 1929, with Della Monroe dead for two years, Gladys had become accustomed to not having anyone in her life upon whom she could totally depend. She hadn't been able to make any of her romantic relationships last, and her children had either been taken from her or given away by her. Her job at Consolidated Studios offered her little opportunity to build friendships. In fact, as a film cutter, her role was menial. She was told where and how to cut and splice together pieces of film so they could be viewed as a whole. The irony of that vocation most likely never occurred to Gladys, but it could be considered an interesting metaphor representing the major challenge of her mental state: putting the pieces of her life together. It's true, she had made a good friend in Grace McKee. However, since Della's death, Grace hadn't been able to reach Gladys. It was as if something in Gladys had been switched off and she simply didn't care that much about connecting with other people. Perhaps it was because Gladys was simply not able to quiet the increasingly loud voices in her head. After all, only her mother had possessed the key to settling her back into a more reasonable thought process. On her own, she lacked the ability to view her circumstances from a distance. Without that perspective, each moment became about exactly what was happening right then and there. Goals were impossible to set, consequences impossible to calculate. She was in a mental tailspin, and everyone in her life knew it but didn't know what to do about it.

While her moment-to-moment experiences may have been torturous, Gladys was still able to complete tasks. For instance, she could show up for work on time, go grocery shopping, and remember to water the plants. Therefore, if someone's life could be judged solely by her daily agenda, Gladys Baker would have appeared quite unspectacular. Yet it was *how* she experienced and reacted to the string of events that made her different.

Even toward the end of Della's life, she had been a somewhat stabilizing factor for her daughter. In part, it may have been because Gladys was responsible for managing her mother's health and state of mind. This duty helped keep her focus off her own paranoid delusions. That paranoia, however, was now building—and during Gladys's time alone she began to find it more difficult to remain rational. Naturally, her first plan of action was to find a man, which she would do often at one of the nearby speak easies. Of course, these unions rarely lasted more than an evening or two. Also, it was getting harder for her to lure the opposite sex, not so much because of her reputation as a woman of loose morals, but because something just seemed a little "off" about her. Through it all, though, Gladys felt she had a reasonable expectation of having at least one person with her all the time: Norma Jeane. She *was* her daughter, after all. When she gave her to Ida, it was in the hope that she would one day be capable of caring for the baby herself.

One afternoon, in the middle of what must have been a full-force episode of paranoia, Gladys pounded on the front door of the Bolender home. The daughters of a friend of Ida's from church—both interviewed for this book—explained for the first time the exchange that occurred, as described to them by their mother:

"Where's Norma Jeane?" Gladys demanded, pushing past Ida.

"What is it, Gladys?" Ida replied, regarding her carefully. "What's happened?"

Gladys said that Norma Jeane could no longer stay at the Bo-lenders'. She had come to take her, she insisted, as her eyes darted about the small home. It was impossible to reason with her. Ida told her that she wasn't making any sense and suggested that she sit down and talk to her. However, Gladys was adamant. With her eyes flashing, she cried out again that Norma Jeane was *her* daughter and that she was taking her home. Ida grabbed Gladys's arm, delaying her momentarily. "This *is* her home," she told her. "We just haven't made it official yet... but once we get the adoption papers together..." Gladys then insisted that there would never be an adoption. Norma Jeane was hers, she said, not Ida's. With that, she yanked herself free and ran to the backyard, where the three-year-old was playing with a dog that had followed Wayne home one day and whom Norma Jeane had named Tippy. Ida followed Gladys into the backyard, begging her to come to her senses. However, Gladys insisted that she was only taking what was rightfully hers. Then she scooped up a now crying Norma Jeane and said, "You're coming with Mommy, sweetheart."

According to the story passed down a generation, there was mayhem—a barking dog, a weeping child, and Ida pulling at Gladys in an effort to save a little girl from a confused, possibly dangerous woman. Still tussling as they got to the kitchen, Gladys managed to push Ida outside, slamming the back door and quickly locking it.

Frantic, Ida pounded on the door. Then she tried to force it open with all her weight. After a few moments of futile effort, she ran down the driveway, around the house, and entered her home through the front door. By this time, she was out of breath, panting. She listened for a moment. Nothing.

Ida then ran back out the door again to see if Gladys had somehow made it out to the sidewalk in front of the house. Once outside, she looked both ways down the street—no one was in sight. At a loss, she was about to burst into tears when suddenly the front door flew open. It was Gladys, her face now flushed and red.

Then Ida heard the muffled screams of Norma Jeane. To Ida's horror, Gladys had managed to stuff the child into a large military duffel bag that Wayne Bolender had used to store his tools. The bag hung on her shoulder, completely zipped shut. Gladys, now moving clumsily with her awkward baggage, attempted to cross the lawn. Ida grabbed one of the handles of the canvas sack and tried to free it from Gladys's grip. This bizarre tug-of-war would last only moments, ending with the bag splitting open and the helpless Norma Jeane tumbling onto the ground. Norma Jeane's weeping ceased for a moment before she finally screamed out, "Mommy!" Both women turned and looked down at the child, whose arms were now outstretched—in Ida's direction. Ida whipped the child quickly up into her arms and ran inside the house, locking the door behind her.

Now inside, an extremely shaken Ida Bolender stood in a doorway to the kitchen. Clinging to little Norma Jeane with everything she had, she kept her eyes on the front door, all the while ready to run out the back if Gladys tried to get into the house. All she could hear was the child's whimpering as she watched the front doorknob turn slightly back and forth. Gladys could not get into the house. Ida spent the next few minutes peeking out various windows as Gladys circled the house, muttering to herself and occasionally trying to open a window or a door. Finally, Ida screwed up enough courage to shout through a closed window, "I've called the police! They'll be here shortly!"

With the now quiet Norma Jeane still in her arms, Ida Bolender listened. There was silence. Gladys Baker had disappeared just as abruptly as she had arrived.

Ida Wants to Adopt Norma Jeane

Within three years' time, Ida Bolender had taken to little Norma Jeane and begun to love her as if she were her own. Norma Jeane had bonded with her as well, and now called her "Aunt Ida." Ida's intention had always been to see to it that this child be raised with a sense of independence, even at such an early age. She knew that her life would be a difficult one and she'd already decided that she wanted to prepare her for it. She thought of it as a mission, a part of God's plan not only for Norma Jeane but for herself as well. She was serious about it, too—as she was about most things. However, that said, Ida often worked against her own intentions, because whenever her charge displayed any degree of determination—when she was willful or stubborn—Ida reprimanded her as if trying to reel her back in, lest she become too noncompliant. In Ida's mind, there was a fine line between independence and disobedience, and with Norma Jeane she seemed to have trouble defining it. Still, she loved the child with all her heart and decided that she wanted to legally adopt her.

According to memories of family members—Monroes and Bolenders—Ida invited Gladys over to see Norma Jeane, have supper, and discuss adoption possibilities. Grace McKee had explained to Ida that Gladys's behavior the day she tried to take Norma Jeane was the unfortunate consequence of her not having taken her medication. Therefore, Ida tried to put the dreadful episode out of her mind. It wasn't easy, though. It's probably a testament to Ida that she was ever able to strike a conciliatory tone with Gladys, so traumatized was she by the events of that day. Still, she was the type of woman who always found a way to stay focused on the business at hand. She needed to meet with Gladys—there was no way around it—and she knew that Wayne was home and in the next room in case anything went wrong.

Once they finished their meal, Gladys began playing with her daughter. Ida walked over and lifted the child into her arms. When she did so, Norma Jeane clung to her. Ida went to the couch and took her seat next to Gladys. With the baby in her lap, Ida reminded Gladys that it had been three years since she'd left her child in the care of her and her husband. She explained that they both loved Norma Jeane very much and now thought it would be best if Gladys allowed them to adopt her. As she spoke, the child fell asleep, cradled in Ida's arms and seeming blissfully content.

After hearing Ida out, Gladys began to cry softly. She told Ida that she couldn't bear to lose another child. She had already lost two, after all. Certainly, Ida understood. However, as she patted Norma Jeane on the back, it was easy to see that the little girl was very happy with her. Surely, she told Gladys, "you want her to be this happy for the rest of her life, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then, please. Make the proper decision," Ida said, according to a later recollection. "Give this little girl the life she deserves. It's the best thing for her. She'll always live deep in your heart, dear."

Gladys rose from the couch. "Never," she said firmly. Then she reached over to take her child from Ida. However, as soon as she touched her, Norma Jeane began to cry. Her tears came without relief for at least a minute. Even though Ida was still holding the little girl, she sat motionless, maybe waiting for Gladys to reach out to her. The moment hung awkwardly, mingled emotions running together as both women just stared at the child. Then, finally, Ida swung into action and began to comfort the girl. When she could take no more, a tearful Gladys ran from the room and out of the house.

“Now It’s Time to Know Your Mother”

The years passed quickly...

By the time Norma Jeane turned seven in June 1933, she was having a difficult time relating to other people. She also didn’t get along with children her own age at the Washington Street School she attended in Hawthorne. Certainly, Lester, the child who’d been adopted by the Bolenders, was an ally. But as for everyone else, she seemed afraid to know them or didn’t want to play with them. There was an understandably deep sadness about her. She was shy, withdrawn. However, that said, she had only become more uncommonly pretty with the passing of the years. With her face so clear and luminous and her blonde hair seeming somehow aglow—Ida actually washed it in lemon juice for just such an effect, which suggests that even she was taken by the child’s beauty—little Norma Jeane really was stunning.

In recent years, Norma Jeane had grown to think of Ida Bolender as her mother. However, Ida would always disabuse her of that notion. Once it had been clarified that no official adoption would take place, whenever Norma Jeane referred to Ida as her mother, she was quickly reprimanded. “I’m not your real mother,” Ida would say very abruptly, “and I don’t want you having people believe otherwise.” In Marilyn Monroe’s autobiography, she quotes Ida as having told her, “You’re old enough to know better. I’m not related to you. Your mama’s coming to see you tomorrow. You can call *her* mama.” The truth was the truth, as far as Ida was concerned, and she wasn’t the girl’s mother, plain and simple. The sooner Norma Jeane reconciled herself to that fact of life, the better. Ida was a pragmatic woman, not usually sentimental. True, she could have been more sensitive, but she was who she was and she never apologized for it.

It’s been said (by Marilyn, actually) that Norma Jeane was also not allowed to refer to Wayne Bolender as her father. That’s not true at all. In fact, she called him “Daddy” and did so all of her life. His face weather-beaten from being outdoors, Wayne had a wide, engaging smile and kind, humor-filled eyes. It was as if Norma Jeane sensed his empathy for her, because she quickly became very attached to him. Since he truly believed her circumstances were sad, he went out of his way to be nice. Nancy Jeffrey recalled, “My mother was definitely the disciplinarian in our family, whereas my father was very quiet and comforting. I’m sure that’s why Norma Jeane gravitated to him. She was very inquisitive. There was a stool by the bathtub and I remember that she would sit there and, as he shaved, she would ask him all sorts of questions.” Marilyn also once recalled, “Which way was east or south? How many people are there in the world? Why do flowers grow? I had so many questions and Daddy always seemed to know the answers.”

Unfortunately, Wayne could not offer much assistance to Norma Jeane if Ida was angry at her. Cowed by his wife, he kept the peace by keeping his mouth shut. If he felt the girl was being treated unfairly, he wouldn’t like it but neither would he do anything about it. Moreover, if he paid too much attention to Norma Jeane or any of the other children who passed through the Bolender home, Ida would become annoyed. With her dark eyes blazing, she would lash out at him and accuse him of coddling them, thereby making them that much more difficult to raise. Then, of course, she would feel badly about losing her temper and apologize to him hours later.

By June 1933, shortly after her seventh birthday, Norma Jeane’s life was settled—such as it was. Yes, there were problems at the Bolender home, but it was all that she knew and she was fine there. She got along with her foster siblings and also had one faithful friend who was always there for her and never once brought her anything but joy: her pet dog, Tippy.

Sadly, however, a tragedy involving Tippy would be the catalyst to Norma Jeane’s departure from the Bolender home. As the story goes—and it’s been told countless times over the years in different variations—a neighbor of the Bolenders became annoyed by the dog’s constant barking. In Marilyn’s memoir, she writes that the neighbor, finally fed up and in a moment of fury, attacked the dog with a hoe, savagely cutting Tippy in half.

A Bolender family member explained that what really happened was that Tippy was hit by a car and killed. Ida, having witnessed the event, didn’t want the dead animal continually run over in the street. Therefore, using a garden hoe, she lifted the carcass and dropped it on the driveway. She wanted nothing more to do with it, and decided that the gruesome task of disposing of the pet should wait for Wayne’s return. However, before Wayne got home, Norma Jeane showed up after playing with some friends down the street. Obviously, she was devastated by the sight of her best friend’s dead body, mangled and lying in the driveway with a nearby garden tool seemingly part of the macabre scene. She let out a shriek, burst into tears, and ran into the house. For the next few hours, it was impossible for Ida to calm her down.

Ida, in an attempt to make the pain of the dog’s death seem more bearable to Norma Jeane, explained that some unknown party had shot Tippy in the head and that his death was immediate. She thought that if the girl believed that not much suffering had been involved, she would feel better. However, Norma Jeane refused to believe Ida and had invented her own story. “Tippy was cut up with a hoe,” Norma Jeane insisted through her tears. “The neighbors finally killed him!”

Ida tried everything she could think of to shake that scenario from Norma Jeane’s mind, even telling her the truth at one point. It didn’t work. The girl was absolutely convinced that the neighbors had been plotting her dog’s death for some time and had finally succeeded at it. Ida found this very disturbing—maybe even paranoid. “Ida wondered if Norma Jeane was starting to have delusions like her mother, Gladys,” explains a relative, “because she wouldn’t let go of this crazy idea that the neighbors had hacked up her dog. On some level, I think Ida had always been afraid of Gladys... and now she was wondering about her daughter. She had become very uneasy about it.”

Norma Jeane’s paroxysm lasted into the next day, with the family enjoying silence only during her slumber. Ida had a real problem with this kind of expression of emotion. Actually, she’d recently begun to wonder if she had even been put on this earth to raise such a sensitive child. This certainly hadn’t been the first time Norma Jeane became upset when something in her little world went awry. Ida started to wonder if perhaps her influence was backfiring. While her goal had always been to strengthen Norma Jeane, maybe her firm hand and distant affection was actually having a negative effect on the girl. Had it created a child who would spin out of control when faced with any emotional trauma?

It seems clear now that Ida was confused and felt she was at a crossroads with her foster daughter. She had once believed she and Wayne would adopt the girl. However, Gladys had again made it clear that this would not be the case. In fact, in recent months, Gladys had started saying that she wanted Norma Jeane back. Stalling, Ida always had an excuse as to why the girl could not be returned—she was in school, she had made friends, she was not feeling well. Finally, Ida decided that perhaps the time had come. Norma Jeane was already distraught, Ida told Wayne, so why not let her traumatizing memory of her dog’s death blend with the difficulty she would suffer during a transfer of custody? The next afternoon, she telephoned Gladys. “I think it would be best now if you came and took Norma Jeane,” she told her. “She’s very upset. I think she needs her mother.”

This was not an easy decision for Ida. “She loved her,” said one of her relatives, “but I think she began to feel as if she was failing where Norma Jeane was concerned. She took the child’s fragility as an indication that she had not done what she set out to do with her, which was to make her

stronger. But Norma Jeane *was* strong. She was just a girl. She was very sensitive, very vulnerable... and that's what threw Ida off, I think."

The next day, Norma Jeane was told that her mother was on her way and that she would be taking her home with her. This was confusing. "But I *am* home," Norma Jeane said. "Yes you are," Ida told her, "and you can come back anytime you want to."

Still quietly sniffing through tearful moments for the rest of the day, the little girl kept her eyes fixed on the street outside the front window waiting for the mysterious—and sometimes even scary—woman who had come from time to time to visit and promise her a good life "someday."

Silent and focused only on getting the job done in an efficient manner, Ida packed a little suitcase for Norma Jeane, just a few things. Then she called her into the kitchen and sat her down at the table for a talk. "I want you to know that we'll always be here for you," she told her, according to a later recollection. She spoke very slowly as if to give more weight to her words. "We'll always love you," she added reassuringly. "But we just think that it's time for you to know your mother. Your *real* mother. Do you understand?" As Ida spoke to Norma Jeane, all of the other foster children were grouped in the living room, crying. The noise must have driven Ida crazy. Clearly, no one wanted to see Norma Jeane go, even though the time had come for her departure. Ida began to rethink things. Was this really the right decision? Perhaps she was being hasty? Should she call Gladys back and say she had changed her mind? No. She had always been decisive and now was not the time to change.

Finally, Gladys pulled up in front of the Bolender home and tooted her vehicle's horn. She didn't get out of the car.

Inside the house, Ida put Norma Jeane's coat on her and buttoned it. Bending down to her eye level, she put strong hands on narrow shoulders. Her eyes filled with sudden warmth as she gazed at her sad foster child, this girl she'd known and loved since infancy. She hugged her tightly. "I'll miss you, Norma Jeane," she said. Then, handing her the small suitcase, she sent her on her way.

With a very troubled look on her little face, Norma Jeane walked down the sidewalk and got into the car with a woman she thought of as a stranger. She didn't sit in the front seat next to her, though. Rather, she opened a rear door and got into the back of the vehicle. Then, peering out the window as the car drove off, she watched the only mother she'd ever known fade into the distance. Norma Jeane Mortensen had no idea where she was going. She only hoped that wherever it was, it would be... home.

When Gladys Baker picked up her daughter from the Bolenders, she did not arrive alone. With her was her close friend who had once babysat Norma Jeane, the woman who, as it would turn out, would become a key figure in the young girl's life, Grace Atchinson McKee. She was Gladys's roommate for some time and worked with her at Consolidated Studios, also as a splicer, or "cutter," of film negatives.

Consolidated was a film laboratory and processing company, the leader in its industry for many decades in Los Angeles. Finally, Gladys was making a good wage there and was able to settle into a more stable life. It was tedious work, though. Basically, she spent six days a week reviewing endless rolls of film negatives in order to cut the sections that had been previously marked by studio editors. She then handed the material over to another department for the final splicing. The walls of the building in which she worked were thick cement with not many windows. There was no air conditioning, and at times it was absolutely stifling inside. However, it was a steady job, and that was all that mattered. She'd also made a good friend there, Grace.

Born Clara Grace Atchinson in Montana, she was thirty-seven in 1933. Grace—a two-time divorcee by then—was a petite woman like Gladys, barely five feet tall. * In fact, they were able to wear the same clothes, and they often did. She was known for her personal magnetism. When Grace was in a room, it was difficult not to focus on her, so powerful was her presence. Although not beautiful in the accepted sense of the word, she was so vital and charismatic she gave the impression of beauty. Her wavy hair was usually dyed a peroxide blonde but sometimes left to its original brown color. She also had deep-set brown eyes and a thin mouth usually curled into a smile. Grace aspired to become an actress, but though she had plenty of ambition and maybe even some talent, she would never apply herself to that goal. She once wrote to a cousin, "If I could only have Jean Harlow's life, what a good time I would have. To be an actress is my dream, I guess. I don't know that it could happen. But, still, I can dream, can't I?"

Grace and Gladys got along famously, even though they obviously did have their problems from time to time. It's a testament to Grace's loyalty to Gladys that they were able to get past that troubling stabbing incident, shortly after Norma Jeane was born. Both were good-time gals in the Roaring Twenties and as such had no problem finding bootleg liquor and men. To say that they merely enjoyed their flapper-girl lifestyles would be to understate their fun times. "We have FUN," Grace wrote to her cousin, making sure to capitalize each letter in the word.

Moreover, Gladys began to depend on Grace for direction and advice in almost all areas of her life. With Della gone, she needed someone to lean on, and for now that would be Grace. They started acting as a team, making joint decisions about their lives. Grace was smart and self-sufficient, and she always felt she knew the solution to every problem—not just her own, but everyone else's as well. She felt compelled to give people advice, even those who didn't ask for it. It was one of the reasons her marriages had not worked out. For instance, she'd often start a conversation with the statement, "You know what your problem is?" Then she would proceed to explain the "problem" whether a solution was asked for or not. Gladys, who never had a guiding maternal influence, gravitated to Grace and appreciated that her best friend cared enough about her to offer advice.

"In many ways, Grace lived her life through others," Bea Thomas, who knew Grace, observed in 1976. "Some felt she wasn't particularly attractive and that she tried to do for others what she couldn't do for herself in terms of beauty. She had an inner beauty, though, and you can see it from her photos. However, she gave Gladys a complete makeover. When she told her that her brunette hair made her look 'mousy' and suggested bright red as a more suitable color, Gladys promptly dyed her hair. When she told Gladys that her clothing style was too conservative and suggested she be more provocative, Gladys agreed. The two went shopping for new dresses and it was Grace—not Gladys—who selected each one of them. Grace also felt that Gladys's vocabulary should be expanded, and often corrected her grammar when the two were with friends. Grace couldn't have children, so she encouraged Gladys to take more responsibility for Norma Jeane."

At this time, Gladys and Grace were living in a very small apartment in Hollywood. Norma Jeane had been there before. Occasionally, Gladys would pick her up at the Bolenders' and bring her to her home for an awkward visit or sleepover. Marilyn would later say that she spent most of this time with her mother "in the closet of her bedroom hiding among her clothes. She seldom spoke to me except to say, 'Don't make so much noise, Norma.' She would say this even when I was lying in bed at night and turning the pages of a book. Even the sound of a page turning made her nervous."

Now, suddenly, mother and daughter were expected to forge a happy relationship. It wouldn't be easy. After all, they didn't even really know each other. Once Norma Jeane began living with her, Gladys became convinced that the girl was unhappy. "She spent seven years living on a spacious farm, and now this?" she asked Grace. "I'm sure she's miserable here." In fact, Gladys was not wrong. Norma Jeane missed her Aunt Ida terribly, as well as her foster siblings. She was just a little girl who had been uprooted from the only life she'd known, the only people she'd ever loved. It must have seemed so unfair. She certainly couldn't hide her emotions about it, even if they did upset her mother. "Are we going to visit Aunt Ida soon?" she kept asking. However, Gladys and Grace had made the decision that it would be best if they not allow Norma Jeane to spend any more time at the Bolenders'. They felt it would just make her adjustment to her new life all the more difficult.

"Meanwhile, Gladys's depression was deepening during this time and she seemed more confused than ever," said Esther Thompson, whose mother, Ruth, worked with Grace at Consolidated. The two were very close friends. "She said she needed more time to make some changes. She wanted to be more settled and possibly even be living in a house when she finally had her daughter in her care. Then Grace, who believed that anything was possible, encouraged her that such a thing could happen if they just put their heads together."

It's interesting that Grace McKee felt so certain she and Gladys would be able to buy a home, given that the economy in America was in such desperate shape in 1933. Almost fifteen million Americans were unemployed. Of these, about two million were wandering aimlessly about the country in search of work. Hundreds of thousands of people were homeless, living in tents or abandoned ramshackle dwellings. Banks in thirty-eight states were forced to close as anxious investors began withdrawing all of their deposits. It's almost impossible to imagine the country in such turmoil, but indeed the Great Depression was a devastating time in our history. From the beginning, America's new president, fifty-one-year-old Franklin Delano Roosevelt, tried to restore popular confidence. "The only thing we have to fear," he said in his inaugural address in March 1933, "is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror." One thing was certain about Grace McKee, and that was that she was fearless. Her confidence that she would find a way inspired Gladys to believe that maybe their future would be a bright one, despite what was going on all around them.

Therefore, it was the two women's decision to give Norma Jeane to yet another foster family—the Atkinsons—but just temporarily. George and Maud Atkinson, both English, were in the periphery of show business as bit players in films. George had also worked as a stand-in for George Arliss, the distinguished British actor and the first Brit to win an Academy Award as Best Actor. He and Maud had a young daughter named Nellie who was around Norma's age. It was decided that Norma Jeane could be happy with them while Gladys and Grace strategized their next move.

Roosevelt had promised that he would not stand by and watch the Depression deepen. He wanted to restore the public's confidence in the government, and to that end he established a number of programs between 1933 and 1938 in his so-called New Deal for the country, a way to give relief and reform to Americans during such incredibly difficult times. Indeed, in order to make it possible for Americans with small incomes to purchase homes with low-cost mortgages, he established the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. In July 1933, Grace did her research and figured out a way for Gladys to take advantage of Roosevelt's plan. She took care of all of the paperwork and navigated her way through all of the red tape in order to help make a real estate purchase. However, at the last minute, Grace had second thoughts about the timing of such a financial commitment after hearing the studio they worked for was going on strike and knowing that would mean trouble for them.

In August, Gladys purchased a two-story home with three bedrooms on Arbol Drive near the Hollywood Bowl. Gladys made the down payment of \$5,000 by obtaining a loan from the Mortgage Guarantee Company of California. Interestingly, on the application she falsely stated that she was "Gladys Baker, a married woman."

Once in the home, Gladys was unsure about raising Norma Jeane there. She simply could not get past the notion—or the excuse—that Norma Jeane would be unhappy, no matter how much Grace tried to convince her that this was not the case. In the end, Gladys was just nervous having Norma Jeane and assuming responsibility for her. It's understandable. After all, she knew in her heart that she was unstable and was never sure how she would react to everyday situations. From time to time, she still heard those voices in her head, scaring her, taunting her, warning her of some imminent—and in truth, nonexistent—reality.

It was Grace's idea to have the Atkinsons move in with Gladys and Norma Jeane so that Gladys wouldn't feel the weight of too much responsibility. As it happened, the Atkinsons were having a difficult time financially and decided it would be a good idea. Though this was a strange turn of events, it did make Gladys more comfortable.

Whereas the Bolenders were religious and, where Ida was concerned, quite strict, the Atkinsons were more easygoing in nature. "They liked to drink a little, smoke, dance and sing and play cards, all the things that I had been taught were sinful," Marilyn Monroe would recall many years later. "And they still seemed like very nice people to me."

One day, George Atkinson showed Norma Jeane a magazine with the actress Joan Bennett on the cover and said that she looked like a younger version of Bennett. Norma Jeane didn't think she resembled Bennett at all, she later said, "but it was an interesting moment for me. It made me think..." Indeed, it was during the months that she knew the Atkinsons that Norma Jeane began to appreciate films and start to wonder what it might be like to be on the screen herself.

The early 1930s were an interesting time in show business history. The strains of FDR's rousing campaign song, "Happy Days Are Here Again," were still ringing in the ears of Americans in 1933, but Hollywood's output did not reflect the same euphoria and upbeat mood. At least not yet. Dominating the film capital's output in 1932 had been crime dramas from Warner Bros. (*Scarface*, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, both starring Paul Muni); horror pictures (*Freaks*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *White Zombie*, *The Old Dark House*, *The Mummy*); the star-heavy *Grand Hotel* and the back-to-nature jungle movie *Tarzan the Ape Man*, both from MGM; and Marlene Dietrich's vampy eastern, *Shanghai Express*. Quigley's Almanac's first annual Top Ten list of movie stars for 1932–33 was headed by sixty-four-year-old character actress Marie Dressler. She would be dead within two years from cancer, but her place would shortly be taken by the world's soon-to-be most popular child star of all time, Shirley Temple. The following year, 1933, was a different picture, with a mix of Top Ten film fare that included three musicals from Warner Bros.—*42nd Street*, *Footlight Parade*, and *Gold Diggers of 1933*. Grace knew just about all there was to know about all of these films—who was in them, who directed them, who produced them. She delighted in bringing Norma Jeane to see these kinds of films with the Atkinsons and encouraged the little girl that, one day, it might be her up on that screen.

Though Gladys didn't know what to make of her daughter's sudden interest in being an entertainer, she did sometimes take Norma Jeane to Grauman's Chinese Theatre to see the latest film. Like many generations of movie buffs to come, Norma Jeane Mortensen would put her hands and feet into the cement imprints of famous stars of the day, thrilled at the opportunity to be so "close" to the actors and actresses she'd grown to love by their work in her favorite movies. It's worth noting, though, that during this time Norma Jeane would also feel the influence of the Bolenders in her life. She would remember feeling somewhat guilty about enjoying the more carefree lifestyles of Gladys, the Atkinsons, and even Grace. Therefore, she would get down on her knees at night and pray for all of them—as Ida Bolender might have insisted—in the hope that they be forgiven their sins.

The Voices Return

For just a few months—August until October—life was relatively tranquil for young Norma Jeane Mortenson. She was adjusting well to living with Gladys and the Atkinsons. In September 1933, Norma Jeane enrolled in the second grade at the Selma Avenue elementary school, and she seemed to be settling in with her fellow classmates and teachers. As far as she was concerned, it felt like Gladys was really trying to make it work with her, which no doubt gave her a sense of security. Would it have been too much to ask for it to last more than two months?

Unfortunately, in October, everything was ruined by a letter Gladys received from her former brother-in-law, Audrey. She hadn't heard from him in years. Now he was writing to give her the horrible news that her thirteen-year-old son, Jackie, had died back in August of tuberculosis of the kidneys. Gladys always hoped that her children were happy in the care of their father and his wife. She didn't know that Jasper had done a questionable job of raising Jackie. For instance, he'd taken him out of the rehabilitation center against the advice of doctors. Then, there was an incident with a firecracker, which cost the boy an eye. Shortly after, his kidneys began to fail him. "Daddy should have taken him to the hospital," Gladys's daughter Berniece once recalled. "Finally, Jackie's kidneys failed completely."

Remember that Jackie and Berniece had been born into a relatively stable home. In their first few years, Gladys had every intention of raising them herself. After they were taken from her by Jasper, Gladys reconciled the loss and began to wait for the unfolding of a different period in her life, one where she would be emotionally equipped to be a mother to her two children. She believed that day would come when the children were adults.

In contrast, Norma Jeane was born under vastly different circumstances: illegitimately to a single mother fighting a losing battle with her own psyche. Gladys knew she was giving up this baby—there was no question about it. In her reasoning, Norma Jeane was the child who mattered the least to her. Of course, Norma Jeane always sensed as much. However, on this day, she was reminded of her place in the cruelest of ways. In her anguish, Gladys lashed out at her, "Why wasn't it you? *Why wasn't it you?*" Gladys felt she could have dealt with Norma Jeane's death—but not Jackie's.

After that awful day, Norma Jeane had no choice but to watch as her mother went from bad to worse.

Shortly after the news of Jackie's death, Gladys received a telephone call from a family member: Her grandfather had passed away. During the call, her cousin went on for some time about how Tilford Marion Hogan had apparently gone mad before his death. Also, it wasn't a death from natural causes—he had hanged himself. Gladys believed that both her parents had gone mad, and now her grandfather too? Worse yet, she had always wondered about her own sanity. With that phone call, the question grew louder: Was she next?

Gladys had tried to disregard the voices in her head for many years. But with tragedy all around her, they became more insistent, impossible to ignore. In trying to cope with her two recent losses, she became delusional, saying that she had heard her son calling out to her, beckoning her to come outside and play with him. She also said she saw her grandfather sitting in different rooms in the house. Both of the Atkinsons were alarmed enough to not even want to be near her. For her part, Grace was also frightened and at a loss as to how to handle the desperate situation—unusual for her in that she was a formidable woman capable of solving almost every problem. However, this one seemed to have no solution. Gladys was slipping away. "It was as if a light went out in her," Grace would later say. "From that time on, she was in total darkness."

As if fate hadn't dealt Gladys enough disappointment and misery, more was on its way. Within weeks of her learning of the suicide of her grandfather, the studio where she and Grace worked was struck by the union. "It seemed like a lot of things happened all at once to put pressure on her," Grace later told Berniece in what was arguably an understatement.

The first few months of 1934 were dreadful. Norma Jeane spent most of this time watching her mother go further out of her mind. "The poor child witnessed so many hair-raising experiences in the first six months of that year, it's hard to imagine the way it may have shaped her life," said Mary Thomas-Strong. "When family members talk about this time, they tend to gloss over it. I think it's because everyone knows that Norma Jeane suffered through it in many ways, and that there was nothing anyone could do about it. She was living in the house with a mother who was going crazy. Who knows what day-to-day horrors she witnessed? I can tell you, though, that Grace was concerned enough to ask Ida to talk to the girl."

Indeed, during this time, Ida did telephone Norma Jeane. "Do you want to come back here and live with us, dear?" she asked, unable to keep the concern from her voice. "Because if that's what you want, Daddy will come and get you. In fact, I think that would be best." Norma Jeane said that she would have to ask her Aunt Grace for permission. (Norma Jeane knew that Grace wasn't really her aunt, but she liked to call her so.) When she did, however, Grace became extremely upset and phoned Ida back immediately. "I asked you to speak to the girl just to tell her you still loved her," Grace said angrily, according to the family's history. "I certainly didn't think you were going to try to take her from us again." Again? Ida's feelings were immediately hurt. "All I have ever wanted is for that child to feel that she was loved," she told Grace. "How dare you speak to me like this! I love her too. I raised her for seven years! Have you forgotten?" Grace hung up on her. It would seem that, by this time, raw nerves were barely being controlled.

By the middle of 1934, it was clear that *something* needed to be done for Gladys. Grace finally decided to take her to a neurologist, where Gladys spent a day undergoing a battery of tests. However, no doubt because mental care in the 1930s was so unsophisticated, there was no clear-cut diagnosis. It was simply decided that she was going insane and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Then one day Grace came home and found Gladys lying on the couch, having what appeared to be some sort of seizure. "She started kicking and yelling," Grace later recalled. "She was lying on her back, staring up at the staircase and yelling, 'Somebody's coming down those steps to kill me.'"

There are many conflicting accounts of what happened in the following minutes, some claiming that Gladys had brandished a knife in order to fight off her imagined "attackers." Marilyn remembered the fallout of the event in her memoir. She and "the English couple" (the Atkinsons) were having breakfast when she heard someone fall down the stairs. It was her mother. Though she was told to stay in the kitchen, the little girl peeped out and managed to catch a glimpse of Gladys screaming, laughing, and acting in a completely irrational manner. With eyes alert and knowing—not even fearful—Norma Jeane seemed to realize that this moment would be a defining one where her mother was concerned. Indeed, Gladys Baker had suffered a severe psychotic break. Because it appeared that she was now a danger to herself and others, the police were called and it was quickly determined that she would be sent for psychiatric evaluation.

Once she was at a hospital, a number of doctors came to the same conclusion. Gladys was diagnosed as being paranoid schizophrenic and would now have to be committed to the state mental institution, Norwalk Hospital, indefinitely. It seemed to have happened so fast—or had it? Truly, it had been coming for years. Schizophrenia is an often misunderstood brain disorder that affects over 1 percent of the country's adult population. Each year more than one hundred thousand people are diagnosed with schizophrenia in the United States alone. One in four of them will attempt suicide at least once in their lifetime, and one in ten will succeed. Paranoid schizophrenia—a severe and disabling form of the condition—has frightening symptoms,

which most commonly include sufferers hearing voices, thinking others can read their minds, and believing that plots are being developed to harm them. Often, schizophrenics have no signs of the disease until a certain period after adolescence, when a mental shift takes place. While this change in behavior occurs earlier in men (their late teens and early twenties), women sufferers can experience this dramatic shift later, usually in their twenties and thirties.

It's worth noting that this terrible diagnosis came with some sense of relief for Gladys, as well as for those who loved her. After years of worrying about a total mental collapse in the future, that fear was now relegated to the past. At thirty-two, Gladys Baker had spent much of her life battling the voices—and now, undoubtedly, the voices had won.

Grace Is Norma Jeane's Legal Guardian

With Gladys in the sanitarium for an indeterminate period of time, the question, as always, remained: What to do about Norma Jeane?

As an adult, Marilyn Monroe would recall having overheard a conversation between Grace McKee and friends as they tried to convince her not to take on the responsibility of raising the child. They said she was a “mental case.” Marilyn said that she lay in bed “shivering” because even though she didn’t know what a mental case was, she was sure it wasn’t good. Indeed, Grace’s friends talked about all of the people in Norma Jeane’s family who had mental problems and said they were sure the same fate would befall the little girl. Still, Grace decided that she would take care of her friend’s daughter, somehow. She soon filed the necessary papers and became her legal guardian.

It was decided, though, that Norma Jeane would continue to live, at least for the time being, with the Atkinsons. Therefore, for the rest of 1934, she stayed with them in the Arbol Drive home. After just becoming accustomed to having her mother around, now she had to readjust to living without her. For weeks, she would ask where Gladys was and when she was going to return. Even though she’d had that terrible exchange with her mother where her mother wished her dead, Norma Jeane felt that they’d gotten closer in recent months. She was finally happy. Now it seemed as if it were all over, and she wanted to know why. As always, Grace was very patient with her. “Your mommy is gone, sweetheart,” she told her, “and she’s not going to be back for a long time. But I’m here for you now.”

Following the union strike at Consolidated Studios, Grace was working at Columbia Pictures in the movie company’s film library. Because she worked on the periphery of show business, she knew a great many people in the movie business and often discussed with them the current crop of movie stars and their careers at Columbia. Columbia Pictures, though, was considered a “poverty row” operation, not the huge film company it would become in later years.

In the early 1930s, Columbia was a fledgling company that laid claim to the most popular comedy trio of the day, the Three Stooges, who would display their screwball slapstick comedy in 190 short films between 1934 and 1957. The studio’s primary focus was low-budget comedies, westerns, Saturday afternoon serials, and any story that could be shot in a week and in theaters in another week. Speed and economy were its strong suits, and Columbia was the best studio in Hollywood for that kind of fare. Grace was inspired by her surroundings and began to wonder if perhaps she could become involved in the movie business in some way other than as a film cutter.

As Grace came to know Norma Jeane better, she began to believe that the young girl had some potential in show business, maybe as an actress. Not only was she very pretty, but there was something more complex about her. Her eyes were large and intelligent. She was interesting to look at, to watch. She had unusual charisma for such a young child. Of course, it is easy to make such a retrospective judgment about the girl who would one day become Marilyn Monroe, but it was really true just the same. Grace told everyone she knew that she had a strong feeling about the child and that, as she put it, “there might be something there.” Today it would be said that what Grace perceived in Norma Jeane was the “X” factor—a quality that can’t be described but that somehow conveys stardom.

“My mother told me that Grace would dress her up in the prettiest little outfits and bring her to work,” recalls Dia Nanouris, whose mom was an assistant film editor at Columbia. “She doted on her and seemed to love her very much, as if she was her own daughter. In fact, most people did think they were mother and daughter.

“Grace was a big fan of Jean Harlow’s and my mom thought it was Jean Harlow’s career that Grace had in mind for Norma Jeane. One thing was sure, Grace had made up her mind that Norma Jeane would be in show business, and from what was known about Grace, once she had her mind made up about something, it usually happened. She took Norma Jeane to see several Jean Harlow films back then and talked a lot about Harlow to the little girl.”

Arriving in Hollywood during the declining years of the silent era, Jean Harlow (née Harlean Carpenter) traveled the usual starlet route, appearing in Hal Roach shorts and bit parts in forgettable films, before her career took off like a rocket thanks to the legendary Howard Hughes, who cast her in the principal female role in his 1930 World War I aviation epic, *Hell’s Angels*, an international blockbuster. She would appear in five films the following year for five different studios, including *The Public Enemy*, a groundbreaking gangster film that established James Cagney as a superstar and Warner Bros. as the premier studio for the gangster genre. This was also the year—1931—that Columbia Pictures’ top director, Frank Capra, cast her in a film, *Platinum Blonde*, whose title provided her with a lifelong identification.

Grace McKee’s prediction about Norma Jeane’s film future was perhaps more prescient than even she could have imagined. *Saratoga*, Jean Harlow’s last film, though incomplete, costarred Clark Gable, and with an irony that’s hard to ignore, Marilyn’s last film *completed* was *The Misfits*, also starring Gable. (Some Monroe biographers list as her final film *Something’s Got to Give*, but the picture was never finished and never released to theaters.) *

“There was something a little unusual about Grace’s intense interest in Jean Harlow,” recalled Dia Nanouris. “My mom said that every time she brought the girl to work it was like an audition. She would have her prance about and pose or pout. ‘Show them how pretty you are, Norma,’ she would say. ‘Just like Jean Harlow! Or show them how you smile. Just like Jean Harlow. Show them.’ My mom thought it was strange. After all, Norma Jeane was just eight. The girl was wearing a little bit of makeup, she had her hair curled, and Grace was talking about having her nose ‘fixed’! Grace gave her an enormous wide-brimmed hat to shield her little face from the sun. ‘Doesn’t it look stylish?’ she would ask. But Grace was always a little eccentric. If you look at pictures of her back then, she had peroxidized blonde hair, wore a lot of makeup—but wore it well. She wasn’t trashy. She was very theatrical. When I see those pictures today in family scrapbooks, I can’t help but think, yes, this is where Marilyn Monroe got it from.”

Marilyn Monroe summed it up best herself: “Aunt Grace would say things to me like no one else would ever talk to me.... She would sit me down and tell me things and hold my hands. I felt as whole as a loaf of bread nobody’s eaten.”

Norma Jeane's Troubling Visit with Gladys

Late in 1934, it was decided that Gladys Baker would be able to obtain leave from the sanitarium on occasional weekends. Because her medication seemed to be working, her doctors thought it might be beneficial if she were able to travel in the outside world, just as long as her time away from the facility was supervised by a responsible person. Grace, of course, was eager for her friend to regain some sense of normalcy in her life and said she would be more than happy to be accountable for her during these intermittent sojourns. However, as it would happen, these weekends with Gladys—once every month or so—which began in September, were to be quite difficult. Gladys, though better than she was when first institutionalized, was still not well.

On one such weekend in late November 1934, Grace took Gladys and Norma Jeane to the Ambassador Hotel for what she hoped would be a lovely lunch in elegant surroundings. The Ambassador, a grand, sprawling hotel on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, was quite the “in” place at this time, its Coconut Grove nightclub a destination point for an evening on the town for some of Hollywood’s biggest stars. In fact, because the sixth annual Academy Awards presentation had taken place in its Fiesta Room eight months earlier, Grace was certain that a luncheon at such an auspicious place would be a special treat for all of them. Moreover, Grace was proud of the physical transformation that had taken place in her little charge over the last year, and she wanted Gladys to see it for herself.

Norma Jeane now wore her long blonde hair in dangling curls. Of course, she had those cornflower blue eyes, and now even a touch of red brushed across her pouting lips. Somehow, she seemed much more precocious than the last time Gladys saw her. Actually, some in Grace’s circle found the makeover a tad disconcerting. It was as if Norma Jeane were far more mature than her eight years, perhaps even being forced into adulthood—not that her childhood had been, thus far, one to cherish. However, Grace had a specific image of how she wanted the youngster to appear and comport herself in public, and she’d spent many hours tutoring her in order that she would rise to those standards. For instance, she’d taught her to curtsy, to be polite, to look people in the eyes when speaking to them, and also to speak clearly and enunciate every syllable. It was as if Grace were running a charm school with only one pupil.

According to a later recollection, when Gladys laid eyes on this new version of her daughter, she didn’t seem interested one way or the other. “I think we could have eaten in the coffee shop downstairs and that would have been a lot better than this,” she told Grace, ignoring Norma Jeane from the outset. She seemed angry. In fact, the severity of her expression did not change during the entire meal. “I shouldn’t be in that place,” she kept insisting, speaking of the sanitarium, “and I want out.”

Obedient and very quiet, Norma Jeane just picked at her food while Grace struggled to engage Gladys in conversation.

In truth, Gladys was too self-involved at this point in her sickness to care about Norma Jeane or anyone else. So immersed was she in her mental illness and in her desire to obtain her freedom, it didn’t matter to her that her daughter was sitting before her. This kind of scene would be repeated for many years to come, whenever Norma Jeane would have an occasional weekend with her mother. “I just don’t think she even liked me very much, let alone loved me,” is how the adult Marilyn would recall it. Of course, there were myriad reasons for Gladys’s emotional disconnect from her daughter, so many that it had become impossible for others—like Grace—to even begin to understand the complex machinations of Gladys’s mind.

At one point during the troubling meal, Grace said to Norma Jeane, “Tell your mother what you want to be when you grow up.” Norma Jeane, perhaps hoping to impress her mother with her exciting goal, turned to Gladys with eager brightness and said, “I want to be a movie star.” In response, Gladys just looked at her daughter with eyes cold as steel. Then she went back to her meal without saying a word.

Norma Jeane in an Orphanage

The next chapter in young Norma Jeane's life has always been confusing to Marilyn Monroe historians. In the fall of 1935, Grace McKee decided to take nine-year-old Norma Jeane to the Los Angeles Orphans' Home Society at 815 North El Centro Avenue in Hollywood. *The question has always been why Grace, who not only had strong maternal instincts toward Norma Jeane but also a goal of stardom in mind for her, would suddenly put her in an orphanage. Some Marilyn Monroe historians have theorized that the Atkinsons had become abusive to Marilyn, though she never suggested as much in any of her interviews. However, Grace McKee did tell Berniece many years later that she learned they had not been treating Norma Jeane well and dismissed them. That may have been true, but the Atkinsons also felt they had film opportunities in London and decided to return to their homeland.

At this same time, Grace became the legal custodian of all of Gladys's affairs and, as such, took on the complicated responsibility of caring for all the loose ends her friend had left behind before being institutionalized. One of her first decisions was to sell Gladys's home in order to pay off her debts, mostly medical expenses. Next on her agenda was the possibility of adopting Norma Jeane. It was just a seed of an idea, but it was something she would discuss openly with her friends (most of whom seemed to be against it). Grace already thought of the girl as her own and she knew that Gladys would not oppose the idea. For her part, there was no one else Norma Jeane would have wanted to be with at this time, other than perhaps her Aunt Ida. She loved her "Aunt Grace" and felt that she could do no wrong.

By this time, Grace had married and divorced a third husband and was on her fourth. That she was barren had become an issue in all three of her earlier marriages. In fact, it was specifically responsible for the demise of at least one of them and caused tension in the other two. In her fourth marriage, she found a man who came with a ready-made family. Her new husband was Ervin Silliman Goddard—known as Doc. Ten years her junior, he was divorced and had custody of his three children, aged nine, seven, and five. An amateur inventor by trade—thus the nickname—his profession wasn't exactly a lucrative one. Grace felt that she had to make this marriage work. In her forties, she viewed it as her last hope for true happiness. As strong-minded and self-sufficient as she was, she still wanted to have a romantic partner in life. "I just don't want to end up old and alone," she had said. She also felt that little Norma Jeane would be a perfect addition to her new family. However, there was to be a big stumbling block in her way.

Because Norma Jeane had grown so attached to Grace, it became difficult for her to watch her guardian alter her focus and direct some of it not only to a man but, more troubling, to his daughter, Nona, the only one of his three children who was living with him at this time. There's little doubt that it called to mind Norma Jeane's growing abandonment issues. She had lost so much in her nine years, and now it must have felt like she might lose Grace as well. Doubtless in reaction to these disconcerting feelings, Norma Jeane suddenly became obstreperous. She started having surprising temper tantrums and alarming emotional outbursts. She also began making impossible demands of Grace, crying whenever she couldn't be with her. Sometimes she and Nona got along beautifully, but often they did not. Grace found herself being harsh and exacting where Norma Jeane was concerned, and that wasn't like her at all.

Norma Jeane's fear of losing Grace quickly became a self-fulfilling prophecy. Doc felt that they didn't have enough money to support the one child living with them, and he wanted to bring his other two children into the household at some point soon. "I think she has to go," he said of Norma Jeane. Grace feared that if something didn't change very quickly, she would end up alone again. She definitely didn't want to lose her new husband. What she really wanted was to adopt Norma Jeane, bring her into the domestic fold, and have all of them live happily together. At a loss as to how to handle this complicated situation, she made a difficult decision. Taking Norma Jeane for a short, private walk, she explained to her that she would have to put her into an orphanage, "but just for a little while, I promise." Of course, Norma Jeane didn't understand. "I can be a good girl," she said, crying. "Please don't send me away." Grace tried to calm her, but it was useless.

Somehow, it's not known how, Ida Bolender heard that Norma Jeane was going to be sent to an orphanage. "'Over my dead body' was her reaction," said a relative of hers. "She said that she simply wouldn't allow it. She called Grace and said, 'Please, I am begging you to now allow us to adopt that child. Or, at the very least, let us take care of her again. Don't put her in an orphanage. Think of what's best for her. Her brother and sisters miss her. We love her. She has a home here. Don't do this!'"

It was clear that, by this time, Grace Goddard did not like Ida. In fact, she felt that Ida had been much too territorial where Norma Jeane was concerned. Besides, she had made a promise to Gladys that she would never allow Ida to have the girl again. Gladys had apparently told Grace that she was afraid that if they allowed Ida to ever take in Norma Jeane, they would never see her again. Of course, this was Gladys's sickness talking, yet Grace allowed it to influence her. Thus the two women had it in their heads that Ida Bolender was the enemy, and there was nothing Ida could do to change that perception.

Ida Bolender wrote Grace Goddard a long letter at this time, reminding her of all she had done for Norma Jeane. "We loved her, we cared for her... when she was sick, we were there for her. My husband and I feel that we were the only family she had ever known and we would happily take her back rather than see her be sent to a frightening place like an orphanage."

"Thank you for your kind offer," Grace wrote back to Ida. "But we have already made suitable arrangements for Norma Jeane."

On September 13, 1935, Grace packed up Norma Jeane's things in one suitcase and one shopping bag and drove the little girl to her new home.

"I thought I was going to a prison," Marilyn would remember many years later. "What had I done that they were getting rid of me? I was afraid of everything and afraid to show how scared I was. All I could do was cry."

Norma Jeane was nine years old when she found herself in the Los Angeles Orphans' Home. The adult Marilyn Monroe would always paint her time there—roughly a year and a half, from 1935 to mid-1937—as one of the darkest periods of her life. "Do you know what it's like to be forced into uncertainty?" she once asked. She would also recall that she did not feel like an orphan since her mother was still alive and she also had her Aunt Grace. She didn't want to go to the orphanage, and she stood on the steps of the building crying out, "But I'm not an orphan. I'm not an orphan." It was just another cruel twist of fate in a life already filled with this kind of despair.

Magda Bernard's stepbrother, Tony, was at the Los Angeles Orphans' Home at the same time as Norma Jeane. She recalls, "My family's circumstances were such that Tony had to stay at the orphanage until we could take him in, but we went to visit him every week. I clearly remember Norma Jeane as being this pretty blue-eyed girl with a big heart who seemed to just want to be loved. She was a beautiful but somehow sad-seeming child.

"The orphanage wasn't as bad as you might think it was if you judge it only on what Norma [as an adult] would say about it. Personally, I think they did a pretty good job with the kids. There were about sixty children there, twenty-five of them being girls. There were twelve beds to a room. The age

range was from about six to fourteen.

“There were holiday parties, day trips to the beach. The orphanage actually had a beach house, so the kids got to go there quite often and play in the sand and ocean. There were presents for everyone at Christmastime. They had a bit of pocket money for sweets. They went to the circus, had many kinds of day trips like that... the Griffith Park Observatory, for instance. They went to the RKO film lot for tours, got to meet celebrities. During the week, they attended the Vine Street School in their gingham uniforms. On Sundays they would get dressed properly so that they could attend the Vine Street Methodist Church. It actually was quite nice for the kids, I think.

“I know in later years Marilyn complained about all of the chores she had to do at the orphanage. I remember reading that she said she had to wash hundreds of dishes and was stuck doing laundry for hours and hours at a time. She said she had to clean toilets and wash floors. She was exaggerating!”

After Marilyn was famous, an orphanage official named Mrs. In-graham was quoted as saying, “I really don’t know why Miss Monroe tells these awful stories about it. And people print them, whatever she says. This story of Marilyn washing dishes is just silly. She never washed any dishes. She never scrubbed toilets. She dried dishes an hour a week. That’s all. She had to make her own bed and keep her section of the girls’ cottage tidy, and that was all.”

“I used to wake up and sometimes I’d think I was dead,” Marilyn once told her friend Ralph Roberts of this time, “like I had died in my sleep, and I wasn’t part of my body anymore. I couldn’t feel myself and I thought that the world had ended. Everything seemed so far away and like nothing else could bother me.”

Perhaps what’s most interesting about these terrible days in her childhood is the way Marilyn described how she would pass the time. She would fall back into her fantasy world, and now her dreams were about being picked from the lot of other children as something special. “I dreamed of myself becoming so beautiful that people would turn to look at me when I passed,” she would recall. “I dreamed of walking very proudly in beautiful clothes and being admired by everyone—men and women—and overhearing words of praise. I made up the praises and repeated them aloud as if someone else were saying them.” *

Grace Goddard felt that she had no choice but to place Norma Jeane Mortensen in an orphanage, but she was still devoted to her. Life just hadn't worked out the way she had hoped, but she remained determined to one day find a way to bring Norma Jeane back to the Goddard home. Meanwhile, she visited Norma Jeane every week, bringing her presents and new clothing. Often she would take the little girl off the property and to the movies. "She felt terrible about it," said Bea Thomas. "Every time she went, she'd leave crying. But while she was with her they would talk about movies and Grace used to tell Norma Jeane, 'One day you'll be just like Shirley Temple. Just wait and see.' She still had this idea that Norma Jeane was going to be in films, but she had switched her ideal from Jean Harlow to Shirley Temple."

An interesting twist occurred in Norma Jeane's daily activities at the orphanage when Ida and Wayne Bolender began visiting her. It was no surprise that they wanted to see her, given their strong feelings for her. Norma Jeane was overjoyed to see them. She still thought of them as her parents, and if it had been up to her, she no doubt would have very much preferred living with them and her foster siblings rather than with strangers in an orphanage. As it happened, each time Ida came to the orphanage with warm chocolate chip cookies and hand-me-down clothing from one of Norma Jeane's siblings, the girl would parrot back to her the notion that she was one day going to be the next Shirley Temple. Soon, even Ida began encouraging her in her Shirley Temple fantasies. When Norma Jeane mentioned as much to Grace, she became suspicious. She felt it strange that the religious and often sanctimonious Ida Bolender had suddenly begun endorsing Norma Jeane's show business aspirations. The more Grace thought about it, according to her relatives, the unhappier she became about it. After all, times were tough. Wayne Bolender was a mailman and government jobs were in jeopardy during the Depression. Did Ida think that she might have an opportunity to one day exploit Norma Jeane for profit? The girl was uncommonly pretty and maybe even talented. Grace speculated that if she was so convinced that it could happen—that the girl could one day become famous—who was to say that Ida didn't think so as well?

"When Grace would ask Norma Jeane what she and Ida talked about, it was always 'Shirley Temple, Shirley Temple, Shirley Temple,' " said Bea Thomas. "Grace didn't like it. She disliked Ida already, and for Ida to now take an interest in Norma Jeane's movie star aspirations was just a little too strange. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Grace herself wanted to exploit her in films, but... well, all I can say is that she didn't want Ida visiting Norma Jeane, that's for sure."

Indeed, on December 5, 1935, Grace wrote a stern letter to the orphanage's headmistress, Sula Dewey—a kindly older woman who looked like a prototype grandmother—to tell her in no uncertain terms that no one was allowed "to see or talk to little Norma Jeane Baker unless you have my written permission to do so." (Sometimes Norma Jeane was called Baker; no one was ever consistent with her last name, not even Grace.) Moreover, Grace was very specific in her letter that one person who was definitely barred from visiting the girl was Ida Bolender. She wrote that Norma Jeane was very upset every time Ida came to call. It might have been true. Mrs. Dewey wrote back to Grace and confirmed, "Norma is not the same since Mrs. B. visited with her. She doesn't look as happy." In the end, the headmistress concluded, "I'll do as you have requested." However, in a follow-up letter, Mrs. Dewey seemed to have a change of heart: "I think that it's probably not in her best interest to evaluate Norma Jeane's moods based on her visitors. We have noticed that this is a child who can sometimes be very unhappy for no apparent reason. In thinking about it, maybe it is not best to keep her from Mrs. B. I had a long conversation with Mrs. B yesterday when she telephoned me. I am convinced that she is not the problem. I would like to have a meeting with you to discuss Mr. and Mrs. B's future visitations." Grace responded immediately with a very terse note: "Please do as I say. I have good reason for my wishes. Thank you for honoring them."

"I think all of this business said much more about Grace, than it did Ida," Bea Thomas posited. "Please. Ida had no thought of trying to get Norma Jeane into the movies in order to exploit her. How would she have gone about it? She had no connections. It was Grace who had all the connections. In my mind, this just spoke to Grace's own very strange paranoia."

"It got extremely contentious between the two ladies, especially when Ida found out she was barred from visiting Norma Jeane. You can imagine her reaction when she got to the orphanage one day and was told in no uncertain terms by Mrs. Dewey that she could not visit the little girl. Let's just say she did not go quietly into the night."

Finally, on June 26, 1937, Norma Jeane left the Los Angeles Orphans' Home to live once again with Grace and Doc Goddard. A month earlier, the young actress whom Grace had hoped to fashion Norma Jeane after—Jean Harlow—had died at just twenty-six. With typical flair for the dramatic, Marilyn Monroe recalled many years later that she had a "strange feeling I was being set free into a world in which Jean Harlow no longer lived." *

Grace had hoped that when Norma Jeane moved back into her home, she would be able to convince Doc that she belonged there. However, it was not meant to be. The second time Norma Jeane was with the Goddards, there was enough domestic turmoil to convince Grace that, again, her marriage could be in jeopardy. It's difficult to believe that one little girl could cause so much havoc, and in retrospect it sounds like Grace experienced problems with Doc that probably had nothing to do with Norma Jeane. He was drinking heavily at this time, and Marilyn would recall many years later that he made her feel extremely uncomfortable. "A couple of times he said, 'Aren't you going to give me a kiss?' I would sneak out of the room. He scared me." However, six months after she got to the Goddards', her bags were being packed and she was on the move once again. "But I really want to stay here," she told Grace. "I know," Grace responded. "But it's time for you to go." Indeed, it was always time for Norma Jeane to go, wasn't it? Perhaps Grace should have just left her in the orphanage. However, every time she went to visit her, the girl was so clearly miserable.

In December 1937—around the time eleven-year-old Norma Jeane was enrolled in the Lankershim Elementary School—Grace asked the girl's aunt, Olive Monroe, to take her into her home in North Hollywood. Olive Monroe had her own problems. Ten years earlier, her husband, Marion Otis—Gladys's brother, the one who had been banished from the family by Della—had deserted her and her three children. Her mother, Ida Martin, a strict disciplinarian, had moved in with her and the two did not get along well. The broken family had little money and was barely scraping by. It's a wonder that Olive agreed to take in Norma Jeane, and that Grace asked her to do so suggests that Grace must have been quite desperate to find a home for her little charge. Once she got there, Norma Jeane didn't like living with the Monroes at all. "The other kids knew I was related to them," she recalled, "but I felt on a desert island with natives or primitive people out of the hills of Appalachia. I was more alone and separated from anything than I had ever been. I was feeling the predicament of my life, and that frightened and depressed me so much I would get sick and couldn't eat. When I did I would often throw up." As an adult, Marilyn would later recall that she was last in line after her cousins for "everything from breakfast to play time to bath time and

then bed.”

Norma Jeane Learns She Has a Half Sister

By the winter of 1938, Gladys Baker was more desperate than ever as she continued her unhappy life, now as a patient in the Agnews State Hospital in San Jose, California. In fact, she almost managed to escape. Precipitating her attempt was a series of telephone calls from Edward Mortenson, her former husband and the man she'd listed on Norma Jeane's birth certificate as the child's father. Gladys actually thought Mortenson was dead by this time, but he was alive and well and telling her he was interested in resuming their relationship. How could that occur, though, if she was locked up? Gladys—who would prove with the passing of the years to have the greatest determination when it came to trying to gain her freedom—somehow got her hands on a nurse's uniform, put it on, and then slipped out of the sanitarium. It was hours before she was found, walking down the street with no apparent destination. She later explained that Mortenson had promised to meet her at a specific location if she managed to escape, but that he didn't show up. She was returned to the facility with no trouble, though she was heartbroken. Later that same week, when Grace Goddard arrived for a visit, Gladys begged her to "get me out of here." However, Grace knew better. Gladys was obviously mentally incompetent and was exactly where she needed to be at that time in her life. Grace had no choice but to turn down her friend's pleas. However, Gladys then decided to try another route. She wrote to her long-lost daughter, Berniece. Of course, she didn't know exactly how to locate her, so she sent the letter to the address of one of her ex-husband's relatives in Flat Lick, Kentucky. Somehow, the correspondence ended up in Jasper's hands. He wasn't sure how to proceed, but after discussing the matter with his wife he reluctantly decided to give it to Berniece. By this time, Berniece was nineteen. She'd just been married, was living in Pineville, and was pregnant with her first child—Gladys's grandchild.

Berniece was stunned to receive a letter from her mother, a woman she had long ago decided was probably dead. Though she didn't know much about Gladys, what she did know was not favorable. For years, her stepmother, Maggie, had criticized Gladys for leaving her children behind, as if Gladys had had a choice in the matter. Berniece's daughter, Mona Rae Miracle, says that anything her mother learned about Gladys had to be "squeezed like water from a stone from Jasper and Maggie." Berniece, however, was still always curious about her mother and kept a small framed photograph of her on her dresser. Often she would remark to Jasper about Gladys's beauty. Jasper agreed that, indeed, Gladys was a gorgeous woman, but, he said, she was also an irresponsible woman. It seemed clear to Berniece that she would never have much of a relationship with her mother, and so after many years of wondering, she had made up her mind that Gladys was dead. Then, out of the blue, she received a letter from her. Most of Gladys's missive was a long rant begging her daughter to help her get out of the mental hospital. She asked Berniece to get in touch with an aunt of Gladys's, Dora, in Oregon and ask her to also try to get a release for her. Then she gave Berniece some stunning news. She told her that she had a twelve-year-old half sister named Norma Jeane. Gladys also sent Norma Jeane's and Grace Goddard's addresses to Berniece and suggested that she contact both of them.

Berniece was surprised: She was amazed that her mother was alive, stunned to learn that Gladys was in a mental hospital, and shocked to learn that she had a half sister. There was no question about it: She wanted a relationship with her. She decided to first write to Grace. A week later, she received a return letter from Grace, who was elated to hear from her. She suggested that Berniece write to Norma Jeane. Then Grace told Norma Jeane that she had a half sister. "Grace decided that it might do Norma Jeane some good to know that she wasn't really alone in the world," recalled a relative of Grace's, "that she had a family member who wanted to know her. It all seemed to come together at the same time, Gladys's letter to Berniece, Grace's decision that it was the right thing to do to have Berniece contact Norma Jeane, and then telling Norma Jeane about Berniece."

Norma Jeane was astonished to learn that she had a half sister in Kentucky. "It was like the answer to a prayer," said a Monroe family member. "It changed everything for Norma Jeane. She wanted to know Berniece, everything about her. She wrote her a letter and sent a picture of herself. Berniece wrote back immediately with her own photograph. It was an amazing connection from the start. From the very beginning, Norma Jeane signed all of her letters 'Your Sister.' She and Berniece then began a new friendship, one that would last throughout Norma Jeane's life."

"We grew up feeling abandoned," Berniece would explain many years later, "and, though both of us were told we were pretty and talented, we still needed courage and strength. We got that from each other."

Norma Jeane Marries

In the fall of 1938, it was decided that Norma Jeane Mortensen would go to live with Edith Ana Lower, sister to Grace's father. Lower seemed a better candidate for foster motherhood than most of the adults who took Norma Jeane in over the years. At fifty-eight, she was a kindly, gray-haired woman with a soft face and warm hug who just seemed to want the best for everybody in her life. Divorced but financially secure, she owned a two-story apartment building at 11348 Nebraska Avenue, renting out one unit while she lived in the other. To supplement her income, she also worked as a Christian Science practitioner, meaning she sat and prayed with clients and also instructed them in the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science movement. A positive-thinking and extremely spiritual woman, Ana would prove to be an enormous asset in young Norma Jeane's life. Norma Jeane soon referred to her as "Aunt Ana," and the two hit it off immediately.

When Norma Jeane moved in, Ana made it a priority to have inspirational conversations with her in an effort to build her self-esteem. "She would tell her that she should not care what others thought of her," said Marybeth Miller-Donovan, whose aunt, Ethel, was Ana's best friend. "She reminded her that she was a beautiful young girl not only outside but inside as well, and she had no reason to feel like anything less."

About a year and a half after moving in with Ana, Norma Jeane began attending Emerson Junior High School in Westwood at the age of thirteen. Mabel Ella Campbell, her science teacher, once recalled, "She looked as though she wasn't that cared for. Her clothes separated her a little bit from the rest of the girls." Once there, though, she did begin to exhibit more self-confidence, dressing in sweaters that would show off her young figure and even wearing a little more makeup. She began to see herself in a different light, and as she did so, the other students soon followed and she became more popular. It was at this time that she began to recognize the value of her beauty and how she might be able to make it work for her. She also began to see her stunning appearance as its own entity, quite apart from anything sexual. Indeed, it was a magnet that could draw people in. When she realized as much, she started looking for ways to make them love her even more and think she was even more beautiful. She kept adding to the presentation. Makeup. Lipstick. Tighter clothing. Whatever it took to enhance the package, that's what she wanted to do. She began to create a character that people would not only love, but also adore—a process that started at the age of thirteen and would continue all the way up to her death at thirty-six. "I just felt like I was on the outside of the world," she later recalled, "but then, suddenly, everything opened up. Even the girls paid a little attention to me just because they thought, 'Hmmm, she's to be dealt with.' And I had this long walk to school—two and a half miles to school, two and a half miles back—it was just sheer pleasure. Every fellow honked his horn... the world became friendly."

True to form in the youngster's life, Norma Jeane's time with Ana would not last long. Now sixty, Ana had a number of health problems, including a serious heart ailment. Reluctantly, in February 1940 she decided to turn the girl back over to Grace and Doc Goddard. At this same time Ana moved to West Los Angeles, and the Goddards moved into her former home in Van Nuys. But before Ana parted ways with Norma Jeane, she was sure to talk to her about being self-sufficient. "You mustn't spend your entire life dependent on others," she told her, according to the recollection of a friend of her family's. "When you grow up, you have to be your own person. I'm not always going to be there for you. In fact, no one will always be there for you."

Hopefully, this time Norma Jeane would be able to blend in with the Goddard family. It looked promising. When Norma Jeane moved back in with Grace and Doc, she became friendly with Doc's daughter, BeBe, and even the extended Goddard relatives. Now that Norma Jeane had more self-confidence, there seemed to be less conflict with the Goddard family.

In September 1941, Norma Jeane and BeBe both enrolled in Van Nuys High School. A problem did arise in getting the two girls back and forth to school, though. Grace's previous residence had been in close proximity to Van Nuys High. Ana's home—where she and Norma Jeane now lived—was quite far from the school. Because Norma Jeane was finally so happy and popular, Grace didn't want to uproot her and enroll her in a different school. As it happened, Grace was still close to her former neighbor, Ethel Dougherty. Grace knew that Ethel's son, Jim, had an automobile. If the girls walked to the Doughertys' home after school, would it be possible for Jim to then drive them back to their own neighborhood? Ethel asked Jim, who was reluctant because he said the girls were young and giggly—he was five years their senior—and he knew he wouldn't have anything in common with them. But he agreed.

Born in Los Angeles on April 12, 1921, James Dougherty was a good-looking young man with tousled brownish blond hair and blue eyes so deep they were almost violet. He wore a small mustache over his massive, toothy grin. Lanky and sturdy, this young man was a real so-called "jock." He was the youngest of five children raised in difficult circumstances, the family always in financial trouble. Popular in school, he was on the football team and was also president of the student body in his senior year. Grace liked him a great deal and thought he would be a good match for Norma Jeane. She even arranged the first date between Jim and Norma Jeane, at a party in 1941. After a few more dates, it became clear that the two were at least mildly interested in one another. Grace's decision to encourage Norma Jeane into a relationship with the older Jim does seem strange, that is until one considers what happened next. At this same time, Doc Goddard got a job as head of East Coast sales at Adel Precision and the Goddards decided to move to Virginia. It was also decided that Norma Jeane would not be going with them. Doc simply didn't want the responsibility of another child at the same time as his big move. So what to do about Norma Jeane now?

Understandably, Norma Jeane was very disillusioned. She trusted Grace implicitly, and now that she was being left behind, she could not help but feel that she'd been betrayed. "Of course she was absolutely right," Jim Dougherty observed. "When Grace had taken her out of the orphanage to her last foster home, she'd told Norma Jeane that she would never have that kind of life again. Norma Jeane felt that Grace had gone back on her word."

With all possibilities exhausted, it looked as if Norma Jeane was going to have to go back to the orphanage until someone adopted her or until she was eighteen, whichever came first. Knowing how unhappy this would make her, Grace Goddard was frantic to find a way to avoid it. Therefore, she hatched a plan with Ethel Dougherty. "What if your son marries Norma Jeane?" Grace suggested. "That would keep her out of the orphanage, and it's not as if they don't already like each other." It seemed like a good idea to Ethel, too, and so she approached her son with it.

As it happened, Norma Jeane would turn sixteen in June, the legal age to marry in California. Though Jim felt that she was too young for him, he had to admit that he liked her. She was pretty and fun. Still, dating her was one matter, marrying her an entirely different one. Many years later when talking about his thought process as a young man, Jim would say that he couldn't think of a good reason to reject the idea, especially if it meant that Norma Jeane would be saved from the orphanage.

For her part, Norma Jeane didn't have much choice in the matter. When she was presented with the idea, she agreed, though reluctantly. Not only had she never seen a marriage work out, but she was afraid of what it would mean being Dougherty's wife. She was particularly concerned about being intimate with him. When she expressed her fears to Grace, Grace tried to be understanding, telling her that she "would learn in time." It does seem, in

retrospect, that Grace might have been more understanding of Norma Jeane's fears. However, in the greater scheme of things, it seems that Grace's main objective was to get the girl married as quickly as possible. Grace's friends would say, many years later, that she was just trying to do what she could to keep her charge out of another orphanage. However, some people who are more critical of her feel that Grace just wanted to marry Norma Jeane off in an expedient fashion so that she and her husband could go on with their lives with a clear conscience.

Plans quickly fell into place. At the end of 1942, the Goddards took off for Virginia. Meanwhile, Norma Jeane dropped out of high school in the middle of her sophomore year, saying that she wanted to concentrate on learning how to be a wife. She would always regret it, though, and never felt comfortable about dropping out. "She was sorry she'd done it," Jim said many years later, "and she didn't need to. It was a snap decision, I think, to just end her education. Everything was happening so fast, I think she felt she had to focus on one thing at a time."

The wedding, officiated by a minister, took place on the evening of June 19, 1942, in the home of a friend of the Goddards, Chester Howell. Howell's great-nephew, Alexander, says, "From what I have heard over the years through my family, it was a haphazard affair. The Goddards didn't even attend, which I think was a surprise. Of course, Norma Jeane's mom, Gladys, wasn't present, either. Ida and Wayne Bolender were there, though, and that was a bit of an issue, from what I understand."

Indeed, it was Norma Jeane's decision that she would not get married unless her "Aunt Ida" and "Daddy" were present. By this time, she was well aware of the animosity between Grace and Ida. However, she also knew that Grace was not going to be present at the wedding—she had just gotten to Virginia and wasn't going to turn around and drive back—so she saw no reason not to invite Ida. When she told Ethel Dougherty of her plans, however, Ethel thought it best to alert Grace. Of course, Grace was not at all happy about it. She called Norma Jeane and told her that she would prefer it if she did not invite Ida. She took no issue with Wayne's attendance, she said, but she had to draw the line at Ida's. Norma Jeane said that she was no longer going to be a party to the ill will between her two aunts, and that she wouldn't even consider marrying Jim Dougherty without Ida being present. "In fact, I'll just go back to the orphanage," she said, according to one of Ida Bolender's relatives. "What difference does it make? I was miserable before and I'll be miserable again. I can handle it." Indeed, it would seem that Norma Jeane was becoming a little more like Ida with each passing year—a determined, willful young lady who didn't like being pushed around. In the end, Grace didn't have much choice. She told Norma Jeane to do what she thought was best, but by this time Norma Jeane had already called Ida to invite her to the ceremony, so Grace's opinion was moot.

Norma Jeane not only invited Ida and Wayne Bolender, but all of her foster siblings, including, of course, Nancy Jeffrey, who recalled, "I remember the winding staircase in the living room and all of us just staring at the top of the stairs until she appeared. What a beautiful bride."

As soon as Ida saw Norma Jeane in her embroidered lace wedding dress with long sleeves and veil, she was filled with emotion and began to cry. The girl was just sixteen but she was already showing signs of the striking woman the world would one day come to know as Marilyn Monroe. Her smile was stunning, her eyes a cobalt blue. She was a brunette at this time.

After the ceremony, Ida still couldn't hold back the tears as she stood admiring Norma Jeane. That she had been kept from her former foster daughter for such a long time, and that there had been such a strong, ongoing campaign against her, had worn Ida down over the years where Norma Jeane was concerned. "Thank you so much for inviting us," she told her as she embraced her tightly. "You just don't know what this means to me. You just don't know, Norma Jeane." The bride held both of Ida's hands and looked at her with love. "This day would only be complete with you in it," she told her, now also crying. "Do you think I look pretty, Aunt Ida?" she asked her. Overcome, Ida could only nod her head. Norma Jeane then went to Wayne and hugged him. Dabbing away tears from his eyes, he smiled at her and asked, "Do you have any questions for me? You always had so many questions, Norma Jeane." Everyone laughed. "Just one," Norma Jeane said. "Do you promise to always love me, Daddy?" He smiled. "I do promise," he said. "I really do." And he seemed to mean it.

PART TWO

Transitioning

After they were married, Jim and Norma Jeane Dougherty eventually settled into a small four-room house in Van Nuys, California. Skipping the traditional honeymoon, Jim went back to work at Lockheed and Marilyn began her new life as a wife. She seemed to enjoy setting up the household, getting great pleasure out of deciding which meager furnishings the couple would purchase. Jim left most of these decisions in her hands. Each article was chosen with care: the drinking glasses, the cutlery, even the front doormat. She got a tremendous thrill out of establishing, for the first time, a home that included her as a primary resident. She also always made sure she was showered and dressed when her husband arrived home for supper. She wanted him to feel special, and wanted him to think of her in that way as well.

Jim has said that he felt certain that Norma Jeane was a virgin when he married her. Of course, that makes sense. Probably stating the obvious, he also said that she was extremely inexperienced—he even had to teach her how to use a diaphragm—but that once she caught on, she enjoyed having sex. “It was as natural to her as breakfast in the morning,” he noted. “There were never any problems.” Over the years, he was fairly indiscreet about private times shared by the couple. “Never had I encountered a girl who so thoroughly enjoyed a sexual union,” he recalled. “It made our lovemaking pure joy.” He even remembered having sex with her outdoors, in public places when others weren’t looking. These remembrances have to be taken with a grain of salt, because Jim apparently also claimed just the opposite about Norma Jeane.

“Jim told me privately that Norma Jeane spent most of their early marriage locked in the bathroom,” said Martin Evans, who was a friend of Jim’s at the time of his marriage to Norma Jeane. “She had sex books and manuals that were given to her by Grace Goddard, he said, and none of them made a difference. She was scared. From my information, she even asked Grace if it were possible for her to never have sex with Jim. Could they just be friends, she wondered. She was very skittish about having sex with him and, to be honest, I don’t think they had a good sex life, ever—despite what Jim later claimed.”

In retrospect, we should keep in mind that Jim Dougherty’s comments about his sex life with Norma Jeane were made many years after she had become famous as Marilyn Monroe. In fact, they were made many years after her death. At twenty-one, a man marries a girl who, after their divorce, goes on to become one of the greatest sex symbols of all time, a cultural icon. When asked if he was able to satisfy her sexually, is he likely to say he couldn’t?

Marilyn Monroe historian James Haspiel, who knew Marilyn from 1954 until her death in 1962, had an interesting take on this subject when he observed, “It could be argued that Jim Dougherty’s marriage to Marilyn Monroe was the most significant thing he ever did in his life. What I mean is that a man can live his entire life being terrific at whatever job he does, but how can anything ever top having been married to Marilyn Monroe? It’s also the very thing that took him all over the world, doing TV shows and talking about Marilyn. It propelled him into international, eternal fame as her first husband. But then again, anybody who was in her life—and it was known that they were in her life—becomes a great character in history. Dougherty had a role in a classic story, and he played on it, just as he probably should have. And for all we know those may be his actual memories of her.”

Here’s Marilyn’s view of the matter, from her memoir: “The first effect marriage had on me was to increase my lack of interest in sex.”

It makes sense that Norma Jeane would have had trepidation about her sex life with Jim. After all, the truth was that she was forced by circumstances to surrender her virginity to a man she barely knew just so that she could stay out of an orphanage. That hardly seems an ideal situation for a young girl who had already experienced such trauma. In fact, Norma Jeane began to find new and inventive ways of avoiding lovemaking with her husband. Jim would later say that he was aware that many, if not all, of her phantom headaches, cramps, and assorted ailments were an attempt at sidestepping her marital obligations. For the most part, as he recalled it, he was patient with her. On one particular night, however, he was insistent. He told her he was going to take a quick shower and that they would then retire to the bedroom and make love. After his shower, Jim came out of the bathroom, expecting to find Marilyn in bed, waiting for him. He didn’t. She was gone.

After a cursory search of the household, he determined that she must have quickly grabbed her coat and run out the front door. It was a balmy evening, but she had been wearing her nightgown and he assumed she wouldn’t have left wearing just that.

Jim stood at the front window in the darkened living room for the better part of an hour. Then, in the black and motionless streetscape, he saw a shock of white. It was his wife, wearing only the nightgown in which he had last seen her, and she was walking very quickly—almost running—toward the house. Jim quickly moved to the bedroom and pretended to be asleep. A minute later, Norma Jeane bolted through the front door and jumped into the bed next to her husband, clinging to him desperately.

“There’s a man after me,” she whispered urgently.

“What?”

Norma Jeane repeated that a man was after her. She explained that she needed to leave the house, and as she was walking away she noticed someone following her. Jim said it made sense that she was being followed, given that she was wearing a nightgown. “He probably thinks you’re out of your mind,” he opined.

Anxiously, Norma Jeane went on to explain that the man she had seen was especially quick. He was in a tree at one point, she recalled. Then she saw him sitting in a darkened house... a parked car. To Jim, either this man had superhuman abilities or was, he feared, a figment of his new wife’s imagination. She then asked Jim to search the house for her stalker. He disappeared for a moment and came back claiming he had done it. He hadn’t, though.

He turned to Norma Jeane, who was now visibly shaking. “See? I told you, there’s no one here,” he told her calmly. According to what Jim Dougherty recalled to friends, this was the first time he saw his young wife as a woman with more than simple insecurities. He began to wonder if her future might hold the same terrible fate as her mother’s.

“But he *was* following me,” she replied.

A deep sigh escaped his lips. “Come on, Norma Jeane,” Jim said. “This guy couldn’t have been everywhere. Don’t you see how that sounds crazy?”

Jim’s last word—“crazy”—hung in the air as the young woman’s anxious and alert eye contact faded. She silently lay down, her expression now blank and distant.

Gladys's Clever Plan

Norma Jeane and Jim never again discussed her strange stalking incident. It was just pushed aside as if it hadn't happened. In most other respects, their marriage seemed to be going fairly well into 1943. However, there were other troubling signs. For instance, Norma Jeane insisted on calling Jim "Daddy." Martin Evans, one of Jim's friends at the time, recalled, "He told me he didn't like it. It worried him, considering that she didn't know who her father was and it was an issue for her. He said, 'I don't want her to think of me as her father. I'm her husband.' He also told me that she would threaten to do herself harm if anything happened to their union. 'I'll jump off a bridge, Daddy,' she would say, and it didn't seem like a figure of speech to him. He suspected that she might actually do it. She was intensely insecure but, yes, the Daddy business bothered him the most. He felt that if he corrected her or chastised her, she would melt into tears. He was always walking on eggshells around her, I think."

During this period of time, Norma Jeane's mother, Gladys Baker, was still institutionalized. Gladys's life at the mental hospital in San Jose was, in many ways, one of fantasy. She was constantly in a state of delusion. * She desperately wanted to be released and had done everything she could think of to get out of the sanitarium, even contacting her long-lost daughter, Berniece. However, Gladys seemed to know the sad truth: No one wanted her. Rather than face this, she fantasized a scenario that included her being a part of the lives of her daughter Norma Jeane and even her daughter's father. She was clever in the way she went about trying to manifest it as well. She decided that a man from her past might just provide the ticket she needed to obtain her freedom.

By this time, Grace Goddard had moved to Chicago. During a brief visit to California, she decided to visit Gladys Baker in the San Jose sanitarium, and then visit with her friend Ethel Dougherty in Los Angeles. On the morning Grace came to visit, Gladys told her that she had some stunning news. She revealed that Charles Stanley Gifford—the man with whom she'd begun having an affair before she was divorced from Edward Mortenson so long ago—was Norma Jeane's father. Of course, as the story goes, Gladys had told Gifford that he was the baby's father seventeen years earlier when she got pregnant, but he refused to believe her. Grace was not surprised by Gladys's revelation. The two women had talked about Gifford in the past and Grace had her suspicions, but this was the first time Gladys actually confirmed them.

So what was going on in Gladys's head? What was her motivation behind confiding in Grace? It's not far-fetched that she hoped Grace would tell Norma Jeane the news and that her daughter would then track down Gifford and inform him that he was her father. Then, in Gladys's fantasy, Gifford's response would be to acknowledge his beautiful daughter and decide to start a new life with her. Once father and daughter were at long last united, who would be missing in the equation? Gladys, of course—the mother. Indeed, it would seem that Gladys found a way of possibly enrolling someone entirely new, someone yet to be approached—Charles Stanley Gifford—to get her released from the sanitarium.

After leaving Gladys, Grace didn't know how to proceed with the news. Should she tell Norma Jeane? The girl was finally happy. What would this news do to her? Should she keep it to herself? Truly, she was in a quandary. She decided to talk to her close friend Ethel—Jim Dougherty's mother and Marilyn's mother-in-law.

Ethel was certain that Norma Jeane needed the information. "She deserves to know the truth," she said, according to one account. "But what if it's not true?" Grace wondered. "Can we trust what Gladys says? And how will it affect Norma Jeane?" Ethel was certain that Norma Jeane needed to hear Gladys's news, true or not. "It should come from you," Grace told Ethel. "I think it really should come from a family member."

Of course, Norma Jeane was surprised when Ethel told her that her father was a man named Charles Stanley Gifford. "She had mixed emotions, as I recall it," Martin Evans said, according to what Jim Dougherty had told him. "She was afraid of contacting him, but she knew she had to do it."

On February 1, 1943, Norma Jeane wrote to Grace Goddard and told her that she was looking forward to actually meeting with Gifford. She'd fantasized about her father her entire life, she wrote, and felt certain that he would want to know her as well. After conducting some research, she located two former employees at Consolidated Studios who had known Gifford and from them got his telephone number. Then one night, with Jim and his mother, Ethel, at her side, Norma Jeane nervously made the call.

"This is Norma Jeane," she said, a tremulous quality in her voice. "I'm Gladys Baker's daughter." A few seconds later, she put down the receiver. "He hung up on me," she said. She began to cry. Jim tried to console her, but, of course, it was difficult.

"That was a real blow, Jim told me," said Martin Evans. "A real blow."

Today, Charles Stanley Gifford Jr., who is eighty-five, refuses to believe that story. "It never happened," he insists. "That sounds like fiction—something she [Marilyn Monroe] created. She made up all kinds of fanciful stories about her life. What I think is that she *told* people she was making that call, and she even *dialed* some number and called *someone*, but it wasn't my father. My father would not have hung up on her. He would have wanted to know more about her, about Gladys. I think she made it up, stood there, dialed a phone... then made the whole thing up in front of witnesses."

"She was disappointed," Jim Dougherty said many years later—and he was actually present at the call. "Gifford missed a good chance to be a father. I didn't have much respect for him, obviously. I just gave Norma Jeane some t.l.c. and she eventually came out of it alright. But it was sad."

Trouble in Paradise

Always in the back of their minds was the reality that their marriage was not a love match, which was doubtless one of the primary reasons why Jim and Norma Jeane Dougherty decided early on not to have children. In fact, Norma Jeane was very much afraid of being a mother. She was just seventeen and, as she later put it, “terrified of the thought that I would become pregnant. Women in my family had always made such a mess of mothering.” Later she would say that she always had a certain amount of dread that the marriage would end, Jim would take off, and “there would be this little girl in a blue dress and white blouse living in her ‘aunt’s’ house, washing dishes, being last in the bath water on Saturday night.”

In the spring of 1943, Jim Dougherty joined the Merchant Marine. He was soon assigned to Catalina Island, just a short cruise ship ride away from Los Angeles. Therefore, he and Norma Jeane were able to take an apartment on the island. The Dougherty marriage was in trouble by the time the couple got to Catalina, though. Norma Jeane was popular there with her little bathing suits and big smile—and he didn’t like it. Also, she began to drink alcohol—though not to excess—and that bothered him too, mostly because he was afraid that it might cloud her judgment and cause her to be unfaithful. He needn’t have worried, though. “My fidelity was due to my lack of interest in sex,” she would later explain.

It’s interesting that Norma Jeane referred to a trip she and Gladys took to Catalina in a three-page letter to her half sister, Berniece. (The trip obviously occurred sometime before Gladys was institutionalized.) Responding to the first letter Berniece had sent her, she wrote from Catalina Island. In part, she wrote:

“I just can’t tell you how much you look like mother.... Aunt Ana [Lower] said that she could see a slight resemblance between you and I and that you looked more like my mother than I did. I have my mother [*sic*] eyes and forehead and hairline but the rest of me is like my dad. I don’t know if you have ever heard of Catalina Island... my mother brought me over for the summer when I was about seven yr. old. I remember going to the Casino to a dance with her, of course I didn’t dance, but she let me sit on the side and watch her, and I remember it was way after my bedtime too... the Maritime Services held a big dance at the same Casino and Jimmie and I went. It was the funniest feeling to be dancing on that same floor ten years later.”

She continued, asking Berniece if she and her husband, Paris, would come out to California, and proceeded to give advice on what type of military service Paris should apply for: “the Maritime Service... so a person can disenroll honorably on his own accord and can go about and do pretty much the way he pleases.”

She ended the letter with, “I do hope you will write to me and tell me all about yourself.... With much love, Norma Jeane. P.S. Thank you again for the picture... everyone... asks, ‘Who’s that nice looking couple?’ and of course I explain proudly that that is my sister and her husband.”

After a year, Jim was transferred to the western Pacific. Despite any problems in the union, saying goodbye to him was still difficult on the day he set sail from San Pedro, California. Norma Jeane tried to be strong in the face of what must have seemed like yet another abandonment in her life, and for the most part she put up a brave front. She moved in with Jim’s parents again and waited for word from her husband.

During this time, Norma Jeane Dougherty got her first job, at a place called Radioplane. Located in Burbank, the company manufactured drones, small planes that flew by remote control and were used as targets for war training. Her job was to spray varnish on the pieces that constituted each plane’s assembly. “It wasn’t an easy job,” said Anna DeCarlo, whose mother also worked at Radioplane at the same time. “The hours were long, sometimes up to twelve hours a day. The varnish was smelly. It got in her hair and all over her hands and was impossible to wash away. She was late for work a lot. In fact, she started getting a reputation of being late for everything, all the time. However, she was very popular with the other employees. She was known as being very empathetic, someone you could go to with your problems.”

With Jim gone so much of the time, Norma Jeane couldn’t help but feel lonely. Therefore, at the end of October 1944 she decided to take all of the money she had earned at Radioplane and go on a trip by rail, first to meet her sister, Berniece, now twenty-five, who had moved to Detroit by this time, and then to see Grace Goddard in Chicago. For Norma Jeane to finally be able to meet her sibling was almost unbelievable to her. She had anticipated it for so long, and the time had finally come. When she got to Detroit she was met at the train station by Berniece, her daughter Mona Rae, and husband, Paris. Paris’s sister, Niobe, was also there to meet Norma Jeane.

“Norma Jeane had written to tell me what kind of outfit she would be wearing and what color it would be,” Berniece recalled. “Paris and Niobe and I walked out to the tracks and stood waiting while the train screeched to a stop. I wondered which one of us would recognize her first, or if we might possibly miss her. Well, there was no chance of missing her! All the passengers stepping off looked so ordinary, and then all of a sudden, there was this tall gorgeous girl. * All of us shouted at once. None of the other passengers looked anything like that: tall, so pretty and fresh, and wearing what she had described, a cobalt blue wool suit and a hat with a heart shaped dip in the brim.”

The visit was a good one, not surprisingly. The two sisters got to know one another and spent a great deal of time talking about family history, trying to put together the pieces of stories they’d heard, and looking at photos of relatives. While studying pictures of Gladys—so beautiful in her youth—Berniece wondered what she looked like now. Norma Jeane said she was “still fairly pretty,” but also told her that Gladys never smiled. She also allowed that Gladys was “a stranger” to her. “Part of me wants to be with her,” she said, “and part of me is afraid of her.”

They also talked about Berniece’s father, Jasper, the man who had taken her and her brother from Gladys so long ago and raised them with a new wife. As it turned out, Berniece confessed, she and her father weren’t close either. She cited his drinking problem as an issue. She also said that she loved her stepmother very much—the woman who had raised her in Gladys’s stead.

The pleasant visit was abruptly ended when Norma Jeane learned that her husband had an unexpected leave. So she raced off to see Grace in Chicago before returning to Van Nuys. It’s interesting to note that Norma Jeane was at this time sending money to her “Aunt” Grace because apparently Grace and Doc had run into financial difficulties. Norma Jeane certainly wasn’t making much at her job, but somehow she found a way to be generous with her salary to someone who had loved her very much over the years. It’s also noteworthy that she seemed to forgive Grace for abandoning her when she and her family moved to Virginia without her. By this time, Norma Jeane probably knew that life has its complex twists and turns and people don’t always get what they want—and that forgiveness is key to getting on with the business of living.

It was when Norma Jeane returned to California from this trip that her entire world was changed by a fluke moment, in a dramatic way that neither she nor anyone in her life could ever have imagined.

Overnight Success

At the end of 1944, when Norma Jeane Dougherty returned to work after her vacation, she and a few other women who worked with her were asked to pose for photographs by a military unit that was making a film for army training purposes. The pictures would also appear in a government magazine called *Yank*. She wasn't at all sure that she could do it, but she knew she wanted to try. For many years, Grace Goddard had told her that she was pretty, that she was special, and that one day she would be in show business. Of course, this wasn't exactly show business. However, it was definitely exciting. On the day that the photographers, including one named David Conover, came to take her picture in her work clothes—drab gray slacks and a green blouse—she couldn't have been more thrilled. It came easy to her. She wasn't at all nervous. A single moment can alter a person's entire future, and just such a moment occurred when Conover took his first frame of footage of the voluptuous yet somehow chaste-seeming Norma Jeane. Her life changed in that second. "My own future with Norma Jeane was in jeopardy the moment that army photographer clicked his shutter," Jim Dougherty once observed. "Only I didn't know it."

The phrase "overnight success story" is often used when describing the rapid ascent of certain celebrities to the upper echelons of show business. Often it's just hyperbole. In the case of Norma Jeane Mortensen—soon to be Marilyn Monroe—it happens to be the truth. The story has been told so many times, it can be easily explained by saying that she became popular with photographers and very quickly became an in-demand model. Of course, over the years it has been speculated and even reported as fact that she had sex with these photographers in order to get ahead in the business. But the motivation of the photographers who later claimed to have had romantic relationships with Marilyn has always been suspect. None ever said anything about having sex with her until she became very famous and it was considered quite the conquest to have had this great sex symbol in bed. One by one, though, stories—and even books!—by these photographers have fallen apart over the years when it comes to detail and specificity. For her part, Marilyn always gave the impression that she was not interested in sex during those years. Maybe that was just public relations malarkey on her part—but she was consistent about it just the same. It would be very surprising, say those who knew her well, to find that she actually slept with photographers in order to advance in the business. After all, it's not as if she wasn't beautiful enough to make it on her appearance alone. In fact, she became successful enough to soon be signed by a modeling agency, which sent her out on even more interviews for work. By the spring of 1946, she had appeared on more than thirty magazine covers.

Besides the speed of her success, what was also fascinating about Norma Jeane's first photo sessions was how quickly she seemed to understand the business of modeling. She was very inquisitive about the process and also highly critical of her appearance. For instance, she asked David Conover questions about lighting, about different camera lenses, about how he coaxed his models into giving their best performances. In meetings with him after the sessions, she would study the contact sheets with the kind of careful scrutiny one might expect from a professional model. She wanted to know what she'd done wrong if an exposure didn't meet with her approval. If her appearance didn't meet her high standards, the picture was rejected. Every single shot had to be perfect, or she would not be happy with it.

Maybe it's not that surprising that Norma Jeane was so intuitive about her appearance on film. After all, from a very early age, she had been attempting to win the favor of others. If Ida loved her enough, maybe she would allow her to call her mother. If she was good enough, maybe Gladys would want her too. If she was pretty enough, maybe she would be praised by Grace. The whole concept of how she was being received by others had always been foremost on her mind, fueled by her insecurity. She had been studying other people for years—those with whom she trafficked in her life, to see what they had to do to gain acceptance in the world, as well as those she didn't know in movie magazines, to see what made them so special. Now, at the age of eighteen, she could step outside of herself and view herself as if she were a separate entity. Without even realizing it, she was making an art of communicating human emotion in photographs.

At the same time Norma Jeane's exciting new modeling career was unfolding, Jim Dougherty was overseas on duty. He would have preferred it if she had been home alone, pining for him. In fact, he wrote her a very stern letter telling her that modeling was fine and good temporarily, but that as soon as he got home he expected her to get pregnant and have a family, "and you're going to settle down. You can only have one career, and a woman can't be two places at once." It was interesting that now that she had found something she enjoyed, he had unilaterally decided that they were going to have a baby.

Jim's mother, Ethel, who had always been an ally for Norma Jeane, also disapproved of her modeling. Not only did she keep her son up to date on Norma Jeane's activities (and in a way that probably made them seem like trouble in the making), but she also made it clear to her daughter-in-law that what she was doing was unseemly and could create problems in her marriage. Norma Jeane responded by moving out of the Dougherty house and back into the lower half of her aunt Ana Lower's duplex. Now more than ever, she was proving herself to be the strong, self-reliant girl Ida Bolender had tried to mold. She knew what she had to do, and she was going to do it. When Jim returned on leave in the spring of 1945, he found that he was no longer the center of Norma Jeane's world. She was busy. She didn't need him. She still loved him—maybe—but she no longer felt that she needed him to survive. The dynamic had changed between them, and he didn't like it at all.

Gladys Is Released

Gladys Baker had tried everything she could to be released from Agnews State Hospital in San Jose. Finally, in August of 1945, doctors decided that she could be discharged. The condition was that she spend a year with her aunt Dora Graham in Oregon. Norma Jeane didn't know what to make of her mother's release. She knew that Gladys still wasn't well. Her few visits with her—one at the hospital and one over lunch with Aunt Ana—had been not at all good. Berniece was much more excited about Gladys's return to the outside world. She equated it with the good news that the war had ended that same month and called Gladys's release her "personal miracle." Of course, Berniece didn't know Gladys at all. She had romanticized about her over the years and hoped to have a relationship with her. Norma Jeane had actually gone through the troubling experience that was Gladys Baker, so she was more realistic.

Soon after Gladys was released, she became completely immersed in Christian Science, which had been recommended to her by Aunt Ana, a practitioner of the faith. Christian Scientists believe in the power of prayer as the cure for emotional and physical ailments. The sect is controversial and has been so ever since it was founded by Mary Baker Eddy in 1908. Gladys could not stop reading the many books given her by Ana about the faith. It seemed to be the only thing in which she was truly interested.

Gladys's fascination with the Christian Science doctrine made sense. After all, she had known for years that no matter what people said or did, they couldn't fix her—doctors couldn't, friends couldn't, even her own mother couldn't. Perhaps she thought that by poring over Christian Science books, she might discover a certain secret or fact and then finally she would be happy.

Also at this time, Gladys began wearing a white uniform, white stockings, and white shoes every day as if she were a nurse. She never explained why, and her family could never figure it out. Perhaps she had idealized the nurses she'd known at the sanitarium and thought they led good lives. After all, they were free to leave at the end of the day and be with their loved ones while she and the rest of the patients had to remain locked up. Or maybe she just viewed the nurses as powerful and in command—as she never had been in her own life. As soon as she was out, she began taking temporary jobs in convalescent homes. Norma Jeane found it disconcerting that her mother was tending to people in any kind of medical setting. Others, like Dora, actually hoped Gladys would become a practical nurse, now that she had finally gotten the freedom she so longed for.

Gladys's Plea to Norma Jeane

In December 1945, Jim Dougherty returned from his tour of duty for the Christmas holidays. He had been gone for eighteen months. In that time, things between him and Norma Jeane had definitely changed, and he knew it as soon as she greeted him at the train station. "She was an hour late," he recalled. "She told me she had a modeling job, and that was her excuse, which didn't exactly make me happy. She embraced me and kissed me, but it was a little cool. I had two weeks off before resuming shipboard duties along the California coast, but I don't think we had more than three or four nights together during that time. She was busy modeling, earning good money. It was my first inkling of her ambition."

Norma Jeane wasn't totally finished with her marriage. She still hoped that she would wake up one day to find that Jim had had a sudden change of heart. "Yes, yes, yes," he would tell her in her fantasy. "I get it now. I understand. And yes, I approve of your career!" Perhaps she hoped for just such a reaction when she showed him her recent photos taken by a rather famous photographer named André de Dienes. She hoped he would like them—she knew they were very good—and perhaps they might convince him that she had found her calling. She also displayed some of the many magazine covers on which she had appeared of late. She was keeping a scrapbook, which she also proudly displayed, thumbing through the pages and explaining where each photo was taken and for what purpose. By this time, she had even been doing pinup modeling in bathing suits—which she must have known wouldn't make him very happy. The cumulative effect of all of this accomplishment was impressive even to her, as perhaps it would have been to most people, considering how many covers she had racked up in such a short time—how could her husband not be amazed at her achievements? How could he not want her to continue? How could he not want her... to be happy?

"So far as I was concerned, she was turning into another human being," he later recalled. "She showed me the pictures, her new dresses and shoes—as if I cared about such things. She was proud of her new popularity at Blue Book [the modeling agency with which she had signed] and she expected me to be, too." Jim's lackluster reaction did not bode well for him or his marriage. Norma Jeane was disappointed and couldn't understand why he wouldn't at least try to act as if he were happy for her.

Jim felt that he needed time alone with his wife so that he could talk to her and try to resolve some of their issues—in other words, get her to acquiesce to his desire that she quit her career. He decided that the two of them should drive to Oregon and visit Gladys at her Aunt Dora's home. Norma Jeane agreed, though reluctantly. She knew she had to see her mother, but she also knew that every time she had done so in the past she had regretted it. She also probably had ambivalent feelings about being alone in a car with her husband for so many days, especially since they were not getting along.

The visit did not go well, according to Jim. "My first encounter with Gladys was a little of a shock," he later recalled. "She didn't seem to connect with me at all. Her mind was out in left field somewhere." Jim also was surprised at how much Gladys and Norma Jeane resembled each other. "You could almost see what Norma Jeane was going to look like when she got to be that age. Gladys was a pretty woman. With proper makeup and her hair done, she would have been a gorgeous person."

Gladys sat upright in a wicker chair and was completely unresponsive when he and Norma Jeane walked into the room. She was wearing a white nylon dress and blouse and white stockings and shoes—her "nurse's uniform." Norma Jeane knelt at her mother's feet and held her delicate hands, gazing into her vacant eyes, trying to divine what it was she was thinking, how she felt about seeing her.

"How are you, Mother? Are you happy to finally be out?" she asked her, somewhat tentatively.

Gladys smiled absently.

Still on her knees in front of her mother, Norma Jeane tried to fill the void by talking about her recent trip to see Berniece. "She can't wait to come and see you, Mother," she told Gladys. However, it didn't matter what anecdote Norma Jeane relayed, nothing seemed to interest her mother. "Mother, please," Norma Jeane said, a searching expression on her face. Gladys answered her plea with total silence. But then, suddenly, Gladys tightened her grip on Norma Jeane's hands, leaned in, and whispered in her ear that she wanted to come and live with her.

Norma Jeane looked at her, a startled expression lingering on her face. She didn't know how to respond. Truly, that was the last thing she'd expected, or even wanted. She was getting ready to leave an old life—her marriage—behind, and, hopefully, begin a new one—her career. Gladys represented a huge responsibility. No doubt, if the two had enjoyed a warm relationship over the years, she would have been much more inclined to take on such a burden. However, this woman before her was one she didn't know at all, and was also unstable and unpredictable. Yet, still, she was her mother. Quick tears came to Norma Jeane's eyes. She let go of Gladys's hands and stood up. "We have to go now, Mother," she said, gathering her coat while shooting Jim a desperate look. "I'm going to leave you Aunt Ana's address and phone number, so you know where I am. Call me anytime." Then, with tears by now streaming down her face, she bent down and kissed Gladys on the forehead. Gladys had no reaction. Norma Jeane and Jim turned and walked away.

The days driving back to Los Angeles were spent quietly, Norma Jeane deep in thought and terribly unhappy. The trip certainly did not go as Jim had planned. He didn't have the chance to really talk to Norma Jeane about his concerns relating to their marriage and her career. However, when they got back to Aunt Ana's, it all came out. "I've had enough of this modeling business," he told Norma Jeane, putting his foot down. "I'm not going to put up with it another moment. Here's what's going to happen. When I get back here in April on my next leave, I want you back in our own house. And I want you to have made up your mind that you're finished with this silliness, and then we're going to have children. Do you understand, Norma Jeane?" She nodded, but didn't say a word. She would later recall her heart pounding so much that evening, she couldn't sleep. A photographer had given her a bottle of prescription sleeping pills in case she was unable to get a good night's sleep before a session, but she was afraid to take them.

Jim Gets a Surprise: Gladys

The first four months of 1946 were busy. Norma Jeane, now almost twenty, had never worked so hard. All of the photographers who took her picture were amazed at how well they came out, and it was clear that she was no longer a novice. She'd known what she wanted in terms of results from the very beginning. Now she was getting those results. She was working nonstop—so much so that one friend, Jacquelyn Cooper, wondered if perhaps she was sleeping with the photographers. “I said she could tell me because I won't breathe a word of it if you're having affairs with these fellows,” she recalled. “She said, ‘Absolutely not!’ And what did I think she was? Very bothered, like that, like I'd hurt her feelings even wondering if she was sleeping with these fellows. In fact, she was so bothered she didn't pay attention to me for days.”

“Men who tried to buy me with money made me sick,” Marilyn recalled years later. “There were plenty of them. The mere fact that I turned down offers ran my price up.”

She was working a great deal. But she confided in one photographer that she would sometimes, as she put it, “get down in the dumps.” She said that she would have “dark moods that came from nowhere.” In those times, she said, it was as if she “didn't have the answers to anything.” These particular comments from her are interesting because they call to mind what her grandmother, Della, and mother, Gladys, used to call “the doldrums.” But perhaps the following terribly prophetic statement says it best about Marilyn's dark mood swings during this time in her life: “Yes, there was something special about me, and I knew what it was. I was the kind of girl they found dead in a hall bedroom with an empty bottle of sleeping pills in her hand. But things weren't entirely black—not yet. When you're young and healthy you can plan on Monday to commit suicide, and by Tuesday you're laughing again.”

During this time, while Jim was away and she was working with a series of different photographers, something else happened that would change things for Norma Jeane and, in a lot of ways, for future generations of admirers. It occurred in February 1946. At the suggestion of her agent, Emmeline Snively, Norma Jeane had her hair first straightened and then stripped of its chestnut brown color and changed to a shade of golden blonde. It was all in preparation for a shampoo print advertisement. Now, more than ever, Norma Jeane Baker Mortensen Dougherty was starting to look very much like Jean Harlow. But more important, she began to look like another great screen star, one of the greatest, in fact, of all time. She began to look like Marilyn Monroe. The transformation was almost complete. Norma Jeane Mortensen was almost a woman of the past, certainly as far as her husband was concerned.

In April, Jim returned from duty—as he had promised. However, Norma Jeane did not meet him at San Pedro Bay—as she had promised. Upset, he jumped into a taxi and went straight to the small house that the couple shared in Van Nuys. After paying the cabbie, he walked toward the home and noticed the drapes open. He peeked in. All of the furniture seemed to be in place. He caught a glimpse of Norma Jeane walking by. Apparently, she had done what he had demanded. She was there, at least. Now he might have a chance to talk some sense into her, and perhaps save his marriage. He must have been relieved. However, any sense of relief was to be short-lived. Jim Dougherty put his key into the lock and opened the door. And there she stood.

Not Norma Jeane.

Gladys.

How Gladys Lost Her Children

She's been through so much in her life," Norma Jeane told Jim. "I can't put her out on the street."

"But she's crazy," Jim said in protest.

"If you'd been through what she's been through, maybe you'd be crazy, too."

Norma Jeane had a great deal of empathy for her mother because she was privy to a story only those closest to the family knew. It was the story of how Gladys's children—Norma Jeane's half brother and sister—were kidnapped.

Back in 1922, Gladys Baker—who was twenty-two, just two years older than Norma Jeane was in 1946—had already married and divorced Jasper, her first husband. She now had custody of their children, Berniece and little Jackie. However, Jasper was concerned about his ex-wife's behavior, claiming that she was unfit due to her overactive social life and her heavy drinking. Despite his concerns, Jasper left Los Angeles and headed for his native Kentucky, vowing to return to check in on his children.

Months later, he arrived unexpectedly at his mother-in-law Della's home and found the children alone with her. He easily tracked Gladys down at a speakeasy a few blocks away. Gladys didn't see him, though, when he arrived at and then left the smoke-filled "diner." A few minutes later, one of the other revelers mentioned to Gladys that he had just seen her ex-husband. It was impossible, Gladys said, because Jasper wasn't even in town. "But I could've sworn I just saw him," her friend said. The moment hung awkwardly. Gladys shrugged and returned to her tipsy afternoon with the fellows. To hear her later recall the incident to relatives, she had convinced herself, at least for a short time, that her friend was mistaken. Yet, as she sipped on her drink, she grew concerned that maybe Jasper *had* been skulking around. As she sat thinking, her mind became flooded with terrible memories of their troubled relationship. He had told her on more occasions than she could count that she wasn't fit to be a mother. It didn't take long before Gladys's worry built to the point where she simply had to leave the diner and return home to make sure her children were safe.

As she reached her block, she began sprinting toward her home, her youth apparent as she flew down the street. When she finally got to the house, she stopped dead in her tracks. On the front steps stood her mother, Della, smoking a cigarette and weeping. Gladys bolted up the steps and burst through the front door. Her children were gone.

The first few weeks without her son and daughter were a confusing period for Gladys Baker. After she contacted Jasper's family and they convinced her that he had not returned to Kentucky, she set out on foot to find him and her two children. First she headed to San Diego, where he had once mentioned he might find work as a longshoreman. Thus began a four-month-long odyssey of hitchhiking, cheap motels, and the obligatory speakeasies that had become Gladys's only social outlet. From the road, she wrote to a cousin, "I am doing what I can. I do not know if it is enough. I don't know how I am getting by." The trip was fruitless. Gladys seemed hardened by her pointless quest, and Della decided that she would never interrogate her daughter about her awful time searching. "It was as if her smile had died," Della told one relative a number of years later. "She always seemed like a child to me before, but when she returned she was a woman. To tell you the truth, I had grown used to arguing with her. But she had no gumption left. She was just a very sad woman."

After Gladys returned to her mother's home, she found a letter from her brother-in-law, Audrey, which had been delivered in her absence. Concerned for her emotional well-being, Audrey confessed in his letter that he'd been concealing vital information from her: His brother, Jasper, had actually been living with their mother for the past four months in Flat Lick, Kentucky—with the children. He suggested that Gladys move on with her life and not attempt to contact Jasper.

Della later recalled watching tears run down Gladys's face as she read Audrey's letter. Although Della tried to lighten her daughter's spirits, there was nothing she could do for her on that day. It was spent mostly in somber silence. That night, before bedtime, Della brought Gladys a large bowl of soup. The next morning, when she went in to awaken her daughter, the dish sat on the nightstand, untouched—and Gladys was gone.

Gladys hitchhiked most of the way to Kentucky, riding the occasional bus when she grew tired of thumbing rides and being passed up. Her first stop was Louisville, where she decided to spend a day putting herself back together. She knew that the months spent traveling had not been kind and she wanted to at least appear well-rested when her children saw her for the first time.

On the day she got to Flat Lick, her plan was to march up to her mother-in-law's front door and demand that her children be handed over to her. They would all then return to Los Angeles and, hopefully, forget the events of recent months. Gladys's intentions to wrench her children from their paternal grandmother's arms did not go as she intended, however. Something had gotten in the way of her plan, something so simple—laughter.

While standing across the street from her mother-in-law's modest home, Gladys watched as Jackie and Berniece playfully chased each other. As the two giggled and ran around the yard, she couldn't help but notice little Jackie's pronounced limp. How well she remembered that injury. It had happened back in 1920, when Jackie was three. While driving from Los Angeles to visit Jasper's mother at this very home, the couple began a fierce argument. Jackie had been sitting in the backseat, unattended. In a moment almost too terrible to imagine, the toddler tumbled out of their 1909 Ford Model T roadster, a doorless vehicle, while his parents were busy arguing. When they finally arrived in Kentucky with the injured child, Jasper's family was of course horrified and wanted to know what in the world could have happened. Even though Jasper had been the one at the wheel, he told everyone that his negligent wife had been responsible for the accident because she'd not been properly minding their child. For her part, Gladys was already distraught because of what had occurred, and to now be solely blamed for it by Jasper was almost more than she could bear. She couldn't fathom that the man she so loved had turned against her that way. Meanwhile, young Jackie had suffered a serious hip injury, from which he would never fully recover.

Now the boy's limp was a reminder of his terrible accident. Gladys watched her children for a bit, unnoticed. They seemed so happy in the large yard with a tire swing amid what appeared to be acres of woods surrounding the home. Gladys turned and walked away, unseen.

However, she simply couldn't leave Kentucky without her children. But how would she ever be able to retrieve them from the place they currently called home? She knew that her deficiency as a mother would be Jasper's primary defense for having taken Jackie and Berniece. If she were going to get them back, she saw only two options. She could steal them—just as Jasper had done. Or she could prove that she was a new woman. If Jasper and his

family saw her as someone capable of caring for her children, maybe they would willingly allow her to take them. So, for a time, Gladys would begin a new life in Louisville.

Within weeks, she had altered her appearance dramatically, wearing simpler, more matronly attire. She also began to go without makeup, something she hadn't done for many years. Her toned-down appearance may have helped her land the precise position she sought. She was hired as a nanny for a well-off couple, Margaret and John "Jack" Cohen, on the outskirts of town. This job would not simply be a way for her to survive financially, it would afford her the opportunity to become the kind of woman she hoped her ex-husband would approve of, a woman worthy of being called a mother.

The Cohens were a happily married couple, and their daughter, Norma Jeane, was a well-behaved three-year-old child. The new Gladys was, in this family's mind, the ideal caretaker, treating their daughter as if she were her own. However, Gladys's only goal was to one day regain custody of her own children.

Months later, when she believed her transformation had been completed, she knocked on the Bakers' front door. Her mother-in-law answered, with only a few awkward words spoken through the crack in the door. When her ex-husband appeared, he asked Gladys to come into the house. As she entered, she saw a wide-eyed little girl standing by the kitchen. However, before Gladys even had a chance to say hello, the youngster's grandmother grabbed the girl and disappeared with her into another room.

Gladys's meeting with Jasper was strained, her attempts to present herself as an improved woman falling on deaf ears. Jasper was firm in his position that she would not get the children back, no matter what she said or did to convince him that she had changed. She asked if she could at least visit them. Jasper said she could see Berniece, but not little Jackie. After months of being in agonizing pain, the boy was now in a hospital and there was no telling how long he would have to remain there. Jasper reminded Gladys that her neglect was primarily to blame for the child's desperate condition. Devastated, Gladys then spent a short time with Berniece before her ex-mother-in-law asked her to leave.

Now, back in the home of the perfect family with the perfect child, things felt different to her. She no longer saw the Cohens as role models. In fact, their very existence seemed to mock her inability to change, to truly alter the woman she had once been and become someone new, someone respectable. "Each idyllic day with that family was another dagger in Gladys's broken heart," says a cousin of hers interviewed for this book. "She couldn't help but mourn the loss of what once was, what could have been."

While Gladys did her best to appear as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred during her weekend away—supposedly with her aunt—her sinking mood made that impossible. As had happened so many times in her past, she slipped into the dark place that was by now all too familiar to her. The progress she had made, the many joyful scenarios she had imagined, the hope she once had—all of it was gone. The "new" Gladys Baker was dying a slow death.

The First Norma Jeane

It's been written in countless Marilyn Monroe biographies that Gladys Baker's baby, Norma Jeane, was named after the actress Jean Harlow. However, this can't be true, since Jean Harlow's real name was Harlean Carpenter and wasn't changed until 1928, two years after Gladys gave birth. Other accounts have it that the child was named after another actress, Norma Shearer. Still others insist it was Norma Talmadge. None of this is true. In the 1960s, Gladys explained the derivation to Rose Anne Cooper, a young nurse's aide at the Rock Haven Sanitarium.

After her failed attempt to regain custody of Jackie and Berniece, Gladys returned to the Cohen household. The Cohens' three-year-old daughter whom Gladys had been helping to raise for the last year was named... Norma Jeane. It would be with *this* little girl that Gladys would finally achieve what had been expected of her with her own children. Each and every day of the year she was with her, Gladys made it her priority to see to it that the tot was nourished, entertained—loved. However, after Gladys's return from Flat Lick without her own children, things began to shift. In the simplest terms, her mind had begun to fail her. She was just twenty-three.

When Gladys's problem became apparent to the Cohens, they were alarmed, and with good reason. Here's the story, as passed down in the Cohen family:

One evening after a dinner date, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen found their child alone in the nursery. She was hysterical and the sheets were soiled, suggesting that she'd been left unattended for quite some time. When they finally found Gladys, she was crouched on the floor behind a grand piano, her knees pulled in to her chest. Her eyes were closed as she spoke quietly to herself. She was visibly upset, tears streaming down her cheeks. After a moment, she looked at Mrs. Cohen and said, "Are they gone?"

"Is who gone, Gladys?" replied the missus.

"The men."

Gladys then explained that she had seen a group of men sneaking about the house for the previous few days, but she didn't want to worry her employers.

At first the couple were deeply concerned for their own safety. However, as Gladys continued to describe her experiences, they began to have a new concern: their nanny's sanity.

Gladys told of odd happenings that were beyond reason. She said she went to retrieve something from a cabinet under the kitchen counter and found there was a man lying inside it. Another man had walked into an upstairs bathroom, she said, and when she finally got the nerve to follow him in there, he was nowhere to be found.

The Cohens had a problem on their hands—a problem that needed to be dealt with quickly.

Gladys Baker lasted a few more days—though never alone with the child—before her employers made her termination official. At that time Gladys was weaving in and out of lucidity, appearing at one moment to be just fine, and the next claiming that she heard a voice. Indeed, there were many voices—but the voices were never really there.

Gladys's dismissal was a civilized procedure, with the Cohens claiming they no longer needed a nanny.

But what about little Norma Jeane? The child had been the only constant for Gladys while she was in Kentucky during this very difficult time, and she couldn't bear the thought of leaving her. For a time, as she later told Rose Anne Cooper, she considered taking Norma Jeane back to Los Angeles with her to start a new life. However, she couldn't bring herself to do it. She had experienced the misery of losing her own children and said she couldn't inflict that kind of pain on Margaret Cohen.

After packing her things the night before she was to depart the household, Gladys recalled that she sat in her room alone. Her minimal belongings now stuffed into a tattered satchel, she crept down the dark hallway and quietly let herself into the nursery. She sat on Norma Jeane's bed and stroked the child's hair. She then kissed her on the forehead before tucking her back in. After gathering the rest of her things in the dark of night, Gladys Baker then disappeared from the Cohen family's life.

Jim's Ultimatum

But we only have two rooms here,” Jim told Norma Jeane when he was told that Gladys would be staying with them. “Where are we going to put her?”
“Um...”

Jim took a quick look around the house. Something didn't seem quite right. There were no flowers in the vase on the table, and he knew Norma Jeane loved keeping them there to add color to the small surroundings. There were no magazines on the coffee table, and he knew she liked their guests to have something to thumb through while she fetched coffee for them. In fact, the place looked as if no one was really living there. As he scanned the room, his eye caught a framed photograph of Norma Jeane on the wall, one that he recognized as having been taken by André de Dienes. Of course, this did not make him happy. When he walked over to a closet to hang up his coat, he opened the door to a surprise. There, hanging on a rod, were just a couple of dresses. On the floor, a few pairs of shoes. Obviously, Norma Jeane and Gladys were not living in that house. “What is going on here?” he asked, now very upset.

With Gladys sitting on the bed observing everything, Jim felt that he couldn't express himself openly, so he and Norma Jeane stepped outside to talk. She explained that she and Gladys had actually been living at Aunt Ana's. She'd had a series of modeling jobs and couldn't leave Gladys alone, and so therefore it was more sensible for them to be living with Ana. “I just didn't think you'd understand, Jimmie,” she concluded. Then she started crying, buckling under the pressure of the moment. Jim had had enough. In fact, he did *not* understand. She had specifically told him she was going to move back into their own home.

“That's it,” he told her. “That's it, Norma Jeane. You have to choose. Me or your career. Your marriage or your career.” And there it was: the ultimatum she had hoped would not be forthcoming, the one he was probably a fool to issue. She didn't say a word. She just stared at him as he walked away.

Final Confrontation

Jim Dougherty was in service in Shanghai at the end of May 1946 when he received the “Dear John” letter. He later said it had come directly from Norma Jeane personally, but actually it was much more impersonal than that: It was written by her lawyer, C. Norma Cornwall, who informed him that she had filed for divorce in Las Vegas. As it happened, Norma Jeane had made up her mind that she wanted the marriage to be ended. She wasn’t sure how to proceed, but she knew of one woman who was always able to think of a solution to any problem: “Aunt” Grace. Of course, Grace had encouraged Norma Jeane into a marriage of convenience, and her plan had worked in that Norma Jeane was spared the misery of another orphanage. Now she was twenty and ready to be free. Grace knew that the quickest way to obtain a divorce was to file in Las Vegas and then live there for the six months it would take for residency to be established and the paperwork to be filed. Conveniently, Grace had an aunt there. So Norma Jeane was off to Las Vegas in early May to begin the process.

The first thing Jim Dougherty did when he got the letter announcing Norma Jeane’s intention was to cut off the stipend that wives of military men received at that time from the government. He was angry. In his view, Norma Jeane had gotten what she wanted and now she was done with him. Certainly he knew what she had gotten out of the deal; he just wasn’t sure how he had benefited from it. In his view, he could have been single for the last few years and enjoying the benefits of being a bachelor in the military. One thing was certain: He wasn’t going to make it easy for his wife to get out of the marriage. He was determined not to sign the papers until he was able to meet with her. He later admitted that he secretly felt he could change her mind if they had sex. Many years later he still wouldn’t admit that the marriage wasn’t perfect. In fact, he began to insist that the reason Norma Jeane filed for divorce was because she was trying to get a movie contract at MGM and was told they’d never sign her if she was married. Why? Because she might get pregnant and the studio’s investment would then be lost. Of course, this wasn’t the case at all. He also said that Norma Jeane later proposed that she “just be my girlfriend” and not his wife in order to placate the studio. Again, not true. In fact, there was never a deal on the table with MGM. Yes, movie studio honchos at the time preferred their new actresses to be single, but this had nothing to do with Norma Jeane’s decision. She was unhappy with him and wanted out of the marriage.

When he returned to the States in June, Jim planned to drive to Las Vegas to meet with Norma Jeane. Much to his surprise, though, she was not in Nevada. She was in Los Angeles at Aunt Ana’s, where she’d been staying. When she answered the door of her apartment in Ana’s duplex, the first thing Jim noticed was Gladys sitting on the bed in the one large room. She looked nervous, as if she thought there might be some sort of confrontation. Norma Jeane apologized for not being able to talk to him at that moment and asked if they could meet at another time. Jim left wondering why she hadn’t apologized for wanting to divorce him. “I was losing most of my determination to hang onto her,” he recalled. “She was no longer the anxious-to-please young woman I married. She was calculating, something she had never been before. She made sure that Gladys would be living there when I made my last appearance—that her mother would have my place in the only bed in that apartment. What she would do with Gladys—a woman who was only capable of looking on passively and putting her trust in God—I couldn’t guess.”

Jim and Norma Jeane met several times over the next few days to try to sort out their problems. At one point, Jim went directly to Ana to appeal to her. He hoped she would talk some “sense” into Norma Jeane. However, he was surprised to learn that she fully supported Norma Jeane’s goals. She had always been Norma Jeane’s great ally. He said later that Ana seemed “awestruck by the very notion that Norma Jeane might be a movie star.” More likely, she was just very enthusiastic about Norma Jeane following her dream. Jim’s appeal to Ana, though, does demonstrate how desperate he was to find a way to save his marriage—but for what reason? “He truly did not want to sign the divorce papers,” says his friend Martin Evans, “but it had gone beyond love. It was now a matter of ego.

“He brought Norma Jeane to my house because he said he wanted a quiet place to talk to her. His mother was always around, or Aunt Ana or Gladys. So I said yes. When they showed up, I could see that she was miserable and didn’t want to talk about it anymore. She had on a floral-print dress, I remember, and her hair was pulled back into a ponytail. To me, she looked beautiful. Jim kept saying, ‘Look at her, Martin. She hasn’t slept in days she’s so upset.’ Didn’t seem that way to me, though. They sat in my living room and I was ready to leave when Jim said, ‘No, stay. Maybe you can help me talk some sense into her.’ I felt very awkward about it, but stayed.”

Once the three were seated, Norma Jeane said, “I think you two are going to gang up on me now. And I don’t like it one bit, Jimmie.”

“We’re not doing that, Norma Jeane,” he said, according to Martin Evans’s memory. “We just want you to know that acting is a tough business. You don’t have the strength for it. I don’t know who you have been talking to at that modeling agency, but they’re filling your head with stupid ideas, Norma Jeane. This isn’t for you.”

Norma Jeane let his words sink in for a moment. Then, before she could respond, Jimmie verbally attacked her. He was angry, he said, because he felt she had used him to stay out of the orphanage and was now finished with him. She then asked him how many times she would have to thank him before they could just go on with their lives. He said she was unstable and, worse, that she had a lot in common with Gladys—suggesting, of course, that they were both mentally ill. With that, Jim stormed out the door leaving Norma Jeane with his friend, Martin. “She sat down and just started crying,” Martin Evans recalled. He said he watched her for a bit, noting how beautiful she was, even in tears.

Finally, she turned to him. “Take me away from here,” Norma Jeane said, standing tall. “Take me away from this place, and take me away from this time.”

Norma Jeane Signs with 20th Century-Fox

She'd heard it from so many photographers, she had to wonder if it was possibly true: "You are made for the movies, Norma Jeane." Indeed, every man who ever took her picture seemed to want to encourage her into the film industry. It wasn't so far-fetched a notion, actually. After all, she was stunning in photographs, her unique essence easily captured by the camera lens. The thought of how her look might translate onto the big screen was a tantalizing one. Still, it was a daunting proposition, especially since she had virtually no acting experience—not even in school plays, where so many professional actresses are able to at least claim some minor experience.

"I don't even know if I can act," she told her Aunt Ana when the two of them discussed the possibility. "Honey, you have been acting your entire life," Ana, who was always very intuitive, told her. "You know what I mean, don't you?" It was true. She had spent her whole life trying to fit in, trying to be better—hoping to be someone who would be accepted. "You can do whatever you set your mind to," Ana had repeatedly told her. "You know, the initials for Christian Science—C.S.—also mean something else." Norma Jeane had to laugh. She had heard this from Ana a thousand times. "Common sense," she said, finishing the woman's thought. "That's right," Ana told her, "and my common sense tells me that if you want to act, you'll act."

Inspired by Ana and the enthusiastic approval of so many others she'd talked to about it during the early months of 1946, Norma Jeane Mortensen began to envision a future for herself in Hollywood. Years later, she would say, "I used to think as I looked out on the Hollywood night, 'There must be thousands of girls sitting alone like me dreaming of becoming a movie star. But I'm not going to worry about them. I'm dreaming the hardest.'"

Prior to Norma Jeane's final decision to divorce Jim, her modeling agent, the very efficient Emmeline Snively, had already begun to look into the possibility of film opportunities for her client. One thing led to another and soon Norma Jeane had an appointment to meet with Ben Lyon, who worked as a recruiter for new talent and director of casting at 20th Century-Fox Studios. Of course, Norma Jeane was extremely nervous, but she managed to screw up the courage to meet with the movie executive on July 17, 1946. He gave her a few pages of the script to *Winged Victory*, a 1944 film based on a successful Moss Hart Broadway play. Norma Jeane managed to get through the reading. Not much is known about it, but she must have been fairly good because Lyon arranged for her to have a film test.

Two days later, Norma Jeane found herself on the 20th Century-Fox lot, on the set of a new Betty Grable movie called *Mother Wore Tights*, where she would make her screen test. In 1946, Fox boasted an impressive list of actresses and actors already under contract. A short list of these luminaries on the lot at that time would include Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power, Betty Grable, Anne Baxter, Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, and Vivian Blaine.

Cinematographer Leon Shamroy would film Norma Jeane's silent screen test. After being fitted into a floor-length crinoline gown, she was told to stand on a set in front of a camera and execute a few simple moves: saunter back and forth, sit on a stool, walk toward a window on the stage set. While she stood before a movie camera for the first time, as nervous and embarrassed as she was, Norma Jeane was suddenly transformed into a woman completely at ease, enormously self-assured, and, more important, radiant in her unrestrained beauty. "I thought, this girl will be another Harlow," Leon Shamroy once recalled of the test. "Her natural beauty plus her inferiority complex gave her a look of mystery. I got a cold chill. This girl had something I hadn't seen since silent pictures. She had a kind of fantastic beauty like Gloria Swanson, and she got sex on a piece of film like Jean Harlow. Every frame of the test radiated sex. She didn't need a sound track, she was creating effects visually. She was showing us she could sell emotions in pictures." It became clear that the studio was interested in her when they asked her to do another screen test, this time in Technicolor. It was just a matter of paperwork before she would sign a deal.

Darryl Zanuck, head honcho at Fox, was not quite as effusive as everyone else who saw Norma Jeane's test, though. (Interestingly, this man would *never* be a fan of hers—even when she was making a fortune for his company.) However, at the beginning, he decided she had enough potential to be signed to a contract—seventy-five dollars a week for six months with an option for the studio to renew at that point for another six, but at double the salary. She would be paid this amount whether she worked or not. It wasn't much, but it was a start, and Norma Jeane was thrilled.

Of course, no one was happier about this sudden turn of events in Norma Jeane's life than her "Aunt" Grace, always Norma Jeane's protector and encourager. She wasn't a star yet, but she'd come far in a short time. At this time, she was just twenty—a year too young to sign a legal contract in California. Therefore, it seemed only fitting that the woman who would cosign the contract with her, on August 24, 1946, would be—Grace Goddard.

Just before the contract with 20th Century-Fox was finalized, Norma Jeane Dougherty was called into Ben Lyon's office. There was a problem: her name. Lyon explained that, in his opinion, her last name was too difficult to pronounce. "People are going to wonder if it's *doe-herty*, or *do-gerty*... or, I don't know," he said, "but it has to be changed. It's too much like a child's," he told her. "We need something that will offset your vulnerability but will have some class to it." How did she feel about that? Norma Jeane didn't really know how to respond. She knew she was divorcing Jim anyway, so she certainly saw no reason to stay wedded to his last name. She agreed. Eventually, she and Lyon settled on Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn after 1920s Broadway actress Marilyn Miller, an actress he said Norma Jeane reminded him of, and also someone he had dated; and Monroe after her mother's family name.

Norma Jeane wasn't sure about the proposed name. However, Lyon was so enthusiastic, she couldn't disagree. "Well," she finally concluded with an amused glint in her eyes, "I guess I'm Marilyn Monroe." *

PART THREE

Marilyn

Marilyn Trying to Understand Gladys

By the summer of 1946, Marilyn's half sister, Berniece Baker Miracle, could wait no longer—she had to meet her mother, Gladys Baker. She had no memory of her at all. She had been just a little girl when Gladys left her in Kentucky all of those years ago. Now that Gladys was out of the hospital, Berniece felt the time had come for a mother-daughter reunion. Marilyn wasn't so sure about it. Gladys had been living with her and Aunt Ana since her release, so Marilyn knew that she really was not well. She seemed totally incapable of expressing love or even warmth, let alone maternal feelings. She was also quite defensive and argumentative. Marilyn didn't want to take the chance that Gladys would say or do something that would hurt Berniece's feelings. "The image in your mind of our mother is much better than the reality of her," she told Berniece. "Maybe you should just leave it be." She didn't want her half sister to be disappointed. However, there was no stopping Berniece. She wanted to see her mother and intended to stay at Aunt Ana's for an extended three-month visit. She would be bringing her small daughter, Mona Rae, along with her. Her husband would stay behind since he would not be able to leave his job for such a long time.

When the day came for Berniece and Mona Rae to arrive from Michigan, Marilyn drove Ana, Grace, and Gladys to the Burbank airport to greet them. The women waited anxiously on the tarmac for the plane to land, anticipating the sight of their relatives. There must have also been a certain amount of apprehension from Marilyn, Ana, and Grace as to how Gladys might react when she saw her long-lost daughter. As soon as Berniece and Mona Rae appeared at the top of the jet plane's metal stairs, Marilyn ran toward them. By the time they were at the bottom of the stairs, Marilyn was embracing them both. When she introduced the two of them to Aunt Ana, the three embraced. Then, of course, Grace hugged Berniece and her daughter. "And this is Mother, Berniece," Marilyn finally said. Turning to Gladys, she said, "And Mother, *this* is Berniece." Berniece would later say she first noticed Gladys's gray hair, which was cut at this time in short curls. She also noted that Gladys stood rigid, her arms downward, and exhibited no emotion. Berniece was completely overwhelmed anyway, and hugged her mother. In response, Gladys placed her arms tentatively around Berniece's waist for a moment and patted her back. The moment hung awkwardly. Of Gladys's meeting with her daughter, Grace Goddard would later write to a cousin, "It looked to me like she was thinking to herself, why is everyone here sharing something and feeling something that I'm not sharing... and I'm not feeling."

Once they were back at Ana's, it was decided that Marilyn would sleep upstairs with Ana while Berniece and Mona Rae would sleep in the downstairs apartment with Gladys. That meant that Berniece and Gladys would be sleeping in the same bed, while Mona Rae slept on a small roll-away cot in the corner. In retrospect, it's easy to see how these arrangements would have been difficult for Gladys. However, it was Marilyn's idea. "She set it up that way specifically because she hoped her mother would bond with Berniece, on some level," one relative explained. "She wanted nothing more than for her mother to *feel* something. She kept waiting for some kind of emotional process to take place in Gladys—and the heartbreaking truth was that it simply was not going to happen."

As the days turned into weeks, Berniece became distressed by how often Gladys was critical of Marilyn's new career. She recalled one incident during which Marilyn was practicing the enunciation of certain words in front of a mirror. "Oh, that's just ridiculous," Gladys told her daughter. "You should be doing something worthwhile with your life. Not this." Marilyn tried to explain that she had to improve the elocution of certain words for her acting classes at the studio, but Gladys just didn't want to hear it.

After witnessing that particular scene, Berniece cornered her mother. "You should be more encouraging to Norma Jeane," she told her. "She's trying so hard to make a go of it, and you're being so difficult." In response, Gladys said something under her breath. Berniece decided to just leave her alone.

Shortly after, Norma Jeane got a scare when she got a call from her agent, Emmeline Snively, telling her, "I just wanted you to know that your mother was here." As it happened, Gladys had woken up that morning, put on her nurse's uniform, called a cab, and was taken to the Ambassador Hotel where Snively's company, the Blue Book Agency, was located. She marched into Snively's office and told her that she was very unhappy about her daughter's career and wanted her to convince Norma Jeane not to continue with it. Snively was a little surprised, but she handled it well. She said that it was a matter between a mother and daughter, not an agent and client, and that Gladys should take it up with Norma Jeane. Gladys left, but not before telling Snively, "It's very wrong for you to allow young girls to come in here and ruin their lives with picture-taking." When Snively later explained all of this to Norma Jeane, the young lady was, of course, embarrassed and upset. Gladys had asked her who was helping her with her career and Norma Jeane had mentioned Snively, but she couldn't believe that Gladys had had the presence of mind to track her down and then talk to her. That evening, she and Gladys had a contentious exchange about it, ending with Norma Jeane telling her mother to "never interfere with my career again." Gladys said, "Fine, if that's the way you want it. Do what you want to do. See if I care." She then went to her room and slammed the door so loud it echoed throughout the household. "Why is she so angry all the time?" Berniece wondered.

The only time Gladys seemed to really become invested in anything was when Ana would take all of the women in the household to Christian Science services on Sunday. Gladys's intense interest in Christian Science had not wavered since her release from the sanitarium. The subject of mind over matter fascinated her; it was as if she knew she could not manage her life and wanted to do whatever she could to seize back some control over it. At the same time, Ana and Marilyn would stay up into the early morning hours reading from Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health*, the most important Christian Science book. Marilyn had been interested in the belief system before her marriage to Jim Dougherty, and when the marriage collapsed she turned back to it. One person who would later know Gladys at a home in which she spent some time in the 1970s has an interesting theory about Marilyn's devotion to Christian Science:

"She had always been a student of human interaction, if you think about it: how people reacted to her if she was one way, how they would be drawn to her if she was another way. What did she have to do to make people love her? She had made a study of all this. I think it was because she always knew her mother's mind was not right. And I think she knew that she may very well have a predisposition for the same kinds of mental problems, too, because her grandmother and her mother both experienced similar fates. So the whole concept that there was a way of understanding the human brain and changing your life by changing your mind appealed to her. It was as if she was hoping to get in on the ground floor of something big, as if she was saying, 'If I study this now and know all about this by the time I'm at the age when Mother started to flip out, maybe I'll be able to control it better than she did.' I think she always feared she had a ticking time bomb inside her."

Interestingly, at this same time—the summer of 1946—Gladys sent a series of letters to Margaret Cohen in Kentucky, the woman whose child, Norma Jeane, she raised for one year in 1922. That child was now twenty-seven years old. Gladys wrote that she wanted to see the girl because, as she put it in one of the letters, "my own daughters do not understand me, nor are they willing to try." The Cohen family found Gladys's letters disturbing. First of all, they couldn't imagine how she had tracked them down. They'd moved to a different town since she worked for them so many years earlier. Secondly,

they received five letters in just one week, all rambling missives about wanting to see Norma Jeane. Then they were dismayed by all of the Christian Science literature Gladys included in her correspondence. In one of these letters, she mentioned Marilyn's career. "I am sorry to say that my own Norma Jean [*sic*] has decided on the moving picture business as a career. I am very much opposed to this. However, whenever I mention it to her, she raises her hand in my face and tells me that she doesn't want to hear about it and that it is none of her mother's business. I would love to have a child who values my opinion but that is not what I have in Norma Jean." The Cohen family decided against responding to any of Gladys's letters.

It wasn't all angst in the household during Berniece's long stay at Aunt Ana's. There were some good times. For instance, Marilyn couldn't wait to show her half sister the screen test she made for Fox. She arranged for her to have a private screening of it at the studio. There were other light moments as well. Sometimes the entire family would go out to dinner together. On weekends, Marilyn would drive them around Los Angeles on sightseeing excursions to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, the Farmer's Market, the homes of certain celebrities (maps sold by youngsters on street corners were usually accurate in pinpointing these addresses, much to the chagrin of the stars), and other West Coast locales she thought they'd be interested in, including the beach. There are actually quite a few photographs of the women at Santa Monica beach. Marilyn and Berniece would chatter incessantly during these day trips; they got along famously. Meanwhile, Ana and Grace would try to engage Gladys in conversation. Sometimes, they were successful, but usually Gladys stayed in her shell. "Why can't she just have a good time? I just don't get it," Marilyn is said to have wondered.

While living in the institution, Gladys Baker had become used to each day having structure. There were certain times for eating meals, engaging in outdoor activities, reading, and then going to sleep. She had been living with those circumstances for so many years that when she left and moved in with Ana and Marilyn, she still wanted that kind of structure in her life. She wanted to know that every day was to be the same. It made her feel safe, secure. However, Berniece's arrival totally upset any routine she had been trying to establish at Ana's. For three months, she never knew from one moment to the next where she was going or what she would be doing once she got there. Still, Marilyn wanted to at least come up with activities that her mother would enjoy, and also some that might elicit some emotional response from her.

One day, she asked Grace to take them all to the home that Gladys's father, Otis Elmore Monroe (who had died by hanging himself), had built by hand. But even this potentially nostalgic excursion failed to reach Gladys; she had no reaction to seeing the old homestead.

Marilyn then asked Grace to take them all to the house in Hollywood that Gladys had bought so many years ago. It was here that Gladys had lived for a short time with Marilyn and the Atkinsons. Surely she would have some reaction to this place. It was also here that she had had the psychotic episode, and from here that she was taken to the mental hospital. The women sat in their car on the street in front of the house for a long time, telling stories of the furniture that had once been in there—the piano that Marilyn so loved and that Gladys promised she would one day play well, the flowers always in the living room, the sunny kitchen. Nothing. Gladys felt nothing.

Getting Through to Gladys?

On September 13, 1946, a few months after that ghastly confrontation with Jim Dougherty, Norma Jeane and the woman with whom she said she was living—a sixty-nine-year-old widow named Minnie Wilette—appeared in front of a judge in Reno, Nevada.

In her suit for divorce, which was uncontested by Jim (and he could have fought it, actually, since Norma Jeane clearly had not spent the required six months in Las Vegas), she had said that he'd inflicted "extreme mental cruelty that has impaired [my] health." Now, at the hearing, her attorney asked a few questions. Did she intend to make Nevada her home and permanent place of residence? Yes, Norma Jeane answered. Had that been her intention since she arrived there in May? Yes. Was it her plan to stay in Nevada for an indefinite period of time? Yes. Then, when asked to outline the way Dougherty had mistreated her, Norma Jeane responded by saying, "Well, in the first place, my husband didn't support me and he objected to my working, criticized me for it and he also had a bad temper and would fly into rages and he left me on three different occasions and criticized me and embarrassed me in front of my friends and he didn't try to make a home for me." She said that his actions "upset me and made me nervous." She maintained that she didn't see the situation as ever improving and that there was no chance for reconciliation. The judge granted the divorce. The whole matter took about five minutes, and then Marilyn hopped on a plane back to Los Angeles.

By the time Marilyn got back to Aunt Ana's home, anyone could see that she was blissful. "She showed up at Aunt Ana's, feeling terrific," Berniece recalled. "As soon as she saw me, she threw her arms around me. 'I'm a free woman again,' Marilyn said, laughing. 'I feel like celebrating!'"

Marilyn then moved through the house and finally found Gladys, who was in a terrible mood, very angry for no apparent reason. Though she had tried to reach her mother countless times in the past and failed, this time Marilyn sensed she might be able to connect with her. Maybe it was because her spirits were soaring as a result of her new freedom and fledgling career that she believed she could get through to Gladys. Mother and daughter spent much of the afternoon and into the early evening preparing for their night on the town. As all the ladies of the house bore witness to Gladys's seeming comeback, there was a feeling in the air that salvation from her never-ending misery might finally be possible. Every time Marilyn had seen any kind of slight improvement like this in her mother, she hoped it would last. She'd always held on to the belief that Gladys could remain in a healthy mental place, if she was "managed" properly—that is, if those around her acted a certain way, exuded a particular energy. She had tried so many different tactics in the past, but with little success. However, on this night, it was as if she had dug deep within and found a character that Gladys responded to—an upbeat personality that seemed to ignite a flame of life in her mother.

That night, as the family walked into the Pacific Seas dining room in downtown Los Angeles, Marilyn continued with the persona she had created earlier in the afternoon—a mixture of confidence and naiveté... a dignified charm... a carefree exuberance. She was a little flirty... funny. Gladys seemed to enjoy watching her in action. Seated at the table that night were Gladys and Ana; Grace and her sister, Eunice; and Marilyn and her half sister, Berniece. Berniece's daughter, Mona Rae, was also in attendance, and has shared both hers and her mother's recollections of that evening.

Beverly Kramer's father, Marvin, managed the Pacific Seas dining room in Los Angeles. He was a good friend of Grace's husband, Doc. As it happened, Beverly worked at the restaurant as a waitress; she was about eighteen. "Grace brought the family into the restaurant a lot," Beverly recalled. "I have seen pictures of that night, so I remember it well."

"Celebrate we did," Berniece recounted. "That night, we all enjoyed a nice celebration."

Marilyn lifted a glass. "Let's have a toast! To the future, everyone," she said.

"Oh, yes, to the future," Grace agreed.

"To the future," everyone chimed in.

Smiling warmly at Gladys, Marilyn repeated, "To the future, Mother." It was then that Gladys raised her own glass in the direction of her daughter. And there it was. It was just a flash. But there was no mistaking it. Gladys smiled.

"I know that everyone was always concerned about Gladys," said Beverly Kramer, "and that anytime they brought her into the restaurant, she seemed unhappy. This night, I remember she was upbeat. She was smiling. She seemed to be getting along with everyone, especially with Norma Jeane."

During the evening, a Polynesian-style band played island music, with a group of girls singing, surrounding a single microphone. At one point, the girls fanned out into the sea of tables to find volunteers to join them onstage for a hula dance. "I remember that before she could even be chosen, Marilyn popped out of her chair and stood front and center, waiting for the rest of the gang to be gathered," recalled Beverly Kramer. "It was a mostly comic ritual, with the patrons giving a halfhearted effort and the dining room applauding their attempts. Marilyn, however, was familiar with the song the band was playing, 'Blue Hawaii' from the Bing Crosby film *Waikiki Wedding*, and she began to sing it." Kramer remembers that Marilyn did so with such conviction that the moment became awkward for some of the others onstage. Most of the women drifted away and back to their seats. "Gladys seemed to love it, though," Kramer remembered. "I just remember her smiling. She had such a nice smile."

Just days after it seemed that Marilyn had made some headway in connecting with her mother, Gladys made a stunning announcement. Over breakfast, she looked at Marilyn with very sad eyes and said, "You know, you can't keep me here forever, Norma Jeane." It was a confusing statement. Marilyn didn't know how to react. Gladys then went to her room and started to pack her things. When Marilyn followed her, Gladys told her that she had made up her mind and that she was going to return to her Aunt Dora's in Oregon. "Won't you please stay here with me, Mother?" Marilyn said, begging her. Though she told her that she would be worried about her and didn't want her to go, Gladys was adamant. There was no talking her out of it. Marilyn asked if she would wait at least one day. Gladys agreed.

The next day, Marilyn went to a store and bought a present for her mother. She put it in a box and wrapped it gaily. That night, she presented it to her. Gladys opened the box and pulled from it a crisp white nurse's uniform. "I thought you'd like this, Mother," Marilyn said, tears in her eyes. Gladys held up the uniform and inspected it. "Are you sure this is my size?" she asked skeptically. Marilyn said that she was certain it would fit her. Gladys smiled and put it back into the box. "Then, it will do nicely," she said.

The next day, Marilyn and Berniece took their mother to the bus station, bought her a ticket to Oregon, and tearfully sent her on her way. Berniece was sure they would see her again, but Marilyn wasn't.

Two weeks later, Marilyn called Aunt Dora in Oregon to speak to her mother. Maybe what Dora had to say wasn't so surprising but, still, it was a shock. Gladys had never shown up.

Wayne Bolender's Fatherly Advice

Marilyn Monroe didn't know what to make of her recent time with her mother, Gladys Baker. She didn't know if she had made any difference in her life at all. She just hoped the time they'd spent together had done Gladys some good. However, as she would later say, she knew that Gladys wouldn't miss her or Berniece in the least, and that was a reality that penetrated her heart like a steel blade. Interestingly, she turned to her ex-husband, James Dougherty, for comfort during this time—at least in correspondence. Martin Evans, Dougherty's friend, recalled, "Jim told me he received a very impassioned letter from Norma Jeane saying that she had recently spent a lot of time with her mother and that it hadn't been easy. He said that she wrote that the woman was very mentally ill and that she had vanished without a trace. She wanted to know if it were possible for the police to begin a search for her... what steps they should take to have the West Coast combed in order to find her. Jim wrote back and told her that he would be happy to discuss it with her in person. He said it was too complicated to get into in a return letter. However, as far as I know, that discussion never took place."

Complicating matters at this time for Marilyn was that, during a recent gynecologist's exam, certain problems were discovered that might make having children difficult. She hadn't been able to make up her mind about whether or not she wanted a child. On some days she thought she shouldn't. What if she couldn't take care of the baby and it ended up as she had—in an orphanage? On other days she felt that she would be an excellent mother and that she would be able to do for the child what her own mother had not been able to do for her: love and nurture the baby and give him or her a good life. But then there were days when a different thought would haunt her: What if her child were to end up like her grandmother and mother? In fact, there had been times recently when she began to doubt her own sanity. Was it a good idea to bring a baby into the world under such troubling circumstances? She wasn't sure what to think about it. Therefore, she decided to go back to the place where she really felt genuine love as a young girl—to the Bolenders'—and ask for some guidance. As an excuse for her visit, she said that she needed to ask her foster brother, Lester, if he would help move some furniture that she still had at Jim Dougherty's house. She drove out to Hawthorne by herself. When she got there, Ida was not home. Wayne answered the door and let her in, and she met one of his nieces, also visiting. Her foster sister Nancy Jeffrey quoted a letter that niece wrote regarding Marilyn's visit:

"I came to see Wayne one day and Norma Jeane came in. She had asked Lester to help her move after her separation from her first husband. She had a very deep conversation with Uncle Wayne, some things that were bothering her. Her deepest thought that day was having a child and whether it would turn out like her mother. She needed to, I guess, have Uncle Wayne's blessing. He was the only stable man in her life, as far as I know."

After Marilyn explained her worry, Wayne was very clear in his advice. "You are nothing like your mother or your grandmother," he told her, according to a later recollection. "I knew Della and I know Gladys and I can tell you that you are nothing like them."

Marilyn could only hope that what her "Daddy" had told her was the truth.

Shortly after her divorce, Marilyn moved out of Aunt Ana's and into her own apartment in Hollywood. In that respect, the rest of 1946 and the whole of 1947 had moments of both frustration and exhilaration. First, the studio prepared her biography, to be sent out to the media. It said that she was an orphan who'd been discovered by a 20th Century-Fox executive while she was babysitting his child—classic movie studio malarkey. There would be other untrue press tidbits, as well—years of them, actually. It was, according to Berniece Miracle, Grace Goddard's idea to say that Marilyn's parents were both dead. What she wanted to avoid—and Marilyn certainly agreed with her about it—was the possibility of any reporter tracking down Gladys. This tactic worked... for a while, anyway.

Giving Up Her Soul

Despite the speed at which the actress was signed to a deal, there were no movies in the offing for the newly named Marilyn Monroe. In February 1947, Fox renewed her contract for another six months, though she hadn't done anything other than pose for photographers in bathing suits and negligees for press layouts.

By the time she made her first film, *The Shocking Miss Pilgrim* (1947), she was almost twenty-one years old and more beautiful than ever with her cobalt blue eyes and head of hair so silky smooth and golden blonde. There was not much of Marilyn in *Miss Pilgrim*, just a quick (and uncredited) shot of her as a telephone operator; most fans haven't been able to spot her in this film. She would be (barely) seen again in 1947's *Dangerous Years*. ("For heaven's sake, don't blink," she wrote to Berniece, "or you'll miss me!")

There would be four more films (these would be released in 1948), if you count *You Were Meant for Me*, a Jeanne Crain–Dan Dailey musical, one that some sources maintain is part of Monroe's filmography. Marilyn can also be spotted in *Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!*—a Technicolor bit of nonsense set in the Hoosier state in which June Haver vies for the affections of Lon McCallister with a pair of prize-winning mules, while a ten-year-old Natalie Wood, as Haver's bratty kid sister, just adds to the overall foolishness. It's been published many times over the years—and even Marilyn had said it and, for that matter, even Fox had claimed it!—that her one little scene was cut from the film. Not true. It's there. Just two words, but both present and accounted for. (She's also seen in a distant shot with her back to the camera, on a rowboat.)

"She was a scared rabbit," said Diana Herbert, whose father, F. Hugh Herbert, wrote the screenplay. "On the sly, I snuck her into a screening room where my father was viewing for editing, and Marilyn got to see herself in the bit part before it was trimmed. She'd had one line and whispered to me, 'Do I sound that awful?' My father, using the old adage, told me Marilyn photographed like a million dollars. He told me she was going to be a big star."

That same year, 1947, Fox exchanged bucolic Indiana for the Wyoming countryside and a pair of mules for a wild white stallion in *Green Grass of Wyoming*, with Marilyn again uncredited as an extra at a square dance. Then, in August 1947, the studio decided not to renew her contract. Her agent Harry Lipton once recalled, "When I told her that Fox had not taken up the option, her immediate reaction was that the world had crashed around her. But typical of Marilyn, she shook her head, set her jaw and said, 'Well, I guess it really doesn't matter—it's a case of supply and demand.' She understood the film business already, and she was just a novice. She knew that the studio signed many contract players and the ones who struck gold overnight stayed while those who struggled usually ended up being cut. Still, the show had to go on."

Meanwhile, there were a couple of strange incidents in Marilyn's life in 1947 that may have pointed toward some of the emotional trouble she would experience later in her life. One is told by Diana Herbert. The same age as Marilyn, Herbert got to know her while *Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!* was being filmed and remained friendly with her. She recalled that when the film was completed, she hosted a pool party at her family's mansion in Bel Air attended by her friends from UCLA. Marilyn said she would love to attend. She said that on that day, she and her new friend, actress Shelley Winters, had a class at the Actors' Laboratory—a workshop for actors, directors, and writers, mostly from New York. Afterward, she would go to the party.

On the appointed day, Marilyn arrived very late. "She came quietly with her beach bag," recalls Diana Herbert. "I got out of the pool to direct her to the dressing room. A lot of time passed... and no Marilyn. So I became concerned and went and knocked on the door. 'Marilyn?' I called out. 'Are you okay?' And she said, 'Yeah,' in a voice that was barely audible. 'I'll be right out, I just have to change.' So I went back in the pool. An hour went by, and no Marilyn. So, again, I went back to the dressing room and knocked on the door. 'I'll be right out,' she said. By this time, everyone was getting out of the pool, drying off, and going home. More time passed. I again went to the dressing room and knocked on the door. But... she was gone. She never even came out of the dressing room—except to leave." Over the years, there would be numerous incidents like this in Marilyn's life.

At the end of the year, she would very briefly engage the services of new "managers," Lucille Ryman and John Carroll. However, they weren't exactly managers. Carroll was a film actor with connections, and Lucille was director of the talent department at MGM—with connections. It's unclear as to what the terms of the arrangement were—either she was paying them to represent her (unlikely, since she didn't have much money), or they were taking a percentage of her work (also unlikely, since she didn't have any). It doesn't make any difference, really, because they came and went from her life quickly, but not before bearing witness to some unusual moments.

Lucille, Carroll's wife, has insisted that Marilyn told her and her husband that she was working as a prostitute at this time, having quick sex with men in cars in order to get money for food. "She told us without pride or shame that she made a deal—she did what she did and her customers then bought her breakfast or lunch." Lucille also said that Marilyn told her she'd been robbed in the small apartment in which she was living and that she was afraid to stay there. Things were so bad, Marilyn told her, she'd have to just continue working the streets. Moreover, she told her that she was raped at nine and had sex every day at the age of eleven. "It was her way of getting us to take her in, and it worked." They offered to allow Marilyn to live in an apartment they owned.

Marilyn was known to fabricate stories to gain sympathy. One of the problems in sorting through the Marilyn Monroe history is determining what is true and what may be the product of her overworked imagination. In short, as people in her life would begin to understand with the passing of time, one could not ever take everything Marilyn said at face value. At any rate, she did end up living in better conditions by the largesse of this couple. Then, one night in November 1947, something strange occurred. The Carrolls got a frantic telephone call from Marilyn.

"There's a kid peeping in on me," Marilyn said, her voice vibrating with urgency.

"What are you talking about?" Lucille said.

"I'm being watched."

"But how?"

"He has a ladder and he's on it and he's watching me," Marilyn continued.

"Marilyn, a ladder would not reach the third floor. You must be dreaming," Lucille told her.

"But I'm awake. *I'm awake.*"

This conversation continued until, finally, the Carrolls decided they had no choice but to have her join them at their own home that night. They felt they had their hands full with her and didn't know what to do about it. "At one point, we thought about it and realized that she was running our lives, calling all the time, crying on the phone," said Lucille. "We didn't know what to do. A lot of crazy things were going on... it was too much. She didn't know how to handle her life... she fell apart. We liked her but we needed her and her craziness out of our lives."

The Carrolls were about to get their wish, because Marilyn would be out of their lives by the beginning of 1948. In February, they took her with them

to a party where she met a businessman named Pat DeCicco, a Hollywood playboy once wed to Gloria Vanderbilt. He was also a friend of Joe Schenck, the sixty-nine-year-old president of 20th Century-Fox. As it happened, Schenck asked DeCicco to find him some models to act as window dressing at a Saturday night poker party at his home. DeCicco asked Marilyn if she would be interested. All she would have to do, she was told, was look pretty and pour drinks for Schenck's friends, perhaps also give them a few cigars, but that was it. It sounded easy enough and also like a great opportunity, so she agreed. Of course, that's not all that was going on at the party, as Marilyn found out once she got there. Some of the ladies present—all models and aspiring actresses—were willing and able to give themselves to any of the male guests since most of them were power players in show business. Marilyn, though, stayed close to Schenck. By the time the evening was over, he was mad for her, saying she “has an electric quality... she sparkles and bubbles like a fountain.” The next day, he sent a limousine to pick her up and drive her to have dinner with him. That night, she had sex with him.

“I can't say that I enjoyed it,” Marilyn later told her movie stand-in, Evelyn Moriarty, of her assignation with Schenck. “But I can say that I didn't feel as if I had any choice.” She said that she felt the whole event had been “very tawdry” and that she felt “terrible about it. It was like giving up my soul.” However, she also allowed that she was starting to understand what she called “the Hollywood game” and she knew she had no choice but to play it if she were ever to make a name for herself in show business. It was a sad realization, she said. “But it's the truth,” she concluded. She and Schenck continued their relationship off and on for some time, and, by some accounts, eventually she grew quite fond of him.

Schenck persuaded Columbia Pictures head Harry Cohn to take a look at Marilyn's screen test. Cohn wasn't that interested. However, her test footage started circulating through the studio system, and eventually ended up on the desk of Columbia talent head Max Arnow. Also unimpressed by it, he asked one of the studio's drama coaches, Natasha Lytess, to take a look. She wasn't thrilled either—it seemed that no one was impressed. Lytess noted that Marilyn seemed to suffer from a lack self-confidence. However, there was still something interesting about her, Natasha thought. Her quality was difficult to describe, but it had to do with her beauty and vulnerability. She wanted to work with her, believing that “perhaps she has some potential.” Harry Cohn decided to offer Marilyn a six-month contract at \$125 a week beginning on March 9, 1948. Suddenly, she was signed to Columbia Pictures.

Natasha Lytess, who was thirty-five in 1948, once said that when Marilyn Monroe showed up in her office on March 10, 1948, she was wearing a red wool top and a very short dress that was cut too low. Lytess referred to it as “a trollop’s outfit.” When she met Marilyn, her suspicions about her lack of confidence were confirmed. In fact, she said, she was “unable to take refuge in her own insignificance.” Natasha was a character herself, though. Her pencil-thin figure and pale complexion suggested that something was very wrong with her health. She had dark, menacing eyes. She rarely smiled. She was a serious *actress* and *drama coach*—everything she ever said about the acting field was, in her view, of great urgency. She was self-important and judgmental of everyone in her life. That said, she was also thought of as a brilliant teacher. Marilyn needed someone strong in her life at this time—a Grace Goddard who could actually do more than just dream about what it might be like if Norma Jeane could be a star. Natasha had an impressive library of show business books in her cottage office, which Marilyn began to devour. The two women spent endless hours talking about the art of acting and how Marilyn might become better at it. Natasha worked on Marilyn’s diction, her delivery—her style. Actually, some of what Marilyn would learn from Natasha would work against her in the future. The exaggerated way she would enunciate every syllable as well as the way she moved her lips before speaking were unfortunate consequences of her work with Natasha. Marilyn would have to break these habits in years to come. Fine for comedy, this style was not appropriate for dramatic roles.

At the beginning of her work with Natasha, Marilyn was pretty much a clean slate upon which could be painted any artistic vision. “As a person, she was almost totally without fortitude,” Natasha would say of her. “You could say she was someone afraid of her own shadow, so terribly insecure, so socially uncomfortable and shy, and never knowing what to say. She would ask me, ‘What should I say?’

“I tried to get her to draw upon herself, to go into her own experiences, but I don’t believe she ever did. Marilyn denied who she really was, except for her sex appeal which she had confidence in. She knew it worked—and she was as graceful with her appeal as a swimmer or a ballerina.”

“I want to recreate you,” Natasha told Marilyn. “I shall mold you into the great actress I suspect—though I must say I do not know—you can be. But to do so,” she told her, “you must submit to me. Do you understand?” Her Sapphic intentions were clear.

Marilyn understood. However, she was not going to comply. She had submitted to Joe Schenck and regretted it, even if it did serve a valuable purpose in her career. She quickly determined that she was not going to do the same for Natasha Lytess. Still, she didn’t want to say no—not yet.

In the environment between an acting teacher and student, many emotions come into play. Student and teacher access feelings and transfer them into characters, into roles—and, sometimes, into each other. One day, according to Natasha’s unpublished memoir, she embraced Marilyn and told her, “I want to love you.” Marilyn’s response was, “You don’t have to love me, Natasha—just as long as you work with me.” For years, Marilyn was used to giving women what they wanted—Ida, Gladys, Grace. It was as if she had now drawn a line.

Helena Albert was a student of Natasha’s at this time, and also a confidante. “Natasha often blurred the lines,” she recalled. “She did with me, as well. But when Marilyn came into the picture, everyone else paled in comparison. I felt that Marilyn should have backed away when she knew how much Natasha cared for her, but instead I think she used it to her advantage. It was torture for Natasha—but not so bad for Marilyn. She had a good teacher, a smart woman in her life—someone to emulate, to learn from. You can’t blame her for wanting it to last. I actually cornered her about it.”

According to Helena, she went to Natasha’s office one day for a meeting. Just as she got to the cottage, Natasha was leaving it in tears. “I can’t see you now,” she said as she brushed by. Helena went into the cottage and found Marilyn sitting in a chair, staring into space with a faraway expression.

“Is everything all right?” she asked Marilyn.

Marilyn just continued to look straight ahead.

“*Marilyn? Is everything all right?*”

“No, it’s *not*,” Marilyn finally said, as if coming to her senses. “I’m afraid Natasha doesn’t know what the word ‘no’ means. And I’m tired of having to say it to her over and over again. Why can’t we just do what we do best—act?”

“It’s more complicated than that,” Helena allowed. “And you know it, Marilyn.”

“No, it’s *not*,” Marilyn said. She rose and faced her. “You don’t always get what you want in this life, Helena,” she said. “I have wanted many things and have not gotten most of them. Do you know what I think? I think Natasha is spoiled. I think she has always gotten what she’s wanted, and doesn’t know how to handle it when she can’t.”

It was clear not only that Marilyn had lost her patience with Natasha, but also that she was cold to her and not very empathetic about her feelings. After spending so many years suppressing her emotions and trying to be what others wanted her to be, perhaps she didn’t understand why Natasha couldn’t do the same thing. She gathered her things and, before leaving, turned to face Helena. “If you see her, tell her I’m sorry,” she said, “but there’s nothing I can do about it. Tell her I hope she’ll continue with me, but if not, I will try to understand.” With that, she took her leave.

“The truth is, my life, my feelings were very much in her hands,” Natasha Lytess said many years later. “I was the older woman, the teacher, but she knew the depth of my attachment to her, and she exploited those feelings as only a beautiful, younger person can. She said she was the needy one. Alas, it was the reverse. My life with her was a constant denial of myself.”

And thus it would remain—for six more long years.

Disappointment

On March 14, 1948—just a week after Marilyn signed with Columbia—her beloved Aunt Ana passed away from heart disease. She was sixty-eight. Oddly, she was buried in an unmarked grave at Westwood Memorial Park, though a small plaque was put on it a few years later. It's been published in the past that Marilyn did not attend the services, that she was too busy with her budding career. This is not true, according to her half sister Berniece's memory. Marilyn would never have missed Ana's funeral. Actually, she and Grace and Doc Goddard had a private viewing of Ana's body, and then a tearful Marilyn slipped away before the other mourners arrived. She later said of Ana, "She was the one human being who let me know what love is." Ana left a book for Marilyn called *The Potter*, along with a note: "Marilyn, dear, read this book. I don't leave you much except my love. But not even death can diminish that, nor will death ever take me far away from you."

Marilyn Monroe would say that she was "miserable" after the death of Ana because, as she put it, "I was left without anyone to take my hopes and my troubles to." It was probably fortunate that she had her career to turn to at this time, as she began working on a low-budget musical, her first film for Columbia, *Ladies of the Chorus*. In it she had a leading role in which she sang two solo numbers—"Every Baby Needs a Da Da Daddy" and "Anyone Can See I Love You"—as well as two duets with Adele Jergens. There was also a certain amount of dancing involved in her work in this film, a real challenge for Marilyn. This was a strange little movie, just an hour long, and it took only ten days to film, but Marilyn was surprisingly good. Her singing voice was a revelation. However, when released later in the year, the film did nothing for Marilyn's career. She would be dropped from Columbia soon after its release, much to her disappointment. "I went to my room and lay down on my bed and cried," she recalled. "I cried for a week. I didn't eat or talk or comb my hair. I kept crying as if I were at a funeral burying Marilyn Monroe. I hated myself for having been such a fool and having had illusions about how attractive I was. I got out of bed and looked in the mirror. Something horrible had happened. I wasn't attractive. I saw a coarse, crude-looking blonde."

Marilyn moved into a double room at the Hollywood Studio Club in June 1948, where she paid twelve dollars a day for room and board. She needed to save money—things weren't going as well as she had hoped—and this seemed like the best way to do it. She didn't like the place, though, because it reminded her of the orphanage. She was dating a man named Fred Karger, who was the musical supervisor of *Ladies of the Chorus*, and it wasn't going well.

Though these were dark days, Marilyn tried to keep a stiff upper lip. She had been relegated to doing TV commercials by the end of the year and felt that perhaps her movie career was over. Short-lived and over. "But there was something that wouldn't let me go back to the world of Norma Jeane," she recalled. "It wasn't ambition or a wish to be rich and famous. I didn't feel any pent-up talent in me. I didn't even feel that I had looks or any sort of attractiveness. But there was a thing in me, like a craziness that wouldn't let up. It kept speaking to me."

"You never know when you'll get that big break," Natasha always told Marilyn. "And when it happens, you'll know it." Indeed, "it" would happen for Marilyn at the end of the year when she attended a New Year's Eve party at the home of movie producer Sam Spiegel. During the course of the evening, she was introduced to a William Morris agent named Johnny Hyde. In the instant she extended her hand to shake his, a major shift took place in her world... and things would never again be the same.

Marilyn Monroe had met a wide assortment of characters in her last couple of years in show business circles, but nobody like Johnny Hyde. At fifty-three, he was barely five feet tall, of slight build with a receding hairline, not especially handsome. His head was set too close to his shoulders and he had a thin nose and not enough space between his eyes. There was something about his physical presence that seemed frail and sickly—and indeed he had a heart condition that was serious enough to require weekly visits to a cardiologist. The Russian son of a circus acrobat, he was a study in contradictions, not the least of which was that despite his unimpressive appearance and unwell demeanor, he was an extremely powerful person. Well-respected in the industry, he was manic when it came to his show business pursuits. The entertainment business was always foremost in his mind. “Everyone knew that Johnny lived and breathed show biz,” one of his friends once said. Quite a few actresses owed their careers to this man, women like Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, and Betty Hutton. He also represented Bob Hope.

When Johnny met Marilyn, it was as if his world suddenly stopped spinning. He’d never laid eyes on anyone so beautiful, and he knew he had to have her. “He was an interesting guy,” said Bill Davis, who, as a young man of seventeen, worked for the William Morris Agency and often directly under Hyde. “Smart as a whip. Aggressive. Passionate. A ladies’ man, even if he wasn’t a looker. He fell hard for Marilyn from the very beginning, sending gifts and love letters to where she was living and really coming on strong. I imagine it would have been tough for her to ignore him or rebuff him because, after all, he was a powerful man. She was in trouble. She needed help with her career.”

“I have it in my power to make you a star,” Johnny told her shortly after meeting her. “And I don’t mean a contract player, either. A star!”

“When I first mentioned my acting hopes to Johnny Hyde, he didn’t smile,” Marilyn would recall. “He listened raptly and said, ‘Of course you can become an actress!’ He was the first person who ever took my acting seriously and my gratitude for this alone is endless.” This was hyperbole on her part, but she made her point with it.

“From my understanding, it was a straight out deal between them,” said Bill Davis. “She said she wanted to be in movies. He said he could make it happen. He was influential in the business. Meeting him was, I think, probably the best thing that had happened to her up to that time. There were dozens of starlets who wanted to sleep with him just for the chance to have him in their corners. Of course, she had to have sex with the guy. I mean, he had to get something out of it, too.... That’s the way it worked.”

In January 1949, Marilyn found herself in Palm Springs with Johnny. It was there that they consummated their relationship, despite the fact that he was married. Power being the greatest aphrodisiac, Marilyn was actually attracted to him and didn’t just sleep with him to get ahead in her career—though it didn’t hurt. A month after she had sex with him, she found herself doing a cameo appearance in a silly Marx Brothers movie called *Love Happy*. It was a United Artists low-budget, stolen-diamond backstage romp that is significant only as the final film appearance of the legendary Marx Brothers.

The promotional tour Marilyn would embark on to promote *Love Happy* (when the movie would finally be released during the summer) was more noteworthy than the film itself. She had an opportunity to visit major cities and generate a great deal of press for herself. “I was on screen less than sixty seconds,” she recalled, with typical Marilyn hyperbole, “but I got five weeks work... going on the tour which promoted the film in eight major cities. I felt guilty about appearing on the stage when I had such an insignificant role in the film, but the audiences didn’t seem to care.” During this time, she became known as “The Mmmmm Girl.” The PR line had to do with the notion that some people can’t whistle, so when they see Marilyn all they can do is say “Mmmmm.” No such utterance would be forthcoming, however, for *Love Happy*. Certainly, with his many resources, Johnny Hyde could do better for his best girl than “sixty seconds” in a Groucho Marx movie.

“He made it pretty clear to her from the very beginning that he would bust his hump for her,” said Bill Davis. “It wasn’t subtle. It wasn’t suggested. It was clear. I was actually in their presence shortly after they met and heard him say to her, ‘You will be the biggest thing in this town if you just give me a little time to work some business out for you.’ She just smiled and acted sort of coquettish. I remember thinking that she was just another empty-headed floozy, which was reductive, I know. But that’s how she struck me. She didn’t seem like she had any brains. All I ever heard from her was ‘Yes, Johnny’ and ‘No, Johnny’ and ‘Anything you say, Johnny.’ He would berate her and she would be fine with it. Sometimes she called him ‘Daddy.’ I remember thinking, ‘Oh, his wife is gonna just love this.’ ”

During this promotional tour, a friend named Bill Purcel, who lived in Nevada and whom Marilyn met when she was there for her divorce, received a troubling telephone call from her. She was crying. “I can’t stand the constant picture taking,” she told him. “I’m going to throw acid on my face,” she threatened, “if that’s what it will take to get them to stop!” She seemed as if she were on the edge of a breakdown, and she wasn’t even that famous yet. “She had no privacy and some of the photographers were rude and demanding,” Purcel recalled, “as though she owed them something.” Marilyn understood that having her picture taken was part of her job, but during this tour she felt as if even her small amount of fame was too oppressive. Eventually, she rebounded.

Johnny would say that he fell madly in love with Marilyn at the very moment they met and would remain devoted to her for the next year. She never felt the same about him. However, he was so smart, so interesting, and, of course, so powerful she felt drawn to him. Hyde encouraged Marilyn to dig even deeper into the craft of acting than she had already done with Natasha. He wanted her to expand her intellectual scope by reading Turgenev and Tolstoy. She couldn’t get enough of both writers. She also enjoyed both volumes of *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*. Steffens (1866–1936) was one of the world’s first celebrity journalists to challenge the status quo. He was so controversial in his attacks on political corruption that President Theodore Roosevelt coined a term for it—“muckraking.” Johnny also suggested novels by Thomas Wolfe and Marcel Proust as well as specific books about moviemaking. She devoted herself to doing whatever he asked of her in this regard. When he gave her Stanislavsky’s *An Actor Prepares*, she read it as a textbook because she knew she would be quizzed on its specifics. That was fine with her. She had a voracious appetite for knowledge and couldn’t wait to discuss with Johnny whatever book he had recommended. “You’ve been through so much,” he told her, echoing what Natasha Lytess kept telling her. “You should draw on that for your acting.” Hyde’s advice was pretty much what Stanislavsky had in mind with his book.

Johnny didn’t want Marilyn to waste a second of her day. For instance, she had a habit of talking on the phone for hours. That had to end, he said. “He wanted her every waking moment to be devoted to doing something progressive for her career,” said Marybeth Hughes, a beautiful blonde actress who once dated Hyde. “Once you got into Johnny’s whirlwind, your life was no longer your own. Most women couldn’t take it. Most women didn’t think it was worth the high drama he brought into their lives. You had to be pretty strong to be with Johnny Hyde.”

Just as Johnny had said he had never met anyone like Marilyn, the same was true of her. All of the men she’d known in the past had been

disappointments, going all the way back to Wayne Bo-lender, who certainly loved her but ultimately was weak when it came to standing up to his wife, Ida. She couldn't imagine Johnny being cowed by anyone. He was her protector; she felt safe in his arms. Of course, in that role, he also became a father figure to her. The reasons she sought one are obvious, and he certainly fit the bill. In the end, though, because there were so many different levels to their romance, it was complex, and thus often thorny.

Luckily for Marilyn, Johnny Hyde was as generous as he was supportive. Marilyn always had money as his girl, which was a refreshing change. Finally, she could take a deep breath and focus on her career—as he demanded—rather than on her financial woes. After he set Marilyn up financially, moving her into his new home after he left his wife and children, Hyde began to constantly pester her to marry him. He wasn't above pulling tricks that she was accustomed to doing herself, such as painting a dark picture of circumstances in an effort to gain sympathy. "I'm dying," he would tell her. "You know, it's my heart, Marilyn. I'm going and it'll be soon. And when I die, you'll be a very rich woman if you marry me." Those kinds of pleas from Johnny pretty much fell on deaf ears. Marilyn would sleep with him—he was very nice, and in a way she loved him, even if she wasn't in love with him—but she wasn't going to marry him. However, there was another wedding in the family: Gladys's.

While Marilyn Monroe was navigating delicate terrain with Natasha Lytess and Johnny Hyde, her mother, Gladys, was involved in her own little romantic escapade. Surprisingly enough, sometime in April 1948 she ran off and married a man named John Stewart Eley. Marilyn was thunderstruck by the news. Certainly, Gladys was not emotionally equipped to be in a marriage with anyone, yet she had once again done the unexpected by taking a husband. “But who is this guy?” Marilyn asked Grace Goddard. “I have no idea,” Grace said, according to a later recollection. “Oh, no. Now, I’m really worried,” Marilyn said. Marilyn immediately felt that she was at fault. However, she wasn’t even sure where Gladys had been, and it was thus difficult to monitor her. Grace told Marilyn that it was impossible for Marilyn to have a career in show business and also be responsible for her impulsive and troubled mother. “She has to live her life,” Grace said. “Oh, my God,” was all Marilyn could say in response.

Still working for the William Morris Agency under Johnny Hyde, Bill Davis recalled, “I was in the office with Johnny when Marilyn rushed in looking wild-eyed. I remember she had on a white blouse that was buttoned all the way to the top with long sleeves. And she had on white slacks. The reason I remember this is because it struck me that for someone known as a sex goddess she sure didn’t show much skin in her day-to-day activities.” *

“Johnny, oh, Johnny. I need your help,” Marilyn said, according to Davis’s memory.

“Sure, doll. What’s the problem?”

“My mother has married some loser and I’m very worried about her,” Marilyn said, upset. She sat down in a chair, seeming exhausted. She then said that she wanted Johnny to find out anything he could about John Eley. “I cannot believe my mother would get married,” she said. “Can you even believe it?”

Since Johnny had never met Gladys, he didn’t have an opinion about her marriage. However, he would definitely help Marilyn, he said. And he had the right connections to be successful at it. While she sat before him, he picked up the telephone and hired a private investigator to look into the matter.

A couple weeks later, Gladys wrote to her daughter Berniece, who had just moved to Florida with her husband and child. She explained that Eley was from Boise, Idaho, and had just arrived in California “for work,” though she didn’t specify what kind of employment. She sent a picture of him. “He looks nice enough,” Berniece told Marilyn during a telephone call. “Well, Johnny is looking into it for me,” Marilyn told Berniece. “He’ll get to the bottom of it. I trust him.”

Soon, information from Johnny’s PI began to trickle in about John and Gladys. Apparently, they had met at a bar somewhere in Santa Barbara. Eley had told his friends that he’d “landed Marilyn Monroe’s old lady,” and that he was waiting for the moment when he might meet the screen star. Meanwhile, he was going to try to take care of her mother, whom he described as “the craziest broad you’ve ever met.” He said that Gladys heard voices in her head, talked to herself, and, as he put it to one friend, “scares the shit out of me.” When Johnny Hyde relayed this information to Marilyn, she was angry. “That bastard,” she said. “Is he trying to use my mother to get to me?” Hyde wasn’t sure, but he agreed that it appeared that way. He promised to continue looking into the matter.

A few weeks later, Marilyn received a letter from John Eley, sent to her home. He wrote that he was taking care of her mother but that he needed money to do it. If she cared anything about Gladys, he wrote, then she would not ignore his request and would send him a check for a thousand dollars. She brought the letter to Johnny and asked what she should do. “Well, you can’t give this sonofabitch a thousand bucks, that’s for sure. That’s a lot of money,” Johnny said. It was decided that Marilyn shouldn’t respond to the letter at all. If she did, Johnny reasoned, Eley would believe that he had a communication with her and would not stop with the money requests. All of this was very difficult for Marilyn, and it weighed heavily on her. “I think I’m going to be dealing with this kind of thing for the rest of my life,” she told Johnny Hyde. He smiled at her gently. “You always said you wanted a mother, sweetheart. Well, you got one. We don’t get to choose our mothers, kid.”

Shortly thereafter, Berniece received a letter from Eley. Now he wondered if it would be possible for him and Gladys to move to Florida and live with Berniece and her husband and child. He said that he repaired appliances to make a living and was working out of his truck. His plan was to park his truck in front of the Miracle home; he and Gladys would live with the family as he worked. This sounded like a terrible idea to Berniece. When she told Marilyn about it, Marilyn was also skeptical. She said that she didn’t know what her mother had gotten herself into with John Eley, but she was certain it wasn’t anything good.

She was right.

In about a month’s time, Johnny Hyde’s PI came back with the news: John Eley was a bigamist—he had another wife in Idaho.

Fifty Bucks for Nudity?

By May 1949, it appeared that Marilyn had reached an emotional impasse with Johnny Hyde. He still wanted to marry her and was becoming insistent about it. However, she would not be bullied into matrimony, and was just as adamant in her position. Earlier, he had taken an apartment for her at the Beverly Carlton on Olympic Boulevard in Beverly Hills, now the Avalon Hotel, while she was living with him in his home. It was just for the sake of appearances. However, by May she was living in it, and determined to pay her own rent and expenses. She needed to do something to generate income on her own, though. “I was never kept,” she would say in 1962, looking back on this time. “I always kept myself. I have pride in the fact that I was on my own.” In a few months, Johnny would arrange for her to make a brief appearance in a dreadful movie called *A Ticket to Tomahawk*. Again, it would not amount to much. When her car was repossessed, she knew she needed to take action.

One day, while searching through her business cards hoping that one might inspire her to seek work, she saw one given to her by a man named Tom Kelley. Marilyn had met him under strange circumstances. Back in October (of 1948), she was on her way to an audition when she became involved in a minor automobile accident. One witness at the scene was Kelley, who, as it turned out, was a former employee of Associated Press, having worked for that news-gathering organization as a cameraman. Marilyn told him she had an important audition and, because of the accident, no way to go to it, and no money for a cab either. He felt sorry for her and gave her five bucks and his business card. That was the last time she thought about him, until now finding that card.

Rather than call Tom Kelley, Marilyn decided to simply appear unannounced at his studio in Hollywood. After a brief conversation with her, Kelley told her that a model he was about to shoot for an ad for Pabst beer had called in sick. Would Marilyn like the job? Of course. He then shot a few rolls of film of Marilyn playing with a beach ball. They shook hands, he gave her a few bucks, and she left.

Two weeks later, on May 25, Tom called Marilyn to tell her that the mock poster that had been produced for the beer campaign was a hit with Pabst and had somehow gotten into the hands of a person who manufactured calendars in Chicago. He wanted her to pose nude. It would be discreet but, definitely... nude. She thought it over, but not for long because she really didn't have a problem with it. Thus, two nights later, Marilyn found herself writhing around on a red velvet drape, posing, preening, and pouting while arching her back to make even more obvious two of her greatest assets. Meanwhile, Tom Kelley snapped away. The photos that resulted are extremely tame by today's standards, but still she didn't want to be acknowledged as having posed for them, which is why she signed the release “Mona Monroe.” She was paid just fifty dollars. (A great Marilyn Monroe quote comes to mind: “I don't care about money. I just want to be wonderful.”) Years later, she would describe the experience as “very simple... and drafty!” And that was the end of it, as far as she was concerned.

For now. *

PART FOUR

Stardom

Marilyn Monroe's bad-luck streak in films would finally be over by the end of 1949 when she made a career-altering trip to Culver City, home of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. MGM, or Metro, as it was known by the cognoscenti, was the jewel in the crown of the studios constituting the motion picture industry of the day. It would be for this studio that Marilyn was cast in a new film to be directed by John Huston—*The Asphalt Jungle*, based on the novel by W. R. Burnett. Finally, Johnny Hyde had come through for her by arranging a meeting with Huston and Arthur Hornblow, the producer. Unfortunately, Marilyn thought she almost blew the audition by dressing too provocatively for the reading of the script. She knew her character was supposed to be sexy and thought she should dress the part. It was too much. It made her look as if she were relying on her body and not her acting skill to land the role. She was very nervous; the audition did not go well. Still, she was called back for a screen test. She fared much better in it, thanks to the concentrated effort she gave to preparing with Natasha Lytess. Louis B. Mayer was impressed with the result, and she was cast in the role.

This was a big career move for Marilyn, and of course there was a certain amount of anxiety about it. Even Johnny Hyde—unflappable in his belief in Marilyn—had some misgivings. “You have to break down and cry in this,” he told her. “Do you think you can do it?”

“But you’re the one who said I’m a star,” she told him. “Are you saying you don’t think I can do it?”

“I do,” he told her. “But I’m just worried. Let’s continue to have Natasha work on this.”

It was when Natasha began coaching Marilyn on the actual script for *The Asphalt Jungle* that something so alarming happened it caused her to contact Johnny directly. A woman who had been a friend and young student of Natasha’s explained how the events unfolded. “As Natasha explained it to me, the scene she was working on with Marilyn involved her character being happy and chatting about an upcoming trip. Then there was a knock on the door and she became frightened. [In the script] a bunch of men entered, and threatened her with prison if she didn’t confess to having lied about something. One evening Natasha arrived at Marilyn’s apartment to work on the scene. But Marilyn wouldn’t answer the door. Natasha had seen Marilyn’s lights on as she walked up, but after knocking on the door and waiting a few minutes, she saw the lights turn off. Natasha persisted, calling out Marilyn’s name until, finally, the lights were turned back on and the door was answered.

“Marilyn said she had been hearing men outside her door all evening, and when there was a knock at the door, she just snapped and became unglued.”

At first, Natasha brushed off the event, believing that Marilyn was attempting to create in her real life the fear she needed to exhibit in the film. Yet as the evening went on, Marilyn would often stop their work and tell Natasha that she was hearing voices... and to listen to see if she, too, could hear them. The source continued, “She’d ask, ‘Did you hear that? Did you hear that?’ Natasha would just reprimand her. She thought she was trying to make excuses for having forgotten her lines. However, before the session was over, Natasha began to feel that Marilyn was really on her way to having some kind of a breakdown.”

A few evenings later, Natasha requested a meeting with Johnny Hyde.

By this time, Natasha believed that Johnny was using Marilyn for his own personal pleasure, and also to gain bragging rights about her in the Hollywood community. Natasha, having admitted her *own* strong romantic feelings for Marilyn, would have been happy to see him out of Marilyn’s life. She believed Marilyn didn’t really need Johnny anyway. She felt that if she continued to work with her, she could be the one to build Marilyn’s career. Marilyn’s new reputation as a fine actress would surely, in Natasha’s mind, generate work for her in major films. Moreover, Johnny’s presence in Marilyn’s life threatened to dilute Natasha’s importance. How would it look if he were the one ultimately credited with Marilyn’s success? What would happen if Marilyn felt he was more important to her than Natasha? It was in this climate of fear, insecurity, and jealousy that Natasha operated. “She wanted Johnny to back off,” continued her friend and student. “I think she hoped he would see Marilyn as spoiled goods if he knew she was losing her mind, then she [Natasha] could have Marilyn to herself again.”

To that end, Natasha told Johnny that she was worried about Marilyn and thought he was putting too much pressure on her. She claimed that the “personal attention” he expected of her also added to her stress. At first she spoke in general terms, not becoming specific about the unusual events that had unfolded at their coaching session. However, since Johnny appeared unmoved, Natasha spelled it out for him. “She’s hearing voices,” she told him.

Johnny wasn’t surprised by Natasha’s news. It was as if he already knew about Marilyn’s “voices.” Perhaps she had already confided in him about them. He certainly didn’t throw his hands in the air and surrender, as Natasha had fantasized. Instead, he was immediately concerned for Marilyn and wanted to do something to help her. “Johnny thought of doctors as magicians,” explained a coworker of his. “He was like most everybody else in the business back then. If an actor couldn’t shoot a scene, the first person to call was a doctor.”

Whether to treat the flu or an anxiety attack, Johnny knew that barbiturates had become a staple in the world of filmmaking. As it would happen, he would be the first to introduce Marilyn to a brand-new reality, one formed by barbiturates. He believed that such drugs could make his girlfriend’s world feel like a safer place to her. He also thought, as did many people at that time, that there was no downside to these pharmaceuticals. He viewed them as a portal to happiness and fulfillment and saw the fact that they were almost exclusively accessible to the rich and powerful as evidence of their effectiveness. Perhaps he was using as a measure of the effectiveness of drugs the example of the brilliant career of Judy Garland, who for the past decade had been like an ATM for Metro: deposit drugs—uppers, downers, whatever—and out comes money, and lots of it.

At Johnny’s behest, studio doctors began prescribing drugs to Marilyn on a regular basis. She happily took them. They helped, at least in the short term. Her anxieties were decreased. The voices became softer and bothered her less. Of course, there was one problem with the new reality being entered by Marilyn Monroe. It wasn’t real.

The Asphalt Jungle

In the autumn of 1949, Marilyn began work on John Huston's gritty crime drama *The Asphalt Jungle*, the first so-called caper film that was told from the point of view of the criminals. Marilyn had a showy, memorable cameo—three brief appearances that comprised about five minutes—in the noir classic as Angela Phinley, the sexually arousing, libidinous mistress of an elderly, married, white-collar crook (an attorney) played by longtime MGM contract player Louis Calhern. When finally released in May 1950, the film would earn four Oscar nominations, two of which were for Huston's writing and directing, with other nominations for black-and-white cinematography and best supporting actor (Sam Jaffe). Marilyn acquitted herself well in her work on this film, demonstrating her growing ability as an actress. Her name didn't appear in the opening credits, however. It's on a list at the end of the movie—eleventh out of fifteen names. However, it was a start—a very important movie that would be the catalyst of future big events in her life and career.

"She'd worked hard and, it seemed, had been working hard on herself for some time," John Huston would later say. "I remember the audition was interesting because the scene was supposed to be on a couch and we had no couch there, so she laid on the floor for the reading. She wasn't happy with the audition, though, and asked if she could do it again. I said, of course. Do it as many times as you like. She didn't know it, but she had the part before she even said one word.

"I just knew she was right for it before I even saw her audition for it. She was so vulnerable, so sweet, so willing, you just melted in her presence. I remember thinking, how can anyone not cast her in any movie? She was perfect for the part in *The Asphalt Jungle*. She said to me, 'I just want you to know that this will be my most important movie.' And I told her, 'Good luck.' She was worried she wouldn't be as good in it as I knew she'd be. 'What if I let you down?' she asked me. 'You won't,' I told her. 'Just be yourself and you'll be fine.' You just wanted the best for her, you know? Maybe it was a lucky break for her, I don't know. One thing is certain, she was ready for it. She was ready for it when she got lucky."

Of course, Marilyn would make sure Natasha was on the set with her every day. In fact, there's a moment in the movie where Marilyn can be seen glancing off set, presumably at Natasha for direction.

"I don't know what I did," Marilyn said when she finished her work on *The Asphalt Jungle*, "but I do know it felt wonderful!"

Years later, Marilyn Monroe noted that she first saw the finished movie with Johnny at her side, holding her hand. They didn't speak on the way home, both lost in thought about the magnitude of her achievement. "His heart was happy for me," she recalled. "I could feel his unselfishness and deep kindness. No man had ever looked on me with such kindness. He not only knew me, he knew Norma Jeane. He knew all the pain and all the desperate things in me. When he put his arms around me and said he loved me, I knew it was true. Nobody had ever loved me like that," she concluded. "I wished with all my heart that I could love him back."

Even though Marilyn knew she'd done a good job on *The Asphalt Jungle*, it wasn't to be released for some time. Therefore, 1950 would be a year of great anticipation for her—and a certain amount of frustration as well.

In January, Marilyn filmed another awful movie that Johnny Hyde had secured for her, another bit part, this one in a roller-derby film, *The Fireball*, starring Mickey Rooney. Marilyn's role was purely decorative, with only a few scenes and lines of dialogue. Another film that received little play at this time was a fluff movie Marilyn made that same season called *Right Cross*. This one was a boxing film from MGM starring the studio's popular, peach-cheeked girl next door June Allyson and her husband Dick Powell. Marilyn was uncredited and mainly unnoticed in the tiny role of Dusky Ledoux, a bar girl who has a brief encounter with Powell's character. Then, in the spring of 1950, Marilyn was jettisoned into yet another mediocre movie called *Home Town Story*. The less said about this one the better—though it did resurface abroad as a curiosity after her death. In it, Marilyn has a two-minute scene as a receptionist in a newspaper office.

Johnny Hyde's rationale for having Marilyn make brief appearances in such terrible movies was that he hoped if she were seen enough onscreen, MGM might actually offer her a contract. That didn't happen, though. In the meantime, Marilyn would end up spending most of her free time posing for ads, pinups, and photo essays—anything to make a living while she waited to break into what she was finding to be a very tough business.

Meanwhile, Johnny continued to squire Marilyn around town. Ironically, the power had shifted in their relationship. She had gone into it feeling that she needed him. Now, a year later, he was acting as if he needed her, and he seemed to want to do whatever he could think of to keep her happy lest she walk out on him. True, *The Asphalt Jungle* was important in retrospect because it showed what Marilyn was capable of, but it was such a brief role it went unnoticed by critics. (Later in the year, Johnny would book her in a TV commercial—her first and only—for a motor oil!)

In April of 1950, Johnny Hyde took Marilyn to meet writer and director Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who was getting ready to mount a new film for Darryl Zanuck at Fox. It was *All About Eve*, and Mankiewicz cast Marilyn in a small but pivotal part based on the job she had done in *The Asphalt Jungle*. "I thought she was right for the role, which was of an aspiring theater actress," he recalled many years later, "and Marilyn was nothing if not aspiring at the time. It was suggested that the character would do whatever she had to do to get ahead, and I sensed that in Marilyn there was a certain amount of cunning as well as the innocence. I found her a fascinating mix. On one hand, she was vulnerable. But, on the other, calculating. She knew what she was doing, that one. There was never a false move with her."

The story of *Eve*, adapted from a *Cosmopolitan* short story, is well known—a ruthless, conniving ingénue, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), insinuates herself into the life and career of a legendary, aging Broadway star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), wrecking the lives of all those she touches, as she claws her way to the very pinnacle of theatrical stardom. In two of three set pieces upon which the movie is based, Marilyn shone brilliantly and displayed the early promise she would later fulfill as a dominant screen personality for the next decade and a half. In a scene on the staircase at a birthday party in Margo's apartment, she is seated in the center with most of the film's stars seated or standing around her—Baxter, Gary Merrill, Celeste Holm, George Sanders, Gregory Ratoff—and it is impossible to take your eyes off her, even when other characters are delivering their lines. As has been said a thousand times, the camera loves her, and so do we. In her other scene, in the lobby of a theater, she has just fallen victim to her nerves over an audition and has gotten sick in the ladies' room. Her queasiness is unmistakable and we feel like pressing a cold towel to her forehead, her emotions spent, raw.

Today, *All About Eve* is recognized as one of the classic films of all time and certainly the best picture about the Broadway theater ever made. Entire books have been written about the movie, the best of these being *More About All About Eve*, by Sam Staggs. Anecdotes abound about this production, one of the best being that production was constantly held up due to Marilyn's lateness. She simply could never be on time.

At any rate, when released, *All About Eve* would generate fourteen Oscar nominations. It would also hold the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' record for most nominations for a single picture until 1997, when James Cameron's disaster epic *Titanic* received the same number of nods—with *Titanic* winning a total of eleven Oscars, while *Eve* earned six, including Best Picture, Best Director, and Best Screenplay. Also, interestingly, the first and only appearance Marilyn would make at the Oscars—on March 29, 1951—was to present the award to Thomas Moulton for *All About Eve* for Best Sound Recording.

Considering her small part in *All About Eve*, one would think Marilyn would have done anything in her power to not be tardy, but that just wasn't her way. One day, actor Gregory Ratoff declared of her, "That girl will be a big star!" Celeste Holm rolled her eyes and said, "Why, because she keeps everyone waiting?" Indeed, much has been made over the years about Marilyn's penchant for being late. She was tardy for just about every appointment she made, whether it was work-related or just a coffee date with a friend. It didn't matter the occasion, everyone in her life knew she would be late for it. It was a maddening habit, but because she was who she was, most people just put up with it. To be fair, she usually made it worth their while. One thing was certain: She did light up the room with her presence. "It's not so much that I'm always late," she once quipped, "it's just that everybody else is in such a hurry!"

Dumb as a Blonde Fox

In the autumn of 1950, Marilyn—now twenty-four—went back to school. She enrolled in a ten-week program at the University of California at Los Angeles to study world literature. Fellow classmates don't have remarkable memories of her because she did what she could to fit in as a student and not call much attention to herself. "I want to expand my horizons," she explained to Grace Goddard, who wholeheartedly approved. In the last few years, as she lived her life on her own terms and met a wide range of fascinating people, she had become much more thoughtful and introspective. Anyone who thought she was a brainless blonde had been fooled by her carefully constructed image. It's true that she was still a vulnerable and scared child at heart. Norma Jeane was alive and well in everything Marilyn did—or was afraid to do—in her life and career. However, she was, at the very least, manageable. Marilyn wasn't as helpless as Norma Jeane had been, that much was clear by the time she was twenty-four. But, she also knew that her weak routine could work to her advantage. There's probably nothing more attractive to a powerful man, she decided, than a beautiful and hopelessly vulnerable young woman.

"When she would go to cocktail parties, she would put on the act for all to see," said Jerry Eidelman, an aspiring actor who knew Marilyn. "She was living in a duplex on Fountain Avenue in West Hollywood at the time with a scary acting teacher. [Marilyn had moved in with Natasha—but platonically, just to save money.] She and the teacher had a cocktail party one night and invited me because I lived in the neighborhood. When I would see Marilyn here and there, I found her to be bright... and interested. But when I went to this cocktail party, I was amazed by what I saw of her. She came off like she didn't have two brain cells to rub together. She was very flirtatious with anyone she thought might help her, any of the acting teacher's guests who, I took it, were casting agents. She had on a dress that was so tight there was no way she could sit down while wearing it. I noticed that she just sort of propped herself up in a corner with a martini in her hand and received admirers as if she was royalty—a princess who was just a bit drunk. She had this little girl's kind of voice, which was not very much like what I knew her to sound like in her day-to-day life. I knew she put some of that on for most of her movies, I just didn't know she did it in real life." *

Her costar in the movie *The Fireball*, James Brown, concurred. "She'd sit there batting her eyes and give you the feeling she was a pretty dumb girl, but then there was this intense, almost secret-like sincerity behind what she'd say, and that left me with the idea that this girl is a mystery. She was truly a mystery."

Jerry Eidelman continued, "The next day, I saw her walking a little dog she had, a Chihuahua, I think. I remember she had on black-and-white checked pedal pushers with a little white peasant blouse, buttoned all the way to the top. And she had on what looked like ballerina shoes—flats of some kind, made of a satin material. One thing about running into her, if you liked her as much as I did you instantly memorized whatever she had on—at least I always did. Anyway, I stopped her and said, 'You know, Marilyn, you were very different last night at the party.' She looked at me with wide eyes and said, 'Why, whatever do you mean, Jerry?' I just smiled at her and said, 'You know what I mean.' She gave me a little look. 'Marilyn, you're no dumb blonde, and you know it,' I told her. 'If anything, you're as dumb as a blonde fox.' She loved that. 'I don't even know what that means,' she said, 'but that's pretty funny, Jerry.' Then she winked at me and continued on her way with her dog."

By this time Johnny Hyde's health had begun to fail and he was for the most part restricted to his bed. For a man who had tried to stay so vital despite his heart disease, this was a heavy cross to bear. He was still devoted to Marilyn, though she seemed less interested in him—especially when he became ill. "I don't know how to deal with it," she told one relative. "It makes me so sad to see him. I think he believes I'm heartless because I don't want to see him that way. I just don't know what to do."

At the end of the year, Marilyn finally signed a three-year contract with the William Morris Agency for representation. She'd just had a handshake deal with Johnny the entire time they'd been working together. Now it was time to make it official. At this same time, Johnny arranged for her to have an important screen test at Fox. "She was excited about that, I remember," said Jerry Eidelman. "She told me that she wanted nothing more than to do a good job, sign with Fox, and, as she put it, 'become the biggest star there is, Jerry—the *biggest star there is!*' I told her, 'You know, Marilyn, there's more to show business than stardom. There's acting.' And she looked at me squarely and said, 'Yes, Jerry, but sadly you don't get to do much unless you're a big star.' She had me there.

"The day after the screen test, she was on cloud nine. She said it had gone very well. A couple days later, she looked a little crushed when I saw her. She said she didn't get a big contract with the studio, but she did get a movie. 'It's a comedy,' she said glumly. 'I play a secretary.' I asked her what it was called. She said, 'Who cares, Jerry? I play a dumb secretary. That's not going to take me anywhere I haven't already been.' I suggested that maybe she needed a new agent. 'Great,' she said, rolling her eyes. 'I just signed with William Morris for three years.' Then she tossed her head back and laughed. 'I think my goose is cooked,' she said. 'If you see me still out here walking my own dog next month, you'll know it was a bit part, like all my other pictures.' She was disappointed but, still, there was something about her that made you know she was not going to give up. I thought to myself, you know, she's really something, that Marilyn Monroe."

The movie Marilyn referred to was to be called *As Young as You Feel*. The deal was put together for her by Johnny Hyde, of course, with an eye toward securing a contract with Fox. He was really working for her, he loved her so much. "You know, maybe you should marry him," Joseph Schenck told Marilyn. "What do you have to lose?" She usually respected Schenck's opinion, but not this time. "I'm not going to marry someone I'm not in love with," she told him. "But Marilyn, which would you rather have—a poor boy you loved with all your heart, or a rich man who loved you with all his?" She said she'd rather have the poor boy. "I thought you were smarter than that," Schenck told her, joking with her now. "I'm disappointed in you, Marilyn."

In mid-December, Marilyn and Natasha went to Tijuana to do some Christmas shopping. Johnny and his secretary went to Palm Springs for the weekend. It was there that he had a heart attack. He was rushed back to Los Angeles by ambulance. Marilyn sped back to the city as quickly as she could. Johnny's nephew, Norman Brokaw—also representing her at William Morris—accompanied Marilyn to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital (now Cedars-Sinai Medical Center), but by the time they got there, Johnny was dead. She was told that before he passed away, he cried out, "Marilyn! Marilyn!"

The hospital staff let Marilyn and Norman enter Johnny's room, where his body was still on a bed covered by a white sheet. Marilyn, seeming stricken, her eyes dark and shadowed in pain, walked on shaky legs to the bed and very slowly pulled the sheet down to Johnny's shoulders. Johnny had once told her that if he were to die, all she would have to do would be to hold him in her arms and he would spring back to life, just for her. Gazing down at his dead body, tears of regret and sorrow spilled onto his face as she cried out, "Johnny, I did love you. Please know that I did love you."

Suicide over Johnny?

Johnny Hyde's funeral was extremely difficult; his estranged wife refused to allow Marilyn Monroe to attend it. "They thought I was awful," Marilyn later recalled. It's been said that Marilyn and Natasha Lytess disguised themselves as family servants and managed to get into the service anyway, which was held at Johnny's North Palm Drive house. Elia Kazan's yarn was that Marilyn broke into the house the night before the service and kept vigil till morning beside Johnny's coffin. Later there were published accounts that the next day at the funeral, she hurled herself onto the coffin and had to be pulled off it, kicking and screaming in agonizing grief. That story was started by Marilyn, in her own book: "I threw myself on the coffin and sobbed. I wished I was dead with him." No one remembers anything like this happening at the funeral. Rather, Marilyn was apparently subdued and contemplative throughout the burial service at Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

Afterward, Marilyn stayed at Johnny's grave site for many hours, alone with her thoughts and memories. She stayed so long, in fact, that the sun was setting and an attendant suggested that she take her leave. According to veteran Hollywood agent Norman Winters, that anecdote is actually true.

She hadn't been in love with Johnny; she was clear about it. It was just a simple matter of chemistry. She hadn't wanted to lead him on, but didn't know how to keep him in her life—indeed, in her career—without having sex with him, which, she later admitted, "was, I guess, the same as leading him on." However, they had shared so many intimate moments, she felt certain that no one knew him quite as well as she did. "No one knows the true depth of what we shared," she would later tell one of her closest friends. "When it's just the two of you in bed in each other's arms and it's pitch black in the room and you put your head on his chest and hear his heart beat, that's when you really know a man. When his heart beats for you, that's when you really know him."

"If I had never met him, he would be alive with his family," a distraught Marilyn told Natasha, according to Natasha's memory. "And now I'm alone."

"You're not alone," Natasha told her, hugging her tightly. "I'm with you, Marilyn. I'm with you."

"I had to keep telling her 'you're not alone,' " Natasha would later recall, "because I truly believed she was about to end her life."

"I hadn't seen her in some time," said her neighbor Jerry Eidelman, "and I ran into her in—of all places—the grocery store. It had to have been just a day or so after the funeral. She was buying cleaning supplies. I remember that she had on yellow slacks and a white-and-yellow angora sweater, her hair in a ponytail and horn-rimmed glasses. 'Are you cleaning the house?' I asked her. She forced sort of a thin smile and said, 'No, I don't clean, Jerry. We have someone else do the cleaning. But for her to shop for the supplies would cost more money, so I'm doing it.' Then she said, 'I need to stay busy. Did you hear about Johnny Hyde?' I told her I did. She said, 'It's so awful. I don't know how to cope with it. And then this thing with my mother, too, is driving me crazy.' I asked what she was talking about, and she said that her mother had gone off and married some creep and that she was worried sick about her. She said she was thinking of going on a trip to try to find the woman and rescue her from her husband. I said, 'But Marilyn, you can't do that. Or at least not alone. Take me with you. We'll find her together.' She said, 'I don't think I can expose you or anyone else to my mother. You don't know what she has put me and my sister through. She's very ill.' Then, in what I now view as one of those great Marilyn Monroe moments, she put her hand up to her forehead dramatically, swooned a little, and whispered, 'I'm so sorry, I simply must go now.' She then rushed out, leaving her cart of cleaning supplies behind.

"I paid for the stuff and took it to her home. I knocked on the door and she answered. She looked awful. She'd been crying and was very pale. 'Here are your cleaning supplies,' I told her. 'You forgot them.' She looked at me blankly and asked, 'What cleaning supplies?' I said, 'Thirty minutes ago, Marilyn—at the grocery store, remember?' She was very disoriented. 'Oh, that's right, the cleaning supplies,' she said. She then took the bag from me, and without saying thank you or anything else, just turned and closed the door behind her. It was very strange and, also, very disconcerting."

A couple of days after Johnny's funeral, Natasha returned home from work at the studio and found Marilyn in her bedroom. She was out cold, her cheeks puffed out and her coloring pale. Horrified, Natasha rushed to her side and forced open her mouth. It was full of dissolving pills. Natasha managed to shake Marilyn awake. By way of explanation, Marilyn told her she had taken some sleeping pills—which she had bought over the counter at Schwab's—and then fell asleep before she could wash them down. It seemed such an unlikely scenario, Natasha didn't really believe it. "She felt worthless," Natasha later remembered. "She thought she was responsible for Hyde's heart attack. If he had not loved her and cared so much about her [she thought] he would still be alive."

No, Marilyn insisted, she had not tried to kill herself over Johnny Hyde. She would never do such a thing. She later told photographer and friend Milton Greene, "I felt guilty and I had a lot of feelings to sort through—but, oh baby, I sure didn't want to die. The fact is," she concluded, sadly, "he had made certain that I had nothing to die for."

Natasha wasn't convinced. She wrote a letter to her student Helena Albert at this time in which she said she felt that Marilyn "was intent on doing herself in" and that she feared there was nothing she or anyone else could do about it. "I think that when a person wants to kill herself, she will at some point do it despite the best intentions of her friends to prevent it from happening," she wrote. She also wrote that she was determined to be loyal to Marilyn and do whatever she could to "keep her stabilized and," she added, somewhat wryly, "if there is any time for it, perhaps we will be able to work on her acting, as well."

Two weeks later, on Christmas Day, Marilyn Monroe presented Natasha Lytess with an antique ivory cameo brooch framed in gold. On it, she had inscribed, "I just want you to know that I owe you *much* more than my life."

Marilyn Tries to Meet Her “Father”

When Johnny Hyde died, Marilyn felt that she'd lost not only one of her greatest allies, but also the closest thing she had to a father figure. She turned to Natasha Lytess to get through this difficult time. Natasha was supportive, of course, but she believed that Johnny's death could indirectly have a troubling effect on Marilyn's career. Natasha had been working with Marilyn on “deepening” her performances. She now saw that she had such great potential and wanted to make certain that she didn't fall back to the mostly hollow portrayals she had been doing in her earlier films. “I think tragic roles are her forte,” she would later observe. “There is a strangeness about her... an un-real quality.”

Though she wasn't exactly a fan of Johnny Hyde's, Natasha couldn't help but believe that Marilyn's association with him had had a positive effect on her acting. After her most recent performances, she felt certain that Marilyn was on the brink of a major breakthrough. She had seen a maturation of Marilyn as both a woman and an actress. Natasha thought that Johnny believed in Marilyn so much, it encouraged her to finally believe in herself—and thus she saw the benefits not only in her acting but in her day-to-day life. With Johnny gone, Natasha felt that they needed somehow to find another person to fill that role in Marilyn's life. Was it possible that her real father might do so? Natasha felt it was worth a try.

In Marilyn Monroe's life, there was no question in her mind about her paternity. She simply knew that Charles Gifford was her father—just as Gladys had known so many years earlier. Since this was before medical confirmation of paternity was even a viable option, there probably had been no way for Marilyn to know absolutely—yet she said she absolutely knew in her heart. When Natasha approached Marilyn about tracking down her father, saying that they should have a face-to-face encounter with him, Marilyn was agreeable.

Marilyn spent a few days doing an investigation into just what happened to her father after he left Los Angeles. It turned out he didn't go far. Gifford had moved to Northern California. After working as a contractor responsible for the building of chalets for a private resort, he went into poultry farming. He married again, to a woman who died soon after the wedding. Finally, he established the Red Rock Dairy, a five-acre farm in Hemet, where he remarried. While Marilyn had no problem finding Gifford's home address, she couldn't find a current phone number for him—though word had definitely begun to spread through Hemet that she was trying to find one. Apparently she decided that she would take a risk and drive to Hemet, hoping that maybe an element of surprise would work in her favor.

Susan Reimer, who was eight years old at the time, recalled that her family was excited that a celebrity was coming to visit their “Uncle Stan.” When she asked her mother, Dolly, who was coming, the older woman put a finger up to her mouth and said, “*Shhh*. We're not supposed to tell a soul. But it's”—dramatic pause—“Marilyn Monroe.” Reimer recalled, “That's when I learned about the family's secret, one that was never discussed openly and only whispered about. Uncle Stan was Marilyn Monroe's father. I was told to keep my mouth shut about it, and I did for many years.” She says that when she confronted her uncle and asked him directly about his link to Marilyn Monroe, he balked and said that he didn't want to reveal anything that would hurt his wife.

Charles Stanley Gifford Jr. today says, “People have been trying to connect these dots back to my family for decades. It's not true. My father would have told me if he was Marilyn Monroe's father, too. He just would have. The press pestered him and my poor stepmother, Mary, to death because of these stories Marilyn made up. The poor woman had nothing to do with it, and yet never had a moment's peace in her life because of it.”

Back in Los Angeles, Marilyn, armed only with Gifford's address, prepared to depart, assuming that Natasha would be joining her on the drive. However, Lytess seemed to think that Marilyn needed to face that powerful moment on her own. Susan Martinson, who was eighteen in 1950 and a student and friend of Lytess's, recalled, “Natasha told me that Marilyn cornered her and said, ‘Please come with me. I don't want to drive up there alone. He's already hung up on me once and I'm not sure I'll be able to handle it if he rejects me again.’ Natasha tried to talk her way out of it, but Marilyn insisted.”

Marilyn and Natasha drove several hours to Charles Gifford's home. When they finally arrived, Marilyn reached into the backseat and fished through her purse. There she found a recent magazine that featured her on the cover. She took a deep breath, then exited the car. Did she really believe that this man could be unaware of who she was—that she needed proof that she was “somebody” to convince him she was worthy of a chance to plead her case? Possibly. She rang the doorbell, then waited, the magazine in her hand rolled into a tube.

The door opened.

Marilyn lifted her lowered head to find—a woman. Apparently, it was Mary Gifford, Charles Stanley Gifford's present wife. Marilyn's conversation with her was brief. All that came of it was a business card with Gifford's lawyer's number on it, and an awful memory of another broken dream. Gifford's son, Charles Stanley Jr., insists today that “my father would never have given Marilyn a business card.” In a letter to her former student Helena Albert, Natasha was very clear that she and Marilyn definitely had made the trip, though. She wrote that it had been her idea and that “I regret now putting Marilyn through it because I think it did her no good.” She also wrote that during the long drive she and Marilyn discussed “her father issues,” and that Natasha had decided before they even got to Hemet that “we were making a mistake in not bringing a psychiatrist with us. I don't know what I was thinking!”

In 1962, Charles Stanley Gifford was diagnosed with cancer shortly before Marilyn Monroe's death. At that time, he supposedly tried to contact Marilyn from a California hospital. According to Monroe's friend, actor and masseur Ralph Roberts, a nurse telephoned Marilyn and said, “Your father is very ill and may die. His dying wish is to see you.” To that, Marilyn was alleged to have said, “Tell the gentleman to contact my lawyer.” Again, his son doesn't believe it. “Absolutely not. If you knew my father, you would know how ridiculous that is. It is not true.”

Charles Stanley Gifford would die of cancer in 1965. Before his death, he supposedly confided to his Presbyterian minister, Dr. Donald Liden, that he had recently spoken to Marilyn on the telephone—impossible, of course, since she would have passed away three years earlier. When Dr. Liden questioned Gifford about it, he confessed. “My daughter was Marilyn Monroe,” he said. Dr. Liden recalled, “My jaw dropped. But I didn't doubt the truth of it. He said that he felt the mother [Gladys] had been unfair. She had cut him off and didn't allow him to see the child. When he married again, it got difficult. His wife was a fine woman and he didn't want to hurt her by acknowledging he'd had a child out of wedlock. I detected it was a sorrowful thing for him.”

“I was with my father every day when he was sick,” insists his son, Charles Jr. “There was no deathbed confession to me, I can tell you that much. We were very close. He told me the particulars of where he wanted to be buried, how he felt about his life, his children. If ever there would have been a time for a deathbed confession, it would have been on his deathbed!

“My father and his friend Ray Guthrie lived together at the time he was dating Gladys,” Gifford Jr. continues. “I once called Ray and asked him about

this time. He said, ‘Yeah, I remember Gladys. She used to come around and cook breakfast for us and we’d go out and do this and that, just have fun, nothing serious.’ I asked, ‘Well did Dad ever say anything to you about fathering a child by her?’ He just laughed and said, ‘No, but if he had, he sure would have mentioned it.’

“My father’s DNA is on record at Riverside Hospital,” he concludes. “If Marilyn Monroe’s DNA is on record at one of the hospitals she was ever in, I challenge someone to do a test and compare them, and you’ll find that Charles Stanley Gifford is not her father—and I am not her half brother.”

Early Films

The films featuring Marilyn Monroe in 1950 and 1951 were not exactly memorable. *As Young as You Feel* found her back at 20th Century-Fox, and despite her sixth-place billing and her prominent display on the posters and lobby cards, she had but two brief scenes as Harriet, a secretary. Then there was *Love Nest*, a post-World War II sex comedy without the sex, starring June Haver and William Lundigan. Marilyn's role was described in a review as "an extended cameo," the highlight being a scene in which she emerges from a shower, draped in a towel. There was also *Let's Make It Legal*, with things only slightly better for Marilyn as regards her screen time, which is mostly spent in a bathing suit. Claudette Colbert and Macdonald Carey star in this romantic comedy "that feels overstretched even at an hour and a quarter," in one critic's appraisal.

In March 1951, the deal Johnny Hyde had been working on for Marilyn to re-sign with Fox was finally finished, without him. The William Morris Agency, Johnny's firm, wasn't interested in Marilyn after his death, so she ended up with the Famous Artists Agency, where she would be managed for the next several years by a man named Hugh French. The Fox deal was for forty weeks and \$500 a week whether she worked or not—and she couldn't work for anyone else either, unless the company loaned her out. At the end of each year, the studio could decide not to renew, and if so, she would be on her own once again. However, Fox could also renew at the end of the term, and if it did she would receive \$750 a week for the second year, \$1,250 for the third, \$1,500 for the fourth, \$2,000 for the fifth, \$2,500 for the sixth, and \$3,500 for the seventh, if she lasted that long. It's interesting that she would now be working for Darryl Zanuck again, a man who clearly had no love for her. He only signed her because Joe Schenck, Johnny Hyde, and so many others kept pressuring him about it. Natasha Lytess also went with Marilyn as part of the deal, and would be getting \$750 a week to coach Marilyn—\$500 from Fox and \$250 from Marilyn. So Marilyn was paying Natasha 50 percent of what Fox paid her that first year, which certainly showed how much value she placed on her work with the acting teacher. Natasha was making quite a bit more money that first year than Marilyn herself.

Another of her early films was Fritz Lang's *Clash by Night* (made in 1951, though released in 1952), adapted for the screen from an unsuccessful Broadway play by Clifford Odets, who, with the play's director, Lee Strasberg, and others, had founded the controversial, left-leaning Group Theatre in the 1930s. The play starred Tallulah Bankhead as Mae Doyle, a part assumed by Barbara Stanwyck in the film. Despite her prominent billing, Marilyn's role was minor. Still, she received excellent notices, among them these words of praise by Alton Cook in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*: "The girl has a refreshing exuberance, an abundance of girlish high spirits. She is a forceful actress, too.... She has definitely stamped herself as a gifted new star.... Her role here is not very big, but she makes it dominant." If Fox's loaning out of its contract player to RKO was meant to test the waters as to her box-office potential, as has been speculated, the studio got its answer. Thus reassured, Fox set about finding scripts to showcase her obvious charms, pairing her with more established leading men.

By the fall of 1951, Marilyn Monroe had moved out of Natasha Lytess's apartment and begun sharing a home with Shelley Winters in Hollywood. There were no hard feelings, apparently, since the three women remained social together after Marilyn moved in with Shelley. That said, she would have a lot more fun with the thrill-seeking Winters than she ever did with the often maudlin Natasha Lytess. Also, at the suggestion of one of her intimates, Elia Kazan, Marilyn would begin taking additional acting classes with renowned drama teacher Michael Chekhov, known for his acting technique called "The Method." She had told Kazan that she was bored with the roles she was playing because so many of them had been basically the same kind of empty-headed characterization. She wanted nothing more than to challenge herself with more complex parts—and also wanted others to think of her as being more than a caricature. He agreed. She had a lot to give, she just needed to sharpen her skills. (It's not known how Natasha Lytess felt about Marilyn's second acting teacher.) Kazan also suggested that Marilyn take more classes at UCLA, and she did. She enrolled there for a course in "Backgrounds of Literature," described as "Historical, social and cultural aspects of various periods with an introduction to the literature, itself." Anytime she had an opportunity to broaden her mind, she wanted to take advantage of it. This time, though, she caused quite a sensation on campus, unlike her previous experience there when she wasn't as well known. She would have much preferred to blend in with the other students, but how could she?

At this same time, Marilyn received a telephone call from her half sister Berniece. Berniece's father, Jasper—who had been married to Marilyn's mother, Gladys, and who had absconded with her children so many years ago—had died. Even though Marilyn never met him, she did have some knowledge of him. When, as Norma Jeane, she had become old enough to start asking questions about her father, Gladys had told her that he had died in an automobile accident. (Marilyn would later say that she never really believed it. Once, she said, when she pushed the issue, Gladys "went into the bedroom and locked herself in.") Gladys had kept a photo of Edward Mortenson—Jasper—on her wall, seen by Norma Jeane on the few occasions she would visit. When the young girl finally inquired as to the identity of the man in the picture, Gladys lied and said that he was her father. Marilyn then fell completely under his spell, she would later say, even if he was just a man in a photograph. "It felt so good to have a father, to be able to look at his picture and know I belonged to him," she later recalled. "And what a wonderful photograph it was. He wore a slouch hat a little gaily on the side. There was a lively smile in his eyes, and he had a thin mustache like Clark Gable. I felt very warm toward the picture." In fact, Marilyn recalled that looking at that photo of her father was "my first happy time." She said she spent many nights dreaming of him and fantasizing about the kind of man he might have been if only he'd been in her life.

Now the man Marilyn had spun so many fantasies around was gone. Jasper was the only parent Berniece had ever known. The most Marilyn could do was feel sorry for Berniece's loss and stash her conflicted feelings about Jasper in her heart—along with all of the other ambivalent feelings she had about her parents.

Soon after Jasper's death, authorities in Pineville, Kentucky, noted that he was listed on Marilyn's birth certificate as her father. This gave them a great excuse to be in contact with a movie star. Marilyn was pestered by lawyers in Kentucky for months as to whether she wanted to stake a claim on Jasper's meager estate, until finally she made it clear—via her own attorney—that she had no such interest. Also at about this time, she hired a robust woman named Inez Melson, with large round glasses and an officious demeanor, as her business manager. She was instructed to try to send money to Gladys on a regular basis—difficult to do since it was always so difficult to keep track of Gladys's whereabouts. Though she had filed for divorce from John Eley, Gladys was still with him, as far as anyone knew, and the two were traveling across the country together.

One evening, Marilyn received a long-distance collect telephone call from Gladys, though she had no idea from where it originated. Gladys said that she didn't want to be found, that she felt let down by Marilyn and Berniece, and that the two of them were "very, very disappointing daughters." She ranted on about how much she loved Marilyn and that she had only given her up because her own mother, Della, had insisted upon it. She wanted to know how much longer Marilyn was going to hold it against her. Then she said that when Marilyn was a couple of years old, she caught "the whooping cough" from her foster brother, Lester, and that Gladys had moved into Ida Bolender's home and nursed Norma Jeane back to health. "And I stayed there for a whole month with you," she told Marilyn. "And you've never even thanked me for it." Marilyn had a very vague memory of Ida once telling her about something like that, but she certainly didn't remember it happening. It was very rare for Gladys to bring up the past. Marilyn thought perhaps it meant that Gladys was showing some improvement, because her memory was quite clear, and she suggested that Gladys return home as soon as possible so that they could discuss it and perhaps work things out between them. "But that's not possible," Gladys said, "because there are people telling me what to do, and they have told me not to go back to California under any circumstances. I could be in grave danger there." Now Gladys's illness was talking again. The disturbing telephone call ended with her warning Marilyn to be careful. "You're being watched," she told her daughter. "You must believe me, Norma Jeane." Then she hung up.

Marilyn later told Rupert Allan that she cried herself to sleep that night—but not before making sure all of her shades were drawn.

Don't Bother to Knock

At about this time, Marilyn began work on what would be her most important role to date. Fox boss Darryl Zanuck, always ambivalent about Marilyn Monroe's film future, was not quite ready to assign her to lead roles in "A" pictures and continued to look for more modest projects, budget-wise, for his contractee. He required her to screen test for *Don't Bother to Knock*, which had the following story line: Nell Forbes, recently released from a mental institution, is recommended for a babysitting job by her uncle (Elisha Cook Jr.), the elevator operator in the hotel where the action takes place, while the child's wealthy parents, Peter and Ruth Jones (Jim Backus and Lurene Tuttle), are having dinner. Dressed in a sexy negligee belonging to Mrs. Jones and wearing her jewelry and perfume, Nell begins a flirtatious, at-a-distance, slow dance of seduction for a cynical airline pilot, Jed Towers (Richard Widmark), who occupies a room across the courtyard. After Jed figures out her room number and knocks on the door, Nell invites him in, creating a situation that soon turns dangerous, with Nell alternately threatening to throw herself out the window or kill her young ward, Bunny (Donna Corcoran), now fully awake and terrified. Anne Bancroft, after a busy year acting in a series of TV programs, would make her feature film debut in this movie as Lyn Leslie, a cabaret singer in the hotel's nightclub and the ex-girlfriend of Jed.

The importance the studio placed on the film is evident in the care it gave the production artistically, assigning the studio's top composer to create the score, multiple Oscar winner Alfred Newman. The script was adapted by Daniel Taradash, who would be awarded an Oscar in 1954 for his screenplay of *From Here to Eternity*, the year's Best Picture Academy Award winner. Future Oscar winner Lucien Ballard was named director of photography; he had gained industry recognition as the creator of the Obie, a camera on which was mounted a key light, designed to eliminate any skin flaws on the face. Formerly married to Merle Oberon, he came up with the idea to disguise the imperfections on her skin that resulted from a serious car crash. The camera was named for her.

Marilyn was extremely nervous about the screen test. She knew that Zanuck wasn't a fan. She and Natasha Lytess spent hours working on the script. "I have to say that I didn't think she was ready to take on a role of this magnitude," Natasha later said. "I may have underestimated her talent in that regard. Or, at the very least, I underestimated her resolve. The time we spent on the script—two days, nonstop and I don't even remember sleeping!—was very dramatic and passionate and filled with angst, very much like Marilyn all the time. In the end, she did such a great job on the screen test that Zanuck saw fit to write her a note to congratulate her, which surprised—and thrilled—her to no end. She was so insecure and unsure of her ability, any validation at all was considered high praise."

However, Zanuck would say of her performance in the film, "She's a dumb tomato and half-crazy to boot. She's a sex pot who wiggles and walks and breathes sex, and each picture she's in she'll earn her keep, but *no more dramatic roles*."

Marilyn's friend John Gilmore quoted Montgomery Clift, who said it best about Marilyn's relationship with Zanuck and Fox at this time: "Fox wanted to keep a tight grip on her and drain her dry. That's what they were after. The best talents, the other artists, they saw that differently and understood Marilyn had a right to make the choice of not demeaning herself. But the boss wouldn't let her. They didn't want an actress. That's what they agreed upon. They'd sit at their round table and decide that Marilyn wasn't capable of making a relevant decision."

While some critics of the day were dismissive of Marilyn's emotive skills—giving Fox's Zanuck ammunition to use against her—others would praise her, including *Daily Variety*: "[Marilyn Monroe] gives an excellent account of herself in a strictly dramatic role which commands certain attention." Studio decision makers were encouraged, and after filming concluded in January 1952, they had another film ready for her (*Monkey Business*, which began its eight weeks of production on March 5).

Over time Marilyn's acting in *Don't Bother to Knock* has been reassessed and her notices when the film was released in 2002 as part of a DVD boxed set were uniformly excellent. As film noir, the film has stood the test of time, and gives an inkling of what the future superstar would do with a highly emotional, offbeat role a year later—that of Rose Loomis, an adulterous wife, in the splashy 1953 Technicolor hit *Niagara*. When Marilyn's psychological problems eventually became known, many overanalytical parallels would be made between her and her screen character, Nell Forbes; but these parallels are unwarranted, and unfairly diminish her talent as an actress. She came to the set prepared, and though coached by Natasha Lytess, she delivered a great performance.

Still, after *Don't Bother to Knock*, the bad movies continued for Marilyn. In fact, the next year—1952—would start off on a difficult note when in March, Marilyn began work on *Monkey Business*, in which she played, much to her dismay, a stacked and dumb secretary to Cary Grant's scientist. Also at around this time, she made a movie called *We're Not Married*, which starred Ginger Rogers, Mitzi Gaynor, Eve Arden, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Because the film is centered on three self-contained stories, there is no interaction between most of the various players, so we are denied the pleasure of seeing Zsa Zsa and Marilyn lock horns. This was another dead-end movie that added nothing much to her résumé. It was also the year *O. Henry's Full House* was released, consisting of five self-contained mini-movies, each with a separate cast, separate writers, and separate directors, all based on famous short stories by O. Henry, the acknowledged master of the literary form that always bore a touching and unexpected irony in its denouement and became the author's signature. It received a first-class production and starred some of the Fox lot's most popular actors, but there wasn't much for Marilyn to do in this one and most people don't even know she was in it.

"This is not easy," Marilyn would tell Berniece when speaking of her career. "I don't know how many bad movies an actress can make before she just becomes known for... bad movies!"

Joltin’ Joe. The Yankee Clipper. No matter the nickname, few major-league baseball players in history had as much of an impact on our culture as the famous Joe DiMaggio. In the view of some historians, though, he may be as well known for his relationship with Marilyn Monroe as for his skill as a New York Yankees center fielder (for his entire professional career, 1936 to 1951).

Born Giuseppe Paolo (Joseph Paul) DiMaggio Jr. on November 25, 1914, Joe was the eighth of nine children of Sicilian immigrants in the small town of Martinez, California. When he was a year old, the family moved to San Francisco. He was raised with strict Catholic values in a household that stressed a strong work ethic and, above all, pride in their Sicilian heritage. At the same time, like most children of immigrants back then, the DiMaggio children were taught by their parents that nothing was more important than successfully merging into the American culture and being thought of as American. When he was a young boy, around six, he was forced to wear a leg brace due to a congenital weakness in his ankles. When the brace came off after two years, he was shy and withdrawn but also determined to excel at some physical activity. His brothers Vincent and Dominic played baseball—both went on to the pros—and he was thus inspired to also play the game. Joe dropped out of high school in the tenth grade—like Marilyn. His father, Giuseppe, had wanted him to be a fisherman—crab fishing had been a family trade for generations—but Joe couldn’t stand the smell of fish and cleaning them made him sick to his stomach. For many years, his father would view him as “good for nothing” as a result of his decision to do something other than fishing for a living. Joe’s brother Vince played for the San Francisco Seals, and it was he who persuaded the team’s management to bring Joe, then eighteen, on as a shortstop in 1932. He wasn’t such a great shortstop but he could definitely hit. By the age of twenty-one, he was batting .398. It wasn’t long before he became known as a reliable hitter for the team. He made his major-league debut with the Yankees in 1936, batting ahead of Lou Gehrig. From the start, he was a wonder on the field. It had been four years since the team had been in the World Series, but thanks in large part to DiMaggio, the Yankees would find themselves winning the next four fall classics. Joe joined the team in 1936 amid a great deal of publicity and attention. He was viewed as the greatest thing to happen to the sport in a long time. Paid \$15,000 a game, he used the money to set his family up in a nice home as well as to invest in his own seafood restaurant on Fisherman’s Wharf called Joe DiMaggio’s Grotto. He had a fifty-six-game hitting streak, from May 15 to July 16, 1941, that is thought of as the greatest in baseball history. Then, after going hitless for one game, he bounced back and hit in the next sixteen games for a total of seventy-two out of seventy-three.

Joe DiMaggio was more than just a baseball player, though. He was a cultural icon during the Great Depression, a desperate time in our history during which Americans sought out public figures for inspiration and motivation. He elevated the sport, but he also elevated the country. Watching DiMaggio in action was a thrill because of his grace and agility, but also it felt like a validation of the American dream. Injuries got the best of him, though, and by the late 1940s there were times when he could barely walk, let alone play the sport. Still, in 1949, he signed a contract with the Yankees for \$100,000—an enormous amount of money in the sport at that time. He was deeply depressed after surgery on his foot and the breakup of a marriage—his first, which brought forth one child, a son named Joe Jr. So his heart wasn’t really in the sport at this time. Still, even in his darkest hours, he was an amazing player. That year he had four home runs in three games and was rejuvenated. He went on for another year or so playing the game in historic ways as the country watched, mostly amazed by his exploits: He played in 139 games in 1950, scoring 114 runs and three home runs in a single contest! By 1951, though, his injuries (as well as persistent ulcers and painful arthritis) began to take a toll on him. He announced his retirement at the end of 1951 at just thirty-six. By the time he gave up the sport, he had the fifth most career home runs (361) and the sixth highest slugging percentage (.579) in history. He’s the only player in baseball history to be selected for the All-Star Game in every season he played. He’s still considered one of the best professional baseball players to ever walk out onto a field.

Joe DiMaggio was a complex person, a study in contrasts. Like many celebrated people, he could be charismatic in a room full of people yet distant and sullen behind closed doors. Also, like many celebrities—especially in the sports world—he was accustomed to getting whatever his heart desired when it came to the opposite sex.

What follows is the oft-reported story of how Marilyn Monroe met Joe DiMaggio. It’s true that the two did meet at this time; however, new interviews for this book reveal that this really was not the *first* time they met.

First, the accepted story:

After seeing Marilyn in a dazzling series of photos she made with the White Sox, Joe decided that he wanted her. Or at least he wanted to meet her, and then take it from there. Marilyn had done the photo shoot with the Sox during their spring training that year at Brookside Park in Pasadena as a publicity gimmick set up by the studio. She posed with popular baseball player Gus Zernial in one of the pictures. After Joe determined that he wanted to know Marilyn, he contacted a mutual friend, David March, and the date was set for March 8, 1952, at Villa Nova, an Italian restaurant. *

Marilyn wasn’t exactly eager to meet Joe. She didn’t quite know who he was, and didn’t much care. She figured he was just an egotistical baseball player—or maybe a football player, she wasn’t sure—and since she knew little about the sport she couldn’t imagine what they would have in common. So while Joe DiMaggio sat waiting with David March and an actress named Peggy Rabe, Marilyn did what she did best in these kinds of social situations—she was late. (“It was a balmy night, and I was late, as usual.”) In fact, she kept them waiting for almost two hours. Of course, when she appeared, the table was more than happy to see her, especially given that she had on a revealing, low-cut white blouse and a tight little blue skirt that made sitting down just a tad perilous. She didn’t know it, but DiMaggio was apprehensive about meeting her.

Marilyn later said that if she hadn’t known he was a baseball player, she would have picked him out as “either a steel magnate or a congressman.” He was quiet and thoughtful, not at all the boastful sports hero she had expected. He didn’t say much. Instead, he just stared into his glass of vodka, straight with lime. “You know, there’s a blue polka dot right there in the middle of your tie,” she mentioned, trying to make small talk. “Did you fix it so that it would be like that—right in the middle like that?” He shook his head and tried to avoid her steady gaze. She later recalled thinking that he was adeptly playing one of *her* best games—the one where she is enigmatic and elusive, and as a result inspires great curiosity from everyone in her midst. However, she did wonder how two could play such a game and quickly concluded that not much would ever be said between them.

What most impressed Marilyn about Joe on this night was that despite his quiet, almost sullen demeanor, he somehow still managed to command the table. In fact, the whole room. Sitting there in his white silk shirt, pearl-gray silk tie, and black trousers, he seemed more like a movie star with the golden tan of a playboy than some jock from New York. He wasn’t good-looking: His face was all sharp angles, his teeth not only bucked but haphazardly arranged, his eyes too close together. He was lanky and spindly. He didn’t walk, he lumbered. It didn’t matter, though. He was still power personified; it seemed to emanate from him, that’s how much attention he generated just by his mere presence in a booth in the back of the restaurant.

Marilyn was used to getting that kind of rapt attention from onlookers, but on this night she was just... another fan. Or, as she so perfectly put it, “Sitting next to Mr. DiMaggio was like sitting next to a peacock with its tail spread, that’s how noticeable you were.” There was no doubt in her mind that she was fascinated.

After their meal, Marilyn apologized, said she was exhausted and needed to get to bed. “I have to be at the studio in the morning,” she explained. When Joe offered to walk her to her car, she didn’t turn him down. In fact, she hoped it might give her a little more time to learn more about him. A bevy of smiling faces saw the couple out of the restaurant, all fans of Joe’s—a few of Marilyn’s too, but hers seemed a lot less excited than his.

Once in the parking lot, Joe asked her to drive him back to his hotel, the Knickerbocker. In her memoir, she recalls that she eagerly agreed because she didn’t want the evening to end just yet. She remembered that when they got back to the hotel, they agreed that it had been such a lovely evening, it was a shame to end it. So they toiled around Beverly Hills for three hours—and anyone who knows Beverly Hills knows that it’s not exactly a metropolis. Indeed, any two people driving about there for three hours are not looking at the sights but rather are preoccupied with each other.

For the record, the two had actually met a couple years earlier. Back in 1950, when Marilyn was with Johnny Hyde, his nephew, a young William Morris agent named Norman Brokaw, booked her on an NBC program called *Lights, Camera, Action*, a thirty-minute variety show hosted by actor Walter Wolf King. Marilyn had a brief walk-on part in a sketch—it was just a way for Brokaw to get some televised footage in order to possibly secure future bookings for her. After the show, Norman and Marilyn walked down Vine Street from the affiliate KNBH studio—now KNBC in Los Angeles—to the famous Brown Derby restaurant. As they had dinner, the actor William Frawley (Fred Mertz from *I Love Lucy*) came over to the table. After Norman introduced him to Marilyn Monroe, Frawley said, “You know, I’m sitting over there with Joe D. He really wants to meet this young lady. But he’s very shy...” Norman said, “Sure. On our way out, we’ll come by and say hello.” After Frawley left, Marilyn turned to the agent and said, “So, who’s Joe D.?” He said, “That’s Joe DiMaggio, one of the greatest baseball players of all time.” It meant nothing to her. Then he said, “But I guarantee you that if I introduce you to him, he’s going to want your telephone number. Is that okay?” She said it was fine. As they were leaving the Derby, Norman took Marilyn to Joe’s table. “Joe, this is Marilyn Monroe,” he said, “a young lady we have a great feeling about for the future. I think she’s going to be a big star.” Joe looked at her warmly, but he was clearly bashful. Barely able to meet her gaze, he said, “Well, listen, you’re in the right hands with Norman. He’s a great agent.” They shook hands, said goodbye, and that was the extent of it.

“Sure enough, the very next morning, one of my first calls was Joe DiMaggio wanting her telephone number,” Brokaw recalls. “I gave it to him. Then I called her up and said, ‘Marilyn, what’d I tell you. I just gave your telephone number to Joe D.’ ” It is not known whether Joe called her.

After their dinner in 1952, something began to stir in Marilyn Monroe. She’d never really experienced it before, at least to hear her tell it. She most certainly hadn’t been in love with Jim Dougherty. Joe Schenck was kindly and influential, but that wasn’t love either. And as much as she wished she could have been in love with Johnny Hyde, the emotion simply never materialized for her. However, the sudden warmth for and pull toward this new fellow, Joe DiMaggio, felt different, unlike anything she’d ever experienced with any other man. Indeed, with this one, it would definitely be... *different*.

The Nude Calendar Scandal

Within weeks of meeting Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn Monroe faced a career crisis when the nude photos taken by Tom Kelley a couple of years earlier—when Marilyn signed off as “Mona Monroe”—finally surfaced. Actually, they first had come to light on the John Baumgarth 1951 calendar. However, the connection between the naked model and Marilyn Monroe hadn’t been made—she wasn’t that famous yet, and the photos went unnoticed. By 1952 she was much more of a celebrity, with a few more movies under her belt and much more publicity from the studio. The Baumgarth company decided to use Monroe’s photos again for the 1952 calendar—and this time they would not be missed by anyone. When word of the photos began to circulate, the executives at Fox knew they had a big problem on their hands. No actress had ever done anything quite like this before, at least not in anyone’s recent memory. “I was sure that it would put an end to my fame and that I would be dropped by the studio, press and public and never survive my ‘sin,’ ” Marilyn later recalled.

She certainly had good reason to be concerned. The Hollywood studio system was incredibly puritanical, and had been since censorship regulations came into play in 1934. Film studios such as 20th Century-Fox had stringent moral clauses in their contracts that were designed to intimidate actors and actresses. They were forbidden to do anything immoral that might affect their image or that of the studio for which they worked, or they would be put under suspension. Not that this ever stopped most actors who were inclined to such behavior anyway. The moral clauses hadn’t informed certain decisions made by the likes of Elizabeth Taylor or Frank Sinatra or many other celebrities. They did what they wanted to and just accepted the suspension, considering it a vacation. But none of them had ever posed nude and then had the pictures distributed to a startled nation. Making it much worse for all concerned, this period in American history was particularly volatile due to Senator Joe McCarthy’s widespread fearmongering about Communism and its imminent infiltration of the United States due to the country’s loose sense of ethics and morality. In the midst of such caution came forth Marilyn Monroe, posing on a red velvet drape with her breasts—and nothing else, by the way—proudly exposed. By today’s standards, it’s difficult to imagine how these pictures could have caused such a sensation. They were just typical “cheesecake” fare—Marilyn striking an uncomfortable-looking pose with her arms extended over and behind her head, her perfect breasts perky and round, her back arched seductively, and her bent legs and hip discreetly covering her nether regions. However, in 1952, this kind of photography of a celebrity was definitely not the norm—and the reaction from Fox was quick panic. Marilyn was called into the studio and asked if, indeed, the photographs were of her. Yes, she admitted, they were. “But I really think Tom [Kelley] didn’t capture my best angle,” she added. Marilyn’s surprisingly nonchalant comment to Fox’s brass about the photographs demonstrates her savvy as a public relations strategist and also her ingenuity under pressure.

As it happened, Marilyn was already scheduled by the studio to be interviewed by Aline Mosby of United Press International. Should the interview now be canceled because of the release of the nude photos? No, Marilyn decided. Not only would she meet with Mosby, she also would use the encounter as a platform to explain herself. On the specified day, she dutifully sat for the interview and photo session. Afterward, she pulled the reporter aside. “I need to discuss something with you,” she whispered to Mosby. Then she let her have it—the whole Marilyn Monroe spiel. She’d been using it for many years, telling anyone who would listen how difficult her life had been and all she’d had to do to survive it. “A few years ago, when I had no money for food or rent,” Marilyn told Mosby, “a photographer I knew asked me to pose nude for an art calendar. His wife was there, they were both so nice, and I earned fifty dollars I needed very bad. That wasn’t a terrible thing to do, was it?” she asked, her eyes welling up with tears. She paused for dramatic affect. “I *never* thought anybody would recognize me,” she continued, her eyes wide with astonishment, “and now they say it will ruin my career. They want me to deny it’s me.” Then she added, “But I can’t lie. What shall I do?” Aline Mosby didn’t know what Marilyn should do, but she certainly knew what *she* was going to do—and it was to write a big feature called “Marilyn Monroe Admits She’s Nude Blonde of Calendar.” That story, which ended up being picked up by every wire service and circulated around the world, was one of Marilyn’s most masterful strokes, and it was basically honest (unlike some of her tales). The reaction was swift and immediate national forgiveness. Not only that, but the sensation of the pictures, her interview, and all of the attendant controversy made her an even bigger star. Eventually one of the photos would even end up on the cover of the first issue of *Playboy*, thereby launching that magazine into the stratosphere as well.

Marilyn never apologized for the photos. “I want a man to come home after a hard day’s work, look at this picture, and feel inspired to say, ‘Wow!’ ” she said. Indeed, she accepted the photographs and any ensuing scandal, just as she’d had to accept all manner of turmoil in her young life—and truly this imbroglio paled in comparison to what she’d faced in the past. She then exploited the pictures in the same way she’d often exploited her history. Frank Sinatra said it best: “If ever a broad knew how to make lemonade from lemons, it was Marilyn Monroe.” In this case, she managed to make lemon meringue pie.

From this point on, Marilyn Monroe’s image as a sex goddess was set in stone. For years to come, magazine covers—such as one for *Life* shortly after the nude pictures surfaced—and provocative photo layouts would underscore her steamy sexuality in a way that had never been seen from any other actress. She was never vulgar, either, which was part of her genius. Sometimes she came very close, but she knew just where the line of decency ran and never crossed it. Many others tried to imitate her—actresses like Jayne Mansfield and Kim Novak, for instance—but they couldn’t pull it off in quite the same way.

Many people have come forth over the years claiming to have “discovered” Marilyn Monroe. Perhaps the man who really deserves the honor is the guy who gave her five bucks for a cab—and his business card—on a day she was so broke she couldn’t figure out a way to get to an audition: Tom Kelley, the photographer who truly exposed Marilyn to the world.

Gladys: "I'd Like to Have My Child's Love"

Marilyn Monroe had just successfully coped with the surprising release of her nude photography when another scandal broke out around her. For years, she had told the world that she was an orphan, that her parents were both deceased. Where her father was concerned, this may as well have been the case because he played no role in her life. But her mother was a different matter.

In May 1952—right before Marilyn turned twenty-six—part of the story of her mother leaked out and caused a painful public relations quagmire for her. A reporter named Erskine Johnson from the *Hollywood Reporter* learned that Gladys was indeed alive, and he found her. He assumed in his report that she had just been released from Agnews State Hospital, but by this time she'd been out for seven years. In a story he called "Marilyn Monroe Confesses Mother Alive, Living Here," which ran in the *Reporter* on May 3, 1952, he reported that Gladys was working at a private nursing facility in Eagle Rock, California, called Homestead Lodge. The thrust of the story wasn't so much that Gladys was alive as that Marilyn had lied about it. It caused no end of problems for Marilyn in the media. For instance, she had just done an interview with a reporter for *Redbook* about her sad childhood, being raised an orphan after both her parents died. It was too late for the magazine's publisher to pull it from circulation. The story—"So Far to Go Alone"—not only made Marilyn look like a fabulist but also jeopardized the credibility of the publication and the writer of the feature, Jim Henaghan. Henaghan phoned Fox and complained to the publicity department, calling Marilyn a liar; he was very upset. Marilyn did what she did best—she handled the matter openly and honestly. She wrote a letter to *Redbook* for publication, stating, "I frankly did not feel wrong in withholding from you the fact that my mother is still alive... since we have never known each other intimately and have never enjoyed the normal relationship of mother and daughter."

Since becoming famous, Marilyn had still been in constant communication with her half sister, Berniece. When her nude calendar made headlines, her first impulse was to call Berniece and warn her about it. (Berniece's husband, Paris, had already come home from work with a dozen publications featuring the photos.) The two sisters then discussed how at the time Marilyn posed for the pictures, one of her greatest fears had been that her Aunt Ana would one day see them. How would she have explained them to Ana? In her mind, that would have been much tougher than explaining them to America. Ana was gone now, so it was a moot point, but others in her life were still alive and could be affected by the scandal. Marilyn knew her Aunt Grace—now more devoted to Christian Science than she had been even when Ana was alive—might take issue with the photographs, but she also knew that Grace understood show business and public relations and would eventually reconcile all of it in her head. Gladys was another story. Marilyn and Berniece just hoped that Gladys wouldn't see the pictures. It turned out that in 1952, Gladys had more important problems.

Four years earlier, when Marilyn had learned from Johnny Hyde that her mother's new husband was a bigamist, she had immediately called her Aunt Grace to tell her the startling news. Grace in turn told Gladys. "And who told you this?" Gladys wanted to know. "Norma Jeane," said Grace. That was all Gladys needed to hear to become convinced that Marilyn was trying to ruin her marriage, "because that's how much she hates me. She'll do anything to ruin my life because she still believes I ruined hers." There was no talking Gladys out of her point of view. She insisted that John did not have another wife and that it was all a lie that Marilyn had come up with, "like the rest of her stories."

Gladys had other problems with Eley, though. The man was a heavy drinker and emotionally abusive. In 1951, Gladys decided to file for divorce. However, before the paperwork could be completed, Eley became ill with heart disease. Gladys felt she had no choice but to stay at his side and utilize her belief in Christian Science to possibly heal him.

In the winter of 1951, Gladys got the job at Homestead Lodge, referred to in the *Hollywood Reporter* story about her. Then, on April 23, 1952, John Eley died at the age of sixty-two. Gladys moved in with Grace Goddard. After a time, she decided to look up Ida Bolender, and proceeded to move in with her. "Mother could never turn anyone down," said Ida Bolender's foster daughter Nancy Jeffrey. However, once she was at Ida's, Gladys said that she was sorry she had moved in with her. The two women just did not get along. Gladys wanted to leave the Bolender home, but apparently Grace didn't want her moving back with her. On top of all of this, Marilyn hadn't acknowledged John Eley's death with a sympathy card. Even though Marilyn was sending Gladys a monthly allowance, Gladys was still unhappy about what she perceived as her daughter's indifference, and she wrote her this stinging letter:

Dear Marilyn,

Please dear child, I'd like to receive a letter from you. Things are very annoying around here and I'd like to move away as soon as possible. I'd like to have my child's love instead of hatred.

*Love,
Mother*

Though Marilyn found the letter very upsetting, she would keep it as a memento. She also kept a framed photograph of Gladys on her nightstand.

Gladys had been talking for some time about going to Florida to visit Berniece. There was some trepidation about this possibility from all quarters. Berniece wanted to know her mother and welcomed the notion of a visit, but Marilyn and Grace had strong reservations about it because they knew Gladys a lot better than Berniece and weren't so certain it would be a good experience. Still, Berniece wrote to Gladys and said she was open to a visit from her and hoped she would come to Florida as soon as possible. Even though she had her doubts about the wisdom of such a visit, Marilyn decided that she would pay for all of Gladys's traveling expenses. The matter was then left up in the air; no one knew what Gladys was going to do next.

During the summer of 1952, while Gladys worked at Homestead Lodge, her daughter was getting more attention and publicity than ever before. It was impossible to miss her on the cover of some magazine or on television in a news report, especially after her many movies and personal appearances, the calendar scandal, and her budding romance with Joe DiMaggio. Gladys would go to work and often be confronted by the image of her daughter in a newspaper or, especially, on the TV set in the "television room" where the guests of the home would while away the hours.

Ever since Gladys started working at Homestead, she had been telling people she was Marilyn Monroe's mother. According to two women who worked at the facility at that time, Gladys would insist, "I'm telling you that Marilyn Monroe is my kid. I don't know why you don't believe me." In turn, she was inevitably told that she was being ridiculous because everyone knew that Marilyn's mother was dead; Marilyn had said so publicly—

repeatedly. From all available evidence, it seems that Marilyn and Grace—who together had the idea to proclaim Gladys dead in an effort to protect her from the media—had never told Gladys their PR strategy. She became defensive about it and believed her integrity was called into question when people at her job felt she was lying.

Soon, according to one of two women on duty at that time at Homestead Lodge with Gladys, “She came in one day with photos of her and Marilyn Monroe—or at least a girl who looked like she could have been Marilyn Monroe except that she was young and had dark hair. ‘See, this is me and Marilyn Monroe,’ Gladys said, very proudly. ‘Do you believe me now?’ No one knew what to think. This was some big news, let me tell you. Yes, it had to be true, everyone decided. I mean, she had *pictures*. Gladys felt better, and everyone went about his or her business. However, we all looked at Gladys a little differently at that time. We certainly wondered how it came to pass that this woman, Marilyn Monroe’s mother, was working here at an old folks’ home. It seemed very odd... very sad.”

Like ripples in a pond, the repercussions of Gladys’s revelation were sure to spread out far and wide from Homestead Lodge to... the world. It was just a matter of time before someone would tell someone else—who would then tell someone else—that Marilyn Monroe’s mother was alive and working in Eagle Rock, California. It’s not known who called Erskine Johnson with the tip, and Johnson would never reveal his source. While this backstage drama was going on, Fox renewed its contract with Marilyn. Now she would be receiving \$750 a week. At about the same time Homestead Lodge was abuzz over Gladys’s revelations, Marilyn was in the hospital having her appendix removed. While she was still recovering, Johnson’s article about Gladys appeared in the *Hollywood Reporter*. The surprising news that Marilyn’s mother was alive traveled around the world at the speed of light. Fox was unhappy about it. Marilyn was told that her mother’s existence should have been kept a secret, and some of the executives blamed her for allowing the news to come out. Marilyn disagreed. “The cat’s out of the bag now,” she said. “The secret is no more.” Then, taking the matter into her hands quickly, the first thing she did was call Erskine Johnson from her hospital bed. She would repeat what had worked so well with Aline Mosby of United Press International when the nude calendar scandal broke. She gave Johnson an exclusive interview.

“Unbeknownst to me as a child,” Marilyn said, “my mother spent many years as an invalid in a state hospital. I was raised in a series of foster homes arranged by a guardian through the County of Los Angeles and I spent more than a year in the Los Angeles Orphans’ Home. I hadn’t known my mother intimately, but since I have become grown and able to help her, I have contacted her. I am helping her now and want to continue to help her when she needs me.”

Marilyn would later say of Gladys, “I just want to forget about all the unhappiness, all the misery she had in her life, and I had in mine. I can’t forget it, but I’d like to try. When I am Marilyn Monroe and don’t think about Norma Jeane, then sometimes it works.”

Because it seems that Gladys hadn’t been told Marilyn was keeping her existence a secret, it also would seem that Gladys wasn’t trying to hurt Marilyn in revealing her existence.

As mentioned earlier, Erskine Johnson’s May 1952 story assumed that Gladys had just been released from Agnews State Hospital (whereas she had been released seven years prior); and because Marilyn *never* set anyone straight on this detail, the public has formed a lasting impression of Marilyn Monroe as a heartless person who had disowned her mother from the time Gladys had been committed to the mental hospital, right up through 1952. In all the years since 1952, the true date of Gladys’s release from the hospital still hasn’t become widely known. This biography sets the record straight: Marilyn’s PR decision to portray her mother as deceased had nothing to do with her being ashamed of Gladys. On the contrary, we now know that Marilyn throughout her life did everything she could to help her mother.

Marilyn and Joe: Tumultuous Already?

During the summer of 1952, Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio began to date more regularly. He had a job at that time broadcasting for the Yankees on television, as well as at the games themselves. He wasn't very confident in the role and, in truth, wasn't very good at it. He simply didn't have the personality for that kind of on-air position. Obviously, Marilyn—who turned twenty-six on June 1—could have helped him a great deal in his new endeavor, if only in terms of his presentation. But he didn't want her help, and in fact wasn't very nice about rejecting it. Marilyn was quickly learning that Joe felt she had a “place,” and that she should find it... and stay there.

Indeed, red flags were being raised all over the terrain of Marilyn's new relationship with DiMaggio. For instance, he was clearly jealous of the attention she generated from other men wherever she went. When she was at the stadium with him, of course she would be the subject of great fascination. She had always attracted men, but never like in the 1950s. By this time, she was in full-fledged Marilyn Monroe mode, meaning that the transformation from Norma Jeane had been total. The way she spoke—a honeyed voice so whispery and seductive. The way she moved her lips—a kiss always imminent. The way she moved her body—a striptease always a possibility, but never quite a reality. When she was in public in front of her adoring fans and the ever-present glare of the photographers' flashes, she instantly became *Marilyn Monroe*. She didn't even have to think about it anymore. The persona she had created was now such a part of her being it just... *was*. She was quickly becoming a rising sex symbol for an entire generation. It was only going to get worse for him (and for her!), not better, as her star continued in its ascent. Yet the heart wants what it wants, and the couple ventured forth anyway. Of course, Natasha Lytess had a strong opinion about it. “This man is the punishment of God in your life,” she told Marilyn, disguising neither her contempt for him nor her disapproval of their relationship.

In July, Joe took her home to meet his family. Once there, she clearly saw why Joe wanted his wife to be domestic—women stayed home, raised children, cooked and cleaned, and it had always been that way in the DiMaggio family. Marilyn was not that kind of woman at all.

At the end of the summer of 1952, Joe dropped a real bombshell: He thought it would be best if Marilyn abandoned her career. It only caused her great stress anyway, he argued, so why do it? It was becoming abundantly clear that this was a man who didn't understand Marilyn. Her career—meaning fame—was her greatest passion. Acting was important to her and she did whatever she could to improve her skills. However, Marilyn Monroe wanted to be famous. In just a few months she would tell her stand-in on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, “I want to be a star more than anything. It's something precious.”

“I didn't want to give up my career,” Marilyn later recalled, “and that's what Joe wanted me to do most of all. He wanted me to be the beautiful ex-actress, just like he was the great former ballplayer. We were to ride into some sunset together. But I wasn't ready for that kind of journey yet. I wasn't even thirty, for heaven's sake.”

The physical attraction between Joe and Marilyn was intense, and it definitely contributed to their desire to be with each other. However, it was clear that they had very different values. The many differences between them can be boiled down to this: He was conservative. She was not. And neither was willing to compromise. Given these facts of their personalities, there seemed no way a romance between them was going to be anything but tumultuous.

Gladys's Surprise Visit

Though Gladys Baker had been saying for some time that she wanted to visit her daughter Berniece in Florida, Berniece and Marilyn were really not sure she was serious about it. When Marilyn offered to take care of her expenses for such a trip, all was quiet with Gladys.

Then, true to form, Gladys—always one for a surprise appearance or disappearance—showed up in Florida without warning during the first week of September 1952. How she got the money for her trip (and by airline, no less, because Marilyn intended to send her by railway) remained a mystery. She definitely did not get the funds from Marilyn, though, because if she had, Marilyn would have warned Berniece about her impending arrival. Instead, Berniece's daughter, Mona Rae, picked up the telephone one morning and it was Gladys on the other end telling her she was at the airport—and why wasn't anyone there to pick her up? When Marilyn found out about it, she was frantic with worry. She couldn't imagine how Gladys had made the trip. The mere fact that she was capable of such surprise maneuvers was something Marilyn found very troubling. "I don't know how to keep an eye on her," she said. "It's becoming more than I can handle."

The same could have been said for poor Berniece, because the next few weeks would prove to be very difficult. Gladys wasn't exactly the ideal houseguest. The apartment in which Berniece and her husband, Paris, and daughter lived was very small, and now there was a fourth occupant. Not surprisingly, Gladys was demanding and difficult, argumentative and disruptive. She wouldn't help with any household duties and spent her days complaining and making long-distance telephone calls. Berniece did everything she could to make Gladys happy, but nothing worked. Gladys's emotional problems were complex. She needed to be managed very carefully, and Berniece simply didn't have the skills necessary to do that. Ultimately, she was at a loss, especially when she got the bill for the first month of telephone calls—long-distance costs were unbelievably exorbitant back then and Paris was very unhappy about the charges. When Berniece asked Gladys about the phone calls, she became defensive and explained that she had simply forgotten to mention them. Confused, Berniece called Marilyn to ask if she thought Gladys was being forgetful or just plain inconsiderate. Marilyn decided it was probably a little bit of both.

From an analytical viewpoint, Marilyn found the unhappy interaction between Gladys and Berniece interesting because for years she had wondered if it was just she who could not get along with Gladys. Maybe she should have tried harder, she often thought. Maybe she hadn't been as patient as she should have been, or as understanding. However, when she learned of Berniece's troubles with Gladys, she felt at least somewhat vindicated. From a practical viewpoint, what were they going to do about Gladys now? Marilyn had an idea: What if she paid for Gladys to move into an apartment near Berniece? Since Gladys did seem to like Florida, perhaps she could live there, Marilyn would take care of her expenses, and Berniece could keep an eye on her. The sisters agreed that this was a good idea and they felt certain that their mother would approve of it. However, when Berniece approached Gladys with the idea, she wasn't happy about it at all. She became very angry because she felt that Berniece and Paris were just trying to get rid of her. Her feelings now hurt, she didn't want to discuss it any further—and, moreover, it seemed as if she were not going to be ending her stay with Berniece anytime in the foreseeable future.

While Gladys was with her, Berniece took the opportunity to ask her about Marilyn's father. Gladys came out very bluntly with the information that Edward Mortenson was not Marilyn's father. Did Marilyn know? Yes, Gladys said, she knew because Grace told her. (Here, she was probably referring to the time Grace visited her in the sanitarium and Gladys told her that Charles Gifford was Marilyn's father.) Berniece wondered how Marilyn had reacted to the news. Gladys said she had no idea (which was true—she had been in the hospital when Grace gave Marilyn the news). As Berniece pressed on about the subject, Gladys became increasingly agitated. Finally, she snapped at her daughter, "Look, if you want to know all of the details, ask *Marilyn*." Berniece dropped the subject.

After almost two months of domestic turmoil, Berniece—feeling terrible about the entire situation—called Grace Goddard on October 30 to ask her advice. Grace sympathized with her. She had known Gladys for many years and she knew how difficult she was. She assured Berniece that Gladys didn't mean any harm, that she was just sick and there had never been anything anyone could do about it. Grace had been using Christian Science as a tool in the healing of Gladys's mind, but that didn't seem to be working at all. Just two days earlier, she had sent Berniece a note telling her that Gladys "did not get a complete healing." She wrote that she was afraid they were going to have to send her back to Agnews in San Jose, or maybe they should place her in the Rock Haven Sanitarium in La Crescenta, California. *

In fact, Grace and Marilyn had recently visited Rock Haven, Grace wrote, and both agreed that it was "not terrible as such places go, about as good as they get, I suppose." She wrote that Marilyn was so traumatized by the visit, however, she didn't sleep well that night and "had to take some sleeping pills, which did not make me very happy." Moreover, she indicated that if it Gladys were to end up at Rock Haven, "at least it will be easier for Norma Jeane and I to visit her, though I'm not sure how many such visits Norma Jeane could make. It's a very upsetting place for her. However, a parent must be cared for and we are all doing the best we can for Gladys."

"Let's please mail Mother a train ticket to come back to Los Angeles," Marilyn finally suggested. She then telephoned Gladys and said that she wanted her to return to California. Of course, Gladys stood her ground. She wasn't going anywhere. In fact, she told Marilyn to concentrate on her "moving picture career" and to leave her alone. She said she was tired of being told what to do, that she had her own agenda and was going to live her life exactly as she pleased. Then she slammed down the phone. The next day, Marilyn paid for a train ticket and mailed it to her mother in Florida.

Niagara

Marilyn's 1953 films, three carefully constructed, big-budget, high-profile properties in gorgeous, eye-popping Technicolor—*Niagara*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and *How to Marry a Millionaire*— would define the Monroe screen persona and secure her place in the firmament of Hollywood for the next decade, always billed above the title and more often than not in the top spot. The films would also propel Marilyn to the number five spot in Quigley's Top Ten list of the year's box-office stars. "The time when I sort of began to think I was famous, I was driving somebody to the airport," she would recall in 1962, "and as I came back there was this movie house and I saw my name in lights. I pulled the car up at a distance down the street—it was too much to take in up close, you know? And I said, 'God, somebody's made a mistake!' But there it was, in lights.... And I sat there and said, 'So, that's the way it looks' ... it was all very strange to me."

Charles Casillo, an author and Marilyn Monroe historian, best summed up Marilyn's appeal this way: "Marilyn Monroe was beautiful. Marilyn Monroe was sexy. Marilyn Monroe was delicious... always delicious. Everyone knew that. She wasn't just a sex symbol. She was *the* sex symbol. But it was a certain kind of sex appeal, initiated, developed and perfected by her. Her appeal was childlike, innocent, tempting, glowing—bursting forth and available like a dish of fresh strawberries arranged in cream.... The creation of Marilyn Monroe had made an unwanted girl of the streets the most desired, written about, analyzed, gossiped about, wondered about and longed for woman of her era."

For the first of these landmark movies, *Niagara*, the studio lavished the film with an impressive team of Oscar-honored artisans and craftsmen, with veteran Fox director Henry Hathaway, who had just directed Monroe the previous year in *O. Henry's Full House*.

Joseph Cotten played Loomis, a mentally damaged Korean War vet who, with his wife, Rose (Monroe), makes a trip to Niagara Falls in an attempt to repair their broken marriage. In Rose's mind, the marriage is beyond repair and she uses the trip to continue an adulterous affair with her lover, Patrick, who agrees to murder George. The plot to kill George backfires when he hurls Patrick into the falls to his death. Rose escapes and begins a deadly game of cat-and-mouse with George, played out against the awesome beauty and deafening power of the falls. George's pursuit of Rose moves furtively in and out of Niagara's watery veil. We teeter between horror and relief as George corners the beautiful Rose in the belltower and chokes the life out of her.

Since the beginning of her film career, Marilyn had striven to win the approval and respect of those in her profession. She studied her craft and worked with coaches from day one. She had the adoration of millions of fans yet somehow felt her beauty got in the way of her being recognized as a serious actress. There is evidence that some movie critics felt the same way. But occasionally there would be favorable comments about her acting chops, and her films would also get a thumbs-up. Even Pauline Kael, the feared film critic of the *New Yorker*, would praise her with faint damns, as she did when writing about *Niagara*. "This isn't a good movie," she wrote, "but it's compellingly tawdry and nasty... the only movie that explores the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity." Of the same movie, a critic at the *New York Times* wrote, "Seen from any angle, the Falls and Miss Monroe leave little to be desired."

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

I'm trying to find myself now, to be a good actress and good person," Marilyn said as 1952 came to a close. "Sometimes I feel strong inside, but I have to reach in and pull it up. It isn't easy. Nothing's easy, as long as you go on living." *

Toward the end of 1952, Marilyn leased a house in Beverly Hills so that she and Joe could have some peace and quiet away from the swarm of paparazzi that gathered whenever they left their suite at the Hotel Bel Air, where they had been spending much of their time. However, it was neither peaceful nor quiet at the new home. On October 1, they had a fight—it's not known about what—and Joe stormed out after what Marilyn later called "a lot of name calling." They had known each other for only seven months. A major problem in Marilyn's relationship was presented by Natasha Lytess, who disliked Joe very much. She couldn't understand why Marilyn would be interested in him. In her view, he had no personality, was dense, and maybe even dimwitted (which was not true). Apparently, she had called Marilyn one day only to have Joe pick up and tell her that if she wanted to speak to "Miss Monroe" she should call "Miss Monroe's" agent. In Joe's view, she was a controlling shrew who had too much influence over his girlfriend. "She's an acting teacher, for Christ's sake," he had told Marilyn. "Why do you treat her like she's a psychiatrist?" Marilyn said that he just didn't understand. She was right about that—he didn't. Pretty much from the moment Joe and Natasha met, it was all-out war between them.

From November 1952 through February 1953, Marilyn Monroe would be at work on one of her most memorable movies, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Fox spared no expense in its transfer of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* from stage to screen—from choreographer Jack Cole's staging of the spectacular pre-credits opening number with Jane Russell and Monroe singing and dancing to "We're Just Two Little Girls from Little Rock," identically gowned head to toe in shimmery red sequins, to the reprise of the song in the final scene where the two stars are again dressed identically for a double wedding ceremony in blinding white gowns of figure-hugging lace appliqué, both by costumer Travilla, who surely must have been Bob Mackie's inspiration in his career. Russell was billed above Monroe in all the film's posters and publicity and in the opening credits. Russell was also first in money earned for this film, \$400,000 to Monroe's \$11,250 (\$1,250 per week for nine weeks). Fox wasn't exactly kind to Marilyn. "I couldn't even get a dressing room," she would recall in 1962. "I said, finally—I really got to this kind of level—I said, 'Look, after all, I *am* the blonde and it is *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Because still they always kept saying, 'Remember you are not a star.' I said, 'Well, whatever I am, I *am* the blonde!' "

Throughout the shoot, Jane and Marilyn got along famously, with the five-years-older Russell protective of the insecure Monroe in the way of a big sister. Often all it took for Marilyn to be coaxed out of her trailer was a word from Jane. "She would be afraid to come out, she was so shy," Russell said, "but it was understandable in the sense that she never had to sing so much, dance so much. Then, of course, she had the acting teacher [Natasha Lytess] on set every moment, a woman who was such an annoyance, running Marilyn's life the way she did. I'm sure Marilyn did not need her on this movie... she would have been fine without her, if only she had more confidence in herself."

They may be just two little girls from Little Rock who come from the wrong side of the tracks, but Lorelei Lee (Monroe) and Dorothy Shaw (Russell) easily change their status to the right side of the tracks after they conquer Paris in search of a couple of men of means. Veteran director Howard Hawks guides the large cast through the tune-filled story of a beautiful blonde with a weakness for diamonds, and her equally lovely enabler. Lorelei's erstwhile fiancé Esmond (Tommy Noonan) has financed the trip to Paris to test her fidelity. Suspicious of Lorelei's motives, Esmond the elder hires private eye Ernie Malone (Elliott Reid) to spy on the girls and report any suspicious activity back to him. And there's plenty to report, including charges leveled at Lorelei of grand larceny of a valuable tiara. Of course, she's guilty, and it remains for a French judge to set things right, but not before Dorothy shakes things up by posing as Lorelei. When her true identity is called into question as she testifies in court, Jane Russell mounts a perfect impersonation of Marilyn's Lorelei, which includes a devastating, dead-on version of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend."

Marilyn's rendition of this song is the most lavish of all the production numbers in the film, again with choreography by Jack Cole, and with what seems like an army of tuxedoed chorus boys, one of whom turns out to be a teenage George Chakiris, with gray brushed into his temple hair. Though the picture was photographed with 35-millimeter film, studio head Daryl Zanuck ordered the "Diamonds" production number to be reshot later in CinemaScope for use in a demonstration of the new process, held on the Fox lot in March 1953. Zanuck told *Daily Variety* that the CinemaScope reshoot was done in three and a half hours, as opposed to the four days it took for the original version. That would stand to reason, considering the number had already been blocked and rehearsed.

What's clear with this movie is not only Marilyn's sense of humor about herself but also her ability as a comedic actress. Monroe biographer Donald Spoto put it this way: "She put a twist on sexiness. It was not something wicked and shameful and shocking and dirty and embarrassing. It was something which was terribly funny. And Marilyn enjoyed it."

Hugh Hefner, founder of *Playboy* magazine, added, "In retrospect, although the fifties is clearly a time of very real political repression and social sexual repression, you can see those early signs of changing values, and Monroe was clearly a part of that."

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes premiered on July 15, 1953, with both Jane's and Marilyn's hand- and footprints enshrined in the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. It opened nationwide three days later to great reviews and big box-office returns, earning more than \$12 million in its initial run.

Gladys Threatens Grace

In November 1953 Gladys Baker received a ticket, arranged and paid by Marilyn, for transportation from Florida back to Los Angeles. Grace Goddard had followed Marilyn's direction to book the arrangements, but it was her own decision to have Gladys travel by rail, not air. She may have been attempting to delay her friend's arrival in California since she would need to have her home prepared for it. Grace also needed to emotionally steel herself and her family for the possibility that Gladys might be bringing with her a trunkload of paranoia and confusion. She had heard from Berniece that Gladys had been having some "episodes." The long train ride turned out to be a torment for Gladys. As soon as the cab pulled up in front of Grace's house, she and Doc heard Gladys's screams. They ran to the front window and saw the poor cabdriver take her bags from the trunk of his vehicle, drop them on the front lawn, get back into his cab, and speed off as quickly as he could. It appeared that he didn't even wait to be paid! Gladys then marched toward the Goddards' front door, shouting nonsensically about her awful train trip. "Torture!" she exclaimed. "Grace Goddard, you wanted to torture me, and you succeeded! Now it's my turn."

Grace told Doc to get away from the window so that they could pretend they weren't home. Then she drew the curtains in a flash and ran for the telephone, dialing Marilyn's number as quickly as she could. Marilyn happened to be home and having a meeting with an accountant named Wesley Miller who worked for Wright, Wright, Green & Wright, the law firm that represented Marilyn at the time. When Marilyn answered, Grace quickly explained what was going on, that Gladys had just pulled up and was frantic. She said that she had never seen her in such bad shape. Then she held the phone up to the front window so that Marilyn could hear her mother's shouting: "I'll show you torture, Grace! Open up this door!"

"I recall that Marilyn and Grace stayed on the phone for a time," said Wesley Miller, "with Grace reporting Gladys's every move. Marilyn said she hoped her mother would eventually calm down, and I think she did. However, from what I later gathered, when Grace walked toward the front porch, she could clearly hear Gladys speaking, as if in a one-sided conversation. She was mumbling something about being 'put on a train like a child,' with all of the other passengers staring at her for the entire trip. 'Eyes everywhere, for days on end...' is what Marilyn later told me she was repeating, nonstop."

The story continued, as per the recollections of the principal players:

After whispering her report of the unfolding events, Grace stopped and listened. "Wait," she said, "someone else is out there. Hold on." Grace and Doc each peeked through a curtain and watched as a nearby resident, who had obviously heard the commotion, approached. Gladys greeted him angrily. The neighbor explained that he had grown concerned when he heard all the shouting. At that, Gladys became even more irate, asking if the man "owned" Los Angeles and demanding to know "is this your air I'm breathing, too?" Grace listened as Gladys's voice trailed off. She then followed the man off the property. Doc ran to the kitchen and out the back door saying he would try to keep an eye on Gladys.

"Meanwhile, Marilyn asked Grace not to call the authorities, saying she would be right over," recalled Wesley Miller. "'Just don't let her leave,' she said of her mother before clicking off. I said, 'You are not going there alone, Marilyn. I'm coming with you.' And she said, 'No. This has to do with me and my mother. I can handle it on my own.' She then ran out of the house. I sat in her living room thinking, 'Oh, I should definitely have insisted. I should have insisted...'"

Marilyn jumped into her car. After speeding through stoplights and weaving in and out of traffic, she finally reached her destination: a Los Angeles police precinct. She screeched onto a lot that was meant only for official vehicles.

"It's not every day people came in that way," explained a retired Los Angeles police officer. "When she got out, I actually drew my gun—but as soon as you saw her you knew who she was."

Marilyn asked the patrolman to direct her to "whoever the man in charge is," and despite her illegal and alarming arrival, the awestruck officer brought her inside the building and to a police captain.

"She was crying when she walked in the office," explained the officer. "She said her mother was sick and that she'd been sent to a mental hospital before, so I knew where this was headed."

Marilyn further explained that Gladys was easily frightened. She asked if the captain could simply call an ambulance to quietly approach Grace's home and collect her mother without too much angst. "He felt bad for her, but there were procedures," the officer recalled of the captain. "He had to send a [patrol] car first... try and talk to her first—and that was me." The captain also explained to Marilyn that a specific officer was trained to respond to what he called "psych calls," and then he directed the officer to contact that specialist. "I called Teddy [the 'specialist'], who was supposed to be going to a kid's ball game that day, and told him that Marilyn Monroe was sitting across from me," said the officer. "He said he'd have his uniform on before he hung up the phone."

While waiting for the responding officer to arrive at the precinct, Marilyn called Grace. Gladys was still in front of the house, she reported, and neighbors had been calling, asking if she was all right. Marilyn explained that there would be two patrol cars arriving, with *no* sirens. "She just wanted it quiet," the officer recalls. "I told her she could see for herself that everything would be okay. We'll follow Teddy and his partner, I told her, and she could see how good he was. He had a talent, that guy."

In a matter of minutes, two police cars were rolling toward Grace Goddard's home. In the first was Teddy and his partner, and in the second a police officer and a movie star. "When we turned onto the block we slowed the cars," the officer explained, "Marilyn just kind of slid down in her seat." The two vehicles parked one house away from Grace's, from which vantage point they could see Gladys sitting on the front steps, arms crossed and appearing calm. The officer from the first car—Teddy—then approached her. The captain and Marilyn couldn't hear what was being said, but it was quickly evident from Gladys's expression and tone that she was now agitated at the sight of the uniformed patrolman. "I picked up the radio right away and called [for an ambulance], and I told Marilyn it was gonna be quick," recalled the officer who had been sitting with her.

Marilyn sat quietly watching as the other officer successfully calmed Gladys.

"I got out of my car to give Teddy a quick signal that the ambulance was on the way," the first policeman remembered, "and by the time I got back, the street was filling up."

Indeed, neighborhood residents who had witnessed Gladys's antics of the past hour from behind pulled curtains were now brave enough to get a closer look. As the first officer returned to his vehicle, he saw an odd sight: Marilyn had taken the jacket of an extra police uniform in the car and pulled it up over her head.

When he got back into the car, Marilyn asked urgently, "Did they see me?"

"No, they're here to watch me," he said, "they're rubbernecks." He then asked Marilyn if she'd like to get out of the vehicle and speak to her

mother. She decided against it, saying that Gladys was clearly not herself at that moment, “and what good will it do?”

The two then waited as an ambulance drove up quietly. “Did you ask them not to use their sirens?” Marilyn asked. He said that he had. She then placed her hand on his knee. “You’re a kind man,” she told him. They watched as Gladys Baker—still very upset—was strapped onto a gurney and lifted into the ambulance. As the ambulance slowly passed their car, for just a moment they could hear the shouts of an insane woman coming from inside it. Marilyn winced and pulled the coat still on her head tightly down over her ears.

As the police officer and Marilyn followed the ambulance, not a word was said between them. Finally, Marilyn took the jacket off, studied it carefully, and softly brushed away some locks of hair left on its lining. “I asked her if she was okay,” recalled the policeman, “and she just kind of laughed for a moment.” They watched while the ambulance made a right turn, toward its destination.

As they drove back to the police precinct, the policeman and the actress continued to maintain their silence. Finally, Marilyn sighed deeply. “No one understands,” she said, her voice softening, “some people just can’t help who they turn out to be.”

Gladys's New Home

On February 9, 1953, Marilyn Monroe was scheduled to attend the Photoplay Awards, where she was being honored as “Fastest Rising Star.” A relative recalls that she didn’t want to go: “She didn’t think she could pull it off, be what was expected of her—become Marilyn Monroe—under the circumstances of what else was going on that day.”

Indeed, it was a difficult day.

That very same morning, Gladys was moved to Rock Haven Sanitarium at 2713 Honolulu Avenue in La Crescenta, California. It was a sprawling, Mexican-style complex on three and a half lush acres behind two gigantic iron gates with the metal words “Rock Haven” on top of the impressive entryway. Marvin Williams was eighteen at the time and had just been hired as an aide there. “It was a wonderful place,” she recalled. “Actually it was also called the Screen Actor’s Sanitarium, even though not a lot of movie stars stayed there. The only ones we all knew of were Frances Farmer and Florenz Ziegfeld. We got fan mail for them for years after they were gone. [Note: Actress Billie Burke, who had been married to Ziegfeld and was known for her role as Glinda the Good Witch from *The Wizard of Oz*—was also a patient in the 1960s.] When I worked there, we had forty-two guests—we called them guests, by the way. We had forty-two beds, too, so it was full. Just before Gladys came in, someone had died—virtually the day before, actually. Gladys had been on the bottom of a very long waiting list, but when they found out she was Marilyn Monroe’s mother, they moved her to the top—not fair, but the truth.”

Though it was many years ago, Williams has distinct memories about Gladys because, as she put it, “There was something about her—you just felt so badly for her, I guess because you knew she was Marilyn Monroe’s mother. When I heard that she had been out of a sanitarium for seven years, I simply couldn’t believe it. I don’t think she was being properly medicated when she was on her own. On the day she showed up, I remember her saying that she had called her daughters—one, I think, was in Florida [Berniece], and she said the other was Marilyn Monroe. She said she had talked to Marilyn that day and that Marilyn said she was coming to get her. ‘I won’t be here long because Marilyn Monroe is coming for me,’ she kept saying. It seemed so tragic, the way she kept referring to her daughter as ‘Marilyn Monroe.’ I remember that there were some people who didn’t believe it was true that Marilyn was her daughter. Then someone came in with a newspaper article and we passed it around. There was a lot of astonishment about it.”

“Marilyn had, that same morning, agreed to pay for Gladys’s care in the new facility,” recalled accountant Wesley Miller. “However, she didn’t want to see her mother in a mental hospital any more than Gladys wanted to be there, but there was no alternative. It was this second stay—the one that happened in 1953—that really tore at Marilyn.

“She told me that she remembered visiting Gladys at the other institution when she was a young girl, and she never forgot how horrible it had been. She told me that there were patients in the hallways in beds and that the place smelled of urine. She said that everyone was dazed and on drugs, that she heard people screaming and that she just wanted to get her mother out of there. She said that she had nightmares about it all the time, that the memory of her mother in that place haunted her. She didn’t want her to end up back in a place like that, she said. Also, she said that the whole thing brought back memories of her own time in an orphanage, memories she said she had been working to forget.

“Apparently, she and her aunt Grace had earlier visited Rock Haven and thought the conditions were much, much better. She said that there were fresh flowers on all of the tables—very lovely. But, still, the patients were frightening and, she said, so drugged they were ‘walking around like zombies.’ She said that she spoke to one woman who recognized her and told her that she was ‘evil’ for making the kinds of movies she made.

“‘I don’t know how to deal with this,’ she told me. ‘I don’t know how to do what I have to do, have my career and all it takes and have Joe and all he takes, and do this, too, with Mother.’ I actually thought, for the first time, that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. It was too much. She was developing a strange nervous twitch and stuttering a lot. The trouble she had with Gladys this time... it really was too much for her to handle. I don’t think Berniece was a lot of help. When I asked Marilyn about that, she said, ‘She’s got a family. I don’t. I never have had one. So, let her live her life. I’m forced to live mine, and my mother is my burden.’ ”

Despite the awful circumstances of the day, Marilyn decided that she couldn’t disappoint all of those who were expecting to see her at the Photoplay Awards. The show had to go on, she decided, even if she would have to force herself through it.

To accept her award that night, Marilyn decided to wear a slinky gold gown with a plunging neckline—of course—that was so formfitting its designer, Travilla, had to actually sew her into it. In fact, he suggested that she not even wear this particular dress because, in his opinion, it wasn’t flattering on her. (Incidentally, Marilyn was very briefly seen in it in a long shot in *Gentlemen*.)

That very same week, Marilyn had made a deal with Joe that she would not wear gowns that were so revealing if he in turn laid off her where her career was concerned—and also about her relationship with Natasha. He said he would try if she would try, and she agreed. Apparently, she was about to break the deal. In fact, to make the dress even more provocative, she had decided on no bra and no panties. It was as if she were purposely defying Joe—and that’s exactly how he took it when he found out about her plans. He was supposed to attend the show with her, but stormed away and took a plane to San Francisco. “I have enough on my mind,” Marilyn said at the time. “Why *this*, too? Why do I have to do *this* with him?”

How to Marry a Millionaire

In mid-March 1953, at the same time that Marilyn moved into a new apartment on Doheny Drive in West Hollywood just outside of Beverly Hills, she began work on her next picture, *How to Marry a Millionaire*. The picture was shot in about six weeks (March 9–end of April 1953).

How to Marry a Millionaire has a provenance that goes all the way back to 1932 when Sam Goldwyn purchased the movie rights to Zoe Akins's Broadway play of the previous season, *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, about three beautiful young gold diggers who set out in New York City to get their hooks into three wealthy men, reel them in, and navigate them down the bridal path. When the project was announced, it was said to be based on Doris Lilly's best seller of the same name, but the only thing the studio used was the book's title.

The studio powers knew they would have to dress up the familiar plot with something spectacular, and that they did: Technicolor, CinemaScope, and stereophonic sound. In fact the film marked the first use of the new widescreen process, but the studio's prestige picture of 1953, *The Robe*, filmed after *Millionaire*, was released to theaters before it, thus its claim to being the world's first Cinema-Scope film. Another untried tactic was used to give the picture heft, to make it feel "important"—Alfred Newman, the studio's musical director for twenty years by this time, was filmed conducting the 20th Century-Fox Symphony Orchestra on a soundstage dressed to look like an amphitheater, replete with Greek columns and blue sky, where they performed Newman's classic paean to Manhattan, the soaring "Street Scene." It had been written for the film version of Elmer Rice's Broadway play of the same name twenty years earlier, and later became a musical signature for New York. After completing the conducting of "Street Scene," Newman turned and bowed to the camera, turned back to the orchestra, and gave the downbeat on the musical score of *How to Marry a Millionaire*, as the film's credits rolled.

The film was produced and cowritten by Fox mainstay and Oscar-nominated screenwriter of *The Grapes of Wrath*, Nunnally Johnson, and directed by Jean Negulesco, also Oscar-nominated, as director of *Johnny Belinda*. Costumes were by Travilla under the direction of wardrobe supervisor Charles LeMaire, with both eventually receiving Oscar nominations.

When this movie was announced, the Hollywood press rubbed its collective hands together, practically salivating for a dustup between the queen of the Fox lot, Betty Grable, and the pretender to the throne—Marilyn Monroe. But they would be disappointed. They had not calculated the genuine unselfishness of Grable toward her ten-years-younger costar. In fact, she told the press that Marilyn "was a shot in the arm for Hollywood."

Later, on the set during the shoot of *Millionaire* in front of witnesses, Betty reportedly told Marilyn, "Honey, I've had it. Go get yours. It's your turn now." If Betty now felt she was playing second fiddle to the upstart Marilyn, it was something she apparently felt no need to articulate.

The situation with Lauren Bacall was different. Only two years older than Marilyn, Bacall was a disciplined actress; she had been a star since she was nineteen and was said to be put off by Marilyn's constant tardiness on the set, but she remained quiet and did not make an issue of it. But in her autobiography, *By Myself*, Bacall wrote about how irritating it was with Marilyn, prompted by Natasha Lytess sitting just off camera, calling for take after take, "often as many as 15 or more." She wrote that she didn't dislike Marilyn; that she had no meanness in her, no bitchery. "There was something sad about her," Bacall wrote.

Still, Marilyn's comic genius was on full display in *How to Marry a Millionaire*, as she achieved a level of physical comedy so subtle as to be almost invisible. Playing her nearsightedness for all it was worth, her sexy vulnerability raised the humor to new heights as she tripped over stairs and bumped into walls, her dignity intact. *How to Marry a Millionaire* would premiere in New York on October 29, and open nationally on November 5. It would wind up as the second highest grossing movie of 1953, after Columbia's *From Here to Eternity*. The picture was a success with both the public and the critics, with Marilyn being singled out in the reviews for her beauty and comic timing. Over the years, Marilyn's biographers and industry insiders have maintained that her true calling was comedy, and when one reassesses the Monroe filmography, it is hard to argue against that point.

River of No Return

Also at about this time, Marilyn made another film, *River of No Return*, with Robert Mitchum, directed by Otto Preminger.

Earlier, in 1949, the movie's producer, Stanley Rubin, had been coaxed by film editor Danny Cahn to audition Marilyn for a TV show he was manning called *Your Show Time*. It was a series of short stories dramatized for television. After her reading, he thought Marilyn was beautiful, of course, but extremely nervous and inexperienced, thus he didn't give her a job. However, he remembered her when it came time to cast this film. In fact, he says that he realized how much she'd improved after seeing some of her recent movies, and had the part in *River* written with her in mind. When he contacted her, Stanley says that she didn't want to do the movie, "because she didn't want to do what she thought was a western. I told her I thought of it as a piece of Americana, but she still figured it to be a western. However, when I sent her a tape of the songs she would be singing in the film, she said, yes, she would do it. So, really, she did it so that she could sing those songs more than for any other reason."

Those who predicted the oil-and-water lack of chemistry between the autocratic Austrian-born director Otto Preminger and the sensitive, shy, insecure Marilyn would be right—to a point. Curiously, the director began the film seemingly quite pleased with Monroe as a person and artist, treating her on the set with truly European courtliness. However, by this time, Natasha Lytess had Marilyn reading her lines with exaggerated facial gymnastics, enunciating every syllable like a robot—and while no one liked it, no one could change it, either, not even Preminger. Again, the big problem on this set was the same as always—Natasha telling Marilyn how to act and usurping the director's influence over her. It caused major problems between Marilyn and Preminger.

Set in the American Northwest during the gold rush, *River of No Return* depicts Matt Calder (Robert Mitchum), his young son Mark (eleven-year-old Tommy Rettig), and saloon gal Kay Weston (Marilyn) as they follow her ex, a handsome horse thief and gambler, Harry Weston (Rory Calhoun), who needs to get upriver to Council City to register a claim on a gold mine he has cheated another gambler out of. With no transportation and time running out, Kay and Harry make the trip via raft. The trip is fraught with gripping, heart-stopping action, including a swamping of the raft in the treacherous river rapids. Wringing wet, out of sorts and out of breath, Marilyn is still a vision.

Shot on location in two national parks in the Canadian Rockies—Banff Springs and Jasper in Alberta—in Technicolor, CinemaScope, and released initially in 3-D, *River of No Return* gives Marilyn, sexier and more sensuous than ever, a chance not only to flex her dramatic acting muscles, but to prove her real muscles are up to the physicality the script demands of her character, as she raft-rides the swirling, potentially deadly whitewater of the river of the movie's title. Marilyn also sings four songs in the film and performs them admirably. She's more than admirable in her acting. She's forceful and vulnerable by turn as she comes to realize what a no-good rat Harry is and what a good man and father Matt is.

The ninety-minute film began shooting on July 28, returning to Hollywood on September 29 to complete the shoot. *River of No Return* would open toward the end of April 1954, to generally favorable reviews. *

PART FIVE

Difficult Times

Grace's Upsetting Secret

One day in May 1953, Marilyn Monroe returned home from a day of shopping to find Grace Goddard's car parked in front of her house. Grace was not in the habit of dropping by without calling first, so Marilyn must have suspected that something was wrong. "They were pretty inseparable during this time, after Gladys went back into the institution," Grace's stepdaughter, BeBe Goddard, confirmed. "I think Marilyn called her every single day. She still depended on her. Grace was doing office work for her, arranging her schedule, keeping things organized. Marilyn was always filling her in on what was going on at the studio or in her personal life with Joe. Grace loved hearing her stories, especially the show business stories. Everything that the two of them had dreamt about so long ago had come true. It almost seemed unfathomable that Norma Jeane had become this ... *sensation*."

After inviting Grace inside, Marilyn listened in stunned silence while her aunt shared a secret that she had been hiding from everyone in her life—she had cancer.

The concept of a life-threatening illness and its treatment was quite complex for Grace. She had been a Christian Scientist for a long time, and in recent years passionate about it. One of the core beliefs of the faith is that doctors are unnecessary. The body, as devout believers claim, has within it everything it needs to remain healthy. However, Grace had been feeling under the weather for many months and, despite her long-standing opposition to the medical profession, had secretly sought help at a Los Angeles clinic. That's how she learned the devastating news that she had uterine cancer. Sadly, she was embarrassed by her condition and not sure how to cope with it. In the 1950s, many women felt uneasy about openly discussing so-called "feminine issues," especially with the men in their lives. Marilyn had recently been diagnosed with endometriosis and practically no one knew about it. In Grace's case, her husband, Doc, wasn't aware that anything was wrong with her.

Marilyn was concerned, of course, but more than that, she was determined—determined to fight. She had become a firm believer in the medical profession, as doctors were an important part of the studio system at that time. Actors needed insurance, which required physicals, and they often needed (or believed they needed) treatment for conditions that were by-products of their stressful lives. There's little doubt that Marilyn was dependent on sleeping pills by this time—doled out to her without concern by the studio physicians—and had also become used to the idea of taking other drugs to calm herself during times of stress. Marilyn convinced Grace that she needed to put her metaphysical beliefs aside for the time being and allow Western medicine the chance to heal her.

"I believe that Marilyn loved Grace more than anybody in the world," BeBe Goddard would observe. "Grace had been a second mother from the time she was born and had been such a fair person, and as much a mother, or more so, than Gladys. Grace was the single most consistent factor throughout Marilyn's life."

After years of focusing on her own career, her own happiness, her own life, Marilyn decided it was time to change. A debt needed to be repaid. This wonderful woman, who had always worked so tirelessly to solve the problems of others, needed her—and Marilyn wanted to make certain she was going to receive the best care money could buy. It was to be a delicate dance, however, because Grace did not want Doc or the rest of her family to know precisely what was going on. As much as possible, they would hide Grace's condition and the fact that she was seeking help from doctors. While she eventually would admit to receiving treatment, she would never explain just how intensive her medical quest had been. In some respects, there would be a covert aspect to the journey the two women would take—but this was something with which Marilyn had become quite familiar. Marilyn had come to believe that the "truth" was something abstract, malleable—and she easily enrolled Grace in that belief. After all, they were simply trying to save her loved ones from anguish and worry.

While Marilyn had nothing but the best of intentions, Grace Goddard's experience in the following months would prove to be ghastly. Marilyn arranged for Grace to see numerous physicians, all of whom needed to examine her, of course. For a woman not familiar with any kind of medical examination to now have doctors studying the most intimate parts of her body was torturous. The experience was so draining, in fact, that after one day of tests, Grace told Marilyn that she could not go home to face her husband, Doc. Marilyn suggested that she stay with her for much of the summer. "We'll have fun, just you and I," Marilyn suggested. "It'll be like the old days." *

Grace Learns About Marilyn's Troubles

Because Grace Goddard was now spending so much time at Marilyn Monroe's home, Marilyn felt more freedom to share with her some of the problems she was having in her career. She was unhappy with Fox, she told her, and she didn't know what to do about it. Grace, according to a later recollection, was clear in her advice. "You have to stand up for yourself, Norma Jeane," she told her. "Don't let them push you around." Marilyn didn't know if she could do it, she said, because Darryl Zanuck disliked her so much. He'd always believed that he was dealing with a stupid, very foolish actress, and she'd never been able to disabuse him of that opinion, no matter how hard she tried. She said that she'd hated every movie she'd made for him thus far because each one was "shit"—an exaggeration, obviously, but one made in the emotion of the moment. No matter the scope of her complaint, though, Grace was firm. She told Marilyn that she had come too far to let Zanuck push her around. "Don't forget who you are," she said. "Don't forget where you came from." Marilyn told her that there were times when she definitely wished she could forget, some of the past had been so bad, so painful. "But it brought you here," Grace reminded her with a gentle smile. "And that's not so bad now, is it?" Marilyn had to agree with her. It wasn't so bad... most of the time. Grace was adamant, as always, that Marilyn was more powerful than she even realized. She'd already demonstrated such courage and spirit in her life—certainly now was not the time to stop. "You already have everything in you that you need," she told Marilyn, echoing an integral aspect of Christian Science. "As you see yourself, so will others. Believe in yourself," she concluded, "and others will follow."

On June 1, Marilyn spent her twenty-seventh birthday with Grace, BeBe, and Bebe's brother Fritz. That night, they called Gladys at Rock Haven. She didn't realize it was Marilyn's birthday. "I don't remember giving birth to you," she told her daughter. Then, unfortunately, she began to rant once again that she wanted her release from the sanitarium. If Marilyn and Grace really cared about her, they would see to it that she had her immediate freedom. The phone call ended badly, as most did with Gladys. Marilyn vowed never again to call her mother on her birthday, saying that she never wanted to have another birthday ruined such as her twenty-seventh.

At this time, Grace wrote to Berniece to tell her that all was as well as could be expected and that she had been organizing a filing system for Marilyn in order that she might keep track of her appointments (and, perhaps, not be late for them—though that wasn't likely). "I really mean it when I say that next to President Eisenhower, she is next in line as far as the demands of her time are concerned," Grace wrote of Marilyn. (And it's interesting that she often referred to her as Marilyn. If even Grace sometimes was calling Norma Jeane by her new name, then the transformation had to be complete.) She also said that she and Marilyn spent a great deal of time trying to catch up on her fan mail, but to no avail. Regarding her health, Marilyn had earlier suggested that Grace open up to Berniece about her cancer. She had done that, and was happy about it. Now she told Berniece that she'd been to a doctor who told her the cancer was under control but that she would soon have to have a hysterectomy. She predicted that after she had it she would "feel human again."

On June 26, Marilyn received an honor that probably meant more to her than any she'd received since becoming famous: her hand- and footprints in cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The occasion was really a promotional event for *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and Marilyn was joined by her costar Jane Russell for the ceremony; they wore matching white polka-dot dresses. She and Jane had become fast friends. "The biggest disappointment to her, though, was that Grace was too sick on this day to be able to accompany Marilyn," said Wesley Miller from the law firm of Wright, Wright, Green & Wright. "Certainly, they both would have enjoyed the moment so much. Marilyn told me it seemed like just yesterday when Grace took her, as little Norma Jeane, to Grauman's. She said she would place her small hands and feet into imprints left by the major stars of her youth as Grace stood behind her and watched. The two would go from one cement square to the next... and the next... each dedicated to a movie star who they had seen in motion pictures. Now, of course, Norma Jeane—as Marilyn Monroe—was in that same constellation of stars. In fact, she was a bigger star than many of the ones she and Grace once admired. For me, at the time, it was astonishing to consider how much she'd achieved, especially considering her unstable background. 'This is as much for Aunt Grace as it is for me,' she told me. 'If it wasn't for Aunt Grace, I don't know where I would be, but I know it wouldn't be where I am today.' "

Throughout July, Marilyn was ill with bronchial infections. Grace insisted on taking care of her. She would take the telephone out of Marilyn's bedroom and bring it into the living room and bury it with pillows so Marilyn wouldn't hear it ring and disturb her sleep. Then she would dutifully take all messages for her.

It was at around this time that Grace became alarmed because of Marilyn's reliance on sleeping pills. She saw that Marilyn couldn't sleep at night without them and that she couldn't even take an afternoon nap unless she was medicated. Then there were the "uppers" Marilyn was taking to stay awake during the day after what she called "a sleeping pill hangover." It was all too much, Grace decided. When she finally confronted Marilyn about it, Marilyn told her that she knew what she was doing, "and I'm very careful, Aunt Grace. I've been taking these things for at least ten years." That was news to Grace. She also noticed that Marilyn was drinking—bourbon and soda—much more than she ever had in the past. Moreover, Marilyn believed that as a consequence of the stresses in her life, she was eating more and thus gaining weight. It's true that she was a tad rounder at this time, but not much. However, every pound mattered when wearing those skin-baring gowns for which she was becoming so famous. At a loss as to what to do, she began using colonic irrigation—basically, enemas. If she had to get into a dress that she didn't think would fit, she would endure as many enemas as it would take to squeeze into it. Eventually, she would succeed, too; she could actually lose inches in just a day. Though it was an extremely dangerous way to control one's weight, Marilyn would swear by it for the rest of her life. This was almost more than Grace could process. In fact, she didn't believe it was true. As it happened, Wesley Miller mentioned it to her when he dropped by to deliver some documents for Marilyn to sign. He said that Marilyn had confided in his wife that she was using enemas for the purpose of weight loss. "I simply have never heard of such a thing," Grace told Miller. "Well, it's true," he said. "Ask Marilyn. I'm worried about it. It's not good. Someone needs to talk to her about it." Grace agreed. "I can't believe that Joe would allow such a thing," she said. Grace then called Berniece to ask her if she were aware of her half sister's bad habits. "I never knew a thing about sleeping pills," Berniece said. "And bourbon? It just can't be! Not Norma Jeane. It makes me wonder what else we don't know." *

A Graceful Exit

While Grace Goddard lived with Marilyn Monroe, she witnessed the beginning of her battle with mood-altering substances. However, by August, Grace too was self-medicating in order to help her deal with the great pain she was in as a result of the spreading cancer. Despite her best efforts, Marilyn was not able to convince her to undergo chemotherapy. Doctors brought in by Marilyn urged Grace to undergo a hysterectomy, and she does seem to have considered it briefly, but in the end she would never allow that surgery to happen. As much as Marilyn might have tried to convince her, Grace was adamant.

It was a losing battle on all counts. There was nothing that could be done to encourage Grace to listen to the advice of the many doctors Marilyn had arranged for her to consult. By this time, Marilyn was getting ready to leave to begin filming *River of No Return*. Without treatment and Marilyn's constant intervention, there seemed little doubt that Grace would die. Still, she believed that her Christian Science principles would heal her. At a loss as to how to proceed—other than just to pray for the best outcome—the two women would often go through numerous bottles of wine in a single evening. It was as if the alcohol allowed them to forget, even if just temporarily, that one of them was dying. On certain occasions, a distraught Marilyn would end such binges with a handful of pills to make her sleep. The longer Grace stayed with Marilyn, the more Marilyn's medicine cabinet filled with different kinds of pain pills—prescriptions from different doctors, some intended to help Grace's cancer or its collateral conditions, and some to make life “more bearable” for her. At this same time, both women were being treated for their anxiety, each having prescriptions of barbiturates, including phenobarbital. Marilyn eagerly took hers. Grace didn't. She just puts them aside, promising to take them later.

The day finally came at the end of July when Marilyn had to leave the state to begin working on the movie. Grace needed to return to her family. They both knew that Grace was going home to die. On September 23, while Marilyn was away making the movie, Grace Goddard passed away. She was just fifty-nine.

A Shocking Discovery About Grace

Grace Goddard's husband, Doc, told Marilyn and Berniece that her death had been very sudden—as he put it, “the cancer just took over.” He hadn't been aware of how long Grace had been battling the disease. “Grace's death seemed terribly sad and needless to Marilyn and me,” said Berniece years later, “and we never really got over it.”

Of course, the funeral, on October 1, was very difficult for Marilyn. “I feel an anchor is gone,” she told Berniece in a tearful telephone call after the funeral. She said that it seemed that “life is just one loss after another.”

Berniece said she hoped Joe DiMaggio could be of some comfort. Marilyn told her that without a doubt, he was more important to her now than ever before.

After the funeral Marilyn had a warm telephone call from Ida Bolender. It had been many years since the two last spoke. Marilyn's life had taken so many twists and turns, she'd actually lost touch with the Bolenders. However, Ida and Wayne were alive and well, and still living in Hawthorne. In speaking to Marilyn, Ida explained that she and her husband had moved next door to the house in which Marilyn was raised. They had turned the old residence into a boarding house for employees of a nearby factory. With that income, she said, they were doing quite well. “I hope you know that if you need anything at all, money or anything, I would love for you to call me,” Marilyn told her, according to what Ida later recalled to her foster daughter Nancy Jeffrey. “You did so much for me. I would love to help you.” Ida said she appreciated the offer but they were doing just fine. “I wanted you to know how sorry I am about your Aunt Grace,” Ida told her. Ida then acknowledged the long-smoldering grievances between her and Grace and said, “Truly, I don't know, to this day, why she disliked me so much. I don't know what I ever did to her. Do you know?” Marilyn said that it was probably best for them to not even try to figure it out all of these years later. “I know that you both loved me, and that's what's important,” she concluded. Ida also told Marilyn that she was unhappy about the way Marilyn's life at the Bolenders' had been recently depicted in the press. “They are saying that we were mean to you and that we were poor,” Ida said. “I don't understand that, Norma Jeane.” Ida said that she had read somewhere that Marilyn recalled Grace bringing her a birthday card with fifty cents in it. Apparently, Marilyn told the reporter that Ida took the money from her because she had dirtied her clothing. “But that never happened, Norma Jeane,” Ida said. “You know that never happened, don't you?” Ida said she would never have done such a thing and that it broke her heart to read about it. Marilyn then tried to explain show business public relations to her foster mother, telling her that she shouldn't believe anything she read, “especially,” she said, “when it comes to Marilyn Monroe,” referring to herself in the third person. In truth, though, Marilyn constantly fed the flames of controversy about her times with the Bolenders by painting a more dismal picture than was true, and she also never did anything to rectify any falsehoods. The phone call ended with both women expressing their love for each other and promising to stay in touch.

After speaking to Ida, Marilyn apparently called Gladys to tell her that her old friend Grace had died. Gladys said that it was probably for the best. According to a later recollection, she said that Grace had been being followed for years and that if she hadn't died when she did, “someone was going to kill her.” Marilyn listened patiently, trying not to become upset. By now, she thought, she should be used to hearing these kinds of upsetting proclamations from her mother. She'd hoped that Gladys would be upset by her friend's passing. Maybe such sadness would have suggested a bit of a healing on Gladys's part, but that was not the case. Marilyn told her mother that she intended to visit her very soon. “I'll believe it when I see it,” Gladys said. Then she hung up.

Many years later, long after even Marilyn's death, it would be revealed that Grace Goddard had actually committed suicide. The death certificate reads, “Death by barbiturate poisoning—ingestion of phenobarbital.” Apparently, Grace, a woman who always had the solution to everyone's problems, had finally come up against one for which she could not find a solution—cancer. At the very end of her life, the biggest dilemma she faced was how to end the suffering her family would experience by watching her slowly waste away. So she ended her life quickly to save others from continued sadness, in the same selfless fashion as she had lived.

After the funeral, Marilyn Monroe was taken by limousine back to her apartment. She was once again alone in the place where she had attempted to nurse Grace back to health and had failed. Her Aunt Grace was gone forever. The one woman Marilyn could always depend upon had receded into the family history. Now it seemed that all that remained of Grace Goddard in Marilyn's home was what might make the loss just a little easier to handle: bottles and bottles of pills.

Marilyn's Rebellion

The end of 1953 saw Marilyn Monroe close to total collapse. She had been working hard, the relationship with Joe DiMaggio was draining (though she would never think to leave him), she was still upset about Grace's death, worried about Gladys, and now she was also having tremendous problems with 20th Century-Fox. The studio announced that her next movie was to be *The Girl in Pink Tights*. From the title alone, Marilyn felt that she was in for another dumb-blonde role, and she didn't want to do it. If she had looked beyond the title, she would have discovered that it was a movie based on a recently closed Broadway musical of the same name starring French singer/dancer Zizi Jeanmaire. "Directors think all I have to do is wiggle a little, not act," she complained to one reporter. To another, she was even more specific about her unhappiness. "I'm really eager to do something else," she said. "Squeezing yourself to ooze out the last ounce of sex allure is terribly hard. I'd like to do roles like Julie in *Bury the Dead*, Gretchen in *Faust* and Teresa in *Cradle Song*. I don't want to be a comedienne forever."

Ever since the advent of sound movies, studio contractees were forced to take part in whatever movie was thrown at them by their studio, and they had to be happy about it. When it came to *The Girl in Pink Tights*, Marilyn displayed nerve and shrewdness unheard of at the time—she demanded to see the script. Darryl Zanuck, who had never made a secret of the fact that he didn't like and, even more unfortunately, didn't respect Marilyn, said that there was absolutely no way he would consider giving her script approval. She didn't actually want "approval," though—she just wanted to see the script. Of course, if she didn't like it, she would then not want to do the movie. Zanuck said that the production was going to cost Fox more than two million dollars and that the role was "written and designed" for Marilyn. He couldn't understand her problem. *The Girl in Pink Tights* obviously had not been "written and designed" for Marilyn, because the property had tried and failed on Broadway.

It got worse. When Marilyn found out that Frank Sinatra was making \$5,000 a week to her \$1,500, she became even more dissatisfied with Fox. "I've been in this business a long time, and I know what's good for you," one executive told her. Her response was, "I've been in this business a very short time, but I know what's better for me than you do."

Later, she would say of *River of No Return* and (the soon-to-be-filmed) *There's No Business Like Show Business*, "I was put into these movies without being consulted at all, much against my wishes. I had no choice in the matter. Is that fair? I work hard, I take pride in my work, and I'm a human being like the rest of them. If I keep on with parts like the ones Fox has been giving me, the public will soon tire of me."

At this same time, Marilyn began confiding in a very good friend, the excellent photographer Milton Greene (who would go on to take many of the most amazing photographs of her). She told him that she was very unhappy about the ridiculous amount of money Fox was paying her at this time—\$1,500 a week. She said that the roles she was playing "are all the same, all dumb-blonde types with sex appeal," and "it's too much tedium. I'm sick of it." Greene suggested that perhaps the two of them should start their own production company. She could then choose her own roles, select her own films, and work in tandem with the studio system instead of strictly *for* the system. Today, of course, major actors and actresses develop their own projects or, at the very least, cherry-pick their roles carefully to suit not only their tastes but also whatever image they have cultivated to present to their public. Most major stars have their own production companies through which such projects are developed and even financed. While the biggest male stars of that time did in fact have their own production companies—Jimmy Stewart, Kirk Douglas, John Wayne, and Burt Lancaster, to name a few—and thus exerted creative and financial control over their careers, that was not the case with female stars. But Marilyn Monroe was about to change that. This was the only way to go, and Marilyn and Milton had decided their goal would be to create their own company. They began discussing the matter with her attorneys. It was definitely one way to avoid the "dumb blonde" kind of movie.

Marilyn was supposed to report to work on December 15. She didn't. When the studio sent executives to her home on Doheny to try to convince her to change her mind, they were met by an enraged Joe DiMaggio, who ordered them off the premises.

Joe and Marilyn were having their own problems at this time. He was still unhappy about the demands of her career. In his view, she wasn't even the same woman he had met a year earlier. She was constantly distraught, run-down, anxious. She could not sleep without pills. Then she would be lethargic for much of the next day. He felt she needed a break—a long break. However, there was no chance of that happening anytime in the near future. She had a tight schedule of TV appearances, photo shoots, rehearsals, and, of course, movies.

"Joe was sick and tired of Marilyn's career," said Stacy Edwards, who was a sportswriter at the time in Philadelphia and knew Joe well. "I know he went with her to Canada when she made *River of No Return*. He called me from there to do an interview. 'I hate it up here,' he told me. 'They treat her like she's a princess and if you want to know my opinion,' he said, 'I think she's getting to be too spoiled. She expects everyone to treat her like these people on these movie sets, and this ain't real life.' He said he wanted to get her out of the movies. 'We'll buy a nice home in San Francisco and just live a simpler life,' he told me. I said, 'Joe, are we talking about the same Marilyn Monroe—I mean, the movie star? Because she ain't quittin' the movies. She looks like she loves it too much for that.' He said, 'Yeah, well, we'll see about that.'"

"I knew Joe and I knew what he was about deep down, and it wasn't just Marilyn's career. The attention she got, he was used to getting. When he walked into a room with her, he disappeared. He wasn't used to that at all. He was used to being the center of attention. But with Marilyn, no man could ever be the center of attention. She drew focus wherever she went. Joe couldn't accept that."

Natasha Continues Her Dual Purpose

Of course, Natasha Lytess was still a permanent fixture in Marilyn Monroe's life. Most observers felt that she was determined to keep Marilyn under her control by reinforcing the notion that she was indispensable to her. "She is not a natural actress," Natasha said in an interview in 1953. "She has to learn to have a free voice and a free body to act. Luckily, Marilyn has a wonderful instinct for the right timing. I think she will eventually be a good actress."

"There wasn't a single moment on the set of any film Marilyn made during this time that Natasha wasn't there," said Jane Russell, Marilyn's costar in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. "I felt that Marilyn was using her too much as a crutch. After she would do a scene she would look over to one side or another to see Natasha's reaction. Directors didn't like it, I can tell you that much. At one point, [Natasha] was removed from the set of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* because the director just had enough of her presence."

Only a select few people, however, knew that Natasha had a dual purpose in Marilyn's life—she was her acting teacher, certainly, but she was also the one person who could calm Marilyn when "the voices" became too loud in her head.

In *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Marilyn had a scene with Charles Coburn in which his character, "Piggy," was reciting to Monroe's character, Lorelei, a line in Swahili. "The actor was speaking gibberish, of course, and in each take Coburn read the line a bit differently," Natasha wrote in a letter to her former student Helena Albert. For some reason, his pattern of speech was something Marilyn could not get out of her head, Natasha wrote. Apparently, days after the shooting of this scene, Marilyn locked herself in her dressing room and refused to speak to anyone but Natasha. The director, Howard Hawks, adjusted the shooting schedule and then sent for the acting coach, who arrived quickly. According to Natasha's memory of events, Marilyn explained to her that she couldn't stop her mind from playing and replaying Coburn's Swahili impression. "It was as if she had become haunted by it," Natasha wrote. "Marilyn told me she couldn't even bear to look at Charles Coburn. Prior to this time, she had adored him. They had appeared in *Monkey Business* together."

Somehow, after less than an hour with her star client, Natasha managed to get Marilyn back in action. It was as if nothing had ever happened. Natasha knew how to bring Marilyn out of these kinds of episodes. "Whenever Marilyn works herself into a panic about something, only I have the cure," Natasha wrote, rather cryptically.

Similarly, during the making of *How to Marry a Millionaire*, Natasha was ordered off the set. The next day, Marilyn didn't show up for work, claiming she had bronchitis. Marilyn would often cloak her mental breakdowns with excuses of physical illnesses. When the studio sent a doctor to her home, which was the procedure at that time, she insisted on speaking to Natasha. Not surprisingly, Marilyn soon returned to work, and Natasha was brought back in—at an even higher salary. Nunnally Johnson, who worked with Marilyn on that film (in March 1953), recalled, "Natasha was really advising her badly by this time, justifying her own presence on the set by requiring take after take and simply feeding on Marilyn's insecurity. 'Well, that was all right, dear,' she often said to Marilyn, 'but maybe we should do it one more time.'

"I'm not sure, but I think Joe felt that Natasha was more important to Marilyn than he was—and he may have been right."

"If it were up to me, Morticia would take a long walk off a short pier," Joe DiMaggio told Stacy Edwards. "Maybe I could get through to Marilyn if I didn't have this broad to deal with. This broad is gonna ruin her, I'm telling you."

Marilyn Monroe knew that she would be put on suspension by Fox for not showing up for work on the set of *The Girl in Pink Tights*. She didn't care. She was exhausted by the last year. It had been one drama after another. What was done was done, she decided. She had taken a firm stand against the studio and wasn't going to now look back with regret. She knew that her Aunt Grace would have wholeheartedly approved of the way she'd handled Darryl Zanuck. Grace would not have wanted Marilyn to stand by and just allow Zanuck to walk all over her, "I don't care who he is."

Marilyn would later say she felt sure that she needed a new beginning, a fresh start in the new year of 1954. Was it to be with Joe? She felt that he was all she had, now that Grace was gone. That night, at 11:45, Marilyn took a plane to San Francisco—to Joe.

Once safely ensconced in San Francisco, Marilyn stayed with Joe and his sister, Marie DiMaggio, in Joe's home. She fit in well with the family, eager to help out around the house—washing dishes, cleaning up with Marie after Joe and his brother Dom; whatever was necessary was what she wanted to do. Indeed, whenever a family environment presented itself to Marilyn and she was asked to join in, she was eager to do it. One morning, she prepared a big breakfast for Joe and his family members and friends—and it was good, too. Marie had given her a lot of assistance. This was the Marilyn Joe DiMaggio wanted her to be—domesticated, calm, and at peace with her household chores and wifely duties. Of course, this was just a fantasy life for Marilyn. She may have been unhappy with the way her career had been unfolding lately, but there was no possibility of giving it up. Still, this was a good time and there was no point in her reminding Joe that it was all just temporary. She enjoyed seeing him happy and noticed that when she was relaxed, he was as well. They went fishing together, washed his car, took long walks. It was a wonderful week. Then, on New Year's Eve 1953, Joe asked her to marry him. It was easy for both of them to forget their differences in the idyllic world they had created that week. It must have felt to them that they were completely compatible. It was all an illusion, though. In the romantic moment, of course Marilyn said yes, she would marry him. They decided to keep the news of their engagement a secret from the media for the time being and just enjoy their private time with Joe's family, all of whom were delighted by the news.

Fox finally relented and sent Marilyn the script to *The Girl in Pink Tights*. This was a little victory for her. It was probably the first time she'd gotten her way with Darryl Zanuck. However, as expected, when she took a look at the script, she realized that her instincts were right. It was ridiculous and cliché-ridden and she didn't want to do it. As soon as she informed Fox of her decision, the studio put her on suspension, meaning she would not be getting her salary. She could live with that; it wasn't as if they were paying her a mint, anyway.

Meanwhile, Marilyn began work on a three-part magazine article with writer Ben Hecht. Hecht went to San Francisco to interview the star over a period of four days for a piece about her life—or, really, the story of her life as she wanted to present it at the time—for *Ladies' Home Journal*. Eventually, Hecht's notes would end up in book form and be touted as Marilyn's memoir, *My Story*, published many years after her death (and in fact, after Hecht's death).

My Story is not a terrible book, though it's disjointed and filled with inaccuracies. The reader gets the sense, however, that Marilyn wanted to be thought of as a victim, and she framed her stories with an eye toward that goal. One anecdote that was excised from the book upon its release was that Marilyn said she had tried to commit suicide twice—both times over relationships with men. One episode may have been a reference to the incident with Johnny Hyde when she was saved by Natasha Lytess. The other remains mysterious to this day, although she told Hecht that she was very angry when she was saved the second time because she definitely wanted to die. "But now I'm glad it happened the way it did. I'm glad I'm alive. I hope to stay glad for a long time."

Some people in Marilyn's life completely disavow this book—like her half-sister Berniece, who calls it "half-baked." It's not known where the money goes from proceeds of this book, but likely not to any family members. What must irk Marilyn's intimates even more is that a document does exist that memorializes an agreement Marilyn made with Ben Hecht—dated March 16, 1954—which clearly states that the material "shall not be put into book form by you and you shall have no right to the use of the material for anything except one magazine article to be published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* magazine." Like it or not, *My Story* is the book of record—ostensibly, Marilyn's own words about her life. Reading it today, it does seem accurate, it just doesn't seem complete.

On January 14, 1954, Marilyn and Joe were wed in a quick civil ceremony before a judge in San Francisco. Much of her public, and the media, felt the marriage to be somewhat anticlimactic, that a star like Marilyn (in a dark brown suit with an ermine collar on this day) should have had a grander affair. However, there were hundreds of fans and reporters at City Hall waiting for them to arrive, because Fox had put out the word, unbeknownst to Marilyn, who had been considerate enough to inform the studio but asked for confidentiality. An affair any bigger would have been more than Marilyn could have handled at this intense time in her life. She made a strange request of Joe, though. If she died before him, would he promise to place flowers at her grave every week? He promised, giving her the same vow that William Powell had once given Jean Harlow.

The DiMaggios honeymooned in the small seaside town of Paso Robles—not much of a honeymoon. The couple then left for a vacation/business trip (for Joe) to Japan in early February. At the airport, the press noticed that Marilyn's finger was bandaged and in a splint. It appeared to have been broken. She said that she "bumped it" and that Joe was a witness. "He heard it crack." It seemed suspicious.

When they got to Tokyo, they were surprised by the absolute mob that awaited them there—thousands of fans in what was the most chaotic scene Marilyn had ever seen built around her. Her international appeal was obvious, if not also a little frightening. As for Joe, he wasn't happy about it at all. It was clear that her popularity eclipsed his, even in a foreign country. The realization just made him more surly and disagreeable. At a press conference that had been arranged in his honor to promote the exhibition games for which he had traveled there, matters got worse. Practically every question was directed to Marilyn. He sat at her side looking more than a little peeved.

While the couple were in the Far East, an invitation came from General John E. Hull's Far East Command headquarters for Marilyn to entertain the troops in Korea. She wanted to do it, but Joe was against it. The two had a heated discussion which ended with him saying, "It's your honeymoon. Go if you want to go." She did.

The brief tour began on February 16. Of course, the servicemen went wild for Marilyn everywhere she appeared as she sang songs such as "Kiss Me Again" and "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." Appearing before more than one hundred thousand military men in just four days, she was a smashing success. What was interesting about this brief series of concerts is that she was on her own—there was no Natasha Lytess in the wings telling her what to do, no Darryl Zanuck over her shoulder telling her how to be, and no Joe DiMaggio at her side telling her she couldn't do it. She proved to herself that she could stand before an audience and entertain using her own instincts and judgment—and while singing, too, which she was never really comfortable

doing, let alone in front of people. It was a big win for her, and she had never felt better about herself. She wasn't the least bit nervous, either. It was as if when left to her own devices she knew she could soar, and she did. "I felt I belonged," she would later say. "For the first time in my life, I had the feeling that the people seeing me were accepting me and liking me. This is what I've always wanted."

"And now I'm flying back to the most important thing in my life—Joe," she told the troops at the end of her last show. "And I want to start a family. A family comes before a career."

When the DiMaggios returned to America on February 24, 1954, it was business as usual—meaning one problem after another. It hadn't been going that well between them. There was still a sense that DiMaggio could not reconcile himself to Monroe's stardom. For instance, when talking about her tour of Korea, she exclaimed, "You've never heard applause like that!" He responded, "Yes, I have." He seemed to always want to remind her that she wasn't the only star in the family. He definitely didn't want her to become any bigger a celebrity than she already was, he said, because he didn't believe she could handle it. So they fought about their future—about her career and how it fit into their plans as a married couple. Still, Marilyn tried to stay optimistic. "I love you till my heart could burst," she wrote in a love note to Joe in March 1954. "I want someday for you to be proud of me as a person and as your wife and as the mother of the rest of your children. (Two at least! I've decided.)"

At around this time, during a trip to Los Angeles, Joe telephoned his friend the agent Norman Brokaw who had first introduced him to Marilyn in 1950. Joe said he needed to see him. They met at the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. As the two took a back booth, DiMaggio seemed very unhappy. "I don't know what to do, Norm," he said, according to the agent's memory of the conversation. "I love her. But I can't accept her career. I want her to quit, but she won't do it."

Norman mulled over his friend's problem for a moment and said, "Joe, let me explain something to you, as an agent in this town. There's no actress in this business who is going to give up Clark Gable or Tyrone Power or Spencer Tracy for any man. In fact, I don't know any actress who would be willing to give up her career when she's on her way to the top any more than you would have given up your baseball career before its time." He continued, "What if when you were shooting to break the record of fifty-seven hits, a girl came into your life and said, 'No, you need to stop at fifty-six. You can't go for fifty-seven because I won't allow it.' How would you have handled it?"

DiMaggio thought about it for a second. "I never looked at it that way," he said. "That makes sense to me."

"Well, that's the way it is, Joe," Norman concluded. "That's the field you're playing on, my friend. She's not going to give up her career any more than you would have before you were ready to do it. So you have to get used to it, Joe. Or, honest to God, you're going to lose her."

Joe thanked Norman for his advice. He would try to follow it... but it wouldn't be easy. Not long after this meeting with Norman, Joe wrote in his personal journal about Marilyn, "No jealousy.... Don't forget how lonesome and unhappy you are—especially without her."

There's No Business Like Show Business

In March 1954, Marilyn Monroe's victory against Fox seemed complete when the studio decided that she didn't have to appear in *Pink Tights*. Instead, they offered her a supporting role in *There's No Business Like Show Business*. She was also scheduled to appear in a more major role in *The Seven Year Itch*. Plus, the studio promised to give her a new contract in August and a huge \$100,000 bonus. It definitely seemed as if Darryl Zanuck had blinked—or, at the very least, realized that he had a good thing in Marilyn Monroe and didn't want to lose her.

Marilyn began work on *There's No Business like Show Business* in May. This big, splashy musical all dressed up in CinemaScope, stereophonic sound, and color by Technicolor, with its star-heavy cast, classic tunes from the Irving Berlin songbook, and Oscar-nominated costumes, had “blockbuster” written all over it. After all, it would star Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Mitzi Gaynor, and pop singer Johnnie Ray. In these waning days of the big studio musical, Fox's decision makers knew it lacked the one ingredient that would send moviegoers stampeding through the nation's theater turnstiles: Marilyn Monroe. And though the part was not even yet written into the script, it was added with Marilyn specifically in mind after the *Pink Tights* debacle.

To lift a line from the film's title song in describing the movie, “Everything about it is appealing.” It clocks in at 117 minutes and with sixteen musical numbers, at least half of them so elaborately staged, it's hard to imagine that anything comparable would be possible today—even with CGI (computer graphics and imaging). The film chronicles the saga of the Donahue family, both on and off the stage, from 1919 to 1942. As evidenced by a whole slew of successful movie musicals, from Hollywood's Golden Age up to the mid-sixties, stories about showbiz families were audience favorites—from the Cohans and the Foys to Gypsy Rose Lee and the von Trapps—and it didn't seem to matter if the stories were true or not.

Terry and Molly Donahue (Dailey and Merman), vaudeville headliners, incorporate their three kids, one by one, into their act from toddlerhood to teenager. The first time we see all five Donahues performing together is at the New York Hippodrome in an overwrought and overlong production of “Alexander's Ragtime Band.” We are soon treated to the sight of Marilyn in an abbreviated French maid's costume as she makes her first appearance—as Victoria Hoffman, a nightclub hat checker. Two minutes later, she is auditioning for producer Lew Harris, singing and dancing to “After You Get What You Want (You Don't Want It).” Dressed in a white, see-through, skin-revealing gossamer gown, with embroidered, jewel-studded appliques strategically placed on the slit-to-the-hip, formfitting costume, and wearing a crown of snowy egret hackle feathers, Marilyn is breathtakingly beautiful.

The film unfolds as complex relationships evolve between Victoria and the Donahues. Tears and heartbreak give way to reconciliation and apologies all around—and then a big number for the Five Donahues, “Alexander's Ragtime Band.” That number segues into “There's No Business like Show Business,” with the Five Donahues and Vicky descending an imposing staircase, marching in unison and singing in harmony. Merman is in a draped, strapless white evening gown. Gaynor is gorgeous in a slinky red floor-length gown. And Monroe is elegant in a silver-sequin-spangled, powder blue number with a modest décolletage. Of course, she is—as always on film—dazzling. There is much to admire in this film, with Marilyn more than holding her own with old pros Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, and Donald O'Connor.

However, the shoot was fraught with problems, mostly from Marilyn. She was ill with bronchitis for part of it and was also diagnosed with anemia. Moreover, her growing addiction to sleeping pills and barbiturates had become a real issue in her life, affecting her performance. She was sluggish and unhappy most of the time. Naturally, she was also late very often.

Natasha Lytess—who was on the set with Marilyn every day, of course—later claimed that Joe was beating Marilyn during this period and that Marilyn had confided in her details of the terrible confrontations. It would be difficult to trust Lytess's word given her animosity toward DiMaggio, but others close to Marilyn concur—and even some close to Joe. “He was smacking her around, yes,” said one of his closest friends. “He didn't seem too ashamed of it, either. He said that she brought the worst out in him, that he wasn't usually that kind of man. He said she was spoiled and very self-centered and it drove him crazy. He told me he was sick of coddling her, tired of her ‘woe is me stories,’ as he put it. I said, ‘Joe, maybe you two should get divorced.’ He looked at me as if I was crazy. ‘I ain't letting her go,’ he said. ‘Hell if I'm letting her go.’ ”

In marrying Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn may have repeated a pattern in her life of becoming fixated on a man who would not support her desires or her ambitions. The consensus is that he was physically abusive to her. He also could be insensitive and dense. For instance, Marilyn once gave him a gold medal as a gift that she'd had inscribed with a quote from *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: “True love is visible not to the eyes, but to the heart, for eyes may be deceived.” He took one look at it and said, “What the hell does *this* mean?”

“When he came onto the set of *Show Business*, it happened to be the day we were doing Marilyn's big ‘Heat Wave’ number. She had worked so hard on it with [her vocal coach] Hal Schaeffer, and I know she was proud of it. He just stood there, a big lug of a man, so unpleasant and unsupportive,” said one person who worked on the movie's production team. “She would come in with bruises here and there that they would cover with makeup. If you cared about Marilyn, and I think everyone there really did, you wanted to say to her, ‘Dump this guy. Now!’ You just wanted to hold her and keep her safe, that's the way she affected you.”

The Seven Year Itch

In August, Marilyn began work on *The Seven Year Itch* in New York. Like no other of her films before or after, *The Seven Year Itch* established Marilyn's iconography as the world's number one sex symbol and burnished her image as a contemporary love goddess, much as Rita Hayworth had been a dozen years earlier.

The film's roots were planted on the Broadway stage at the Fulton Theatre on November 20, 1952, and flourished for 1,141 packed-house performances. The play was written by George Axelrod and starred Tom Ewell, who won the year's Best Actor Tony Award. It was originally acquired by Paramount as a Billy Wilder project, but when Wilder left the studio he took the screenplay with him to 20th Century-Fox, where he became the picture's director, cowriter, and coproducer.

In the movie, Ewell is Richard Sherman, a thirty-eight-year-old publishing executive, left alone in his New York apartment while his wife of seven years and son spend the summer in Maine. Subleasing the upstairs, non-air-conditioned apartment is a gorgeous blonde, a television pitchwoman identified only as "The Girl" (Monroe), who soon becomes the object of Sherman's fantasies. A couple of brief encounters with her is enough to set Sherman off on a Walter Mittyish, wild-goose chase in which he imagines himself romantically involved with The Girl in a series of improbable situations. The "relationship" becomes so serious in Sherman's mind that he becomes paranoid that his vacationing wife, Helen (Evelyn Keyes), is aware of his imagined infidelity. The rest of the plot doesn't really matter—the movie falls apart halfway through. Suffice it to say, Marilyn is stunning in every scene.

Filming commenced on September 1, 1954, at Fox's L.A. studio. The first location scene in New York was the "flying-dress sequence" on September 15, at 1 a.m. The shot of Monroe in the Travilla-designed ecru halter-top dress, standing on a subway grate, the accordion-pleated skirt a-flying as she gleefully but vainly tries to anchor it, is firmly imprinted on the collective cerebral cortex of moviegoers for all time. Five thousand onlookers watched the filming of it at 52nd and Lexington near the Trans-Lux Theatre. Unfortunately, Joe DiMaggio was one of them.

Prompted by Walter Winchell, who, it would seem, was trying to get a good reaction from Joe for his column, Joe found himself on the set that night. Watching his wife perform in such a provocative—even if very obviously staged—moment infuriated him. Billy Wilder described the look on DiMaggio's face as "the look of death." Even though Marilyn wore *two* pairs of panties for modesty, under the klieg lights there was still more visible than what Joe would have been comfortable with. James Haspiel was present for the filming, and he recalled, "I must confess I had no trouble seeing through Marilyn's sheer panties. Most of the published photographs from that night do not illustrate this intimacy. I think they shot the scene fifteen times so it was a very exciting, intimate situation being played out over and over again before my eyes. Nonetheless, I could fully appreciate DiMaggio's anger. Indeed, Joe stood there sour-faced. In defense of Monroe, I am reasonably convinced that in her dressing room she did not see what the powerful klieg lights then put on display."

DiMaggio rushed back to the St. Regis Hotel and waited for his wife to join him there at the end of her workday. Then he took out his rage on her, slapping her around the room. The altercation was so noisy, in fact, that other hotel guests reported it to the hotel's management, afraid that someone was getting badly hurt. Natasha, in the room next door, was alarmed enough to pound on the door to the DiMaggios' suite. "Is everything okay in there?" she shouted out, knowing, of course, the answer. The door swung open and there was Joe, eyes blazing, face reddened. "Get outta here," he told her brusquely. "Mind your own business, for once." Later that night, Milton and Amy Greene had dinner with Joe and Marilyn. They noticed bruises on Marilyn's back. The next day, Gladys Witten, a studio hairdresser, noticed bruises on Marilyn's shoulders, "but we covered them with makeup," she said.

"That was the last straw," recalled Stacy Edwards, who met Joe in New York earlier in that day. "The way I heard it, Joe let her have it. It was pretty bad. After he hit her, she told him she'd had enough and wanted out of the marriage. I spoke to Joe maybe three weeks later and asked him about that night. He said, 'Things got out of hand, I admit it. But she pissed me off so much. She didn't care what I thought about anything, she just wanted to do what she wanted to do.' That was DiMaggio. He could be a sweetheart if everything was going his way. If not, he was pretty mean. To tell you the truth, I lost a lot of respect for Joe when I found out he hit Marilyn Monroe. I thought to myself, 'How could any man hit such a beautiful creature?'"

Years later, Marilyn admitted to her hairdresser, Sydney Guilaroff, very famous in his time for his work with Hollywood stars, "Joe beat me up twice. The first time, I warned him. 'Don't ever do that again.' I'm not going to stand for it. Then, after he witnessed me filming a sexy scene for *The Seven Year Itch*, he slapped me around the hotel room. I finally screamed at him, 'That's it.' I don't know what makes a man beat a woman—vulnerable and weak—I just don't understand it."

The DiMaggios left New York on September 16. The next day, Marilyn did not show up for work at the studio. Her doctor said she was home in bed with the flu. It would be four days before she could return to work. Even Darryl Zanuck—arguably a cruel man himself, with his comments about his star Monroe—felt badly about what was going on in her private life. He sent a note over to Billy Wilder assuring the director, "Others could give a good performance, but nothing could make up for Marilyn's personality in this film."

Billy Wilder summed up Marilyn's appeal best when he told her biographer Donald Spoto, "She had a natural instinct for how to read a comic line and how to give it something extra, something special. She was never vulgar in a role that could have become vulgar, and somehow you felt good when you saw her on the screen. To put it briefly, she had a quality no one else ever had on the screen except Garbo. No one."

What's most stunning about Marilyn's performance in *The Seven Year Itch* is that she was able to rise to the occasion despite the misery of her private life. That's what real movie stars do—they give all they have when on camera, even when they seemingly have nothing left to give. She inhabited the role of The Girl as if born to it. With her arresting beauty, she is totally aware of the effect she has on men, even joking about it. But the jokes are on her, not the men. Melissa Anderson of the *Village Voice* wrote, "So arresting is Monroe's presence that when she's not on-screen, we wait impatiently, wondering, 'Where have you gone, Mrs. DiMaggio?'" She wears white throughout most of the film, appearing in a pastel pink shorts outfit briefly and in a slinky evening gown in one of Sherman's fantasy sequences. It is apparently meant to point out the character's virginal purity and her total lack of guile. Her short, curly hairdo by Helen Turpin is timeless and the one most closely associated with Marilyn for the rest of her life.

That said, Marilyn's emotional problems took their toll during filming. This, along with her tardiness and ill-preparedness—by one report as many as forty takes for a single scene—was said to have added over a million dollars to the film's \$3.2 million budget. It still managed to earn a nice profit, taking in \$12 million at the box office for Fox. The still shot of the famous billowing-dress scene that so infuriated Joe became the film's graphic signature, and Fox's marketing team decreed that it be blown up to a height of fifty-two feet. The enormous Monroe image was then cut out and placed in

front of Loew's State Theatre in Times Square when the movie opened. It caused a sensation.

Marilyn Divorces Joe

She knew what she had to do—but that didn't make it any easier for her. The much-reported story is that she called her attorney, Jerry Geisler, and told him that she wanted a divorce. However, Marybeth Cooke worked for Geisler at the time and she tells a different story. She recalled, "We all knew that Marilyn Monroe was still crazy in love with Joe, but that he was beating her up. Still, she did not want to let him go. I have to say—and Jerry would not have wanted anyone to know this at the time—that Marilyn called him from New York and told him that she might want a separation from Joe, but she wasn't sure. When she got back to Los Angeles, she was not calling Jerry to ask him to file divorce papers. She thought maybe he knew someone who could talk to Joe and make things better. She was desperate to find a way to save her marriage. It was Jerry who said, 'Look, I like you a lot, Marilyn. As a friend, I have to tell you—you have to get this creep out of your house.' That was not like Jerry. He represented the biggest names in Hollywood and never injected his personal opinions. But with Marilyn Monroe, it was different. When he found out what was going on, he was very upset, I remember him saying, 'God damn it, I'm a big fan of Joe DiMaggio's, too. Or at least I *was* a fan.' "

On October 4, Jerry Geisler—middle-aged, stout of frame, and balding above a ruddy face—was ready to serve "Joltin' Joe" DiMaggio with divorce papers. Marybeth Cooke continued: "I remember him saying, 'Christ, almighty, I just called Marilyn to ask her where Joe was so I could serve him myself out of respect and guess where he is? At home with her!' It turned out he was still living in the same house, though I believe in separate bedrooms, or maybe on separate floors. He went to the house and gave Joe the papers. He told me DiMaggio glanced at the papers, said, 'Thanks a lot,' popped a beer, and then went back to watching television. When he got back to the office, Jerry sank into a chair and looked drained. I asked him, 'Are you okay?' He said, 'I just told Joe DiMaggio that Marilyn Monroe is divorcing him. How do you think I feel?' I think at about that same time, he and Marilyn sent a memo to Darryl Zanuck telling him that DiMaggio wasn't allowed on the property. So, it was really over.

"The next morning was chaos at Marilyn's home on Palm Drive in Beverly Hills. I had to meet Jerry there and give him some papers, but I couldn't even get into the house there was so much media in front of it, just camped out and waiting for the next shoe to drop. I finally got into the house and it was just teeming with people. It was also a mess. I couldn't believe the clutter—it looked as if it hasn't been tidied up—ever! There was food left out in the kitchen and on plates in the living room. There were crushed, empty beer cans on the floor... clothes strewn about... ashtrays filled with cigarettes... I mean it was really a pigpen. Someone who worked for Marilyn—I can't recall who wouldn't let me upstairs to her room, where I knew Jerry was. I was told she was too sick to be disturbed, or, as it was put to me, 'She has taken to her sick bed.' So, I left. I spoke to Jerry that night, who told me, 'The kid is sick, she's on drugs, she's sad... she's a mess.' The next day was the press conference. I didn't go. It was a zoo."

Marilyn Monroe emerged from her home on the morning of October 6 to meet the press wearing an all-black ensemble: a skintight black sweater with a matching gabardine skirt and heels along with a black leather belt. She leaned on Jerry Geisler for support as he told the assembled reporters that "Miss Monroe will have nothing to say to you this morning. As her attorney, I am speaking for her and can only say that the conflict of careers has brought about this regrettable necessity." While reporters shouted questions at her, Marilyn seemed ready to faint. "I can't say anything today," she said, her voice almost a whisper. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." She then broke down and began to cry, her head on the attorney's shoulder. Never in any reporter's fantasy could the scene have been any more melodramatic—and newsworthy. Even when she didn't intend it, Marilyn Monroe always gave a good show. Photographs from that brief press conference appeared all over the world that night and the next day. It wasn't an act. "She was at the end of her rope that day," said Marybeth Cooke. "Jerry had to take her straight to a doctor's office where she was given more pills to get through the rest of that day. Then he took her back to her house where she went right to bed. She didn't want to speak to anyone. I remember thinking, this girl is only twenty-eight. How much longer can she endure this kind of life?"

Indeed, Marilyn was very difficult to reach during this difficult time and even her beloved half sister, Berniece, could not get through to her. Therefore, on October 8, she sent her a letter:

Dear Marilyn,

The news about you and Joe came as a shock and we were very sorry to hear it. I know you are lonely—do try and come visit us and it may help you over the cloud. You are very busy and all, but if you could fly here for a few days I'm sure you would feel better. We three are just the same as when you saw us last, except a little fatter and older, ha ha. Mona Rae is very busy in school and loves it. She is trying hard to become a cheerleader for the football team this year. We love you loads and hope to see you soon.

*Your sister,
Berniece*

If Berniece had known of some of the bizarre situations unfolding in her half sister's life, she might have tried even harder to get her to Detroit. However, Marilyn was keeping a lot of the sadness of her life from Berniece. First, she didn't want to worry her. Second, she just didn't want her to have the information in case any reporter ever tried to trick it out of her. Every time she talked to Berniece, she would say the same thing to her before ending the call: "Please promise me that you won't give out stories about me." One might have thought, given all they shared, that Berniece would be the last person Marilyn would feel she'd have to worry about in terms of discretion. However, that wasn't the case. A sister of Jim Dougherty's gave a story about Marilyn to the press, and even though it would be flattering, Marilyn would still be very unhappy about it. It was getting to the point where she felt she couldn't trust anyone.

One of the people Marilyn Monroe did trust during this time was Frank Sinatra. Lena Pepitone, her maid and sometimes seamstress, once recalled that while Marilyn's divorce from Joe DiMaggio was being finalized, she went to live with Sinatra for a couple of weeks so that she could regain her emotional bearings. Much of what Pepitone recalled in a book she wrote with William Stadiem titled *Marilyn Monroe—Confidential* has been called into question. However, this memory of hers is in fact true.

It's difficult to determine when Frank and Marilyn first met. She had always been a fan of Sinatra's. His friend Joey Bishop recalled the time Marilyn went to see Frank at the Copacabana, "sometime in the fifties. I'm doing my act, and in the middle of it in comes Marilyn Monroe walking into the room like she owns the joint," Bishop remembered. "Of course, I lost the crowd. Who's gonna pay attention to me when Marilyn Monroe walks in? There wasn't an empty seat in the house, so they pulled a single chair up for her to sit in and stuck it ringside, about four feet away from me. I looked down at her and I said, 'Marilyn, I thought I told you to wait in the truck.' " Like many people's memories of their star-crossings with Marilyn, Joey's is a little off. What actually happened was that Marilyn was with a group of friends in New York when she decided she wanted to see Sinatra perform at the Copa. However, the show was sold out. "So?" she asked her friends. "What does that have to do with me? Of course we can get in." Marilyn and her group then took a cab to the nightclub. As soon as the management saw her, they made quick arrangements. They brought a table into the packed club—Sinatra was already onstage, not opening act Bishop—as the Copa staff put white linens on the table and moved it right to the front of the nightclub in an empty corner. Frank stopped his song, winked at Marilyn, and continued with the show.

At this time—in 1954—Frank Sinatra was miserable about the slow erosion of his marriage to actress Ava Gardner, said to be the love of his life. Now the two consoled each other over their losses: Frank's over Gardner and Marilyn's over DiMaggio. Another friend of Frank's, Jimmy Whiting, recalled, "Marilyn was real dependent on Frank. There were many late-night phone calls to him. She used to say, 'If I have any problem in the world about anything, there's only one person I know can help: Frankie.' Frank's feeling was hey, if I can help out the dame, I will. She's a good kid."

Jim Whiting has a funny memory regarding Sinatra. "He heard that Marilyn's... you know what... was visible underneath her panties in that scene in *The Seven Year Itch* where her dress blows up. So he got an early 'screening copy' of the film and invited a whole bunch of guys over to see her... you-know-what. We all sat in his darkened screening room watching the film and waiting and waiting and waiting for this one scene. Finally, the dress starts blowing up and every neck and head in the room craned forward. The dress is up and up and up... nothing... no you-know-what. You couldn't see it! Frank said, 'Goddamn it! If she wanted to sell tickets to this movie, all she had to do was show her... you-know-what.' Except he didn't say 'you-know-what.' "

After they began living together, Frank and Marilyn both admitted to still being in love with their estranged spouses. Therefore, for a time there was nothing sexual going on between them. They were just sharing a vast, common loneliness. Frank wasn't interested in anything more, though it was difficult for his friends to fathom that he had one of the most beautiful and sought-after movie stars living in his apartment with him and was not intimate with her.

As it happened, Marilyn had a habit of not wearing clothing around the house. Everyone who knew her well knew that this was the case. She always said she would rather be naked; her friends and staff were used to seeing her au naturel. When she stayed with Frank during this time, she did not change that behavior. One morning, according to one friend of Sinatra's, he awakened, went into the kitchen wearing just his shorts, and found Marilyn standing in front of the open refrigerator with her small finger in her mouth, trying to decide between orange juice and grapefruit. She was naked. "Oh, Frankie," she said, probably feigning embarrassment, "I didn't know you got up so early."

"That was the end of anything platonic between the two of them," reported Jimmy Whiting. "He told me that he took her right there in the kitchen, up against the closed refrigerator. 'Man,' he told me, 'I never had sex like that. She is one fantastic woman.'"

"Actually, Frank had been going through this whole impotency trip at this time. Way too much sauce [liquor]. The booze was completely ruining his sex life. He was getting too old to drink like that and then expect to also perform in the sack. He was frustrated by it because one thing Sinatra always prided himself on was his ability to satisfy a woman."

Apparently, Marilyn cured Sinatra of his impotency, at least for a while. She said that she didn't care how long it took; she was determined that he was going to acquit himself in bed with her. They were sexually innovative. For instance, according to Sinatra's friends, he and Marilyn engaged in intimacies one night on the roof of the Sands Hotel, above the Las Vegas strip. Interestingly, a memo dated May 30, 1959, from Jack Entratter to the hotel's security staff, confirms as much. It reads, "Please be advised that Mr. Frank Sinatra is permitted twenty-four-hour access to the roof of the Sands Hotel. Mr. Sinatra will use his own discretion in choosing to entertain any guest on those premises. Thank you."

"What I heard around the office was that Marilyn and Frank had an argument when she drunkenly confessed to him that while she was attempting to cure him of his impotency, she had been 'faking it,' not achieving sexual satisfaction herself," recalled Wesley Miller from Wright, Wright, Green & Wright. "Frank was upset about that revelation and, apparently, said, 'Jesus Christ, if I can't satisfy her, then what the hell am I doing with her? Why'd she even have to tell me that? Did I have to know that? Hell, no, I did not.' " (While Frank took Marilyn's confession as an affront to his masculinity, others who knew her well said that she rarely felt satisfaction during sexual relations and that this problem was the consequence of her many psychological problems.)

Despite any problems with her, Frank always felt that Marilyn was intelligent, witty, sexy, and exciting. "Frank said that Marilyn was like a shooting star," observed actress Esther Williams, "and you couldn't help but be fascinated by her journey. While you knew she was going to crash and burn, you didn't know how. However, you knew it was going to be a merry ride. The only reason Sinatra wouldn't allow himself to become more serious about Marilyn, he had said, was because he was still so wracked with pain about Ava. It was too soon. Also, he would never end up with another actress. He had made that promise to himself."

As much as they got along, Marilyn and Frank did argue from time to time. Once, she almost absentmindedly walked naked into a poker game he was having with friends, which infuriated him. "Get your fat ass back in your room," he scolded her, always the charmer. However, he could never stay angry at her for long. He truly loved Marilyn—though he was not in love with her—and he understood her frailties. Obviously, she was weak and delicate, traits he was usually not fond of in a woman. He would never allow any of his women the luxury of vulnerability, but with Marilyn it was different. She was special.

After that poker-game incident, when his friends had departed, Sinatra went back into her bedroom, as Marilyn later remembered it, "kissed me on

the cheek, and made me feel like a million. From then on I always dressed up for him, whether or not anyone was coming over.”

The Wrong Door Raid

Marilyn's time at Frank Sinatra's did not last long. They could never really connect romantically, though they did love each other. She soon moved out of his apartment and was on her own again. At around this time, another gentleman came into her life as a potential suitor, but this too would not work out for her. He was Hal Schaeffer, the musical coach of her recent films. He actually arranged the highlight of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Marilyn's stunning routine of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." The two had a flirtation going on for some time. Schaeffer, who sounds as if he had his own emotional issues, was so distraught that Marilyn did not want to take things any further with him, he reacted by trying to kill himself. Schaeffer may have been hoping Marilyn would rush to his side if he tried to do himself in, and of course she did. However, the time she spent at his bedside in the hospital was just more time for Joe to act out in a jealous rage. Now that he clearly no longer had a hold on Marilyn and Sinatra was also out of the picture for the time being, she was adrift emotionally, and she turned to Hal. It's difficult to imagine that what the two of them shared was serious for her, though it was to him. It was brief and definitely a diversion for her. By this time she had become so dependent on sleeping pills—freely given to her by the studio's physician—it's likely her judgment was impaired. That said, Schaeffer was kind, gentle, and understanding, and he was also creative—about as opposite to DiMaggio as possible.

When Joe DiMaggio heard about Hal Schaeffer in Marilyn's life, he simply could not accept it. How dare his estranged wife replace him so quickly? What right did she have to move on without him? For a couple of weeks, he and his best friend, Frank Sinatra, did what best friends often do when faced with love lost in their lives—they began to commiserate about it. "We dagoes gotta stick together," Frank told Joe. "So let me take care of this thing. Let me come up with something that'll screw with the divorce. Then she'll see the light and you'll be in like Flynn."

The next day, Frank made a few telephone calls and was eventually referred to a company called City Detective and Guard Services. Joe Dougherty (no relation to Jim Dougherty) was one of the detectives working for the company. He recalled, "The divorce hearing was set for October 27. Sinatra hired us about a week earlier. He said, 'I want you to follow Marilyn and this bozo she's screwing—Schaeffer somethin' or others—and take pictures of them in the act. Then, Joe DiMaggio is gonna use it against her and get that broad back in his life.' I was thinking, 'If this doesn't piss off his wife, I don't know what will. So how's he going to get her back doing this thing is beyond me.' But a job is a job and so, fine, we signed a deal and got right to work."

"We did what we were paid to do. We followed Marilyn Monroe all over the goddamn city waiting for her to hook up with this guy. She knew we were on her tail, too, which must have rattled her because once she almost crashed her car into a tree trying to evade us. Another time, she ran a red light and almost hit an old woman walking across the street with a shopping cart. When she got out of the car and started apologizing to the woman, we started snapping away thinking, well, at least we got some good pictures of Marilyn Monroe maybe we can sell or something later on. Looking back on it now, it was a dirty business. We bugged her car. We bugged her apartment. We bugged his car. We bugged his apartment. I don't know what they had going on but I can tell you that we didn't get one goddamn thing to use against her. If they were hooking up, I don't know where they were doing it."

Hal Schaeffer confirms, "We were followed everywhere. It was sick and twisted. She was absolutely scared to death. How a man could do that to a woman, I don't know. It just confirmed to her that she had made the right decision in letting him go."

On October 27, Marilyn—again in all black except for white gloves and pearls—stood before a judge and detailed her reasons for her divorce petition. "Just the night before, Joe had shown up at her house to try to talk her out of it," said Marybeth Cooke. "Jerry [Geisler, her attorney] couldn't believe his nerve, and was especially surprised that Sidney Skolsky had arranged the meeting. That made no sense. Everyone who cared about Marilyn wanted it over—not extended. But, luckily, Marilyn stood her ground. She told Joe it was over. He left, angry as ever."

In court, Marilyn said that DiMaggio was "cold and indifferent" to her and that days would go by when he wouldn't speak to her. "Cold and indifferent"? That wasn't DiMaggio. The problem was that he was just the opposite, a hothead who was furious because he couldn't have her in his life the way he wanted her.

The stress of being married to him had made her sick on numerous occasions, Marilyn continued. She said she even offered to give up her career at one point, but that nothing would have satisfied him. She wasn't even allowed visitors when he was around, she claimed. Inez Melson, Marilyn's business manager, then took the stand and testified that she had witnessed DiMaggio "push her away and tell her not to bother him." *Natasha Lytess had earlier stated that she had a few things on her mind and hoped to have her day in court, too, but Melson told her that it wasn't the time or place for whatever she had to say about the Monroe-DiMaggio alliance. Joe DiMaggio didn't make an appearance. The divorce was granted—final decree to be effective in a year's time. End of story? Not quite.

"We figured our job was over when the divorce was granted," said Joe Dougherty. "But Sinatra and DiMaggio still had plans for Marilyn. DiMaggio said that she probably hadn't hooked up with Schaeffer because she was too smart to do it before the divorce was granted. Now that it was a done deal, he was sure that she and the guy would start having sex. And he still wanted to catch them in the act. 'Why?' I asked him. He said, 'Who are you to ask me questions? I just want to screw with her, that's why. Satisfied now?' Well, that wasn't a good enough reason for me, so I pulled out of it. The company I was working for, though, wanted the money so they just replaced me with another guy, and the surveillance of Marilyn Monroe continued."

To fully understand just how jealous Joe DiMaggio was, consider the details of what has, over the years, become known as "The Wrong Door Raid." It happened on the night of November 5, 1954. Frank, Joe, and Frank's friend Hank Sanicola were eating at a favorite Italian restaurant called Villa Capri when the maître d', Billy Karen, came to the table and said that there was a phone call for Sinatra. Sinatra went to take the call and, according to Hank Sanicola, returned saying, "Let's go, fellas. They found Marilyn and that little jerk at some dame's apartment in Hollywood." The fellows, who'd had a few too many drinks by this time, took off without paying their bill. As they walked out of the restaurant, the maître d' came running after them. "We'll pay it later. Christ almighty," Sinatra exclaimed. "The hell with that," said Billy Karen, "I'm comin' with you guys. I want in on this thing."

Five minutes later, Sinatra, DiMaggio, Sanicola, and Karen met two detectives in front of the building in question. The bunch of them then walked up to the apartment and, with a good kick from slugger DiMaggio and a hearty shove from crooner Sinatra, broke the door right off its hinges. All of them then rushed into the apartment, one person shouting out, "Get your paws off Marilyn Monroe!" and another hollering, "We caught you red-handed. The jig is up!" But guess what? Wrong apartment. Thus "The Wrong Door Raid." The poor woman who actually lived in the unit had been snugly tucked away and probably counting sheep by this time. Suddenly awakened by the sound of a crashing door and a bunch of goons screaming at her while shining flashlights in her face, she sat up in bed, gathered her bedclothes at her chest, and then screamed so loud that people three blocks away would complain about the ruckus the next morning. *

Today, more than fifty years later, Hal Schaeffer says that he and Marilyn actually *were* in the apartment building together—just obviously not in the apartment that was raided. “I think I’d be dead today if they had found me in there with Marilyn,” he says. “They came in there and started destroying things, I mean, these guys were thugs. We heard the whole thing from the apartment we were in—which belonged to a student of mine. Marilyn was scared to death. She said, ‘Jesus Christ, Hal. We gotta get out of here. If Joe finds us here, he’ll kill us both.’ We managed to get out through a back door when all attention was focused elsewhere. I can’t say I have good memories of that night.”

Frank Sinatra was terribly embarrassed by this chain of events. After all, he was the one who had hired the detective company that botched the job. “He came down to our office the next day and was so pissed, honest to God, I was afraid for my life,” said Joe Dougherty. “He had three henchmen with him and said, ‘You guys are lucky we don’t tear this goddamn building apart brick by brick.’ ”

A controversy exploded years later over this raid as a result of a retrospective report about it in *Confidential* magazine. In February 1957 the sensational magazine would publish a story entitled “The Real Reason for Marilyn Monroe’s Divorce from Joe DiMaggio.” As a result, the California State Senate Investigating Committee would begin a probe to determine just how those kinds of stories about celebrities were leaked to scandal publications, and what the practices of certain unethical private detectives had to do with any of it. As part of the investigation, Sinatra would be called to testify about his participation in the raid. Of course, he was furious about being dragged into any investigation by the media. He despised publications like *Confidential* and could not have cared any less how its reporters gathered their information. Though he wanted nothing to do with any of it, he was still compelled to testify.

Under oath, Sinatra swore that he had only driven Joe DiMaggio to the scene of the break-in, where they then met two private detectives who had been hired by DiMaggio to keep Marilyn under surveillance. Frank lied and claimed that while he stood by his car having a smoke, DiMaggio, Sanicola, Karen, and the two private investigators broke into the wrong apartment. DiMaggio, though, insisted that he didn’t break into the apartment either. In fact, eventually all of the principal players began denying involvement in the raid, as if none of it had ever occurred and it was all a figment of someone’s wild imagination. Because of so much conflicting testimony, a grand jury convened and compelled Frank to testify again. He had his story, though, and he was sticking to it. He didn’t change a word, except to add that, yes, he did pay the \$800 for the surveillance. He had to admit this much, because the detective agency presented his check as evidence. However, he said he had only advanced the money for DiMaggio, and was paid back by him. Everyone was lying about this event, though, it would seem—even Sheila Stewart Renour, whose apartment Hal Schaeffer and Monroe were using for their assignation. She claimed that it was she, not Hal, who was in the apartment with Marilyn. Unless she was watching TV while the other two were in the bedroom, then she was lying under oath, too. The notion of perjury didn’t seem to mean much to any of these witnesses.

One more postscript to “The Wrong Door Raid”: This ridiculous bit of business marked the end of Frank Sinatra’s friendship with Joe DiMaggio. It rankled Sinatra that since he was a Los Angeles resident he was forced to spend hours testifying in a Los Angeles courtroom while DiMaggio, a Florida resident, was not compelled to testify. Sinatra had to bear the brunt of the investigation, whereas DiMaggio was able to walk away from it with nary a problem—especially galling to Sinatra since he had orchestrated the whole matter as a favor to DiMaggio.

Marilyn in New York

It was time for a change. After her marriage to Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn felt engulfed by so much sadness and confusion that she would say she believed she had no one to whom she could turn. She missed her Aunt Grace terribly. It seemed that everywhere she looked in Los Angeles, there were memories of Grace. Though she and her half sister, Berniece, were close, it was really a telephonic relationship. There was only so much she felt she could explain under those circumstances. Moreover, Berniece had her own family and her own problems as well. Marilyn didn't want to burden her. As for Natasha Lytess, she was so possessive of Marilyn it had become impossible to be around her without the outbreak of some kind of turmoil. She wanted to direct Marilyn not only on the soundstage, but also in her life. It was exhausting work trying to placate Natasha. On one hand, Marilyn was fed up with her. On the other, Natasha had seen to it that her student had become so dependent on her, Marilyn wasn't even sure she could act without her. Hal Schaeffer was a kind and understanding man, but he'd just been a temporary diversion. The Wrong Door Raid had been embarrassing to Marilyn and she could barely face Hal after it; she felt that she brought chaos into the lives of anyone who came into her world. Meanwhile, she was being bombarded by letters from her mother, Gladys. They were showing up almost every day—pleadings for Marilyn to secure her release, along with books and pamphlets on Christian Science.

In November 1954, Marilyn went into the hospital to have an operation intended to solve her painful problems with endometriosis. She wasn't sure it would be successful, but she knew she had to try because the condition had just gotten worse in the last year. After she was released, she made an important decision: She was moving to New York. Manhattan promised new vistas for Marilyn Monroe, a fresh start. She would move into the Gladstone Hotel, meet new friends, go to the theater, and enjoy the freedom of a new and exciting environment.

On January 7, 1955, Marilyn held court at a major press conference to announce her future plans, begin a new phase in her career. As eighty members of the media feverishly took notes and photographs—and she did look stunning in a white satin dress and matching ermine coat, her hair now platinum—she formally announced the establishment of a new company. She and her friend photographer Milton Greene, were starting a new production company, Marilyn Monroe Productions. She would be president, he vice president. She explained that she wanted to find plum roles for herself in worthwhile projects and, if possible, even produce them. “We will go into all fields of entertainment,” she said, “but I am tired of the same old sex roles. I want to do better things. People have scope, you know.”

At this same press conference, Marilyn's lawyer let it slip that she was no longer under contract to Fox. He would later say he had found a loophole in her contract. The executives at Fox begged to differ, though, and promptly held their own press conference to say that Marilyn was still legally bound to the studio, whether she and her attorney liked it or not. Moreover, they had a new role for her. As if to put her in her place, the studio came up with a vehicle called *How to Be Very, Very Popular* in which she would play—a stripper. Marilyn, of course, had other ideas. At this same time, in early 1955, she began to tell the press that she was dreaming of essaying the female lead in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. This was a surprise, to say the least. Indeed, there was some cynicism about it, too. Later, at a different press conference, a reporter asked her if she really thought she was up to the task. She said, “I don't want to play the brothers, I want to play Grushenka. She's a girl.” With a raised eyebrow, the writer then challenged Marilyn. “Spell that name, Grushenka,” he said. A flicker of annoyance crossed her face and she said, “Look it up.”

Natasha Lytess was still in Los Angeles wondering when Marilyn would be sending for her. Or, as she wrote to Helena Albert, “I am being kept from Miss Monroe by 3000 miles and a circle of vultures. I don't know how to reach her and I must say the situation is dire.” What Natasha didn't know was that Marilyn had screwed up the courage to break free of her. She began taking private acting lessons with Constance Collier, *and, shortly thereafter, with Lee Strasberg, who ran the Actors Studio, specializing in so-called “method acting.” Indeed, it was Strasberg who began to convince Marilyn that, if she put her mind to it, she could be the kind of actress who would be accepted in a Dostoevsky role. But was such a thing really possible?

In the 1950s, there was a certain segment of movie stars who were considered classic, highly talented actors—and that would include women such as Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, and Katharine Hepburn. When people thought of them, they thought of classy, well-bred women. However, that's not what came to mind when people thought of Marilyn Monroe—and she knew it. What drew people to Marilyn wasn't her classic acting ability or her regal bearing—it was her sex appeal. Crawford and Hepburn were as much known for their complex thoughts as they were for their acting. No one thought Marilyn was complex, just sizzling hot. No one was looking for depth from Marilyn, they were just looking for cleavage. In some ways, Darryl Zanuck was right about her. What she did, she was the best at doing it—and anything more was a risk. She was willing to take the risk—indeed, she *wanted* to take it—but would others allow it? A couple of her roles along the way suggested that there was more to her than what met the eye, but some people felt that she should just be satisfied with her success and leave well enough alone. That wasn't Marilyn. She was restless. She was imaginative and not willing to settle for the status quo.

Her sense of dissatisfaction bled into the rest of her life. Because she felt she was viewed as just a bubble-headed blonde, she not only thought she couldn't have the career she wanted, she also believed she couldn't have the kind of relationships she wanted—indeed, the kind of *life* she wanted. “She realized that she would have to ease into a new image,” noted Charles Casillo, “an image that would allow her to age and continue to grow in her work and still remain ‘Marilyn.’ ”

Now, at twenty-eight, she was determined to do something to rectify her image, both professionally and personally. Thus her connection with Lee Strasberg in 1955.

Lee Strasberg's version of “The Method”—inspired by the teachings of Stanislavsky—required an actor to use “sense memory,” drawing from his own past experiences. The concept was that in doing so the actor would create a character with more depth and interest. Strasberg's devout belief in sense memory would become quite controversial. It would be the reason why some other founding members of the Group Theatre, like Stella Adler and Sanford Meisner, rejected Strasberg's concept and would teach their own versions of Stanislavsky's method. Though these new instructors' concepts were also based on Stanislavsky's system, Strasberg and his devotees would not budge from their position that self-examination and reflection upon one's past was integral to the creation of a fine actor. Many noteworthy actors would come through the studio at different times during their careers, including James Dean, Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, Montgomery Clift, Sally Field, Dustin Hoffman, Paul Newman, and Sidney Poitier.

“My father wanted to arouse everything undealt with, everything repressed about Marilyn's past, and to tap all her explosive energy,” Lee Strasberg's daughter, Susan, once explained. “To bring all that up, he said she'd have to work on it in a formal, professional setting.” Strasberg's acting theories appealed to Marilyn. After all, it was familiar terrain for her in that Natasha Lytess had always wanted her to draw from her own life and then imbue her performances with aspects of her sadness and confusion—and even come to terms with her past in order to be a better actress. The difference,

of course, is that Natasha, being the controlling woman she was, actually dictated to Marilyn what experiences she should draw from and, moreover, even attempted at times to manipulate those experiences—such as when she encouraged her to meet her father in order to then extract from that relationship what might benefit her acting. But Lee Strasberg presented his own set of problems, too. Though Marilyn made every attempt to follow his instruction, he didn't believe she was successfully accessing her past emotional pain.

"Lee was particularly hard on Marilyn," says a classmate of Monroe's. "I think he saw her as a way to rebuild his reputation."

Indeed, when Strasberg became artistic director of the Actors Studio, he claimed to have trained a number of actors who didn't actually study under him. When Sanford Meisner, the acting teacher and founder of the highly respected Neighborhood Playhouse, heard that Strasberg was claiming responsibility for the success of actors Meisner himself had taught, sparks flew. Meisner, seeking to set the record straight, spoke often of Strasberg's attempts to take credit where credit was not due, and the two would have an animosity for each other that would last the rest of their lives. "I think [Lee's] feeling was that if he could make Marilyn Monroe a great actress, people would see him as a miracle worker. She wasn't considered a 'real actor' in the New York theater community, and he tried like hell to turn her into one."

"He was mean to her," recalls another classmate. "He'd say things like 'that's how someone who's never felt before would do the scene, now try to do it like someone who can experience emotion.'"

Still, Marilyn dedicated herself to Strasberg's classes—at the studio, and also privately at his home—even though she sometimes felt that the other students looked at her more as a curiosity than as a real actress.

As part of Marilyn's new life in New York, she began to undergo analysis with a therapist named Margaret Hohenberg. She'd been recommended to her by Milton Greene, but it was at Lee's insistence that she underwent such psychotherapy. Moreover, Hohenberg was a psychiatrist whom Lee Strasberg said he approved of, which suggests that maybe he was having a little too much influence on Marilyn. Some even began to wonder if perhaps he was to be "the new Natasha." Only time would tell. One thing was certain: Lee Strasberg may have been a capable acting teacher, but privately his life was as much a mess as those of some of his troubled and conflicted students—including Marilyn. "Our household revolved around my father, his moods, his needs, his expectations and his neuroses," recalled his daughter, Susan. "He was teaching people how to act, but that was nothing compared to the drama in our house... our entire family were intimate strangers."

While Marilyn had been in analysis in the past, she was more determined than ever to now understand herself and her mother as well as other influences in her life. She had seen so much emotional and mental deterioration in her family, she'd always believed that if she faced problems head-on on a psychiatrist's couch, she would have an advantage that had been out of reach for her ancestors. In other words, if she ever felt she was losing her mind, at least she would have some recourse and would be able to do something about it, unlike Della and Gladys. That may have been a logical and worthwhile pursuit in and of itself, but coupled with the kind of introspection going on every day in Strasberg's acting classes, it was definitely too much, too quickly.

Many people in Marilyn's new life whom she had known prior to this time—such as Arthur Miller, the playwright whom she had met a few years earlier and with whom she had stayed in close contact over the years—were concerned about subtle changes in Marilyn's personality that were becoming evident during this time. Indeed, the combination of Strasberg's influence to dig deep within herself for her acting along with Hohenberg's insistence that she do the same thing for her life was turning Marilyn into a different kind of person—a darker and often more morose person. She had long believed that her focus on her earlier pain and misery was a destination in and of itself, that there was a payoff in it. Now, at long last, those feelings were being confirmed for her. Yes, she *should* concentrate on her past. Yes, she *should* bring it all to light on a daily basis and identify herself with it. And why not exaggerate it, too? It was as if she had found the key to becoming a better person and a better actress—her pain. Therefore, she began to concentrate daily on her darkest self, her saddest self. Though she may have thought this was a treasure trove of dramatic interest—and maybe it was—the problem was that she wasn't able to just turn off all of those emotions when she wished and go about her day. Indeed, in the months and years to come, she would become more depressed than ever as the misery of her past weighed heavily on her mind. After a day of dealing with her personal pain in such an intensified setting, how could anyone expect her to just drift off and go to sleep? No. She had to have sleeping pills. Then, the next day, she would need more medication to function. If it went particularly badly in class or in therapy, she would need something else for her anxiety—a sedative would do nicely. She was so dependent on pills by this time, it's a wonder she could function at all. "I remember that she would ask me, 'Do you want a pill?'" recalled her friend John Gilmore, "and she would reach into her purse and come out with a handful. She'd just put them all out on the table and say, 'You can take this one to sleep and this one for anxiety and this one for...' It was very disconcerting." It should be noted, though, that in the 1950s, many actors and actresses depended on drugs to get through the day. Everyone from Elizabeth Taylor to Marlon Brando to Montgomery Clift to Tallulah Bankhead was addicted to one drug or another. Their lives and careers were not enhanced either by such excessive self-medicating.

It now seems ironic that in Marilyn Monroe's quest for clarity, her mind became even more clouded. Some of the notes she took during therapy at this time reveal her to be conflicted and, as always, terribly insecure—but also not necessarily cogent. "How or why I can act," she wrote one day, "and I'm not sure I can—is the thing for me to understand. The torture, let alone the day to day happenings—the pain one cannot explain to another." She also wrote, "What is there I'm afraid of? Hiding in case of punishment? Libido? Ask Dr. H." And another: "My problem of desperation in my work and life—I must begin to face it continually, making my work routine more continuous and of more importance than my desperation."

Marilyn's half sister, Berniece, would notice troubling changes in Marilyn's personality and blame them more on her therapy than on her acting classes—but that's because Berniece didn't understand Lee Strasberg's methodology. "She couldn't handle all of that therapy," Berniece would say. "It made things worse, not better."

In fact, throughout 1955, as Marilyn's studies with her acting teacher intensified, she began to rely even more on her psychiatrist. Marilyn's increasing reliance on Dr. Hohenberg suggests that, on some level, she may have felt she was ill-equipped to handle her own life. She may have started therapy at Strasberg's insistence, but she could have done it by seeing the doctor once a week. However, by the end of 1955 she was going at least three times a week, and also telephoning her constantly for advice and direction.

Almost as a backdrop to Marilyn Monroe's search for herself in both her life and career was the legal warring that was going on between her and Fox. It continued throughout 1955. However, by the end of the year, Marilyn would, at long last, be the victor. "Fox offered her a new contract—four more movies over the next seven years," said Wesley Miller from Wright, Wright, Green & Wright. "If memory serves, she would get \$100,000 per upcoming film and \$500 a week for expenses. She would also have subject, director and cinematographer approval—a huge win for her. Finally, she would be able to veto a nonsensical movie if it came her way. She would also be able to work in television and onstage if she wanted to do so."

As for "Marilyn Monroe Productions," its first of two new projects would be the film version of William Inge's Broadway play *Bus Stop*, for Fox, of course. Also on tap, a film version of Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*. Both of these were not only worthwhile projects, they were worthy of the time and energy Marilyn had put in to reclassify herself in the minds of those with whom she and her lawyers had negotiated at Fox. What she learned

was that she didn't have to settle for just being a brainless but pretty face, even if that would have been the easier way to go. "There is persuasive evidence that Marilyn Monroe is a shrewd businessman," a writer for *Time* magazine noted after the deal was announced—high praise for someone who'd been thought of as a dumb blonde.

Maybe her Aunt Grace was right, after all... about a lot of things. Indeed, no matter how complicated Norma Jeane's life would become, Grace Goddard was someone who had been able to grab her "niece" by the collar and force her to simplify things and think in a less complex manner. Whereas Lee Strasberg would chastise Marilyn and tell her that she wasn't *thinking* enough or wasn't *feeling* enough, Grace would tell Marilyn that she was fine just as she was at any given time. In a sense, Strasberg kept trying to add complexity to a woman whose mind was too busy to begin with, while Grace had sought to quiet that mind by offering straightforward and effective advice. Her wisdom may have seemed pedestrian to someone like Lee Strasberg, but, it could be argued, it was far more valuable and maybe even prescient. "You already have everything in you that you need," Grace had told Marilyn the summer before she died. "As you see yourself, so will others. It's not so complicated, Norma Jeane. Just believe in yourself," she concluded, "and I guarantee that others will follow."

In the spring of 1955, Marilyn began a new chapter in her story with a man who would become one of the great loves of her life, the playwright Arthur Miller, whose drama *A View from the Bridge* was currently playing in New York. (Marilyn saw it three times and loved it.)

Miller was tall and thin, almost Lincoln-esque in bearing. His face somehow seemed full of wisdom. His large spectacles and serious expression made him appear humorless, but this was misleading. He was gregarious, thoughtful, and not as bookish as most people expected. Rather, he was a sports enthusiast and enjoyed the outdoors. He could not be considered handsome, at least not by the standards of the day, but he had an imposing presence. What was interesting about Marilyn's choices in men was that they were almost always of the "everyman" variety, which was perhaps one of the reasons why she was so beloved by men in this country in the 1950s. The perception was that any "normal" guy in America could have a chance with the most beautiful woman in the world because, after all, look at the men with whom she had been involved: Jim Dougherty, Johnny Hyde, Joe DiMaggio... even Frank Sinatra wasn't considered a strikingly handsome man. She went for depth, always, not appearances.

Marilyn first met Miller in August of 1951 on the Los Angeles set of her film *As Young as You Feel*, when he showed up there with Elia Kazan. Kazan hoped to direct Miller's screenplay of *The Hook*, a politically charged story about waterfront workers and racketeers. The two men were in town to try to secure a movie deal for it. (The movie would never be made, however, because the work was viewed as anti-American during a time when the shipping of military men and weapons was vital to the Korean War.) Miller—who was ten years her senior—would later recall of his first meeting with Marilyn on the set, "The shock of her body's motion sped through me, a sensation at odds with her sadness amid all this glamour and technology and the busy confusion of a new shot being set up." *

Novelist/playwright/essayist Arthur Asher Miller was born in New York City's Harlem in November 1915. In 1944, he won the Theater Guild's National Award for *The Man Who Had All the Luck*. Despite critical acclaim in New York, the play closed after only six performances. A few years later, he published his first novel, *Focus*, about anti-Semitism, to little acclaim. He then adapted George Abbott and John C. Holmes's *Three Men on a Horse* for television. However, his first major breakthrough came in 1947 when his *All My Sons* was produced in New York at the Coronet Theater. The play was directed by Elia Kazan, with whom Miller would have a long-term personal and professional relationship. *All My Sons* won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award and two Tony Awards in 1947. The work for which he is best known, though, is *Death of a Salesman*, which premiered on Broadway in February 1949, also directed by Kazan. *Salesman* won the Tony Award for Best Play as well as a Pulitzer Prize. He was married when he met Marilyn and lived on the East Coast with his wife and their two children.

At the time that Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe began secretly dating, he was having a great deal of difficulty in his life, constantly hounded by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). It's difficult to trace Miller's problems with HUAC. Some reports say that he was being investigated as far as back at 1944 simply because he was viewed as a powerful and influential left-wing writer and public person. When he wrote *All My Sons*, the FBI called it "party line propaganda" just because it had to do with someone selling defective parts to the United States Air Force. In 1949, the FBI declared his *Death of a Salesman* "a negative delineation of American life." It was felt that the FBI had something to do with his story *The Hook* meeting a dead end in Hollywood. J. Edgar Hoover had it in for Arthur Miller, that much was certain, and he turned the heat up after Miller's play *The Crucible*.

The Crucible had been inspired by the experience of Miller's friend Elia Kazan, who had appeared before HUAC in 1952. Under fear of being blacklisted from Hollywood, Kazan named eight people from the Group Theatre—a popular theater company in New York—who, he said, were just mildly interested in Russian history, particularly in the Russian Revolution. HUAC took Kazan's naming of names to mean he was fingering members of the Communist Party, which he most certainly was not doing. In discussing the extent and effects of HUAC's activities, Miller developed the idea for *The Crucible*, an allegorical play in which he compared HUAC's activities to the witch hunts in Salem. The play opened on Broadway in January 1953. After its debut, Miller was, more than ever, viewed by HUAC as a Communist sympathizer, hellbent on overthrowing the government by his work on the stage and also because he had attended Communist writers' meetings in the 1940s.

There was such paranoia at this time, Americans living in a constant state of fear about Communism. The panic was fueled by the media and certain government officials like Hoover. In fact, at that time all a public person had to do was suggest that he knew anyone who was Russian or appreciated anything of Russian culture and he was branded anti-American and a Communist sympathizer, his life then made a living hell. Miller went farther than that, though. As an intellectual and a liberal thinker, he did know some party members and was interested in learning more about Communism—and that was enough to brand him right there. When Miller ended, for a time, his friendship with Kazan because of Kazan's testimony, it convinced certain members of the conservative press that he was sympathetic to those Kazan had named—which he was, but only in the sense that he thought they shouldn't have been named, not because he thought they were Communists.

Between HUAC and the FBI's constant surveillance of and investigations of public figures such as Arthur Miller, it's a wonder there was time for any official business to be conducted in this country. Even Lucille Ball was investigated at one point. As pernicious as HUAC and the FBI were during the early 1950s in the pursuit of those alleged to have Communist leanings, the hunt for "pinkos" and Communist sympathizers reached its zenith with the rise of McCarthyism as practiced by Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, who used his chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Government Operations as his personal stage to launch attacks on citizens, in places both high and low, as being "soft on Communism." His fall from grace was as ignominious as his rise had been spectacular, with his censure by the U.S. Senate in 1957.

After *The Crucible* opened, Miller was denied a passport to go to its opening in London, and that was just the beginning of his trouble. When he defended his actions through the play *A View from the Bridge*—the plot of which has a dockworker informing on two illegal immigrants—the response from HUAC was more surveillance and harassment. Walter Winchell, who was Joe DiMaggio's friend and the man who made it possible for Joe to see the scene in *The Seven Year Itch* that was the catalyst for his beating of Marilyn, couldn't wait to weigh in when Arthur Miller announced in February 1956 that he and his wife were divorcing: "America's best known blonde moving picture star is now the darling of the left-wing intelligentsia."

Why Marilyn Was Investigated by the FBI

Many have wondered over the years how Marilyn Monroe ever ended up being the subject of so many years of FBI investigations. It seems preposterous, especially given her dumb-blonde persona, that she was viewed as a serious threat to this country's security. So how did it start?

Actually, there are reams of documents filed with the FBI concerning Marilyn. In October 2006, ninety-seven more were released under the Freedom of Information Act, most of which are marked "Internal Security." As research for this book, all of these voluminous documents were carefully reviewed, and, based on them, it's clear that surveillance of Marilyn by the FBI began in 1955 because of her growing relationship with Arthur Miller.

Judging from his files, it seems clear that J. Edgar Hoover had pretty much lost his mind by the 1950s, at least when it came to his obsession with celebrities and what they may have had to do with Communism. Of course, it wasn't just Marilyn whom Hoover was interested in—it was just about all of Hollywood, including Abbott and Costello (who knew that Bud Abbott had fifteen hundred porn movies in his possession?). And of Marilyn, consider this, from file marked 100-422103 and dated June 1, 1956: "Miss Monroe is expected to move to New York sometime during the later part of 1956.... Marilyn Monroe will according to present plans complete her present assignment in the motion picture entitled *Bus Stop* on or about May 25, 1956. Further, that on or about July 6, 1956, she will proceed to England where she tentatively plans to make a motion picture starring Laurence Olivier." Hedda Hopper couldn't have done a better job!

Later, when she would begin her association with John F. Kennedy, her files would increase tenfold, not only in pointless paperwork but also in foolishness. Most of the files have names and places redacted, as if the country would surely be taken over by Commies should it be revealed that she had dinner with Mr. X and Mr. Y.

Here's the truth: None of it means a thing. Much of the FBI activities back then had more to do with rumormongering than truth-gathering. Any wacky "informant" could say anything about a celebrity and it would end up in the FBI's files as fact. This is one of the reasons why these files are so tantalizing to some historians. They are rife with seeming scandal, if one can read beyond the redacted segments. However, how much of it was just J. Edgar Hoover's paranoia being passed down to his agents, all of them out there in their trench coats with flashlights following Marilyn Monroe to the set of "*Bus Stop* on or about May 25, 1956." The less one relies on the FBI's accounts of anything having to do with Marilyn Monroe, the better.

Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller—both hounded by government agencies—became very close quickly. So close, in fact, that in Marilyn's will, which she signed on February 18, she bequeathed to him \$100,000. That was a lot of money for someone she was just dating, so it at least suggests that she felt she had some kind of a future with him. *

Bus Stop

In February 1956, Marilyn Monroe returned to Los Angeles to begin work on her next film, *Bus Stop*. This would be the first co-production of her newly formed Marilyn Monroe Productions in partnership with 20th Century-Fox. Marilyn and MMP vice president Milton Greene and his wife, Amy, and their baby son, Joshua, rented a house in the Westwood section of Los Angeles. The next month, in March (the twelfth), she made it legal—her name, that is. Norma Jeane Mortensen officially became Marilyn Monroe. “I am an actress and I found my name a handicap,” she said in the hearing to finalize the name change. “I have been using the name I wish to assume, Marilyn Monroe, for many years and I am now known professionally by that name.”

In April, *Bus Stop* would begin shooting in Phoenix. Marilyn felt it would be her most important role—a big stretch for her as an actress—and she sought to do her best to make sure the powers that be at Fox were not sorry they had acquiesced to her contractual wishes. After scoring big with *The Seven Year Itch*, the studio honchos had wisely acquired the Tony Award-winning comedy of 1955, William Inge’s *Bus Stop*, for their new box-office queen. The Harold Clurman-directed play opened at the Music Box on March 2, 1956, and starred the redoubtable Kim Stanley as Cherie, the haunting, vocally challenged saloon singer. It ran for 478 performances and closed at the Winter Garden on April 21, 1957.

After Fox acquired the movie rights, it assigned George Axelrod, author of *The Seven Year Itch*, to write the screenplay, which he adapted from Inge’s play. Broadway director Joshua Logan was then selected to guide the cast through its paces. For reasons unknown, the play’s setting was moved from Kansas City to Phoenix and Sun Valley–Ketchum, Idaho, for the movie’s exteriors, perhaps due to financial considerations. Joining Marilyn in the cast was Don Murray, making his film debut as the obnoxious, hunky cowboy Bo, a role for which he received an Oscar nomination. Besides theater vets George Axelrod and Josh Logan, the film’s casting director went to the Broadway talent pool for the supporting parts—Arthur O’Connell (Virgil), Betty Field (Grace), and Eileen Heckart (Vera).

The plot of *Bus Stop* can be summed up in just a few sentences: A macho, twenty-one-year-old cowboy, naïve to the ways of the world, travels from Montana to Arizona for a rodeo event and while there finds his “angel,” tarnished though she may be. She is turned off by his crude, clumsy attempts to woo her, her rejection making him only more determined. He kidnaps her and takes her on a bus ride back to his ranch, pulling into a bus stop along the way. She is horrified, but weakens when he reasons that with her (carnal) experiences with so many men and his lack of experience with even one woman, doesn’t that kind of average things out? “That’s the sweetest thing anyone ever said to me,” she sobs to him, as she accepts his marriage proposal.

Marilyn’s “look” was significantly altered for this role, though her beauty and sex appeal are not affected in the least. Cherie is a saloon singer who works at night and sleeps in the day, hence her pale complexion, which her personal makeup artist, Allan Snyder, achieved by a dusting of white, cornstarchy face powder and pale pink rouge. A touch of mascara and light brown eyebrow pencil complete the transformation, which is in sharp contrast to the tanned-by-the-sun-and-wind skin of Bo (Murray), the bronco-riding, lovesick braggart. Hairstylist Helen Turpin transferred Marilyn’s platinum-colored hair to Cherie’s more subdued honey blonde. The role also required that Marilyn forgo her studio-trained, how-now-brown-cow dulcet tones and deliver her lines in Cherie’s corn-pone Arkansas drawl. She also had to learn to become a bad singer, which she cannily demonstrates as she stands center stage, her soul laid bare, skimpily clad, singing “That Old Black Magic.”

Marilyn fully realizes the role of the desperate, lonely, abused, and confused Cherie, whose pain is often in sharp contrast to the good humor and laughter displayed by some of the other characters. In the words of one critic, “[Monroe] creates a complete and deeply moving character.” Another hailed it as Marilyn’s breakthrough role. It’s true. She had never been better on film and some film historians maintain that it’s her best work. It’s worth seeing—repeatedly.

Marilyn's return to the West Coast marked the first time she'd set foot in California in more than a year. There was at least one person more than a little anxious to see her: Natasha Lytess.

It had been just a few weeks into Marilyn's stay in New York that Lytess had a strained telephone conversation with her. "Marilyn told her she needed a 'new beginning,' " recalls an actress friend from New York. "She had been feeling constricted by Natasha, and Lee was trying to loosen her up."

Marilyn made no secret of the fact that Natasha had unrequited feelings for her, and most everyone in Marilyn's New York world saw that as a roadblock to growth. "If your goal as an actress is to be as authentic as possible, imagine how difficult it would be to rehearse scenes with someone who's told you she's in love with you," actress Maureen Stapleton once observed. "Every role Marilyn played was sexy. I can't imagine how she could have felt comfortable exploring her own 'sexiness' with a woman who actually had a sexual attraction to her. Any actor would agree that would be a recipe for a superficial performance."

Whatever Marilyn's reasoning, over time it became clear that Natasha Lytess's usefulness in her life, and at 20th Century-Fox, was drawing to a close. The time Marilyn had spent in New York was humiliating for Natasha. The few friends that Lytess had at Fox had begun to drift away, and her regular paychecks from the studio were suspiciously late. On one occasion, she went to the studio to have the bookkeeping division issue her a check that was overdue, and she saw for herself that word had been spreading about her—not just word of her difficulty with Marilyn, but much more. From the giggles Lytess heard while on the lot, it wasn't difficult for her to recognize that people at the studio knew more than she would have liked.

Natasha, a woman who had been well-respected as a dramatic scholar, was now feeling the chill of her disappearing welcome at the studio. It wasn't long before it was made official. She would no longer be on the payroll of 20th Century-Fox. Since her calls and letters to Marilyn were not being answered, if she wanted an immediate response from Marilyn, she would have to go to New York and confront her. However, Natasha must have known that her sudden appearance in New York would only solidify people's image of her as a pathetic woman obsessed with a movie star. Therefore, she chose to wait in Los Angeles and began to tutor clients privately, if through clenched teeth. To a woman who had once wielded the power to halt production of a multimillion-dollar film, it must have felt humiliating to now be handed cash as hopeful actors left her apartment, maybe with dreams of being the *next* Marilyn Monroe.

Despite the awful circumstances in which Natasha found herself, she loved Marilyn dearly and was concerned for her former friend's well-being. She had been a stabilizing factor for Marilyn, even if some may have viewed their dynamic as somewhat bizarre. She worried that whoever Marilyn would find to replace her wouldn't have the ability to navigate her out of her complex emotional disturbances. Her career hopes and income aside, Natasha couldn't help but view Marilyn as a helpless soul. Without her, Natasha believed, Marilyn would spiral downward.

Now back in Hollywood, Marilyn appeared to be a changed woman in many ways. She had gone to New York with every intention of leaving the past behind. Grace Goddard's death, the divorce from Joe DiMaggio, and a seemingly endless string of misery as far back as she could remember made that "new beginning" a requirement. Her time in New York was well spent, she believed. She had aligned herself with Lee Strasberg, which she viewed as a positive move, even if it may have led her down the dangerous road of self-exploration. She now had her own production company with Milton Greene—and she owned 51 percent, incidentally, a controlling interest. She'd been in intensive therapy. Strasberg's wife, Paula, had become one of her best friends, and also her new personal acting coach. Paula and Marilyn would go over the script to *Bus Stop* line by line, working on it day and night—much the way Natasha and Marilyn had worked on *Don't Bother to Knock*. Indeed, the last year had been one of sweeping changes for Marilyn Monroe—out with the old and in with the new. Unfortunately for Natasha Lytess, she had fallen into the former category. "She was a great help to me," Marilyn concluded during a cocktail party at her new home, possibly understating Natasha's importance in her life. "Whatever road leads to growth, you take."

When Natasha became aware that Marilyn had returned to Los Angeles, she wanted desperately to see her. She drove to the studio and convinced an employee from the press office that she had misplaced Marilyn's new phone number, and she left the studio with what she needed. She then called the new Westwood residence dozens of times—to the point where it could have been viewed as, if not outright stalking, then certainly harassment. Marilyn had made a firm decision, however—she wanted nothing to do with Natasha Lytess. In the last year, she had done very well without Natasha, and even managed to get Fox to do for her what, arguably, Natasha had never really done: take her seriously as an actress.

"I think Marilyn, on some level, felt that Natasha had been largely responsible for her earlier, sillier performances," Marilyn's friend Rupert Allan once said. "Natasha wanted Marilyn to be some cutesy doll, and she was kind of sickened by it."

But in Natasha's defense, history views these performances as near perfection, and it was Natasha's direction that made them so specifically innocent and childlike. It was as though she took Marilyn's vulnerable, sensitive essence and magnified it to near caricature. It's a great testament to Marilyn's onscreen presence that we, the audience, found her so engaging. For example, her appearances before she met Natasha, such as in *Ladies of the Chorus*, for example, might be considered provocative, but not the least bit "childish or naïve." Even while singing "Every Baby Needs a Da Da Daddy" there's a come-hither maturity to her performance. Compare that to the first film on which Natasha coached her, *Asphalt Jungle*. In that one, Marilyn's character seems wide-eyed and vapid. Though not yet the fine-tuned, baby-talk performances that followed, as in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *Seven Year Itch*, her acting in *Asphalt Jungle* shows that Natasha was beginning to mold Marilyn more and more into a childish performer. Even after Marilyn's association with Natasha ended, directors wanted "that Marilyn," and she would grudgingly deliver—but none of those performances would be as precisely honed as the ones that Natasha had helped create.

Now, with a year away from her career and a few concurring opinions about Natasha's influence on her, Marilyn believed that her New York colleagues were right—that, in a sense, Lytess had probably been carving Marilyn into Lytess's own fantasy. Now Marilyn was left to reverse the image and change the way Hollywood viewed her, if she could. She certainly wanted to try.

Natasha continued to pursue contact with Marilyn. Finally, when she simply would not back off, Marilyn had her attorney, Irving Stein, telephone her. Stein told Lytess in no uncertain terms that she should not call or visit Marilyn Monroe under any circumstances. In response, according to the attorney's notes, Natasha delivered this soliloquy to him on the telephone:

"My only protection in the world is Marilyn Monroe. I created this girl. I fought for her. I was always the heavy on the set. I was frantic when I called the house and she would not speak to me. I am her private property, she knows that. Her faith and security are mine. I'm not financially protected, but she is. I'm not a well person. I would like very much to see her even with you, if only for one half-hour."

The answer was no.

“She’s surrounded by these people who don’t let her do anything by herself,” Natasha said—and one could argue that she would know. “They’re afraid to lose her. She never goes anywhere alone; they’re stuck to her like glue.”

In a very interesting letter to her former student Helena Albert, Natasha put it this way: “I, for years, have seen Marilyn’s ability to cut people out of her life. I have even encouraged it. Imagine my dismay in finding that I am now one of those people. I suppose it was inevitable, yet it pains me so much I can’t bear it another moment.”

In one last-ditch effort, Natasha revealed that she was dying of cancer. When Marilyn’s lawyer told her the news, Marilyn appeared to be unmoved by it. However, later, she discreetly sent Natasha a check for a thousand dollars, at least according to a correspondence from Lytess to Albert. “It is very generous of her, yet it does not take the place of a simple and courteous telephone call,” she wrote. Indeed, when she received that money, Natasha must have known it was Marilyn’s farewell gift—but she may also have seen it as suggesting that Marilyn still cared. On March 5, despite the attorney’s warning that there would be “trouble” if she continued her pursuit of Marilyn, Natasha showed up unannounced at the Beverly Glen home. MCA agency president Lew Wasserman, who represented Marilyn, happened to be there, meeting with Milton Greene. He refused to allow Natasha entry into the house, telling her that Marilyn didn’t want to see her and had no plans to intervene on her behalf with the studio.

“You don’t understand, Marilyn needs me,” Natasha told him.

“Marilyn Monroe needs no one,” Wasserman snapped, slamming the door in her face.

Dejected, Natasha walked back to her car. When she turned to open her vehicle’s door, she noticed a quick flash in an upstairs window of the house. There, next to a curtain, was Marilyn, staring down at her with a vacant expression. The two women looked at each other for a long moment. Then Marilyn closed the drapes. *

PART SIX

Voices

The Misery of Arthur Miller

One of the major components in the Arthur Miller–Marilyn Monroe relationship was that Miller loved how well Marilyn Monroe listened to him, the way she hung on his every word. One mutual friend of the couple’s put it best: “She was all about listening and receiving and he was all about talking and sending. He lectured her constantly. She was mesmerized by him. She drank him in like a sponge and let him affect her through osmosis.”

Arthur Miller could do no wrong, as far as Marilyn was concerned. He was smart and interesting. He was invested in social change and had a real conscience. He was also supportive of her ambition—unlike her last husband. However, despite all of his good qualities, she was reluctant to marry him. In fact, she didn’t want to encourage him to divorce his wife—even though his mind was made up about that. She didn’t want him to break up his family for her, because she wasn’t sure she was right for him. He could continue to dazzle her with his intelligence, but on some level she must have known that he would eventually need some input from her. How did *she* feel about literature, about culture... about the world? She was a smart woman, smarter than even she knew. However, she was so insecure in herself, she never thought of herself as intelligent. She always felt that she was less than... whoever she was with at any given time. She confided in friends that she didn’t think she had the tools to really meet Miller at his intellectual capacity, “and what will he do when I’m found out,” she fretted. “I’m a good actress, but I don’t know that I’m *that* good.” Her great fear was that he would wake up one day and believe that he was with someone who didn’t know a lot about anything that mattered to him.

During production of *Bus Stop*, she leaned on him during times of great stress. That he was there for her meant the world to her. Desperate late-night telephone calls had become a recurring theme to their relationship. She could never seem to sleep, no matter how many pills she took, so inured had she become to their effects. Sometimes she would wash them down with champagne, and then not only was she wide awake, she was also inebriated. There was no telling what she might say in such telephone calls. “I can’t do it. I can’t work this way,” she cried to him in one call during production of *Bus Stop*. “I’m no trained actor. I can’t pretend I’m doing something if I’m not. All I know is real. I can’t do it if it’s not real.” She was talking about her role in the movie, but it also seemed as if she were referring to her role in his life.

On weekends, the two would meet at the Château Marmont Hotel in Hollywood for a romantic rendezvous. For days afterward, she was miserable. “I don’t know what is happening to her at this time,” Berniece wrote to another relative. “She thinks too much about every little thing. She doesn’t seem to want to just jump in and live, like Norma Jeane used to. Instead of making her more courageous, all of that therapy has made her more timid. I am definitely worried about her.”

Berniece may not have been a highly educated woman, but she knew her half sister well and she had pinpointed a major problem in her. “All of that therapy” had definitely caused Marilyn to want to think and rethink every move she made—whether in real life or her reel life. Nothing seemed left to chance anymore. Everything had to be the orchestrated result of looking within in a quest to develop her inner life. That would have been fine had she not at the same time been constantly coached to conjure up bad memories. As a result, she was miserable much of the time. Ironically, from outward appearances, anyway, she had little reason to be in pain at this time in her life. She was on top of the world. She was a success. She had money. She had an interesting and challenging role in what could become a very good movie. However, she also had a new therapist on the West Coast—and that was the problem. She would constantly ruminate over her sad childhood, her troubled relationship with Gladys, her arranged marriage to Jim Dougherty, the nightmare of Joe DiMaggio, and anything else that could be dredged up from her past. Whether drawing from it as an actress for her role in *Bus Stop* or as a woman for her self-improvement, she always found herself in a terribly dark place, never moving past it. Now she was also faced with the prospect of being involved with someone she knew was intellectually superior to her, and that, too, hurt. Whether looking backward or ahead, attached to it was a sense of dread. She *was* her pain, now—there seemed no escaping it.

Marilyn and Arthur Marry

Interest by the House Un-American Activities Committee in Arthur Miller came to a head on June 21, 1956, the day he was summoned to appear in Washington and answer questions about his alleged association with certain Communist front organizations. The committee had done everything it could to find some kind of link between Miller and the USSR, even calling upon J. Edgar Hoover in the hope that maybe some of Hoover's rumor-filled files would hint at something that could be used against him—but to no avail. If Hoover couldn't come up with at least some kind of innuendo, Miller was definitely clean. Still, he was compelled to appear, and he dutifully did to address all concerns. Not much came of the hearings, though. He didn't name names—mostly because he didn't know any “names.” For instance, he confirmed that back in the 1940s he had attended a few Communist Party writers' meetings, but he would not provide the names of anyone he ever saw there, risking a contempt of court charge.

The testimony was a little dull—Miller wasn't exactly charismatic—but he did say a few things of interest. He mentioned that he wanted to have his passport returned to him because “I have a production which is in the talking stage in England, and I will be there with the woman who will then be my wife.” This was a big surprise to everyone—including Marilyn, who was sitting home watching on television. (In the end, Miller did get his passport back.) During a break in the proceedings, Miller was told that a pending contempt charge against him that had been spearheaded by Congressman Francis E. Walter could very easily “go away” if Miller did one thing: Persuade Marilyn to take a picture with Walter. That this was even suggested says a lot about these hearings. Miller refused, of course. (Congress would issue a contempt citation against him in July.)

Marilyn wasn't sure how she felt about the proposal of marriage Miller had made on national television during the very strange HUAC proceedings. On one hand, she was impressed that he felt so strongly about her he would make a point of it on national television. However, she also wished he had discussed it with her first. His audacity bothered her. He hadn't taken her feelings into consideration at all. How could he be so presumptuous? She *was* Marilyn Monroe, after all, and she could have any man she desired. Was he so cocky he just assumed he was the one for her and that was the end of it? “He does have a lot of nerve,” she told Milton Greene. “I mean, I wish he had told me of his plans to marry.” No matter how conflicted she was, though, she also didn't want to be alone any longer. She so loved being in love, she said, that she just hoped what she was feeling for Miller was the real thing. It felt like an obligation now. She'd been told what was expected of her, and—proving perhaps that Norma Jeane was still alive and well—she was going to do it. On June 22, she held a press conference in which she said that, yes, she would marry Arthur Miller. Just prior to this press conference, a car traveling behind Marilyn and Arthur had crashed into a tree, killing the New York bureau chief of *Paris Match* magazine, Princess Mara Scherbatoff. Marilyn was very shaken by the accident. It was everything she could do to get through the press conference.

That night, during a very quick and perfunctory private service—four minutes long!—Marilyn and Arthur were married before a judge at the Westchester County Court House in White Plains, New York. Then, on July 1, a second ceremony was planned, this one a Jewish ceremony performed before friends. Unbeknownst to most people, Marilyn took a quickie course in Judaism, which allowed her to marry in the faith (though she would never really practice it.)

In the two days that passed after the first ceremony, Marilyn began to have serious reservations about the wisdom of her decision. “She wasn't sure that she loved him,” said one of her relatives, “but she wasn't sure that she didn't. At the core of her confusion, though, was her sense that she was in over her head with this man. Her insecurities were running wild by this time. She couldn't help but wonder what this intellectual wanted with her, and it was driving her crazy. Was he just looking for a trophy wife, as Joe [DiMaggio] had? What was really going on here?”

Before the second ceremony, which was to be held at the home of Arthur's agent, Kay Brown, Marilyn was in bad shape. Tears sprang to her eyes whenever anyone would offer her congratulations. She was not at all the happy bride. Milton Greene told her that she didn't have to go through with it if she didn't want to. The guests would be told to go home, he said, and everyone would just have to deal with it. The embarrassment was better, he suggested, than another bad marriage. Marilyn agreed. The second ceremony would not take place, and the first one would be annulled. For about a minute, she felt better. Then she realized she couldn't do it—she couldn't let Arthur Miller down and also humiliate him that way. So the second ceremony went forward. Afterward, Marilyn was all smiles at the wedding reception. Indeed, she *was* a good actress.

The Prince and the Showgirl

Most of the summer of 1956 would be devoted to filming Marilyn's next movie, *The Prince and the Showgirl*, which would star her with Laurence Olivier and be set in London. Marilyn and her new husband, Arthur, would be ensconced in Parkside House, a large manse in Englefield Green. Rehearsals for the movie began on July 18 and continued until August 3. Filming would commence on August 7 and continue through November.

Laurence Olivier's original connection to the movie was when he appeared on the London stage in the Terence Rattigan play *The Sleeping Prince*, on which the film was based. Sir Larry starred with his wife, Vivien Leigh, forever remembered as Margaret Mitchell's beautiful, resourceful heroine Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*.

Set in London in 1911 during the coronation of King George V, the plot has us spend an evening with Grandduke Charles (Olivier), the prince regent of Carpathia, who's come to town for the royal proceedings to take place the following day. Taking advantage of his one evening off, the grandduke, a notorious womanizer infamous as a seducer of chorus girls for one-night stands, attends a musical at the Coconut Girl theatre and is immediately charmed by a beautiful American understudy, Elsie Mariner (Monroe). He orders his British attaché to invite her to the embassy for a private supper. It plays like a French farce disguised as a Victor Herbert operetta, with neither the sex of the former nor the music of the latter. Elsie is led to believe she's being invited to a party, not a one-on-one, intimate late-night repast. Foreplay consists of the grand-duke's attempts to get Elsie sloshed and then in bed. He succeeds in the first and fails in the last. The sub rosa political shenanigans going on behind closed doors, involving the competition between the grandduke's seventeen-year-old son, Nicolas, the king-in-waiting, and the grandduke, are too complicated to go into. What is important to know is that despite all odds, Elsie and Charles manage to fall in love, but their future plans must be put on hold while Carpathia fights for its survival in the Balkan Wars.

Marilyn's longtime friend Milton Greene executive produced the film, along with Marilyn. It would be the second project for Marilyn Monroe Productions, following *Bus Stop*, and would be filmed at Britain's Pinewood Studios. There was widespread speculation as to how Marilyn's well-known neurotic behavior—tardiness, absenteeism, ill-preparedness, insecurities—would play against the professionalism and discipline of the classically trained Olivier. Those who predicted the worst got it right. Olivier, as director and leading man, bore the brunt. He reveals in his 1983 autobiography, *Confessions of an Actor*, that preparatory to beginning production on the movie, he was convinced he was going to fall in love with Marilyn. During the shooting of the picture, he must have wondered where he ever got such a notion. However, he was very enthusiastic about her, admitting she was “wonderful in the film, the best thing in it,” her performance overshadowing his own and the final result worth the aggravation. (This is essentially what Billy Wilder said after his experience with Marilyn in *Some Like It Hot*.) Olivier goes on to say, “There are two entirely different sides [to Marilyn]. You would not be far out if you described her as a schizoid, the two people that she was could hardly have been more different. She was so adorable, so witty, such incredible fun and more physically attractive than anyone I could have imagined, apart from herself on the screen.” Of her acting, Olivier called her “a professional amateur.”

Also interestingly, regarding this film, James Haspiel observes, “[In this film] Marilyn is as close to being her off-screen self as she ever was. That is her real voice. It's the way she spoke in person. Her hair is the real color of her hair. I think that's what's most fascinating about this one movie.”

Mable Whittington, who worked at Parkside House as a maid under the direction of the main housekeeper, Dolly Stiles, recalled of this time, “There was a great excitement about the arrival of the Millers. I remember that someone [Milton Greene] had the walls of the master bedroom painted white in Marilyn's honor. There was an increase in all security measures. We were all on alert, so to speak. What did I think of them? I thought Mrs. Miller was a bit pampered. She was used to a certain way, let's just say. Everything had to be just so. I remember she complained about the pillowcases being too starched, but what she required was minor. Too many pills, though. I remember being surprised by the number of bottles on her nightstand. I didn't know what they were for, exactly—but there were a lot of them. There were always empty bottles of champagne in her room, too. Also, I have to say that she was a bit untidy. She would step out of her clothes and there they would lay on the floor until I or someone else picked up after her. The bathroom was always a sight—makeup everywhere, personal belongings everywhere. I recall that she had a way of transforming herself that was almost magical. She was lovely but not necessarily glamorous in her day-to-day. But at night, if they were to go to a show—which they did often—or if she needed to be dressed for a dinner, she would become an entirely different person. It wasn't just the makeup and beautiful gowns and gloves and furs, though they were a big part of it. It was the attitude. When she dressed like Marilyn Monroe she *acted* like Marilyn Monroe. The star quality was there, I guess—in the Marilyn persona. Her personality as Marilyn Monroe was entirely different than as... I don't know... the *real* her, maybe.

“Arthur Miller? I found him to be insufferable. He didn't want to speak to the help and, in fact, would get angry if we even looked at him. He would say, ‘Must you look at me?’ I recall that two household employees were approached to give secrets about the Millers to the press. When he found out about it, he became raving mad. ‘I demand that they be fired,’ he kept saying. Of course that was to be the case, anyway—though I don't recall that they actually sold their stories. Marilyn wasn't very upset about that turn of events. I recall that she said, ‘What else is new?’

“As a couple, they seemed happy at the start but as the months wore on, less so. He was constantly nagging her about one thing or another, usually how he felt she should prepare for the day's work. I remember that there were a lot of press conferences during their stay and that, afterward, he would tell her that she had answered this or that question in the wrong way. He picked on her a lot. She seemed to really want to know his opinion, though. However, I think that there was a point when she'd had enough of it, especially when he began to criticize her acting when she was practicing from her script. I recall her having trouble memorizing her script. I remember thinking, goodness, for an actress who has made so many movies, I can't understand how she can't remember her lines. She would walk around the house trying to remember a simple line, repeating it to herself over and over. I remember that he was annoyed by the way she was trying to memorize something and he kept correcting her. She snapped at him and said, ‘When you begin making pictures, we can discuss this. Until then, let me act, and you just do what you do.’ ”

Possible evidence of marital discord at this time comes from a letter Marilyn sent to Berniece from England. In it, she never once even mentions Arthur Miller, and refers to herself only in the singular, from “I am having a wonderful time,” to “I have been sightseeing,” to “I am staying very busy.”

Also at this time, Marilyn continued to receive letters from her mother, Gladys, even while in England. Gladys seemed somewhat better judging from one she wrote, dated July 25: “I am very unhappy, daughter. I wish there was some way to join you in England where I am sure we would have a lovely time. May God be with you and may He find a way for us to be together again very soon. Love, Mother.” However, a week later, on August 2, she seemed to be not as well: “I have decided that the sooner I am able to leave here the better. I know I am a big topic of discussion here and it's not because of you, Marilyn. There seems to be a lot of interest in me, as well. Perhaps when I am released I will tell you about it though I doubt you would

be interested in anything that has to do with me, your only Mother. Love, Gladys Baker Eley.” It’s not known if Marilyn responded to any of the mail she received from Gladys while in England. However, it is known that she was informed by the sanitarium staff that Gladys had also begun writing letters to J. Edgar Hoover at the Justice Department. This Marilyn found quite disturbing. As soon as she heard about it, she called Inez Melson long distance and asked her to look into the matter. Marilyn certainly didn’t want Gladys giving any information about her to Hoover. In fact, she didn’t like that Hoover knew where Gladys was, and how to communicate with her. Melson quickly reported back to Marilyn that when she asked Gladys what was going on, Gladys told that she was just sending Christian Science literature to Hoover, just as she had also sent some to the president of the United States. She said that she believed Marilyn to be friends of those two government officials and that she felt she could use Marilyn’s name as an entrée to them. She wondered why every time she attempted to reach out to people, her daughter was always “the first one to try to stop me.” She also demanded that Melson tell Marilyn to stop thwarting her attempts to have communication with “the people running our country.” Again, all of this was very disturbing. Gladys didn’t realize that anything she said to someone like Hoover could be used against her daughter somewhere down the line. Marilyn shot off a letter to Melson telling her that any missive sent to any government officials written by her mother should be immediately confiscated by the sanitarium officials and not mailed. She wrote that she didn’t want to censor her mother’s communication, but that she felt she had to “draw a line somewhere, and this is as good a place as any, I think.”

Meanwhile, while Marilyn was dealing with her mother, preproduction negotiations for the film continued. There was one surprise in this regard that, in retrospect, maybe shouldn’t have been so surprising. Lee Strasberg—Marilyn’s new acting guru—demanded that his wife, Paula—Marilyn’s new on-set acting coach—receive what was then a huge amount of money for her work with Monroe: \$25,000 a week for ten weeks’ work, plus expenses and double that amount for overtime. This was more than most of the actors were making. Donald Spoto, in his Monroe biography, published a corporate memorandum from Irving Stein, Marilyn’s lawyer, regarding the demand. It said, “Lee doesn’t care that this money would really come from Marilyn’s pocket. Joe [Carr, Marilyn Monroe Productions accountant] and Milton carefully explained the shaky finances, but Lee was adamant. He kept emphasizing Marilyn’s emotional weakness—and then he said he would be willing to settle for a percentage of the picture! He also wanted George Cukor to direct, not Larry. Paula, he said, is more than a coach—therefore he doesn’t care what other coaches get. He absolutely rejects Paula’s *Bus Stop* salary.”

When Marilyn heard about the demand, she decided to allow some of the money to come from her own salary because, as far as she was concerned, Paula was absolutely necessary on the set at all times. Thus, after all was said and done, Paula Strasberg would be making more than anyone else involved in the picture besides Marilyn and Laurence Olivier! It would seem that Marilyn had replaced one Natasha Lytess with another, especially given Arthur Miller’s feelings about Paula. Like DiMaggio before him, who loathed Natasha, Miller had this to say about Paula: “She was a hoax, but so successful in making herself necessary to people like Marilyn that she created this tremendous reputation.” He also said she was “poisonous and vacuous.” *

Moreover, to Arthur Miller’s great dismay, Marilyn’s psychiatrist—Dr. Hohenberg, who had been sanctioned by Lee Strasberg—somehow ended up involved in the negotiations for *The Prince and the Showgirl*, and saw to it that Paula received the money that had been demanded by her husband. One wonders how much the doctor may have received in return. Moreover, since when did acting teachers like Lee Strasberg have a say in who directed a movie starring one of their students? Marilyn may have thought she was in charge when she started Marilyn Monroe Productions, but she continued to fall under the sway of domineering colleagues.

In July 1956, shortly before filming was to begin on *The Prince and the Showgirl*, something happened that would change the course of Marilyn's new life with Arthur Miller. She happened to see a journal of his on a table in the living room, glanced at it—and then decided to read the pages that were opened. She was in for a terrible shock. On those pages, Arthur confessed that he had second thoughts about having married her. She wasn't what he'd thought she was—she was just a child, not a woman. She wasn't as intelligent as he had hoped and, in fact, she was someone he pitied. Moreover, he thought his own career might be jeopardized by his new association with her, and he wasn't sure what to do about it. He had heard that Laurence Olivier thought she might be a spoiled brat, and he didn't know how to respond to that since he basically agreed. Olivier had been hired by Marilyn—the movie was being produced by her company—but wasn't exactly grateful. He couldn't have been any less patient or understanding. Of course, that Miller seemed to be siding with him was devastating to Marilyn. It was the realization of her worst fear—that she would be “found out,” that she wasn't as smart or as talented as she had made him think she was, and now he knew the truth about her.

“It was a terrible thing for her to find, that journal,” Susan Strasberg would say many years later. “It would set her back a great deal. She lost so much confidence in herself when she read that. The question in my mind was this: What was it doing out? Everyone is entitled to their private thoughts, of course. But to leave it out and open like that? It made me wonder when I heard this... it made me wonder.”

It felt to many people at the time that Miller had left the journal open and available to his wife on purpose. As a playwright, he certainly recognized the power of the written word. He had to have known how much his thoughts, once committed to paper, would hurt Marilyn. Some thought he was acting like a coward who was afraid to divorce her and just hoped she would leave him instead. One does have to wonder about Miller's character. After all, he married Marilyn after having convinced himself that he and she were a good match, and mere weeks later he made the decision that she was not for him. It suggests an enormous immaturity on his part and lack of judgment. Whatever the case, it seems safe to say he left the diary out on purpose. Why he did so would be a question only he could have answered—and he didn't. Marilyn would later tell her half sister, Berniece, that the marriage was never the same from the moment she read the journal. When she told her that Miller had written that she was “a bitch,” Berniece was shocked. She couldn't believe, she said, that Arthur would be so cruel. However, Marilyn then clarified that what he wrote was that he agreed with Olivier that she *could* be a bitch. Somehow that didn't seem much better to Berniece—nor to Marilyn. Marilyn told her that she wished she could get past it, but she was certain she would never be able to do so. She wanted to tell Arthur that he should try acting with the capricious Olivier and see how that worked out for him, and she would sit on the sidelines and write about it, but “I don't have the nerve.”

As upsetting as the discovery was, it still would not be the catalyst for Marilyn to actually leave Arthur. “She had decided that no matter what happens, I'm staying married to this person,” said her friend Rupert Allan. “I don't think she realized it was going to have to kick in so soon. If something like this had happened after her first marriage, she would have divorced him. But I think she felt she had something to prove with this third marriage. But I also think she decided, [Miller] will never again get all of me. He will only get the part of me I will allow him to get. Now, I will be careful around him and that shall be his punishment. He will now be getting a percentage of who I am. The rest that he would never again see would be the part of her that was vulnerable.”

Mable Whittington recalled an incident that occurred at around the time Marilyn found Miller's journal. “I knew about the incident with her finding the diary, or whatever it was. Everyone in the household knew about it. We didn't know what had been in it, only that Mrs. Miller saw it and read it and was very, very upset about it. That same week, I heard a sound in the kitchen and went down to investigate. There was Mrs. Miller, sitting alone at the kitchen table, having a cup of tea and a good cry. I just peeked into the kitchen and stood there watching for a long while. I thought many things. First of all, I was struck by just how beautiful she was. She had on a pink robe with marabou feathers at the neck and sleeves. Her hair, so blonde... just so pretty, I thought. I decided not to go into the room, to just leave her to her privacy. Then, I thought, my, how sad she is. There was a deep sense of sadness about her, and that's what I remember most. The sadness. I distinctly recall that, one day, her psychiatrist showed up from New York. I went into the living room and there was a strange woman in there reading. I asked someone who it was and was told, ‘That's Mrs. Miller's analyst.’ She did seem somewhat better when the doctor arrived, that was certain.

“I can also say that she was nicer to people when she first arrived. With the passing of time, she became more brittle and snappish. She seemed to never have a nice expression on her face around the house... she was always deep in thought, frowning. Also, I recall that she was late to the set almost every day. Hours late, in fact. The reason I know is that this was a never-ending source of annoyance to Mr. Miller. There were many arguments about her being late. Also, she didn't get along with Laurence Olivier and, I have to say, from my vantage point—which was, admittedly, on the outside looking in—it seemed that she disliked him a lot. I also remember that Mr. Miller felt that she didn't understand Olivier and wasn't trying hard enough to fit in with him. So, there was a lot of turmoil.”

Just three weeks into the marriage and, as far as Marilyn Monroe was concerned, it was over. How could she remain with this man now? She would have to focus her energy on making the movie and do what she could to put in a good performance. However, with her heart broken, it would be very difficult. “It seemed to be raining the whole time,” she would later say of her experience in England. “Or maybe it was me.”

Quiet Before the Storm

After returning to the United States following production of *The Prince and the Showgirl*, Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller took a lease on a spacious thirteenth-floor apartment in New York on 57th Street. They'd recently purchased a large farmhouse in Roxbury, Connecticut, but it was being refurbished. Meanwhile, they would live in the city and spend the next few months trying to get their marriage back on track. In her spare time, during the first part of 1957 Marilyn fancied herself a housewife, preparing meals for her husband—breakfast every morning had become a specialty of hers—as well as grocery shopping and running errands that made her feel, as she put it in an interview at the time, “as if I have a real purpose in this world. I don't mind it at all. In fact, lately, I think I prefer this kind of more simple life.” (One wonders what Joe DiMaggio might have thought if he'd read that comment from his ex-wife.) Often the couple would retire to a summer cottage they rented on Long Island where Marilyn would go horseback riding or spend her time painting with watercolors. It was actually a very pleasant year, 1957, perhaps the quietest she'd ever had in her life. Her career wasn't that far from her mind, though. She was still studying with the ever-present Strasbergs, but she did have a new psychiatrist, Marianne Kris, recommended to her by Anna Freud, daughter of Sigmund and also the founder of child psychoanalysis.

Marilyn saw Dr. Kris as many as five days a week, which at this time most people believed was too much. “Every single day she would sit in that office and lament her childhood or her marriage,” said one person who was close to Marilyn at the time. “Afterward, she would be upset for hours. Then, just as she was regaining her equilibrium, she would be back on that damn couch. Some thought she was on a quest to learn more about herself, to set right the past. I didn't. It was, I thought, a form of self-abuse. She simply would not allow there to be any peace in her life. If there was a lull in the drama, she would create something new upon which to fixate, and most of those creations at this time came from her sessions with Marianne Kris. That, along with Strasberg's constant nagging of her to draw upon her childhood for her acting... well, it's no wonder she was not an emotionally well woman. As Berniece used to put it, ‘Why can't she just leave well enough alone?’ ”

Why? Because Marilyn Monroe wanted nothing more than to, once and for all, come to terms with the sadness of her childhood. She knew she had significant emotional problems stemming from her youth, from not being wanted, not feeling loved—and she felt it necessary to explore those areas and see what she could learn from them, or at the very least find a better way to confront her demons. The constant stream of letters from Gladys—at least one a week—probably didn't help matters. It was as if Marilyn always had one foot firmly planted in the distant past, the other in the uncertain present. The problem was that there were never any new revelations. There was never a sense of closure. Rather, the same questions were asked time after time, with the same answers being given and no progress ever made. Perhaps it was, as many people believed, a case of too much therapy. Perhaps she needed to live the present rather than constantly analyze the past.

Also at this time, Marilyn and Milton Greene—partners in Marilyn Monroe Productions—ended their relationship. The two had been having problems for many months with Greene attempting to control, at least in Marilyn's view (shared by many observers), too much of her business affairs. Money was always an issue with Greene—he never seemed to have enough and always seemed to be looking to MMP to bail him out. Also, there were any number of creative issues between them over *The Prince and the Showgirl*. When he suggested that he be recognized as executive producer of the film, Marilyn balked. That she took issue with it suggested she was really finished with Milton Greene by this time, because he, by rights and by contract, had every right to be recognized as an executive producer. In the end, Greene blamed Arthur Miller for any problems, not Marilyn. The two men didn't like or trust each other. Greene felt that since Miller had Marilyn's pillow-talk ear, there was nothing he could do to redeem himself from whatever Miller had accused him of at any given time. Moreover, Greene couldn't stop himself from criticizing Miller in Marilyn's presence, which made her uncomfortable and left her feeling that she had to take sides. Once she decided that she had to choose her husband, there was nothing Greene could have done to rectify the situation. After some wrangling, Marilyn made a decision to eject him from the company on April 11. She issued a very unkind statement saying that he had mismanaged MMP and had even entered into secret agreements about which she knew nothing. When Greene acted as if he didn't know what had happened to cause such a schism, Marilyn issued another statement that sounded suspiciously not like her—but a lot like Arthur Miller: “As president of the corporation and its only source of income, I was never informed that he had elected himself to the position of executive producer of *The Prince and the Showgirl*. My company was not formed to provide false credits for its officers and I will not become a party to this. My company was not formed merely to parcel 49.6% of all my earnings to Mr. Greene, but to make better pictures, improve my work and secure my income.” After much legal wrangling, Marilyn settled with Greene for \$100,000, which was just the return of his original investment in MMP. She never spoke to Milton about what had happened, simply refusing his telephone calls much as she had with Natasha Lytess. These decisions were not like Marilyn. It was as if she were doing anything she could do to impress Arthur Miller, who had made his loathing of both Lytess and Greene quite clear.

In June 1957, *The Prince and the Showgirl* opened at Radio City Music Hall. Marilyn, of course, attended with Arthur. The reviews were favorable and it seemed as if there might be a new appreciation of her ability as an actress, which somehow made all of the angst in England worthwhile, or at least most of it. What's perhaps most interesting about this film is the active role Marilyn took in its production and how far she had come as a thoughtful and, indeed, imaginative artist with a keen eye toward filmmaking. When she was unhappy with Fox's final cut of the film, she expressed her dissatisfaction to Jack Warner, MCA, and Laurence Olivier's production company. What she had to say and how she expressed it says so much about who she was at the time: “I am afraid that as it stands it will not be as successful as the version all of us agreed was so fine. Especially in the first third of the picture the pacing has been slowed and one comic point after another has been flattened out by substituting inferior takes with flatter performances lacking the energy and brightness that you saw in New York. Some of the jump cutting kills the points, as in the fainting scene. The coronation is as long as before if not longer, and the story gets lost in it. American audiences are not as moved by stained glass windows as the British are, and we threaten them with boredom. I am amazed that so much of the picture has no music at all when the idea was to make a romantic picture. We have enough film to make a great movie, if only it will be as in the earlier version. I hope you will make every effort to preserve our picture.” Does that sound like the critique of an empty-headed movie star? In the end, no changes were made to the picture. It came out as Fox and MCA saw fit, but not for lack of trying on Marilyn's part.

In July, Marilyn would learn that she was pregnant. She wanted nothing more than to have a baby, but now she wasn't sure how she felt about this child's father. However, she had to admit that the last six months with Arthur had been very relaxing. She wasn't sure that she had his respect, but she knew he cared about her. Still, it was difficult for her to get past what she'd read in his journal. “My little girl is always going to be told how pretty she is,” Marilyn said when she learned of the pregnancy. She was sure it would be a girl. “When I was small, all of the dozens and dozens of people I lived with—none of them ever used the word ‘pretty’ to me. I want my little girl to smile all the time. All little girls should be told how pretty they are and I'm

going to tell mine, over and over again.”

Unfortunately, on August 1, Marilyn would be diagnosed as suffering from an ectopic pregnancy. She was about five or six weeks along at that point. She was extremely saddened by the loss of the baby. “My heart is broken,” she told her half sister, Berniece, in a telephone call from the hospital. She could, she said, “try again,” and she intended to—“but not now.”

The first six months of the year had been peaceful, but that changed after Marilyn lost the baby. Some in the family say that a letter she received from Gladys set in motion a chain of events that could have proven deadly. Apparently, Gladys sent a heartless note to her daughter in which she in effect said that, in her view, Marilyn wasn’t ready to be a mother. She told her that along with motherhood came certain responsibilities, “and you, dear child, are not a responsible person.” One relative recalled, “Marilyn was, I think, as upset about that letter as she was about losing the baby. She began to drink a lot more after that, and with the pills it all got to be too much. She started to say that she was hearing voices in her head. This was very scary and very reminiscent of her mother and grandmother. ‘I could never be like them,’ she said, ‘because at least I know the voices are not real.’ She was acting very strangely. Arthur told me that he was at a restaurant one night and the *maître d*’ came over to tell him that he had a phone call. It was Marilyn. She was out of it and asked him to come home to save her. Luckily, he rushed home. She had taken an overdose. I don’t know if it was on purpose, or not. No one ever knew. Afterward, no one ever discussed it, which is why there’s a lot of mystery around it. It simply was never discussed.”

Marilyn's Depression

The year after Marilyn Monroe's ectopic pregnancy was difficult. August 1957 through about July 1958 found her in perhaps the deepest depression of her entire life. In her mind, she had already failed as a mother just by virtue of the miscarriage. Her marriage was not fulfilling. She had lost interest in her career, and especially, it would seem, in Marilyn Monroe Productions. Arthur Miller spent the year writing—or attempting to write—a screenplay, *The Misfits*, based on one of his short stories. He believed that it would have a plum role for his wife, if only he could pull it together. But faced with writer's block, he found it impossible to break through, one draft after another ending up in the trash can. Frustrated with the work and exasperated with himself, he took it out on Marilyn. He was short and temperamental with her, despite regular visits to his psychotherapist to try to work his way through his own emotional problems. Marilyn—now thirty-two—gave as much as she got, if not more.

"It doesn't overstate it to say that she was never the same after the miscarriage," said Edward Lovitz, a struggling screenwriter in New York at this time, who had known Arthur Miller for many years. "Arthur told me that he thought she needed psychiatric help, that she would start to scream at him for no apparent reason. He wasn't sure if it was the drugs she was taking, the alcohol she was drinking, or just her mind breaking down on her. He told me that she had stopped going to her psychiatrist after she lost the baby. He wanted to try for another baby, but that was difficult if they weren't even getting along. He slept in a guest room, he said, many nights if not most nights."

"The fact that Arthur was not able to write at this time is probably not surprising, given the stresses in his life," added Rupert Allan. "However, Marilyn blamed herself for his lack of vision. She told me that she feared she no longer inspired him. 'If I inspired him at all, he would have finished by now,' she told me after a few months of nonproductivity on his part. 'Oh, the hell with it,' she decided. 'It doesn't matter to me anymore. I'm sick of him.' What I think she was really sick of was his judgment against her. She felt it strongly."

The longer this cold war continued between spouses, the deeper into her depression Marilyn seemed to sink. Nothing had worked out for her the way she had hoped, she said. She desperately wanted this marriage to be a success. She told one relative that she believed there were "people out there" who felt they had "won" when her marriage to Joe DiMaggio had failed. " 'Ah-ha! See, she's not happy at all,' they said about me," Marilyn observed bitterly. " 'She's stupid and talentless and she can't keep a husband.' But this one is going to last," she continued, "because I don't want people to have the satisfaction of seeing me suffer." She also wanted to prove to herself, as well as to the public, that she could be a good wife and mother. However, it now appeared that she could be neither. Her disappointment in herself combined with the drugs she was taking to sleep and then to awake caused her to exist in a clouded state of mind that made it impossible for her to reason out her problems. Add alcohol to the mix—champagne for the most part since most other drinks made her sick to her stomach, though that didn't always stop her—and the combination was potentially lethal. She had gotten to the point where she would pour herself a glass of champagne with trembling hands, snap open a capsule, and then pour the contents right into the glass for a quicker high. Or, for an even faster effect, she would just pour the crystals under her tongue. Because she had lost interest in so much in her life, she began to gain weight. She didn't care. She had been struggling to stay thin for so many years, she felt she deserved the right to be fat. She gained about twenty pounds during this time.

There was no telling how one might find Marilyn—seeming happy and content or morose and depressed. Still, people obviously wanted to be around her, wanted to be in her presence.

Two separate visits at this time tell differing stories:

The first involved Marilyn's half sister, Berniece. Marilyn called her one day seeming desperate. "I tried all day to call you, yesterday," she told her when she finally reached her. "And this morning I tried three times!" She made it clear that she needed to see Berniece. In speaking to her, she kept talking about how much she admired Berniece's marriage to Paris Miracle. It was clear to Berniece, as she would later tell it, that Marilyn was having problems in her marriage. Berniece made plans to go, but then, at the last minute, her husband forbade her to travel alone. Paris later said that he had a trip planned for New York, where Marilyn lived. Berniece wanted to go with him, of course, and use that opportunity to visit Marilyn. Paris said no. It was a business trip, he said—no wives allowed. But then while he was in New York, *he* went to visit Marilyn, and took his business associates with him! At any rate, Marilyn could not have been nicer to Paris and his friends. She appeared after having bought flowers, her arms full of dogwood blossoms. Everyone had cocktails, which she served, and she signed pictures for the entire group—"Love and kisses from your sister-in-law to Paris." One of Paris's friends tried to sneak out of Marilyn's home with a highball glass, which was apparently too large to fit under his jacket. In the midst of all this, Marilyn seemed fine.

A couple of days later, Marilyn's psychiatrist, Dr. Marianne Kris, came to visit. The story was a very different one, as told by Barbara Miller (no relation to Arthur), the daughter of a friend of Dr. Kris's. She, her mother, brother, and Dr. Kris all arrived at the same time to visit Marilyn and Arthur. "It wasn't pleasant," she recalled. "I was about twelve, but I remember it well. I was a big fan of Marilyn Monroe's and couldn't wait to meet her. She was a lot heavier than I thought she'd be, but still she was very beautiful. She came swooping into the living room to greet us in a floral-printed caftan that was just lovely. She had her hair long, to her shoulders—very blonde. I remember she had the most delicate hands with tapering fingers, her nails painted red. She was very nice, but seemed... I guess tipsy would be the word."

Barbara Miller recalls what happened after everyone was seated in the living room:

"Would you like a Bloody Mary?" Marilyn asked the adults. "And a soft drink for you?" she offered, looking at the young girl. The adults said they would all prefer soft drinks. "Fine," Marilyn said with a smile. "I generally don't like to drink alone, but I'll make an exception today." She then called out the name of their maid. When no one appeared, she called again. Finally, she screamed out, "Arthur, where is the goddamn maid?" Still, no answer. She shook her head and rolled her eyes. "My secretary, Mary [Reis], isn't in today and my husband is somewhere trying to write," she said, according to Miller's memory. "He's having a difficult time, though."

According to Miller, Dr. Kris studied Marilyn carefully and said, "Dear, is there someplace where you and I might talk? I'd like to speak to you alone."

Marilyn eyed the doctor suspiciously and said, "I think we've done enough talking, Doctor, don't you? I'm fine, really I am. All I need is a Bloody Mary if I could just get the goddamn maid to come in here. Jesus Christ," she concluded. "I'll go get it myself, and the soft drinks too." She rose.

"You don't seem fine," the doctor said, while the other two guests sat in awkward silence.

"Goddamn it," Marilyn snapped, now standing and facing the doctor, her eyes blazing. "Why can't you leave me alone? I've had it with you. I'm sick of going over and over and over the same things. *I'm not going to do it anymore.*" With that, she turned and walked out of the room, leaving her guests

in stunned silence. They wondered whether or not she would return. Or should they just go? Ten minutes later—just as everyone was preparing to depart—Arthur Miller appeared. “My wife asked me to apologize to you all,” he said, looking very contrite. “She’s not been well. It’s just been awful, and I hope you’ll accept our sincere apologies and come back another time.” Then, turning to the doctor, he said, “Could you please call me later? I must speak with you. It’s urgent.” Dr. Kris said that she would certainly make the call. Everyone then agreed that it was best for the visit to end. However, just as the small group got to the front door, Marilyn came walking out from one of the back rooms. In her hands was a tray of drinks. “Wait,” she said, gazing at them with astonishment. “You’re leaving? But I have drinks! Wouldn’t you like to sit down and talk?”

“She was a totally different person,” said Barbara Miller. “She was smiling and cheerful and it was as if she had no memory at all of what had occurred earlier. We said, no, we have to run. She looked disappointed. Then she gave each of us a hug. As we were departing, she smiled and told Dr. Kris, ‘Okay, I’ll be calling you tomorrow. Bye-bye.’ When the door closed, I remember the adults standing in the hallway looking at each other with worried expressions. Then, in the cab, no one said a word. Everyone just sat and stared straight ahead.”

Some Like It Hot

By May 1958, Arthur Miller had convinced Marilyn that she needed to return to work—or at least that’s what he told his friends. It’s also possible that Marilyn had come to terms with the fact that as she put it to one intimate, “someone needs to bring some money in this house,” so it might as well be her. She put her agents to work on finding the right project. After a few false starts, Billy Wilder submitted a two-page proposal to Marilyn for a film he was writing called *Some Like It Hot*. On July 7, Marilyn departed for Los Angeles to begin work on the movie.

Every single person who contributed his or her talent to *Some Like It Hot* can be assured that it was the group collaboration that made it the comedy classic it is, and arguably one of the best pictures ever made. They can also be assured that without Marilyn Monroe and Billy Wilder, it would have been just another funny film. Wilder lifted the central premise from an obscure German movie musical, *Fanfares of Love*—that of two unemployed musicians who resort to cross-dressing in order to join an all-female band—and stretched it into two hours of unmitigated hilarity. Adding the subplot of the St. Valentine’s Day Massacre and its fallout is the engine that drives the train. (Wilder’s writing partner on this and many other scripts was I. A. L. Diamond, and the film earned them an Oscar nomination for best adapted screenplay.)

Now that they had a script—or at least they had one in mind—the next concern was how to cast it. According to one source, Wilder early on envisioned Danny Kaye and Bob Hope as the drag duo. Tony Curtis received a verbal pitch for the film from Wilder himself and agreed to sign on. Then when Frank Sinatra expressed an interest in the project, Wilder toyed with the idea because he needed a “name” to get studio financing. He was actually relieved when Sinatra dropped out, though, because Ol’ Blue Eyes was well known for following his own rules—shooting nine to five, limited retakes, and other special treatment. Wilder was happy to keep it A Billy Wilder Film. Meanwhile, Mitzi Gaynor was being considered for the role of Sugar Kane, due mainly to her excellent showing in the recently released *South Pacific*. But then Marilyn launched a campaign for the part. Her box-office pull had placed her on Quigley’s list of Top Ten stars for three years, and though she had been absent from the screen for the two previous years, attending drama classes at the Actors Studio and trying to shore up her disintegrating marriage, her popularity with the fans was at an all-time high.

Marilyn’s legendary reputation for causing delays apparently was overlooked and she was signed for the film for \$200,000 plus 10 percent of the gross over \$4 million. In its initial release, the movie earned \$25 million, which comes to \$215.4 million in today’s dollars, enough to place it at number 150 in the top-grossing films of all time. Marilyn’s share: \$2.3 million

The first actual footage filmed was a scene that took place at the standing train set at MGM Studios in Culver City. It is twenty-four minutes into the film and we see Sugar Kane (Marilyn) for the first time as she walks along the side of the train with the all-girl band, the Sweet Sues, to board. It went off without a glitch and Marilyn was letter perfect. During the setup prior to the shot, Wilder observed a woman hovering beneath an umbrella out of view of the action. When the scene was over, he called out to the woman, “How was that, Paula?” He recognized her as Paula Strasberg, a constant presence on every Marilyn set, just as Natasha had been before her. From that deferential moment on, Wilder controlled the set.

After getting the go-ahead from Wilder, Tony Curtis (Josephine), and Jack Lemmon (Daphne) went to couturier Orry-Kelly, Monroe’s costumer, and asked him to make their outfits. Of course, there were problems with two straight men playing transvestites that had nothing to do with how well the clothes fit. The actors had to *become* women, believable as such in their walk, talk, attitude, actions, the way they stood, the way they sat. But their problems paled compared to those Wilder (and the rest of the cast and crew) had with Marilyn: Her problems in her marriage and her lack of self-confidence as an actor drove the production costs up, according to Wilder, adding another \$750,000 to the \$2.9 million budget. He said, “Sometimes [Marilyn’s lateness, demand for constant retakes, etc.] would stretch out to three days, something that we could have completed in an hour because after every bad take, Marilyn began to cry and there would have to be new makeup applied.” In addition, she couldn’t remember her lines. They would have to write them on cards and place them where Marilyn could read them. The simple line “Where is that bourbon?” had to be shot and reshot as many as forty times.

“There were days when I could have killed her, I admit it,” Billy Wilder added. “I knew, of course, that she had serious problems. I hate to say it, but at the time, I couldn’t give a rat’s ass about her problems. I was trying to make a movie and she’d been paid a good deal of money to be in it. But, that said, there were a lot of marvelous days, too, when she would do something we all knew was golden.”

Yet somehow, Marilyn got through it all with unbelievable results onscreen. Watching her magical performance, there is no hint of the nightmare making the film was for her. Maybe her friend Jeanne Martin put it best: “I treasure every moment of that film, but without Marilyn it would have been nothing.”

During the publicity blitz for the film, Curtis was asked repeatedly and relentlessly by the press what it was like to kiss Marilyn Monroe. “What was I supposed to say, ‘It was like skiing down a snow-covered mountain and being launched into the air by a ski jump and then floating to earth on gossamer wings?’ C’mon, kissing the most desirable woman in the world and then being asked repeatedly what it was like is a no-brainer and it began to annoy me. Whether the Hitler comparison came out as irony or sarcasm, which is the way I meant it, the press preferred the sound-bite and refused to print the whole story.” The following few days, Curtis was bombarded with phone calls asking him to verify the report. For forty years, he denied he ever said it—and actually became hostile when confronted about it when appearing on a Larry King show with Marilyn Monroe historian James Haspiel—but he came clean to Leonard Maltin in an interview taped for inclusion in the deluxe DVD two-disc set of *Some Like It Hot*, released as part of “The Marilyn Monroe Collection.” *

The number of “best” lists accorded *Some Like it Hot* continues to grow every year. The American Film Institute named it number one on its list of the 100 Funniest Movies of All Time. AFI has also ranked it variously as number 14 and number 22 Greatest Movie of All Time. The film’s last line, “Well, nobody’s perfect,” was voted number 48 on AFI’s list of Greatest Movie Quotes. *Entertainment Weekly* readers voted it the 9th Greatest Film of All Time and the Greatest Comedy of All Time.

During production of this movie, on Friday night, September 12, 1958, after a long and emotional telephone conversation with Arthur, Marilyn took another overdose of sleeping pills. Had it not been for Paula Strasberg coming to her rescue, she might have died. As always, she said that she hadn’t intended to commit suicide.

“She had so much to live for,” said Rupert Allan, “but she didn’t see it that way. That said, the way I heard it, it happened when Arthur arrived in Los Angeles and he was the one who took her to the hospital. Typical of Marilyn’s overdoses, no one could ever get the story straight. However, yes, she definitely overdosed. When and how she got to the hospital doesn’t matter. Arthur came in immediately from New York to be at her side,” said Allan. “I can’t say that helped, though. In fact, I think it may have made things worse.”

Once Arthur Miller arrived in Los Angeles and had a chance to take in the terrain, he realized that practically everyone connected with *Some Like It Hot* found his wife to be incredibly unprofessional. That she was able to eventually turn in a brilliant performance didn't seem to matter much at the time. Miller was again embarrassed for her, and also for himself. It caused him to be angrier with her than ever. "My feeling about Arthur Miller was that he was a little too resentful of his wife," Billy Wilder recalled. "I wasn't married to her. I didn't have to be patient and loving. But he was her husband and I thought he could have been more understanding. I remember saying at the time, finally, I have met someone who resents Marilyn Monroe as much if not more than I do."

Rupert Allan recalled, "Marilyn told me and Susan [Strasberg] that [Miller] lashed out at her one day and said, 'You should be ashamed of yourself. How dare you not know your lines? How dare you be late? Who do you think you are?'" Instead of being her support, he had turned into her enemy. It was very unkind of him. I can't say I know what he was thinking. Anyway, Marilyn said, 'He can kiss my ass, Rupert. As far as I'm concerned, he can just kiss my ass.' So, really, things were, shall we say, a bit on the tense side."

One might have thought that things would have taken a turn for the better when, in October, Marilyn learned that she was once again pregnant. Of course, she was overjoyed by the news. She had been scheduled to accept a film award in France, but was happy to have a good reason to decline. In a two-page Western Union telegram to the Académie du Cinéma in Paris, dated November 26, 1958, she said in part, "I had greatly looked forward to coming to Paris and receiving the honor which you so graciously awarded me (stop) However nature intervened and I am expecting a baby (stop) Because of some recent complications in regards to the pregnancy my doctor has forbidden travel of any kind."

It's not clear what Arthur Miller thought of the pregnancy, though he didn't seem very happy. "At this point, I think Marilyn put Arthur out of her mind and began to think, okay, I can have this child and go on with my life without my husband, and at least I won't be alone," said Rupert Allan. "A big problem for her, though, with the pregnancy was all of the drugs she was taking... that was a problem."

During this time, Marilyn was taking—among other prescriptions, such as Nembutal—a barbiturate to calm her nerves as well as allow her to sleep. Her gynecologist, Leon Krohn, was against all drugs in her system, but he realized that there was no way she would be able to function without them. He warned her against drinking on this and other medications and hoped to monitor her closely—he was on the set every day—but, truly, she was not manageable. When it came to pill-taking, Marilyn Monroe would always find a way if she felt the need.

After the movie was completed on November 6, Billy Wilder—who was not speaking to Marilyn by that time—went on record as having made a few unkind statements about her. For instance, when one New York reporter asked if he would ever make another movie with her, his response was, "I have discussed this project with my doctor and my psychiatrist and they tell me I'm too old and too rich to go through this again." To another reporter he said, "She's very good, obviously. But is she worth it? I don't know."

Marilyn was stung by his remarks. In her view, yes, she had presented some problems—what else was new?—but in the end she did turn in a good performance. She felt that Billy Wilder could have shown some gratitude by having a little more tact in discussing her with the media. One afternoon, after deliberating over it for a while, she had a few drinks and then picked up the telephone to talk to Wilder, calling from New York to Los Angeles. His wife, Audrey, answered the phone. Marilyn asked if she could speak to Billy. She was told that he wasn't at home. "That's fine," Marilyn said. "I wonder, Audrey, if you could give him a message for me." Audrey said, "Of course." Marilyn continued, "Would you please tell him that Marilyn called... and that she would like it very much if he would... go and fuck himself." There was silence on the other end of the phone. "Oh, and Audrey," Marilyn concluded sweetly, "my warmest personal regards to you."

A Sign from God?

On December 16, 1958, Marilyn suffered a miscarriage. She would say that she felt more alone than ever before. She also felt a tremendous sense of guilt about the drugs she had been taking during the pregnancy and was afraid that she was responsible for the baby's death. "Could I have killed it?" she asked one friend. "I felt she was slipping away," her half sister, Berniece, would say of this time. Indeed, on December 24, Marilyn received a letter from her mother, Gladys, whom she had not seen in some time. "Have I pushed you away, dear daughter?" she wrote, probably knowing the answer. "I would love a visit from you." Then, in a heartrending understatement, she concluded, "The holidays are so sad. So very sad." Later in the letter, she added, "I have tried to reach you so often but it is very difficult. Please do me the favor of a telephone call or a return letter. May God bless you." She signed it, "Mrs. Gladys Eley."

As it happened, Marilyn wouldn't work in 1959. She was too sad and never really able to recover emotionally from the miscarriage. In April, she received a note from Berniece, addressed to "Mrs. Marilyn Miller." She wanted to visit. "Please phone or write me as to when you will be home, and the best time to come. Give my regards to Arthur." Marilyn didn't respond. Now was not a good time for a visit.

In June, she had to undergo a series of operations to determine if it were possible for her to have children. It was decided that, no, it could never happen for her. Melissa Steinberg, the daughter of Dr. Oscar Steinberg, who performed one of the surgeries, recalled, "I'm afraid it didn't work out at all. He had to tell her, which was terrible for him, that she could not have children. The way I heard it, he walked into her room to give her the bad news and she looked at him and said, 'I already know. I already know.' He then said he would name his firstborn daughter after her, which he did. She was very, very sad. I know he was worried about her. She took it very badly."

She didn't give up hope, though. Later that year, she would go to see singer Diahann Carroll at the Mocambo in Los Angeles and, recalled the singer, "I was pregnant with my daughter, Suzanne. Marilyn, so sad and so beautiful, came backstage to say hello. 'May I touch your tummy?' she asked me. I was delighted, of course. I took her hand and put it on my stomach and said, 'You pat right here, sweetheart, and say a prayer and a wish, and I'll hope with all my heart that your dream comes true.' She looked at me with tears in her eyes and said, 'Oh, I do, too. I do, too.' "

There seemed to be no end to her melancholy at this time in her life as one terrible moment seemed inevitably to give way to another. Though she signed on to begin filming a new movie in 1960, a musical comedy called *Let's Make Love*, Marilyn was feeling anything but lighthearted. Her marriage would most certainly not last another year, and she knew it. She refused Berniece's telephone calls that holiday season—the first time that had ever happened. Throughout all of the vicissitudes of her life, she had never felt so low. Indeed, as Marilyn told one close friend, "As hard as I tried, the amount of time and energy I spent on this thing... I think now that it must be a sign. God must not want me to have children. Of course. Why should he allow me to have children? I can barely handle my own life."

One evening after Marilyn got home from the hospital, she and that friend went through Marilyn's closet, looking for something she might be able to wear to dinner. "I don't like to wear fancy clothes," she told her friend. "They take away from me, from who I am. I don't want people to be distracted when I walk into the room. So let's find something very simple." As she was talking and thumbing through a row of blouses, she came across a maternity top. She stopped for a moment. Then she took it off the hanger and handed it to her friend. "Please get rid of this for me," she said. Then, a few moments later, she came across another. "Oh, no." Finally, with tears streaming down her face, she decided to just take the time to get rid of all of the maternity clothes in the closet. "This isn't even what I set out to do," she said, very upset. "I just wanted to wear something pretty for dinner." After cleaning out the closet, she and her friend put all of the maternity outfits in a large box. The next day, Marilyn had her secretary send them all to her half sister. "Maybe Mona [Berniece's daughter] will have better luck than me," she concluded sadly.

PART SEVEN

Slow Death

The second week of January 1960 found Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller in Los Angeles, ensconced in bungalow number 21 of the plush Beverly Hills Hotel, next door to the French actor Yves Montand and his wife, actress Simone Signoret. Montand had been cast to star opposite Marilyn in *Let's Make Love*, replacing Gregory Peck, who had decided—wisely, as it would turn out—that making this film was a very bad idea. It was a new year and Marilyn seemed determined not only to make the movie an enjoyable experience, but also to somehow save her marriage in the process. Diane Stevens, an assistant to John Springer, who worked for Marilyn as a publicist at this time (through the Arthur Jacobs agency), recalled, “I remember thinking, no, she is not in shape to do a movie. Unlike Elizabeth Taylor—whom John also worked for and with whom I had a great deal of contact—Marilyn was not able to bounce back after personal tragedy. Rather, she seemed to lose herself in the personal chaos. It was as if she had no coping skills or, at the very least, it was as if she had exhausted her supply. I thought she should have been in a hospital by this time, not on a soundstage.”

In fact, Marilyn was primed to make this film a big success. How could it fail with the legendary “woman’s” director George Cukor at the helm, a script by the Oscar-honored writer Norman Krasna, songs by the triple-Oscar-winning tunesmiths Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, and with Gregory Peck as her leading man? But Peck left the project early on because he felt the script was terrible. Other big male stars who turned down the role were Cary Grant, Charlton Heston, Rock Hudson, Yul Brynner, and James Stewart. French actor/singer Yves Montand had no such misgivings, though. He had recently made a big success in a French-language film version of Arthur Miller’s play *The Crucible*. Married to Simone Signoret, an Academy Award Best Actress winner in 1960, he signed on to join Marilyn as her leading man in *Let's Make Love*.

A strange thing occurred during the early part of rehearsals for the film, something that greatly impacted Marilyn’s marriage to Arthur. A Writers Guild strike had broken out, causing a problem for the film, the script of which was already such a mess Marilyn barely wanted to appear in it. There was some hope from her that the strike might cause the cancellation of the film as no union writer would be available to work on it. The film’s producer, Jerry Wald, asked Arthur Miller if he would mind doing some rewrites on the script. Miller agreed. In effect, he not only consented to rewriting the movie—an endeavor that, to most observers, seemed far below his station as a Pulitzer Prize winner—but also to break ranks with the guild. Marilyn was surprised. “She had always thought of Arthur as someone who championed the rights of the underdog,” said Rupert Allan, who was in Los Angeles visiting the Millers at the time. “For him to snub his nose at the strike first confused her and then made her lose respect for him. She had thought of him as a principled person, an Abraham Lincoln. And he suddenly turned on her. He became much hated, too, on the set. He would lord his wisdom and knowledge over everyone involved in the movie, to the point where people didn’t want to be around him. Suddenly Marilyn was ashamed of him. My, how the tables had turned.”

Actually, there was somewhat more to Marilyn being upset with Arthur than met the eye. She wasn’t upset with him just because he had betrayed his own ideals, though that was part of it. She also suspected from the start that he had taken the writing job just to put her in her proverbial “place.” After all, she signed on to do the movie at least partly because no one in the household was making any money. Arthur Miller may have been at least a little embarrassed by this situation. Then, suddenly an opportunity presented itself to him to not only bring in a paycheck but perhaps also to be the person responsible for the words his wife had no choice but to recite on camera. It may have seemed as if he were getting back at her. According to people who knew him best, that was his intention. Or, as one person put it, “It was an in-your-face ‘screw you’ to her.” It’s no wonder she was beginning to resent him as much as he seemed to resent her.

Of course, there were the usual problems with Marilyn during production of *Let's Make Love*, having to do with her tardiness and pill-taking. Often, she seemed stabilized and well-balanced—her medication probably working—but other times she looked dazed and loopy. Tony Randall, also in the film, recalled, “You have to understand, we would all be in makeup and ready to roll in the morning and here she would come strolling in sometime in the early evening. It got to be tiring after a while. There were days when she seemed barely able to function. Still, she somehow managed to get through it, just as always, I suppose.” It should be noted that Marilyn was acutely aware of her constant disruptions on the set. After the film was over, for instance, she sent choreographer Jack Cole \$1,500 with a note telling him she realized she had been “awful.” She suggested he take the money and use it for a vacation, “and act like it all never happened.” A couple of days later, she sent him another \$500 and the suggestion that he “stay three more days.”

During production of this movie, Marilyn and Yves Montand at first formed a close bond of friendship. As it happened, he was insecure about his role in *Let's Make Love* and about his grasp of the English language. (Actually all of his dialogue ended up having to be meticulously rerecorded.) In this kind of insecurity, he shared Marilyn’s own apprehensions. She was never sure she was very good as an actress, and to have a costar who had his own self-doubts was a provocative development in her life. She liked him very much and wanted him to feel the same way about her. However, Marilyn being Marilyn, she couldn’t help but be late to the set, which was a bit of a problem for Montand. One day when she didn’t show up for work, he left a terse note under the door of her bungalow:

Don't leave me to work for hours on end on a scene you've already decided not to do the next day. I'm not the enemy. I'm your pal. And capricious little girls have never amused me.

She was horrified when she received his little missive. In fact, she felt so terrible, she overreacted and couldn’t leave her bungalow until Mr. and Mrs. Montand went to comfort her and tell her that it was all right, they would all survive. The shoot went on. Then... *it* happened in mid-April 1960. Montand was concerned about Marilyn because she was too exhausted to attend a rehearsal. Arthur Miller was in Nevada with John Huston scouting possible locations for *The Misfits*. Montand’s wife, Simone, was in Europe working on a film. Paula Strasberg suggested that Yves go to Marilyn’s bungalow to say hello and make her feel better about her absence. He did. So, there he was, asking her how she felt and hearing her tell him she would be fine when—one thing led to another. According to what he later wrote in his memoir, he couldn’t help himself and leaned over and kissed her, and then... they made love.

The affair lasted for just two months, from April until June, when the film wrapped. When it ended, the Montands tried to put the pieces of their marriage back together. It was difficult, though, because anytime someone tumbled into bed with Marilyn Monroe it ended up front-page news. The Montands had their hands full not only with their broken marriage but with an avalanche of publicity about it. Yves Montand and Simone Signoret proceeded to make statements that surprised the American public. They suggested it was perfectly fine for Yves to have had an affair with “someone like Marilyn Monroe” because that is how the machinery of marriage works. It was just that Marilyn mucked up the works by taking it all too seriously.

From Yves: “[Marilyn] is a simple girl without any guile. Perhaps I was too tender and thought she was as sophisticated as some of the other ladies I have known. Had Marilyn been sophisticated, none of this ever would have happened... she is known throughout the world, but she is still a child. Perhaps she had a school girl crush. If she did, I’m sorry. But nothing will break up my marriage.”

From Signoret: “Let us say Marilyn felt Yves’ charm. Who doesn’t? But everything that might be natural among us is twisted and deformed right from the start by publicity and talk. The real problem is that when a woman feels the physical attraction of a man who is not her husband, she must also feel she is in love to justify it. It is no longer casual even in passing. A man, on the other hand, doesn’t feel he has to confuse an affair with eternal love and make it a crisis in his marriage.”

When reporter Alan Levy read Mrs. Montand’s comment to Marilyn, she said softly, “I think this is all some part of her problem, not mine.” “It was all very hurtful,” said Rupert Allan. “It was despicable of Yves Montand to say what he did. And I’m not sure Yves came out looking much better. Of course, Marilyn was wracked with guilt and embarrassment. I remember her saying, ‘I shouldn’t have done it because he’s married.’ I think she felt shame about it. Of course, she was married, too, but that seemed a secondary concern. You can imagine her reaction to all of this if she wouldn’t come out of her bungalow because he had chastised her for being late. This kind of public thrashing took a lot to get over. It was as if the Montands were saying, ‘Well, *of course* he had sex with her. She’s Marilyn Monroe after all. Then, silly girl, she thought it meant something. How stupid of her. Now, let’s just all move on, shall we?’ It was very reductive.”

Rupert Allan’s observation that Marilyn felt guilt about the affair rings true in that, generally, she was conflicted about her feelings relating to marriage. On one hand, she had great respect for the notion of wedded bliss and constantly told her half sister, Berniece, how fortunate she was to be married to the same man for so many years. She even mentioned the Montands to Berniece as a couple she very much admired for their commitment to each other. On the other hand, she seemed to not have a problem with having affairs with married men. Simply put, she seemed to believe that if a man would have sex with her then he must not be happily married—and therefore he was fair game.

The premise of *Let’s Make Love* has Marilyn portraying musical comedy actress Amanda Dell, appearing in an off-Broadway revue that satirizes celebrities, including the fictional Jean-Marc Clement (Montand), a French-born billionaire industrialist who is now headquartered in New York City. Clement attends a performance just as Amanda is going through Cole Porter’s “My Heart Belongs to Daddy,” a full-on production number with a half dozen chorus boys, staged by Jack Cole. He is instantly smitten by Amanda’s beauty and sets in motion a plan to win her heart without revealing his identity as the super-rich businessman being parodied in the revue. The balance of the film follows the development of Jean-Marc’s pursuit of Amanda, complete with the two rehearsing the musical numbers, and also including acting out love scenes together. As expected, the sexy continental wins the heart of the musical comedy star without ever revealing his true identity.

It’s clear from Marilyn’s work in this movie that she was trying to expand her horizons, yet it was difficult for her. She wrote these words in a notebook in her dressing room:

What am I afraid of? Why am I so afraid? Do I think I can’t act? I know I can act, but I am afraid. I am afraid and I should not be and I must not be.

She actually had no reason to be afraid of this movie, this script. She was much better than the film deserved, actually, and that may have been the problem. The weak script forced her to fall back on her tried-and-true image of sexy blonde bombshell in order to make the movie work. In other words, Arthur Miller did her no favor with this one. Still, it was well received. In fact, *Daily Variety* gave it a surprisingly rave review, which read, in part, “After the film is underway about 12 minutes, the screen goes suddenly dark... and a lone spotlight picks up Marilyn Monroe wearing black tights and a sloppy wool sweater. She announces with appropriate musical orchestration, that her name is Lolita and that she isn’t allowed to play (pause) with boys (pause) because her heart belongs to daddy (words and music by Cole Porter). This not only launches the first of a series of elegantly designed [by Jack Cole] production numbers and marks one of the great star entrances ever made on the screen, but is typical of the entire film—which has taken something not too original (the Cinderella theme) and dressed it up like new.”

Let’s Make Love would be released September 8, 1960, and gross \$3 million at the box office. It would also be nominated for an Oscar for the best scoring of a musical.

In the summer of 1960, Marilyn stayed on in Los Angeles while Arthur was busy with preproduction of *The Misfits*. Yves and Simone were back in Europe. Feeling more confused than ever, Marilyn did what perhaps she should not have—she continued with her therapy. Her New York psychiatrist, Marianne Kris, had recommended that when Marilyn was in Los Angeles she begin seeing a colleague named Dr. Ralph Greenson, which Marilyn agreed to.

In the spring of 1960, while Marilyn was in Los Angeles, she met a woman who would not only go on to become a good and trusted friend but would actually alter the course of her life, even if inadvertently—Pat Kennedy Lawford. In some ways, Pat may be the consistently missing link in all accounts of Marilyn’s relationship with the Kennedy family. While she is referred to in many biographies as having been Monroe’s “best friend” during the 1960s, this might be overstating their relationship a bit—and little concrete information has ever been reported. In some ways, it was an unlikely alliance between the two women.

As we have seen, Marilyn had been the unwanted love child of a woman who had gone insane. She’d spent her childhood being passed from foster home to foster home, never knowing what it felt like to belong, to be loved. Despite her fame, she never had much money; she always lived beyond her means. Privately, she longed to know the comfort and protection of a real family. In stark contrast, Patricia Kennedy Lawford—“Pat”—was the sixth of Joe and Rose Kennedy’s nine children, a member of the closely bound and influential Kennedy family. Her privileged background allowed her to live an affluent lifestyle, educated in the finest convent schools and graduating from Rosemont College, a private women’s liberal arts school in Pennsylvania. She traveled the world over and wanted for nothing, always under the protective and watchful eye of her wealthy family.

Pat, who was thirty-six when she and Marilyn became friends, was outgoing and friendly. She wouldn’t have been considered beautiful, but she was arresting just the same. She had a resolute-looking face that was a bit longish, with deep blue eyes, a sharp nose, and, of course, that toothy Kennedy smile. She was athletic, again like her relatives, her tall, slender body moving with easy grace as she tossed the pigskin about with her brothers. Always eager to forge an identity separate and apart from her famous family, she was a TV producer for a while before having her children. She had loved being in show business and wished it could have continued, but a Kennedy woman’s first responsibility was always to family, not career. Still, Pat was a very independent person. In fact, she was known in the family as “the Hollywood Kennedy,” the least politically motivated of the Kennedy sisters, the one who—as Jeanne Martin, Dean’s widow, put it—“loved a good time, loved show business, was a lot of fun and well liked by the stars she had met through her husband: Judy Garland, Jackie Cooper, Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, Martha Raye, Jimmy Durante, and dozens of others. You could depend on Pat. She was an absolutely fabulous person. She could be a great friend. She was, to Marilyn.” (Note: Pat was godmother to Jeanne and Dean’s daughter, Gina Caroline.)

When Peter Lawford first introduced Marilyn to Pat, two words came to mind: Grace Goddard. “She reminds me of my Aunt Grace so much I can’t even believe it,” Marilyn said at the time. “She has the exact same personality. When she laughs, it’s Grace’s laugh.” Any similarity Pat had with Grace may have been one of the reasons Marilyn felt so close to her so quickly. Definitely, Pat had Grace’s energy. She was always busy, always moving—always on the go and excited about going there. She was also wisecracking and had a sarcastic sense of humor. For those to whom the memory of Pat Kennedy doesn’t strike an image, think Jane Russell in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. That was Pat Kennedy.

Pat had met her husband, the British actor Peter Lawford, in 1949 in London. They married in 1954. By this time, Pat was thirty and had a personal fortune of \$10 million. Peter, at thirty-one, was worth about \$100,000 and was accused by some Kennedy loyalists of being a gold digger. Kennedy patriarch Joe certainly did not approve of him. “If there’s anything I’d hate more for a son-in-law than an actor, it’s a *British* actor,” he said. That Peter was Protestant didn’t help matters. Christopher Lawford, Pat’s son, recalls his mother saying that Joe Kennedy sent her on a trip around the world in order that she might forget Peter. “It didn’t work,” she told her son. I got to Japan and turned right around.” Joe Kennedy called J. Edgar Hoover and asked him to check out Peter’s background. Imagine it. Your potential father-in-law has the pull to have you investigated by J. Edgar Hoover. “He found out that I wasn’t homosexual and that I wasn’t a Communist, so I guess I was okay in those respects,” Peter would later say. “Still, Joe Kennedy wasn’t a fan of mine. It took Pat a lot of courage to marry me when her old man disapproved so much. I think she was very brave to do it, actually.”

Though Pat loved Peter, the marriage was troubled almost from the start, partly because of Peter’s personal demons, his drinking habits, and, later, his obsession with trying to fit in with Frank Sinatra’s notorious Rat Pack, but also because he never felt that he fit in the Kennedy fold, either. Whereas the husbands of Pat’s sisters, Eunice and Jean, both became involved in the Kennedys’ financial empire, Peter never did; he simply wasn’t interested. It may sound absurd in retrospect, but the fact that he couldn’t play football made things worse for him with the family. After all, he was unable to participate in the family’s greatest free-time ritual. “Never played in my life,” he said in 1981, “and that was bad news to the Kennedys. I was an outcast from the start.”

Immediately after they married, Peter began seeing other women—even during Pat’s pregnancies. However, Pat was accustomed to the idea of the philandering husband; her father and brothers had long ago exposed her to the notion of the unfaithful spouse, and of course, her mother, Rose, had endured a roaming husband in Joe. Pat did, too, but she was angry about it, not collected. She didn’t even try to fake it. Much like her sister-in-law, Jackie, she felt that the best she could do was to make sure her husband didn’t think she was a complete idiot, and then go about the business of making a good life for herself. She took it a step further. She insisted that she and Peter have separate bedrooms. She decided early on that she’d just as soon not sleep next to someone she knew was having sex with someone else. An oft-told “inside story” among Marilyn’s and Pat’s friends was that shortly after they met, Marilyn was at the house having lunch when Peter walked into the room. Pat took a sandwich from a platter in the middle of the table and handed it to Peter. “Ham and cheese,” she said. Then, in the next breath and very nonchalantly, “And that little brunette you were [expletive deleted] last night? I want her out of the picture. She called the house. And that’s where I draw the line. You got it?” She met Peter’s stunned expression with a stern one of her own. He just nodded and left the room, embarrassed. Then Pat went back to her conversation with Marilyn as if the scene had never happened. Later, Marilyn said, “She’s probably the strongest, most confident woman I have ever met. I wish I had her balls.”

In the spring of 1960, these two very different women—Marilyn and Pat—became close friends. It was an ironic meeting in the sense that Marilyn had dated Peter for a short time back in 1950. Peter was crazy about her, Marilyn not so much him. In some ways, the friendship between Marilyn and Pat made sense, though. Pat was drawn to the glamour and glitz that was all Marilyn’s, whereas Marilyn had always longed for the security and financial stability enjoyed by Pat. In other ways, the friendship seemed surprising. For instance, Pat was puritanical. While Pat was rather plain and ordinary in appearance, Marilyn was... well, *Marilyn*. While it was said that Pat made the sign of the cross whenever she had to have sex with Peter, Marilyn was... well, *Marilyn*.

“I don’t know when it happened exactly, but I know that Pat started to become very, I don’t know what the word is for it, really—infatuated, I guess, with the idea of knowing Marilyn Monroe,” says Pat Brennan, who met Pat in 1954 and remained friends with her through the 1960s and 1970s. “I think it’s safe to say that she was starstruck by her. Suddenly, everything was ‘I just spoke to Marilyn and she said that...’ It was as if she had a best friend

overnight. I found it strange.

“I remember calling Pat once in the spring of 1960 and she said, ‘I’d like for you to speak to someone here.’ The next thing I knew, I was hearing this breathy voice on the other end of the phone. Marilyn. ‘Pat says you are her dear friend,’ she told me. ‘Well, I am, too. Maybe we’ll meet one day.’ I said, ‘Fine, let’s do.’ Finally Pat came back on the line. ‘So what do you think of *that*?’ Pat said. She was definitely impressed by Marilyn and wanted to impress others that she knew her.”

Very quickly, the two women became close. Pat’s son Christopher recalled of his mom and Marilyn, “[Marilyn] had a quiet voice and she would smile at me and head out to walk on the sand with my mom. My mother told me Marilyn was like her ‘little sister.’ It surprised her that Marilyn was so open with her. My mom didn’t come from an environment where emotions and feelings were openly shared. Marilyn Monroe trusted my mother’s love for her.”

As they got to know each other, they began to share details of each other’s life while commiserating about their joys and sadnesses. For instance, Pat had three children—Christopher, Sydney, and Victoria. In a year, she would have a fourth, Robin. Marilyn, of course, desperately longed for children. Sometimes the stories Pat told Marilyn about her family would leave her with her mouth wide open, such as this one:

“After Peter and I had Christopher, Peter was very unhappy because the baby cried all the time and the house smelled like shit,” Pat told Marilyn in front of other friends.

“Oh, well, I guess that’s what happens when you have a baby,” Marilyn said. “So what did you do?”

“Well, we decided it would be best if Christopher had his own apartment across the street.”

“*What*? How old was he?”

“Well, he was about two months old, actually. So, anyway, we rented an apartment for him and the nanny and he slept over there. It was just a lot easier on everyone.”

Indeed, Pat Kennedy Lawford was of a rare breed. Her story about Christopher aside, she was the best mother she knew how to be to her children. Of course, the Lawfords had a live-in nanny, but when the brood was a little older Pat would give the nanny one week off a month so that she could be a full-time mom to them. She would turn the clocks ahead an hour so that the kids would go to sleep a little earlier—but after spending the day running after four small children she probably figured she deserved the break.

Then there was this story:

“You will never guess what my dad gave me when I turned twenty-five.”

“A new outfit?” Marilyn asked.

“No, guess again.”

“A car?”

“Nope. Guess again.”

“What? What?”

“One million dollars,” Pat said with an impish grin.

Again, Marilyn couldn’t believe her ears. “But why?” she asked.

Pat laughed. “Oh, who knows? I guess because he loved me. It was quite generous, wasn’t it?” *

Marilyn had to agree.

The friendship with Pat had an interesting dynamic in that Pat wanted to share it with others while Marilyn chose to keep it to herself. “She liked Pat, I know that much, but other than that, I don’t know a lot,” said Ralph Roberts. “She was not effusive when it came to Pat. I remember thinking that it was mostly a telephonic relationship. I think Marilyn began to call her when she had problems—as she did all of us. And I think Pat enjoyed that. I think she wanted to help Marilyn, though I’m not sure why except that, well... everyone wanted to help Marilyn. She had that kind of vulnerability that made you want to take care of her, and I think Pat Kennedy Lawford was struck by it, too.”

In July 1960, Pat invited Marilyn to be present when her brother, John F. Kennedy, accepted the Democratic Party nomination for president of the United States. Marilyn wasn’t sure she could make it. She said she had prior commitments with *The Misfits*. However, Pat told her that if she missed it she would be “missing something very historical.” So Marilyn agreed that she would be there. She would be out of town, she said, but she would fly in for the convention and fly right back out that night.

On the night of July 15, 1960, Marilyn and many other celebrities joined a packed house at the Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles and watched in rapt attention as John Kennedy spoke of his New Frontier. “The new frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises,” he intoned, “it is a set of challenges, it sums up not what I intend to offer of the American people but what I intend to ask them.” His aide Peter Summers, who was responsible for coordinating much of the television coverage of Kennedy’s campaign, recalled, “It was a magical moment like no other I can remember. When he came to the podium, the applause was thunderous but then, as he spoke, you could hear a pin drop. Chills were going up and down your spine. Yes, Marilyn was in the audience, along with many other stars. That night, I think a strong friendship began to develop between her and Jack Kennedy. She was free, but Jack Kennedy wasn’t.”

Marilyn did see Kennedy backstage after his speech. It was Pat who introduced them. Actually Marilyn and JFK had met once before, in the 1950s at a dinner party, but hadn’t had a chance to talk or get to know one another. They wouldn’t on this night, either. There was too much going on—the scene was chaotic and Marilyn had to fly out of Los Angeles that night anyway. However, something strange did happen as a result of that evening. It was clear to some observers that the two were flirtatious toward one another, and there was concern about it. Because Kennedy was known for his voracious sexual appetite, red flags went up in his campaign quarters anytime he flirted with a movie star. “Some people on staff said products are sold by star endorsement,” Peter Summers recalled, “and that maybe a closeness [between JFK and Monroe] of this nature will be a benefit to him getting elected. The other side was that you’re not going to elect someone president who is perhaps ignoring his wife or cheating on his family. So, yes there was concern. Marilyn was spoken to very frankly about it. The president was spoken to very frankly about it. There was great concern at the time. It could have destroyed him.”

In fact, Marilyn was spoken to—by Pat. One Kennedy relative recalled, “What happened was that someone from the Kennedy campaign told Peter Lawford that JFK had been flirting with Marilyn. They wanted to nip it in the bud before something happened. Would he talk to Marilyn about it? Peter thought it was unfair to approach Marilyn Monroe with a warning since nothing had even occurred. Still, he decided to ask Pat to at least mention to her that there was concern about it. So, from my understanding of it, Pat called Marilyn and said, ‘Look, I know this is ridiculous, but everyone is going nuts because they think my brother was flirting with you the other night. Do you think he was?’ Marilyn said, ‘Well, of course he was. And I was flirting back. But it meant nothing. It was just flirting.’ Pat said, ‘Fine. I just wanted you to know that they were worried about it.’ Marilyn asked, ‘About what?’

And Pat said, ‘ Just that something might happen between you and my brother, that’s all. It’s very silly.’ Marilyn agreed. ‘Oh Pat, that is silly,’ she said. ‘It’s just ridiculous.’ ”

By the end of July 1960, Marilyn Monroe was in Reno, Nevada, for location shooting on *The Misfits*, which, as it happened, was the last movie she would complete. Entire books have been written about the various miseries surrounding the production of this film. Suffice it to say, not one thing seemed to be in balance, not the least of which was Marilyn's mental and physical condition, which continued to deteriorate by the day.

"*The Misfits* should never have happened," Marilyn's makeup artist, Allan "Whitey" Snyder, once said to the "All About Marilyn" fan club. "She wasn't feeling well when they insisted on starting shooting, and there were so many script changes in her part that Arthur made so often, she became less and less happy with her role and character." In another interview, he added, "The drugs had pretty much taken over by this time. She was having a terrible time. Everything was going wrong. It was like a snowball going down a mountain, the problems just accumulating.

"Marilyn and Arthur so loathed each other, I'm not sure how either of them got through this movie. Everyone felt the pressure of it all. Marilyn was more paranoid than ever before. She believed Arthur was having an affair with someone on the set, a script supervisor I believe. He wasn't. After what had happened with Yves Montand, though, it was surprising that she was so angry. Everything was out of whack. He had written a movie that seemed very personal, that drew from elements of the real Marilyn's personality and her relationship with him, so that made it even more difficult for her. Honest to God, there were lines in that movie that were right out of her experience with Arthur Miller. Why he did that, I don't know. To be mean, maybe? I don't know. Then he would change the lines just before she had to film them. He kept her off balance the entire time. To me, it felt like a punishment. I have never said that before, but that's how I feel. I have bad memories of this time. It was as if Marilyn was close to the edge, and her husband was the one pushing her over it."

Can Marilyn Monroe be considered Arthur Miller's muse? Or was she more like a wounded, unwitting victim of the playwright's exploitation? An examination of two of Miller's literary creations—a play and a movie script—would seem to point to his former wife as having been a bit of both. In Miller's 1964 play *After the Fall*, which opened at New York's ANTA Washington Square Theatre in January 1964, only eighteen months after Marilyn's death on August 7, 1962, the protagonist is a middle-aged lawyer ruminating upon his relationships with the three women in his life and how the marriages to two of them ended, the first in divorce, the second in the suicide of his wife, an actress, and the third a work in progress. Though Miller always denied the genesis of the play, if he thought of it at all, he must have acknowledged to his private self the parallels with events in his own life, not only concerning his women but also his personal experiences in the mid-1950s with HUAC's spurious search for alleged Communists in the government, which he used as the inspiration for *The Crucible*.

Miller's screenplay of *The Misfits*, adapted from his *Esquire* magazine short story, was the only thing he wrote during his four-year marriage to Marilyn. He points out in his autobiography, *Time-bends*, that he wrote the screenplay as a gift to her and as she read an early draft she would "laugh delightfully at some of the cowboys' lines but seemed to withhold full commitment to playing Roslyn." Perhaps Marilyn should have listened to her instincts, for she grew to hate the script and her character, which she regarded a caricature of her. Making Roslyn a recently divorced dancer and a needy clinging vine, whose very existence was reliant upon the approval of the men in her life, Miller seemed determined to show the character in all its flaws, and by extension Marilyn, who is limning the character. Marilyn was as smart as she was sensitive, and none of this was lost on her. Despite her misgivings, the reassurances of director John Huston and others whose opinions she valued gave her the will to continue. When Arthur sent the first draft of the script to Huston in Ireland, he agreed to direct it. With her *Asphalt Jungle* director at the helm, and a dream cast assembled by MCA über-agent Lew Wasserman—Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter—Marilyn came around and agreed to be in the film.

In the story, Roslyn Taber (Monroe) has come to Reno to get a divorce and taken a room with Isabelle Steers (Ritter), who accompanies her to divorce court as a witness. Celebrating Roslyn's freedom at a bar, they meet Guido (Wallach) and Gay (Gable), a late-fiftyish, still roguishly handsome onetime cowboy. Their chemistry established, Roslyn and Gay move in together in a house Guido is building. Like Gay, he too falls for Roslyn. Guido hatches a plan to round up wild mustangs, called misfits because they are too small to ride, on the Nevada salt flats and sell them. Joining them in the enterprise is Perce (Clift), a beaten-up, down-on-his-luck rodeo rider. The three, accompanied by Roslyn, head out to the salt flats to corral the mustangs. It is only after they arrive at the site that Roslyn learns of the mustangs' fate: They are to be sold to a dog food manufacturer. Horrified at the thought—just as Marilyn, always a pet lover, would be—Roslyn begs Gay to spare the six horses. At first he refuses, but in the end, so struck is he by her passion to save the mustangs, Gay cuts the ropes and frees them. This act of compassion also allows Gay and Roslyn to come to a better understanding of each other as they head off to a future together.

Marilyn threw herself into the role, determined to make the film work. Despite the demands of the part, both physically and emotionally, she was able to rise to the occasion again and again. She was given a look that was quite different from the one her fans were used to. Famous Hollywood hairstylist Sydney Guilaroff styled a wig that was smoother, sleeker, and longer than what she usually wore. Gone were the bedhead curls that had become her trademark. Jean Louis—who would go on to create the skintight, sparkly "Happy birthday, Mr. President" gown—came up with several outfits that revealed Marilyn's curves to wonderful advantage. The halter-top white cotton dress splattered with large, quarter-size polka dots was worn without any discernible foundation garment and worked so well that Marilyn selected it for personal appearances when she promoted the film. She was photographed in color for an *Esquire* pictorial and the polka dots turned out to be red, not black as they appeared in the film. Her longtime personal makeup man, Allan Snyder, was on location to apply the powder, lipstick, mascara, and blush sparingly in keeping with the film's rustic, open-air setting. It is almost unbelievable that Marilyn's beauty remained unmarred by the angst, the stress, the drugs and alcohol, and the rough-and-tumble action of the film.

The long, four-month shoot in the harsh Nevada landscape was difficult, made more so by Marilyn's erratic behavior and her insecurities about the project. There was also her abuse of booze and drugs and her unhappiness about her marriage to Miller, which was coming to an end. "I don't even think he wanted me in it," she said at the time of her husband and his movie. "I guess it's all over between us. We have to stay with each other because it would be bad for the film if we split up now. Arthur's been complaining to [John] Huston about me, and that's why Huston treats me like an idiot with his 'dear this' and 'dear that.' Why doesn't he treat me like a normal actress?"

In sharp contrast to Marilyn's on-set conduct with her repeated delays in arriving on the set and the now legendary demands for retakes was the professionalism of Montgomery Clift, who memorized the entire script before arriving on location in Nevada. As Miller notes in his autobiography, "Indeed, [Clift] never missed an hour's work... and was always on time despite the long delays in finishing the picture." Gable also exhibited extreme empathy for Marilyn, but was clearly frustrated at the situation. He took out his frustration by insisting on doing his own dangerous stunt work.

By this time, of course, Natasha Lytess was long gone and now replaced by Marilyn's other guru, Paula Strasberg. Marilyn wouldn't so much as make a move on camera without Paula's consent. However, there was a big difference in their relationship as compared to that with Natasha. Paula had a husband and children. She had other responsibilities. Natasha only had Marilyn. Whereas Natasha was devoted to keeping Marilyn's moods from swinging out of control and made sure she was on the right medication in the right doses, Paula just coached her acting. Indeed, without Natasha, Marilyn would fall into great despair during the filming of *The Misfits*.

By the end of August, Marilyn could take no more. The stress had gotten to her to the point that she began to complain of hearing "voices" again. The drugs were not working, so the dosages were increased. Ralph Greenson prescribed 300 milligrams of the barbiturate Nembutal. The maximum dose was supposed to be 100 milligrams. "Doctors had gone along with her demands for new and stronger sleeping pills," Arthur Miller later remembered, "even though they knew perfectly well how dangerous this was. There were always new doctors willing to help her into oblivion."

"He was giving Marilyn three times the dosage she should have been given," said Rupert Allan (who was on the set every day) of Ralph Greenson. "I found it shocking, just shocking, that any doctor would prescribe that much Nembutal for insomnia. It made her absolutely paranoid in her waking hours. She told me she always felt as if she was being followed. Everything was closing in on her." Allan recalled Marilyn splitting open Seconal capsules and letting the drug dissolve in her mouth during breaks in filming. "I would say that by this time she was, I'm sorry to say it, a drug addict. That would not be overstating it." Her makeup artist, Allan Snyder, recalled applying her makeup in the morning while she was still flat on her back in bed. "There was no other way," he said. "It would take her so long to get up in the morning, we had to start with the makeup before she was out of bed."

The result of such drug abuse, on top of the desert heat and all of this stress, was that Marilyn was flown to Los Angeles, where she was admitted to Westside Hospital. The press was told that she was suffering from "extreme exhaustion." That wasn't the case, though.

"She had a nervous breakdown," said Evelyn Moriarty, her stand-in on this film. "There was a lot of concern about her health and well-being. She was in bad shape. Some of us didn't think she would be able to find her way back from it. There was also talk that the whole movie would have to be shut down. All of her friends went to Los Angeles to be with her—Paula [Strasberg], May [Reis, her secretary], 'Whitey' [Snyder, her makeup man]. I really thought the movie was over for all of us, and I felt terrible for her. I was very worried. If you knew Marilyn as I did, this kind of thing really made you feel just dreadful. You wanted her to pull out of it, you really did.... You just wanted her to be okay. She was trying so very hard, but the odds were always against her. Every time she took a step forward, something happened to knock her back again.

"Then there were a lot of stories on the set that John Huston had run the budget into the ground with his gambling—he was a terrible gambler!—that he needed time to raise more money, and that the movie was going to be shut down anyway, and that he had convinced doctors to admit Marilyn into the hospital in order to use her as a scapegoat. I now think it was a little of both—that she needed to be hospitalized and that Huston took advantage of her illness so that he could blame the delay in filming on her. I thought that was awful."

Pat Brennan recalls a visit that Pat Kennedy Lawford paid to Marilyn. "Pat wanted to visit Marilyn but she didn't want to cause a spectacle by doing it," Brennan recalled, "so she arranged with the hospital to sneak in after visiting hours and wore a silly black wig and glasses in order to not be recognized.

"She said that when she showed up in Marilyn's room, she was sound asleep. She remembered Marilyn as being white as a sheet, so much so that for a moment she actually thought she was dead. 'I had never seen a woman look like that who was not in a casket,' she told me. She stood at the foot of Marilyn's bed and just stared at her for ten minutes wondering how in the world it had come to this for her. 'I knew I was coming in at the end of a long story and was so sorry I had not been around to help her,' she told me. She said that Marilyn stirred and finally awakened. 'Then she looked at me,' Pat remembered, 'and said, somewhat angrily, "Who the hell are you?"' She took off the disguise, and Marilyn burst out laughing. Suddenly, she was Marilyn Monroe again. A glow just came over her, Pat said. Her color returned, her personality returned. Marilyn said, 'Well, this is the first time you have ever seen me in the hospital, Pat. How do I look?' Pat said, 'Marilyn, I swear to God, you look like shit.' And the two had a good laugh. 'So, can we get a couple of martinis in here, or what?' Pat asked."

"I guess about a week later, she was back on the set," Evelyn Moriarty recalled, "and you just had to wonder how she ever did it."

"I had to use my wits," Marilyn would later explain, "or else I'd have been sunk—and nothing's going to sink me. Everyone was always pulling at me, tugging at me, as if they wanted a piece of me. It was always, 'Do this, do that,' and not just on the job but off, too. God, I've tried to stay intact, whole."

Indeed, as Ralph Roberts put it, "Under all that frailty was still a will of steel."

Just before filming for the movie moved back to Los Angeles for the final shooting, Marilyn and her coterie of friends, including Paula Strasberg, Ralph Roberts (now also her masseur), and May Reis, went to San Francisco to attend an Ella Fitzgerald concert. While she was there, Marilyn decided to pay a visit to the DiMaggio family. She had always gotten along well with them, even if not so much with Joe toward the end of their marriage. Though Joe was out of town, she had a chance to visit with his brother and sister and, it would seem, rekindled her friendship with them. Maybe it had something to do with the DiMaggios, or maybe not, but as soon as she got back to Los Angeles the fights started again with Arthur Miller. The two argued so loudly at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Marilyn's friends felt sure that the marriage was over—and this time it really was. Miller soon moved out of the hotel, leaving Marilyn alone there. Now it was just a matter of formal divorce papers being drawn up for the battling couple.

On October 21, Marilyn's director of *Niagara*, Henry Hathaway, saw Marilyn on the Paramount soundstage. She was crying. "All my life, I've played Marilyn Monroe, Marilyn Monroe, Marilyn Monroe," she told him. "I've tried to do a little better and when I do, I find myself doing an imitation of myself. I so want to do something different. That was one of the things that attracted me to Arthur when he said he was attracted to me. When I married him, one of the fantasies in my mind was that I could get away from Marilyn Monroe through him, and here I find myself back doing the same thing, and I just couldn't take it. I had to get out of there. I just couldn't face having to do another scene with Marilyn Monroe."

Marilyn's statements to Hathaway have a sad, tortured irony to them. Long ago, she had buried Norma Jeane Mortensen in favor of being reborn as Marilyn Monroe. She celebrated the day, eager to free herself from the shackles of her sad youth. Now, all of these years later, she wanted nothing more than to kill off Marilyn Monroe.

As if things were not bad enough for Marilyn Monroe as the year 1960 blessedly wound down, news of a death in the cast of *The Misfits* plunged her back into the deep depression that had recently caused her to be hospitalized. She had always admired Clark Gable, all the way back to when she found a photo of Edward Mortenson and thought he looked like Gable. She regretted that she'd caused the distinguished actor so much grief by her behavior on the set of *The Misfits* and hoped he would forgive her and try to remember her fondly. She never had a chance to tell him how she felt about him, though. "I don't know how he would have reacted if he had known how important he had been to me all these years," she later said.

On November 5, Clark Gable suffered a massive heart attack. He would die on the sixteenth at the age of just fifty-nine. Before his death, Gable had seen *The Misfits* and had judged it one of his best movies. Still, rumor had it that he had been so annoyed at Marilyn's behavior on the set, it ultimately caused him the stress that precipitated his attack. Perhaps it was a theory that would have held more credence had he fallen ill during the production instead of after it. Moreover, Gable had a three-pack-a-day cigarette habit that couldn't have done much for his well-being. At any rate, the story circulated around the world that it was Marilyn Monroe who was responsible for his death. "I kept him waiting—kept him waiting for hours and hours on that picture," Marilyn told Sidney Skolsky. Then, as if parroting something that had obviously sprung from one of her five days a week with Dr. Ralph Greenson, she added, "Was I punishing my father? Getting even for all of the years he kept me waiting?"

Marilyn would later tell her half sister, Berniece, that people would shout at her from passing cars as she walked down the street in Manhattan, "How does it feel to be a murderer?"

"It upset her so very much," said Diane Stevens from the John Springer office. "This was the last thing she needed. I called her when I heard the news about Clark because I knew how she'd probably react. She picked up the phone—she was back in New York by this time—and sounded like a shell of her old self."

"I'm not doing so well," Marilyn told Diane, according to her memory of the conversation. "I feel so responsible. I know it's my fault he's dead."

"But it's not," Diane told her. "You have to stop thinking that, Marilyn. It will just make you worse."

"I don't see how things can get any worse," she responded, her voice sounding heavily medicated. "My marriage is over. I have no one. Now this. I don't think I can go on." With those chilling words, Marilyn hung up the phone.

"Frantically, I tried to call her again, but she never picked up," said Stevens. "I was scared. I called my boss, John [Springer], and told him about the conversation. He said, 'My God, what now?' as if he had been waiting for the other shoe to drop. He then called May Reis and asked her to check on Marilyn. She told him, 'Oh, no, I recently quit. I no longer work for her. I just couldn't take it.' I swear, not a thing seemed to make sense in Marilyn's world. There was always a surprise right around the corner. He said, 'I don't care if you work for her or not, get your ass over there and find out if she's still alive.' Finally, he called me back about an hour later and said May had told him Marilyn was sleeping and that all was well. John and I knew better. 'All is not well,' he told me. 'I'm becoming very afraid as to how this whole thing is going to end.' I shared his fear."

It would seem, though, that all Marilyn needed was a break from the pressure of her life in order to turn things around. "She seemed a lot better once she got to New York," says one relative. "I know she called Gladys as soon as she got to New York."

After Marilyn received another very strange Christmas card from her mother—she had one every year—this one signed, "Loving good wishes (whether or not they are warranted), Gladys Pearl Eley, your mother," she felt compelled to reach out to her.

"Gladys had been calling the office for weeks trying to reach Marilyn," recalled Diane Stevens. "I so dreaded hearing her voice. She always said, 'This is Mrs. Eley calling for Miss Mari-lyn Monroe—she pronounced it like Mary-lynn.' John's position was always the same: If she calls, be polite but firm that Marilyn would call her back when she was ready to do so—and then tell her to call Inez Melson, who was really responsible for dealing with Gladys. However, the last time I spoke to Gladys—when she heard that Marilyn was in the hospital and was trying to track her down—she became very irate and accused me of not passing her message on to her daughter. In fact, I hadn't passed those messages on because I felt that Marilyn was already under so much strain. When I finally told her that Gladys had been calling, she sighed and said, 'Oh, gosh. I have been meaning to call her, really I have. But I just haven't had the strength to cope with her right now. I haven't called Berniece back, either, and I feel terrible about it.' Then she said, 'Have you told anyone at Fox about this?' I hadn't. She said, 'It's so funny because they are trying to keep it a secret from the press about Mother, and we're trying to keep it a secret from Fox. Where my mother is concerned, I would say there are enough secrets to go around, wouldn't you?' I had to agree. I know there was always concern at the studio that someone would track Gladys down again and she would say or do something that would cause a scandal. It was one of the reasons we tried not to antagonize her. We didn't want one of her voices telling her to do something that would be totally destructive to Marilyn's career or reputation."

Coincidentally, just before Christmas, Marilyn finalized her new will—which would be signed in January 1961. In it, she provided a \$100,000 trust fund for Gladys—up from the previous will's \$25,000 allocation (and so much for those who have claimed over the years that Marilyn had no interest in her mother). However, she only bequeathed \$10,000 to Berniece, whom she was a lot closer to than Gladys. Interestingly, she also wished to bequeath her psychiatrist, Marianne Kris, with a full 25 percent of her estate and—more surprisingly—Lee Strasberg with the other 75 percent. *

"Finally, she called Gladys when she got back to New York," says Diane Stevens. "From my understanding, it was a fairly good conversation. Gladys seemed a little better to Marilyn and, in fact, Marilyn said she enjoyed talking to her. She had avoided visiting her when she was last in Los Angeles and said that she would definitely see her when she returned. 'She's a very strange link to a past I have worked so very hard to forget,' she told me. 'But, still, she is my mother, isn't she?'"

"I think that her miscarriages made her feel somehow more warmly toward Gladys. She also told me, 'You know, my mother's children were kidnapped from her by her ex-husband. I think I can now understand how terrible that must have been for her. I actually don't know how she could have survived such a thing. I wonder,' she said, 'if that's what made her lose her mind. I think I would lose mine if that ever happened to me.' The interesting thing to me about Marilyn, though, was that just when you thought all was lost with her, she would rally. By Christmas, she looked and sounded better to me."

During this period, Marilyn renewed her friendship with a publicist named Pat Newcomb, a woman who had worked with her on *Bus Stop* and whom Marilyn rehired at the end of 1960. Rupert Allan, a good friend of Princess Grace Kelly, had decided to spend more time with the princess in Monaco. Newcomb would take his place as Marilyn's personal publicist. "At the core of her, she was really much stronger than all of us," Pat Newcomb recalls of Marilyn, "and that was something we tended to forget, because she seemed so vulnerable, and one always felt it necessary to watch

out for her.”

Marilyn actually spent Christmas with Pat, gifting her with a mink coat for the holiday. She also decided to rekindle her relationship with Joe DiMaggio after he sent her poinsettias for Christmas. When she asked him why he had sent them, he said that he did so because he knew she would call him to thank him. “Besides,” he said, “who in the hell else do you have in the world?” When Marilyn allowed him to visit her on Christmas evening, some in her circle were concerned about it. After all, it had not ended well with DiMaggio. Most people felt that he was the last thing she needed at this desperate time in her life. (In just a short time, DiMaggio would turn out to be a savior in her life.)

Marilyn’s divorce from Arthur Miller would be the first order of business to be taken care of in January 1961. Along with her publicist, Pat Newcomb, and attorney, Aaron Frosch, Marilyn would fly to Mexico on January 20—picking the day of John Fitzgerald Kennedy’s inauguration specifically because it was sure to have the attention of all media—where the divorce would be quickly granted. There would be no alimony for either party and the house they owned in Roxbury would go to Miller since he used the money from the sale of his previous home to buy it.

With another marriage over, and especially after the affair with Montand, Marilyn’s image was now, maybe more than ever, that of a hussy, a homewrecker. The perception was that she had used Arthur Miller to write movies for her—*Let’s Make Love*, for example—then dumped him. Considering that it was because of Miller’s alleged ties with Communists that Marilyn would be forever tailed by the FBI, maybe it was appropriate that even the Russian media got into the act. “When you speak of the American way of life,” commented the Russian magazine *Nedelya*, “everybody thinks of chewing gum, Coca-Cola and Marilyn Monroe. She found in Arthur Miller what she lacked. She exploited him without pity. He wrote scripts for her films and made her a real actress. Marilyn paid him back. She left him. Another broken life on her climb to the stars.”

When a reporter read that commentary to Marilyn, she couldn’t contain her anger. “Listen!” she exclaimed. “I know Arthur Miller better than the Russians and I’ve learned from Arthur Miller more than the Russians. I’ve learned from Arthur Miller that he does not believe in a Communist State. That’s what I’ve learned from Arthur Miller. The Russians can talk all they want about my climb to the stars, his broken life and what I’ve done to somebody. But I know the man. They’re talking about an idea. They can have their ideas. I had the man.”

Earlier, Marilyn had told Joe DiMaggio, when he visited her, that she was looking forward to returning to Los Angeles so she could continue her treatment by Dr. Ralph Greenson. At the end of the month of January, as if to bid a final and respectful farewell to Arthur Miller and her life with him, she would happily attend the New York premiere of *The Misfits* with Montgomery Clift.

Marilyn Is Committed

I opened my living room window as wide as I could and I leaned out. I knew that I had to make up my mind inside the room. If I climbed out onto the ledge, someone below would be certain to recognize me and there'd be a big spectacle. I squeezed my eyes shut at the open window, clenched my fists. I remembered reading somewhere that people who fall from heights lose consciousness before they hit the ground. Then when I looked down, I saw a woman walking along the sidewalk near the building awning. She was wearing a brown dress and... *I knew her.*"

Those were Marilyn Monroe's words to her friend Ralph Roberts, when she described to him her decision to commit suicide in February 1961. It was a startling admission. Marilyn told Roberts that she had been so depressed about any part she might have played in the death of Clark Gable that she had considered leaping from her thirteenth-floor apartment window. Luckily, she changed her mind at the last moment.

After her divorce from Arthur Miller, Marilyn began once again to sink into the deepest of depressions, some of which were so bottomless it seemed to those who knew and loved her that there was simply no reaching her. Clearly she wasn't eating much, and by the beginning of 1961 she looked gaunt and sickly. She wasn't even washing her hair, once so vibrant and luxurious but now dull and lifeless. It was as if she no longer cared about anything. With the exception of her daily visits to her psychiatrist Dr. Kris's office, she secluded herself in her New York apartment, refusing most guests and expressing no interest in socializing. Socializing had become an ordeal for her especially as she got older. Monroe historian Charles Casillo explains it best this way: "There was no place for lines in her face with that kind of persona. Let's face it, we all want to look nice when we go to a party, but imagine every person you meet inspecting every inch of you, judging you on your appearance only? Does she have freckles? Is she tired? Is she thin? Is she really *that* beautiful? Marilyn had to face that kind of scrutiny every day, with every person who faced her. She knew what her major attraction was. She even admitted that at times she was invited to a party 'to dress up the dinner table.' Would the invitations keep coming if the dessert wasn't so appetizing?" *

Those who managed to reach her by telephone couldn't help but note the abject despondence in her voice. She had taken such a sharp turn for the worse, there was genuine concern about leaving her alone, yet she refused to allow anyone to stay with her. Though Dr. Kris had been trying to find a proper pharmaceutical strategy for managing not only Marilyn's depression but also her increasing anxiety, nothing seemed to work. She had been taking so many drugs for such a long time, it had become difficult to find one that would have a true impact on her condition.

During a session, Marilyn relayed to Dr. Kris the same chilling story she told Ralph Roberts about her near suicidal leap. Obviously, it piqued the doctor's concern. After all, sitting before Dr. Kris was an important patient she had been trusting to follow her orders when it came to proper drug dosage and frequency. Kris was well aware that if Marilyn had genuine interest in killing herself, she could easily do so with the pills already in her possession. She wouldn't have to leap out of a window to get the job done. There was no question about it—the doctor needed to take action.

Dr. Kris suggested to Marilyn that she check into a private ward at New York Hospital for some rest and relaxation under medical supervision. Reluctantly, Marilyn agreed. Therefore, on Sunday, February 5, Dr. Kris drove her to Cornell University–New York Hospital. Marilyn checked in using the pseudonym of "Faye Miller," in order to keep her presence there unknown. However, when it came time to take her to her room, she was mysteriously escorted to another clinic on the expansive premises.

From the moment Marilyn entered this strange new wing, it was obvious to her that there was something very different about it. She had been to hospitals over the years, and none of them were quite like this one. For one thing, the orderlies escorting her seemed distant and forceful. Her journey deeper into the ward involved passage through numerous steel doors, most of which required a key from both sides. Suddenly, it all became clear, and fear swept through her at the realization: Those doors were meant to keep people *in*, not keep people out.

Marilyn realized that Dr. Kris's description of what awaited her had been misleading: "a place to relax and rest," she had said in a soothing voice. Yet this place, these people, this environment—all of it felt uncomfortably familiar to Marilyn. In fact, this was exactly like the sanitariums where her mother had spent so many years of her life. Indeed, she was in the Payne Whitney Clinic, the psychiatric division of the hospital.

If Dr. Kris had had any notion that Marilyn would relax in this place, she had been sorely mistaken. In fact, for starters, Marilyn threw an emotional tantrum, screaming to be let go, crying that she was frightened and insisting that it was all a big mistake—which, of course, only served to make her appear even more disturbed. "What are you doing to me?" she hollered out as she was dragged down a long hallway. "Where are we going?" She shrieked in horror as she was forcibly thrown into a sparse padded room with barred windows and, in the corner, another smaller room with a sign on it that said simply "Toilet." A steel door closed with a terrible sound, and was locked. She would later recall the cell as being "for *very disturbed* [her emphasis] depressed patients, except I felt I was in some kind of prison for a crime I hadn't committed... the violence and markings still remained on the walls from former patients."

“You Are a Very, Very Sick Girl”

How had it come to this? Had she gone completely mad and not realized it? Was she destined to spend her last days in an asylum, just like her grandparents, and maybe her mother, too?

Though Marilyn Monroe screamed for someone to come and release her, it was useless. Finally, she broke down into wracking sobs, as she later recalled it, feeling now more than ever that all hope was lost. Then she began to repeatedly bang her fists against the hard metal door until finally both were battered and bruised. At last, two nurses entered Marilyn’s cell, their eyes blazing. If she persisted, they warned her, she would be put into a straitjacket. They then stripped her of her clothing and forced her into a hospital gown. Their angry work done, they took their leave, but not before turning off the light, leaving their stunned patient in total blackness with her confused thoughts and desperate fears—and without her medication.

The next day, Marilyn was told that she would be allowed out of her room if she agreed to mingle with other patients and “socialize.” She complied, knowing by now that it would be the only way she’d ever be able to obtain her freedom from the padded cell. Once in the hallway, she happened upon a young, sickly-looking woman standing in the hallway who, as she later recalled, “seemed such a pathetic and vague creature.” The patient may have viewed her visitor in the same light because she suggested that Marilyn would be much less depressed if she could talk to someone on the telephone, a friend perhaps. Marilyn agreed but said it was impossible since she was distinctly told that there were no telephones on the floor. The woman’s face registered surprise and she said, “But that’s not true. Who told you such a thing? In fact, I’ll take you to one.” She then escorted Marilyn to a pay phone, reached into her pocket and gave her a nickel. However, when Marilyn reached out to make a call, a security guard suddenly grabbed the receiver from her hand. “*You can’t make any phone calls,*” he told her.

Not knowing what to do next, Marilyn headed back to her room and, as she later recalled, tried to imagine how she would handle such a situation if she were doing an improvisational sketch in one of her acting classes. After giving it some thought, she knew what she would do in that situation, which was to make the biggest noise she could make in the hope that someone new would be summoned, someone who might actually take pity on her and help her. To that end, she picked up a chair and, with everything she had left in her, hurled it against the glass on the bathroom door. It didn’t break. She picked up the chair and hurled it against the door again and again until, finally, the double-thick glass cracked. She then reached out and carefully extracted a small, sharp sliver from the cracked window. Because she had made such a racket, an entire team of doctors and nurses burst into her room. And there she sat before them on the bed, holding the jagged glass to her wrist. “If you don’t let me out of here, I’ll kill myself,” she threatened. Later, she would rationalize this horrifying moment by explaining that she was actually just playing out a scene from her movie *Don’t Bother to Knock*—“only [in that movie] it was with a razor blade.” It didn’t appear to the medical staff, though, that she was playacting. The staff took quick and decisive action. Two large men and two hefty women lifted the wriggling patient from the bed right into the air, kicking and screaming, until she dropped the shard of glass. They then carried her to the elevator stretched out and facedown as she fitfully sobbed the entire way, her tears leaving a small trail. Once in the elevator, they took her to another floor. There, after she calmed herself, she was commanded to take a bath, though she had taken one that morning. “Every time you change floors you have to take a bath,” she was told. Finally, after what seemed an endless time, a young doctor came in to see her.

Through her tears, Marilyn told the intern that she had been betrayed by her psychiatrist and admitted to this mental hospital “even though I don’t belong here.” “Why are you so unhappy?” he asked her, ignoring what she had just told him. Marilyn looked at him squarely and answered, “I’ve been paying the best doctors a fortune to find out the answer to that question, and you’re asking *me*?”

After speaking to Marilyn for a while longer, the doctor studied her face carefully and, as if making a profound statement, said with great authority, “You are a very, very sick girl. And you’ve been very sick for a long time.” Marilyn didn’t know how to respond to the obvious. After all, she had been hearing voices for years. She had also felt paranoid—always suspecting that someone was watching her or was after her—for just as long. It had been a secret shared by just a few, such as her first husband, Jim Dougherty; her lover and Svengali, Johnny Hyde; her acting teacher, Natasha Lytess; and, most certainly, her psychiatrists. However, her secret was out of her control now—and this doctor, a total stranger, seemed to know it.

The doctor, his brow furrowed in concentration, continued, “You know, I don’t see how you ever could have made a movie being so depressed. How can you even act?” Marilyn was astonished by his obvious naiveté. After all, she had been doing just that for as long as she could remember, concealing her true feelings—portraying a reality very different from the one in which she existed from day to day. “Don’t you think that perhaps Greta Garbo and Charlie Chaplin and Ingrid Bergman had been depressed when *they* worked?” she asked him. She’d recently had a conversation with her half sister, Berniece, along these same lines. She had asked Berniece if she ever became depressed. Of course, Berniece said, she had experienced the blues in the past. Marilyn wondered what she did about it if she didn’t take pills—and Berniece didn’t. Berniece told her that she prayed. That sounded like a good answer. It just never worked for Marilyn. How could Berniece, a housewife in Florida living a peaceful existence with her husband of many years, ever truly relate to Marilyn’s extraordinary problems, or to the vastness of her depression? The doctor had no answer to Marilyn’s question. So he ignored it. Instead, he jotted into his notes that, in his view, Marilyn was “extremely disturbed” and also “potentially self-destructive.” Then he left her without giving her any indication that he would ever return. That evening, she couldn’t sleep. The sounds of shrieking and wailing and moaning and sobbing echoed all night long through the hallways—anonymous voices, the mentally ill. She would never be able to forget these sounds. She would never forget this awful night. *

On Tuesday morning, another doctor showed up in Marilyn’s cell and suggested that she spend the day with the other patients in what he referred to as “OT”—occupational therapy.

“And do what?” Marilyn asked.

“You could sew or play checkers,” he suggested brightly, “even cards, and maybe knit.”

Marilyn shook her head at his pathetic presence. “The day I do any of that,” she said through gritted teeth, “will be the day you’ll *really* have a nut on your hands.”

“Why is it you feel you are so different from the other patients?” he asked.

She simply stated, “I just am.”

“I’m Locked Up with These Poor Nutty People”

The rest of Marilyn Monroe’s experience at Payne Whitney was more of the same—a story characterized by one indignity after another, all heaped upon a woman used to being treated with much more reverence. It felt to her as if she’d been locked away simply because no one knew quite what to do with her. Doctors and nurses would stop by her door and peer into the little square window as if she were a caged animal at the zoo. Some seemed astonished, as if they simply couldn’t believe their eyes. At one point, out of frustration, Marilyn ripped off her hospital gown and stood before them naked, just to give the sightseers “something to really look at.”

Marilyn spent most of Wednesday begging anyone who would listen to her for a piece of paper and a pen so that she could write a note to someone, and so that her plea for release could be heard. It must have struck her that she was now in a situation eerily similar to one in which her mother, Gladys, often found herself. How many rambling manifestos had Gladys written over the years explaining why she shouldn’t have been institutionalized, pleading with the disinterested to intervene on her behalf and obtain release? Finally, a young nurse agreed to allow Marilyn to make contact with someone by mail. But who? Marilyn would later recall thinking that Berniece would be too stunned to know what to do, and besides, she was out of state. She also didn’t feel close enough to any of her ex-husbands to ask for help, and besides, it would have been too humiliating. Certainly, Natasha Lytess would have come to her aid, but that bond was long broken, and besides, she was in California, too. Who? Finally, she decided to appeal to her friends Lee and Paula Strasberg. She sat down and wrote this letter to them:

Dear Lee and Paula,

Dr. Kris has put me in the hospital under the care of two idiot doctors. They both should not be my doctors. You haven’t heard from me because I’m locked up with these poor nutty people. I’m sure to end up a nut too if I stay in this nightmare. Please help me. This is the last place I should be. I love you both.

Marilyn

P.S. I’m on the dangerous floor. It’s like a cell. They had my bathroom door locked and I couldn’t get their key into it, so I broke the glass. But outside of that I haven’t done anything uncooperative.

The note was delivered that same day. Lee Strasberg, when he received it, immediately called Dr. Kris. He was told that Marilyn had been suicidal and that this was the reason for her hospitalization. That was all he needed to hear to make the decision that his star student was exactly where she needed to be. Neither of the two Strasbergs would interfere with her doctor’s orders.

On Thursday morning, once Marilyn at least acted as if she was calm, she was allowed to make one phone call. At a loss as to whom to call, she knew she would have to contact someone who would move heaven and earth to get her out of that place. Who was the most obstinate man she knew? Who would not take no for an answer? The answer was clear to her: Joe DiMaggio. Their marriage hadn’t ended well, that was true. However, based on the kind of man he was and the way he reacted when faced with defiance, she knew she would be able to count on him. So she placed the call to him in Florida.

His friend Stacy Edwards recalled, “I believe Joe was in Florida because he used to coach the Yankees down there during training. He told me, he’s sitting in his motel room having a cold beer and watching TV when the phone rings. It’s Marilyn, sobbing that she’s in a nut house in New York and she needs him to get her out of there. He thought it was a joke. He said she was making no sense, at all, and he thought, surely, it was a prank, or she was high on pills and delusional. But then, after he calmed her down, she told him the whole story. She needed him. How she ever tracked him down in a fleabag motel in Fort Lauderdale, I’ll never know, but she needed him. That was all he needed to hear. He jumped on the next plane.”

Joe DiMaggio showed up at Payne Whitney that very night and demanded that Marilyn Monroe be released in his custody the next morning. He said that he didn’t care who had to authorize the matter, he just expected it to be done. He was told that only Dr. Kris would be able to obtain her patient’s release. “I don’t care who does it,” Joe said brusquely, “but if someone doesn’t get her released from this place, I swear to Christ, I’ll take this hospital apart brick by brick.” He was then put on the phone with Dr. Kris, who had locked away her patient four days earlier and hadn’t come by to say hello or ask how it was going. The doctor said that if Marilyn was unhappy at the facility, perhaps she would feel more comfortable in another hospital. Joe would later say that he couldn’t believe his ears, or as he told Stacy Edwards, “I got to thinking the doctor was the one who shoulda been locked up. She was acting like Marilyn had her choice of resorts. To get what I wanted from her, I said, yeah, fine, we’ll do that. But let’s just get her out of here, first. Please.” The release was hastily arranged for the following day.

“How Dare You Betray Me!”

Early Friday afternoon, February 10, Ralph Roberts, Marilyn’s good friend and masseur, picked her up from a back entrance of Payne Whitney and then secreted her away, with Dr. Kris in the backseat. In the car on the way back to Marilyn’s apartment, she let Dr. Kris have it. “How dare you betray me!” she shouted at her. “I trusted you. How could you do that to me? And you didn’t even visit me? *What is wrong with you?*” Roberts recalled, “Marilyn was screaming at the doctor as only she could. She was like a hurricane unleashed. I don’t think Dr. Kris had ever seen her like that, and she was frightened and very shaken by the violence of Marilyn’s response.

“We dropped Marilyn off, and I wound up driving the doctor home. There was a lot of traffic, so we inched down the West Side Highway overlooking the river, and Dr. Kris was trembling and kept repeating over and over, ‘I did a terrible thing, a terrible, terrible thing. Oh God, I didn’t mean to, but I did.’ ”

Some people question Roberts’s recollection of Marilyn’s release. As a close friend of Marilyn’s, he may have had a vested interest in portraying the psychiatrist as remorseful. He may have known that Marilyn would have wanted this short bit of her history minimized. If Dr. Kris admitted to doing something terrible, then perhaps Roberts could believe Marilyn had been of sound mind the entire time and shouldn’t have been hospitalized at all. In any case, this is how Roberts recollected it, and therefore many people have chosen to view the Payne Whitney chapter in Marilyn’s life as just a tremendous mix-up, or a misdiagnosis from an incompetent doctor.

“Once Joe got Marilyn situated in her apartment, he realized that perhaps Marilyn’s shrink may have had the right idea—just the wrong way of going about it,” said Stacy Edwards. “Marilyn wasn’t well. She was crying and disoriented. Without her pills for those few days, her entire system was out of whack. He also could not believe how thin she’d gotten. After calming her down, he convinced her to allow him to take her to another hospital, Columbia University–Presbyterian. She said she would go but he had to promise her that he would not leave town and would come to visit her every day she was in there. He agreed to that.”

At about five o’clock that afternoon, Marilyn was admitted to the Neurological Institute of the Columbia University–Presbyterian Hospital, where she would remain for more than three weeks, until March 5. The first thing she did, once settled into her new hospital room, was to contact her attorney, Aaron Frosch. She demanded that he draft a document that would prevent any one person from ever having the power to commit her again without first consulting Joe DiMaggio.

When she was finally released from the second hospital, Marilyn was descended upon by such an excited mob of reporters and photographers that the scene became riotous. What was perhaps the most revealing element of such chaos, though, was how much she seemed to relish it. Except for a few occasions in the past, such as when she announced her divorce from Joe, Marilyn generally lit up whenever the media was present. She loved the public’s rapt attention, even if her private life was falling apart. Moreover, she knew what her job as a movie star entailed, which was to look and act like Marilyn Monroe, even when she didn’t much feel like her. No matter the present travail, she usually managed to play the part. In fact, by this time—1961—it had become second nature to her.

When she got home, though, Marilyn was in for a shock. First of all, she got a telephone call from Doc Goddard, Grace’s husband. She hadn’t heard from the man in many years. In fact, she couldn’t remember the last time she had talked to him. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he said that he was tired of reading in the press that it had been Grace’s idea that Marilyn marry James Dougherty. He was going to write a book, he said, tell the truth—which, he said, was that Marilyn had been the aggressor in that relationship, and in fact had asked Grace’s help in convincing Dougherty to marry her. He was tired, he said, of being blamed for that first marriage since it was due to his job transfer that the Goddards had to leave Norma Jeane behind. Marilyn truly didn’t know what his angle was, but she didn’t like it. She told him that if he wrote a book about her, she would sue him. She also told him that Grace would be very disappointed to hear that he was planning such a venture. The conversation ended in an unpleasant way with Marilyn hanging up on him.

Gladys's Sheets, Soaked with Blood

The very week that Marilyn Monroe was suffering through her experiences at Payne Whitney in New York, her mother was having similar problems in the Rock Haven Sanitarium in California.

Gladys Baker Eley, who was now sixty, had by this time been officially diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic. It had been clear for many years that this was the case with her. She was extremely unhappy at Rock Haven; indeed she had never been happy at any sanitarium over the years. No one at Rock Haven seemed to believe in or understand Christian Science, which was something Gladys simply could not accept. She was as devout about the religion as ever, sending pamphlets and brochures about it to everyone she knew on a weekly basis, including her daughters, Marilyn and Berniece. Now, with her mental illness affecting her intensely, she'd become firmly convinced that the doctors at Rock Haven had been poisoning her food. She wrote to her daughters that she needed to be released very soon or, as she noted to Berniece, "I will most certainly die in here from all of the poison." She also believed she was being sprayed with insecticides while she slept. Moreover, because of her faith, she steadfastly refused to take medications that had been prescribed to control her schizophrenia. Therefore, there was no relief for her; her mental state worsened with each passing day.

One evening during the time that Marilyn was in Payne Whitney, Gladys saw a news account of her daughter's apparent mental breakdown on the television that was watched by the patients at the sanitarium. Apparently upset by what she had seen, she retired to her room. When nurses went to check on her a couple of hours later, her bedsheets were soaked with blood. Gladys was unconscious. Apparently, she had slit her left wrist with a razor blade—where she got it would always remain a mystery. However, instead of slicing her wrist horizontally, which would cause the most blood flow and thus result in a quick death, she cut it in the other direction. Therefore, the bleeding was slower and eventually led to her unconscious state. She was rushed to Huntington Hospital in Pasadena, where she spent three days. Berniece was called. However, she asked that the hospital not contact Marilyn because she felt her half sister already had enough to worry about. Berniece didn't want to burden her.

Rose Anne Cooper, a nurse's aide at Rock Haven, recalls, "I personally tried to contact Marilyn Monroe to tell her what had happened. I somehow ended up talking to a man named John who said he was her manager. [Note: Likely this was John Springer, Marilyn's publicist.] He was very abrupt with me. 'Is she alive?' he wanted to know. I said she was. 'Fine,' he told me, 'then Miss Monroe doesn't need to know this news right now. She has enough problems.' He told me to call Inez Melson [Marilyn's business manager]. I did. She was worse. 'You are being paid handsomely to make sure Mrs. Eley does not hurt herself,' she said angrily. When I told her that we couldn't monitor her twenty-four hours a day, she asked, 'Why not? I would think you would be able to do that. If not, then why are we paying you?' It was all very unpleasant. Finally, I asked if she would please tell Marilyn that her mother had tried to commit suicide, and she said, 'I most certainly will do no such thing. I am not going to upset her with this news.' She told me that it was incumbent upon me to keep very secret anything having to do with Gladys being in Marilyn's life. She said, 'This is a secret we have been trying to keep for years, and we expect you to act with great discretion where this is concerned because the studio will otherwise be very upset with the sanitarium.' I didn't know what she meant by that and before I had a chance to ask, she hung up. Eventually, I tracked down Gladys's other daughter, Berniece. She was a lot more sympathetic, but even she said she was not going to give Marilyn the news. 'I don't think she could handle it right now,' she told me. Then she told me to contact Fox's publicity department. That made no sense to me. If I was supposed to keep this a secret, why would I call the studio's publicity department? It felt like no one knew what they were doing... so I dropped it."

When Gladys was finally returned to the sanitarium, she remained heavily sedated for many weeks, never leaving her room. Much later, when she was no longer sedated, she was taken on an outing. Rose Anne Cooper recalled, "A group of women—including Gladys—had been authorized to leave the premises with two nurses as chaperones in order that they may shop for some personal items at a local drugstore. At one point, a nurse realized that Gladys was missing."

A frantic search commenced to find Gladys. Luckily, a half hour later, they found her sitting at a bus stop. Gladys explained that she was headed to Kentucky. "I need to find my children," she said. "My husband has kidnapped my children."

In the months following her release from the hospital, Marilyn Monroe reconciled with the man she now considered a savior, Joe DiMaggio. Both decided, however, not to make their relationship official but rather to keep it informal and without strings. Over the years, it has been reported in biographies that the two planned to wed again. It simply isn't true. In fact, a major obstacle between them was that Marilyn was interested in reviving her career at this time, and Joe was still steadfastly against her having one. No one in Marilyn's life at the time felt she was going to revisit that problem with him. It would only be many years after the fact that certain people who didn't know her well began to speculate that she would have remarried DiMaggio. As we will later see, she even began to date Frank Sinatra again during this time, so clearly she wasn't thinking of marrying Joe. Moreover, none of the baseball great's friends or associates interviewed for this book felt that he was interested in another marriage to her, either. However, that said, he had definitely changed in certain ways. Whereas in their marriage he was cold and distant and even abusive, now he was caring and loving and seemed to want to do whatever he could to make her happy. He told her that if he had been her a few years back, he would have divorced him, too. Moreover, he said that it was because of a psychotherapist that Marilyn had recommended that he was able to become a better and more well-adjusted person. Still, at times he could be alarmingly possessive and—as in old times—jealous of the attention she received everywhere they went together. Also, he was still quite invasive of her privacy. For instance, according to Berniece Miracle, he would go through her trash, looking for receipts to see just how much she had paid for certain items. Always the penny-pincher, if he thought the amount was too high, he would angrily confront her about it, receipt in hand. Inevitably, Marilyn would snatch the paper from his hand and tell him to mind his own business. “How dare you go through my trash!” she'd say, very upset. This exchange usually ended in a loud argument. Marilyn tried her best to ignore such moments, but it was difficult for her.

In March 1961, the couple took a relaxing vacation to a secluded resort in Redington Beach, Florida. Marilyn certainly needed the break. Just before they left, she became very upset about an article that was published that quoted Kay Gable (wrongly, as it would happen) saying that she believed Marilyn was responsible for her husband's death. “John [Springer, Marilyn's publicist] told me, ‘Do not send this to Marilyn, whatever you do. If she sees this, I don't know what she'll do,’ ” said Diane Stevens. “ ‘So, just send it over to Aaron [Frosch, her lawyer.]’ That's what I did. Then, somehow or another, Marilyn saw the clipping. I think she was in Aaron's office and it was on his desk. She became unglued over it. ‘How dare you keep this from me!’ she asked me on the phone. ‘I need to know what is going on. I'm the only one who doesn't know what the hell is going on! You tell John that I am very, very angry about this. I should fire him over this.’ I tried to explain that we were just concerned about her, but she didn't want to hear it. ‘God damn it,’ she said. ‘Everyone is so concerned about poor, screwed up Marilyn. Poor, poor Marilyn is going cuckoo and can't handle her own press. I don't want to hear it. *I just don't want to hear another word about it.*’ Then she slammed the phone down. By that time, I was shaking. I told John and he called her right away. Then she let him have it. It was clear that she was very much on edge and not well at all.”

Shortly after, Marilyn received a letter from Kay Gable. It was clear that Gable did not blame Marilyn for her husband's death. In the letter, dated April 11, 1961, she wrote, “I miss Clark each day more, I'll never get over this great loss, but God has blessed me with my three great children and precious memories.... Went to confession after 24 years (hope the priest did not call the cops), seriously, you do not know how much this has helped me.” Marilyn would soon visit Kay as well; there were certainly not hard feelings from Kay, though that didn't seem to assuage Marilyn's own sense of guilt.

At the end of April, Marilyn decided to take another apartment in Los Angeles. It was then that she learned the news that her friend Pat Kennedy Lawford was pregnant with her fourth child. “I remember Pat saying, ‘I don't even know how to tell Marilyn this news, considering what's going on in her life. I'm afraid it'll make her even sadder,’ ” said a relative of Pat's. “ ‘I already have three kids. She just wants one.’ Of course, she had no choice but to tell her when Marilyn was back in Los Angeles. By that time she was about six months pregnant. She told me later that when Marilyn laid eyes on her, she jumped into the air with excitement. Then she wrapped her arms around Pat and started to cry, she was so happy. It added another dimension, I think, to Pat's friendship with Marilyn when she realized that Marilyn was able to put aside her own sadness, at least in the moment, and share in Pat's joy. She told me, ‘I think she's a wonderful woman and would make such a great mother. I pray every night that she has a child soon. I know it would change her life if she had someone else to be worried about.’ ”

During this time, as mentioned earlier, Marilyn rekindled her romance with Frank Sinatra. It's not known how Joe DiMaggio felt about Marilyn and Frank, or even if it mattered. Clearly, Joe and Marilyn had an understanding about their relationship as it stood at this time, because Marilyn would likely not have been dating Frank if Joe had strenuously objected to it. For his part, though he was dating Juliet Prowse at the time, Frank was still attracted to Marilyn and, according to those who knew them well, couldn't resist her. “He was in love with her, no doubt about it,” said Milt Ebbins, who was a good friend of Sinatra's and also vice president of Peter Lawford's production company, Chrislaw.

“By 1961, though, his feeling about her was more protective than passionate. I remember that there was an incident involving President Kennedy, who was new in office at the time. Peter and I arranged a luncheon for Kennedy, and Frank was invited. We had a special chef flown in from New York to cook fettuccine Alfredo, veal picatta, and a salad and ice cream at the end. Sinatra's secretary called at the last minute and said he couldn't make it, that he had a cold. I was astonished. This is JFK. He can't stand up JFK. I knew Frank loved that guy, had campaigned for him, organized his inaugural entertainment, so it seemed strange. I found out later that what happened was that Marilyn was staying with him for the weekend and had left the house without telling him where she was going. He was frantic with worry. So he spent the day driving around trying to find her, and he did. She was out shopping. So that shows you how much he cared about her, if he was willing to miss a luncheon with the president so that he could figure out what the hell happened to Marilyn.”

Rupert Allan confirmed, “I always thought of Frank and Marilyn as star-crossed lovers. In a different time and place, they would have been together. He loved her a lot. However, by 1961, she was in so much turmoil, I think he was annoyed with her a lot of the time. He just thought she should have worked harder to pull it together so, yes, sometimes she pissed him off. Also, Sinatra certainly didn't want to be involved with anyone who would be considered weak or vulnerable.”

Indeed, women like Marilyn were usually too much trouble for him. He liked his “dames” to have more inner strength and self-reliance, like Ava Gardner and his mother, Dolly Sinatra, both of whom represented his ideal of the total woman. He often didn't have the patience necessary to deal with someone as conflicted as Marilyn. Just recently released from a mental hospital, Marilyn was not on sure footing when she was with Sinatra, and he wasn't exactly tolerant with her. For instance, at one gathering at his home, Marilyn began to become emotional, was sharing sad childhood stories to guests. She seemed on the verge of an intense crying jag, only to be cut off by Frank. “Look, Norma Jeane,” he said, “we don't want to hear it. Toughen

up, baby, or get the hell out. I ain't no babysitter." She got up and bolted to her bedroom.

Some people in Sinatra's circle thought that the only reason he was with her was because he felt sorry for her. "If Marilyn Monroe wanted sex, and she did constantly to make herself feel desirable, Mr. S. would play Sir Galahad and rise to the occasion," said his longtime valet, George Jacobs. "He would rarely turn a good friend down. It fit in with his padrone self-image to give rather than receive. [However,] Mr. S. had a ton of misgivings about Marilyn. She was a total mess."

People who were in his circle back then still talk about what happened on June 7, 1961—six days after her thirty-fifth birthday—when Frank invited Marilyn to Las Vegas. He was appearing at the Sands and was also planning a party for Dean Martin's forty-fourth birthday that day. From the Sands interdepartmental correspondence between Jack Entratter, president; Al Guzman, publicity director; and Al Freeman, advertising and promotional director, we can glean that there was a great deal of preparation for the Dean Martin party, some of it concerning Monroe and Sinatra.

One memo, from Entratter to Guzman and Freeman, dated June 6, 1961, states, "Please be advised that under no circumstances is any backstage photographer permitted to photograph Mr. Sinatra and Miss Marilyn Monroe together at the cocktail reception to follow the performance on 7 June. Any photographer who attempts to do so will be permanently barred from the hotel. Be advised that this is not only a Sands requirement, it is a requirement of Mr. Sinatra's and, as such, will be absolutely enforced. Thank you."

Another memo, from Entratter to "All Concerned," also dated June 6, 1961, states, "Marilyn Monroe will be Mr. Sinatra's guest. It is Mr. Frank Sinatra's intention that Miss Monroe be accorded the utmost privacy during her brief stay here at the Sands. She will be registered in Mr. Sinatra's suite. Under no circumstances is she or Mr. Sinatra to be disturbed by telephone calls or visitors before 2 p.m."

Marilyn's friend Pat Kennedy Lawford brought her sister, Jean Smith, to Vegas for the opening night. It's not known whether Pat was aware of what was going on between Marilyn and Frank. Pat and Jean spent the day with Marilyn, getting facials and manicures while gossiping, so perhaps Marilyn mentioned it. "Pat told me she was most concerned about Marilyn," says Pat Brennan. "She said she was already pouring herself glasses of champagne by noon. Pat was a drinker, too, but at least she waited until cocktail hour. In Vegas, though, Pat wasn't drinking at all because she was eight months pregnant. 'When you're not drinking,' she told me, 'you see what everyone else is like when they're loaded, and it's not pretty.' " According to what Kennedy Lawford relayed to Brennan, she pulled Marilyn aside and told her that she believed her drinking was getting out of hand. "Marilyn, as your friend, I think you should know that when you're drunk you're not very becoming." At first, Marilyn was insulted. But after a few moments, she seemed to realize that Pat was right. "It's the only way I can keep the voices in my head from getting too loud," she told her. Pat's reaction to that startling admission is not known, but likely she was concerned. However, it didn't stop her and Marilyn's good time.

Pat had her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Victoria with her in Las Vegas. Her other three children were to arrive the next day. She was having them carted by stretch limousine from California to Nevada. That day after their beauty treatments, Marilyn and Pat took Victoria gambling. Of course, children weren't allowed in the casino, but overlooking this rule was the least of the perks afforded the Kennedys whenever they were in Vegas. To Marilyn's fascination, Pat sat the little girl right on top of the blackjack table and said, "Okay, here's the deal. If I lose, I'm leaving this kid right here. But if I win, I'll take her as my prize." She sat down and played a hand, with Marilyn standing directly behind her. When she lost, she said, "Okay, that's it. You get the kid." And she rose and walked away. "But Pat... *Pat!*" Marilyn shouted after her, very alarmed. Of course, Pat turned around and retrieved her daughter. "She loved doing things like that just to get a reaction from Marilyn," said Pat Brennan. "She liked to keep it light and easy when she was with Marilyn because she knew Marilyn had so much sadness in her life."

Also present for Sinatra's Las Vegas opening that evening were Elizabeth Taylor and her husband Eddie Fisher, as well as, of course, the birthday boy Dean and Jeanne Martin, with whom Monroe sat. "What can I say about Marilyn that night?" Eddie Fisher remarked. "We all knew that she was having a thing with Sinatra, so it was definitely hands off. But she was so drunk that night, I can tell you that she was an embarrassment to him. It wasn't good."

"She was beautiful, a vision with a great smile, lots of teased blonde hair, and a dress that was so low-cut you couldn't take your eyes off her bosom," said a Las Vegas photojournalist who, along with a photographer for Wide World Photos, was one of the few reporters granted access to the opening-night party in Sinatra's suite. "From a distance, it was wow, she's a knockout. But up close it was... oh, no, she's knocked out! She didn't look well, and she also acted very strangely. She seemed a little crazy to me."

"At the party, I remember her whining, 'Oh, Frankie, c'mon, let's make out for the photographers. I love you, Frankie. I want the whole world to know.' I remember that she was standing behind him and had her hands around his waist, almost as if she was leaning on him for support."

According to the journalist, when Frank pulled away rather than be photographed with her, Marilyn almost lost her balance. After giving her a concerned look, he told one of his bodyguards, "Keep an eye on her. I don't like the way she's wobblin'. Let me know if she faints, or something."

The reporter continued, "Marilyn still wanted a picture taken with Frank. She sidled over to him like a kitten and motioned my photographer with her index finger, indicating that he should take the shot while Sinatra wasn't looking. She was being very playful and coy."

"Just as my photographer was about to take the picture, Frank's bodyguard grabbed the camera. He gave it to Frank and whispered something in his ear. Then Frank walked to where we were standing and hissed, 'Next time you try that, I'll crack your skull open with this goddamn camera, the both of ya.' I remember that he talked out of the corner of his mouth, like a gangster."

"At that moment, Marilyn came over and, with wild eyes, said, 'Frankie, I'm gonna throw up.' He looked alarmed and said, 'When?' and she said, 'Now. Right now. I mean it, Frankie. *I'm gonna throw up.*' He said, 'Oh, Jesus Christ, Marilyn, not again.' And he got her out of there, quick."

Elizabeth Taylor, who happened to be standing right next to the reporter, observed the entire scene. Afterward, she turned to the photojournalist and said, "Marilyn shouldn't drink if she can't hold her liquor. Now, me," she added, sounding confident, "*I* know how to hold my liquor." With that, Elizabeth flashed her famous violet eyes and threw back a martini. However, when she saw that the reporter had written her comment on his notepad, she grabbed the pad out of his hand, smacked him playfully on the back of the head with it, and said, "Now, *that* was strictly off the record, buster."

A Reunion with Berniece

At the end of June 1961, Marilyn was diagnosed with gallstones and an inflamed gallbladder. There seemed no end to the physical and emotional crises she was facing at this time. The operation on June 29 was successful. Joe DiMaggio was at her bedside when she awakened, looking down at her with devotion. It was decided that her half sister, Berniece, would come to New York and be present for Marilyn's recovery. Joe wasn't particularly happy about it, though. Marilyn would later learn that he was very suspicious of Berniece and her husband. "What if they want money from you?" he asked Marilyn. "I think that's what's going on here." His suspicion was shared by Marilyn's secretary, May Reis, who was now back on the job with Marilyn. Marilyn couldn't believe Joe would think such a thing about Berniece. "I've known her a lot longer than you," she told him angrily. "And besides, if she did want my money, she can have it. What am I going to do with it when I'm gone?"

Despite Joe's ambivalence about Berniece, Marilyn seemed almost desperate to reconnect with her after her gallbladder operation. Therefore, as soon as Marilyn was released from the hospital, Berniece flew to New York from Florida and checked into the Park Sheraton Hotel, where she was to await a phone call from May. When told the coast was clear of reporters, Berniece was to take a cab to Marilyn's apartment on East 57th Street. Berniece's husband had been against the visit. He was always very strange when it came to the subject of Marilyn. He wanted to be around her as much as possible—thus his recent trip to see her behind his wife's back—but didn't seem to want Berniece to have time with her. For his part, Joe was also unhappy about the sisterly plans—for his own reasons, having to do with Marilyn's money, but also because he was afraid that Berniece might go to the press with details about his and Marilyn's life together. Berniece knew better, of course. Still, it had to bother her that, after all of this time, Marilyn kept reminding her not to talk to the press. It didn't escape Berniece that Marilyn still concluded every telephone conversation with that very warning.

When Berniece arrived at Marilyn's thirteenth-floor apartment, she was greeted by May Reis. May could not have been more chilly. However, it would seem that Berniece took her aloof attitude to be professional rather than rude. When Marilyn appeared, the reunion was noisy and exciting. "I can't believe you're finally here," Marilyn squealed. "Finally! We're together again!" After embracing, they stood back and took a long look at each other. They'd known each other since they were young women. Now Marilyn was thirty-five and Berniece forty-one. However, both agreed that they'd only gotten better with age, even though Marilyn was clearly weak from the surgery and not at all well. She was wearing a cream-colored summer dress and high-heeled sandals. She'd had her hair styled before leaving the hospital because she knew she'd be photographed on her way out and wanted to look her best. So when she saw her half sister, she looked very put together.

Marilyn's life was anything but ordinary, and Berniece must have gleaned as much when she learned that the first order of business every day for Marilyn's maid, Lena Pepitone, was to hand wash the beige lace bra Marilyn had worn the previous day. When recalling this visit, Pepitone had an interesting observation about Berniece—whom she described as being "blonde, even blonder naturally than Marilyn... slightly shorter and thinner, yet her figure was definitely on the voluptuous side":

"In a way, Berniece seemed far shyer than Marilyn, who was now in an outgoing phase. All the hustle and glitter of Manhattan seemed to scare Berniece. She seemed in a daze, caused by New York as well as Marilyn.... Yet the way Marilyn sat at attention holding Berniece's hand and listening to every detail about where Berniece shopped in Florida, what she cooked, how she ran her home, and raised her sons [Note: Berniece did not have sons, just a daughter] made me think that Marilyn could easily be tempted to trade in all her fame and become a housewife, too."

After just a few days with her, Berniece was concerned about all of the drugs Marilyn was taking. People who were around her all the time had grown accustomed to the constant pill-taking, which usually resulted in unsure footing about an hour or so later. She was never quite coherent. She always seemed a little... off. Marilyn's friends and daily associates were used to this troubling demeanor, but newcomers were always stunned by it.

Every night, Marilyn's doctor would come by the house to check on her. This, too, was odd. Every night? Was that really necessary? During each visit, Marilyn would fix him a stiff drink, which he enjoyed—again, odd. Then he would begin to dispense all sorts of pills to Marilyn in what could only be considered "generous" quantities. Sometimes he would give her an injection of who-knows-what, but she definitely enjoyed its effect on her. Berniece seized the opportunity, while the doctor was present, to ask him about the pills. "Truly, does she need all of these sleeping pills?" Berniece asked him. "This is extreme, don't you think?" The doctor didn't have time to answer before Marilyn glanced at her sharply. "Yes, I *do* need these pills," she said, her temper quickly rising. "*I need my sleep*. So, the answer is *yes*, Berniece. That's the answer. *Yes*." There was an awkward silence. After a moment, the doctor continued with his offering of different pharmaceuticals without missing a beat.

Berniece also took note of Marilyn's relationship with Joe DiMaggio. He was clearly still in love with her. However, Marilyn seemed unsure of her feelings for him. Perhaps the best indicator of how she felt was that she was planning a trip to California in less than a month and told Berniece that she was going to stay with Frank Sinatra. She made Berniece promise not to mention the trip to Joe. She intended to go, she said, and just not tell him. How she was going to manage that, considering that he was with her every single day, was a mystery to Berniece. According to Lena Pepitone, Sinatra would call Marilyn often and she would speak to him, not at all concerned that Joe might walk into the room at any moment. When it came to Sinatra, she was determined to do whatever she liked.

Also, Berniece couldn't help but notice how paranoid Marilyn had become. For instance, at one point in the visit, an Italian restaurant that had just opened in the neighborhood sent over a complimentary meal to Marilyn. Marilyn told Lena to throw the food away. She didn't even want it in the household. Berniece assumed that Marilyn didn't want the food because she was watching her weight, or maybe because she'd been told that she shouldn't eat spicy foods after her surgery. Either would have been an acceptable reason. However, Marilyn's reasoning was more troubling. "It could be poisoned," she told Berniece, very seriously. "I never eat anything that's been prepared by strangers."

Indeed, in about a month, when Marilyn was back in Los Angeles under the care of Dr. Greenson, he would write to a colleague that in her sessions with him she expressed a "feeling of mistreatment, which had paranoid undertones."

Other friends of Marilyn felt that her paranoia, especially about food, was out of control. "Once, during a late night at the office, we sent out for Chinese food," said Diane Stevens from John Springer's office. "Marilyn and Joe were there. When the food came, Marilyn refused to eat it. She and Joe got into a big fight about it. 'If it was poisoned, I'd be dead now because I just ate some,' Joe told her. 'So, what the hell is going on with you?' Marilyn looked at him very seriously and said, 'I'm the one they want to poison, Joe. Not you.' We all sat there with our mouths open, trying to figure out how to respond. 'But it's all the same food,' John finally said. Marilyn was not going to bend, though. 'Enjoy it. See if I care,' she said. 'But I'm not taking a chance.' It made me think of Gladys, I have to admit. I mean, that's the first thing that came to my mind—Gladys believing that the doctors in her mental hospital were poisoning her food." *

Greenson's Diagnosis

Dr. Ralph Greenson is not a popular figure in Marilyn Monroe history. Born Romeo Samuel Greenschpoon in 1910 in Brooklyn, he was one of fraternal twins—his sister was named Juliet. He studied medicine in Switzerland before practicing as a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst in Los Angeles. He was the president of the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Society and Institute (LAPSI) from 1951 to 1953 and dean of education from 1957 to 1961. He was also clinical professor of psychiatry at the UCLA Medical School. In his paper “Unfree Associations: Inside Psychoanalytical Institutes,” Douglas Kirsner writes of Greenson:

“The author of a classic clinical textbook, *The Technique and Practice of Psychoanalysis* (1967), and over sixty papers and articles, Dr. Greenson was unusual in moving outside the ambit of his analytic colleagues to give many public lectures. His psychoanalytic interests were wide-ranging. He was most concerned that analysts with different theoretical approaches seemed to talk at each other.... Upon graduating as an analyst, Greenson quickly became a major influence in the Los Angeles psychoanalytic scene. He soon became an important figure nationally and later internationally... he wielded a good deal of power and influence within LAPSI. [Greenson] was nationally and internationally well known not only for his numerous psychoanalytic writings but also for his real flair for lecturing and teaching. His institute seminars were especially highly regarded at LAPSI. Hilda Rollman-Branch [a director of LAPSI] felt that although Greenson was ‘a character’ and ‘narcissistic,’ his tactlessness could be forgiven because of ‘his enthusiasm and inspiration. He was without a doubt the best teacher of psychoanalysis any of us have ever had.’ Greenson was a passionate man with strongly held views. Three analysts each reported to me that after a disagreement Greenson did not speak to them for years. He was given to irrational fits of anger. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, Anna Freud’s biographer, aptly described Greenson as ‘a hard-living man of passionate enthusiasm and even flamboyance, a man for whom psychoanalysis was... a way of life.’”

Despite his credentials and reputation, Dr. Ralph Greenson has been much maligned in books about Marilyn over the years, and for many reasons, some of which are valid. Most of Marilyn’s friends and associates agree that Dr. Greenson exerted far too much control over her life and career. As these people began to give interviews for biographies of the star, Greenson’s reputation as a psychological Svengali became set in stone. He has practically been blamed for his patient’s mental disturbances, as if there was no chance she might have been genetically predisposed to such problems.

What has not been clearly stated in the past is that Dr. Ralph Greenson had very specific opinions about Marilyn’s mental problems. At first, he had described her in a letter to Anna Freud as a “borderline paranoid addictive personality.” He wrote in his letter that Marilyn exhibited “classic signs of the paranoid addict,” including a fear of abandonment and also a tendency to rely on others too heavily (Natasha Lytess and Paula Strasberg) to the point where she refuses to allow these people to live their own lives. Also, those suffering from this disease are prone to wanting to commit suicide. It was very difficult to treat such problems in patients, let alone someone as famous as Marilyn. He also said he was working behind the scenes to get her off of some of the drugs she was taking, but that it was an uphill battle. “Short of searching her person every day, it is impossible to know what she is taking and when,” he wrote in a different letter to Freud. “I’m not sure how to monitor someone like her. She’s very crafty.” Indeed, when a person would turn his back, she would pop a pill just that fast.

Dr. Hyman Engelberg added to Greenson’s diagnosis in an interview in 1996. He stated that he and Greenson had also diagnosed Marilyn as having been manic-depressive. “It is now known as bipolar personality,” he said, “but I think manic depressive is much more descriptive. Yes, she was definitely manic depressive. That’s just one of the many things we were up against.”

Apparently, there was more. After Dr. Greenson began to treat Marilyn more intensively, he started telling colleagues that she’d begun to exhibit strong and growing signs of borderline paranoid schizophrenia, just like her mother and, possibly, her grandmother before her. Three psychiatrists interviewed for this book, who requested anonymity since all are still treating patients in Los Angeles, say that when they were younger and studying in the city Greenson shared with them (on separate occasions) his concern about borderline paranoid schizophrenia in the case of Marilyn Monroe. “He was very specific,” said one of the doctors. “He was concerned, very much so. He felt it would get worse as she got older unless it was treated in a specific way. He also said that Marilyn knew and that she was looking into ways to treat it herself, and that he was trying to discourage that. He didn’t want her out there medicating herself, but he suspected that this is what was going on behind his back.”

It’s not known if Dr. Greenson shared his views of her different problems with Marilyn. In notes regarding her case, he is specific about being careful to give her information “only in small portions.” He wrote that, in his view, telling her “too much, too soon” could only lead to “other more significant problems.”

What also comes from fresh research for this book is Marilyn’s determination to get the drug Thorazine, which was used to treat paranoid schizophrenia. “Dr. Greenson had prescribed it to her,” said one of the psychiatrists. “I know for a fact that he did because he told me that he had. However, he wasn’t sure he liked her reaction to it. For some reason, he changed his mind about Thorazine. He said, however, that she wanted more than he wanted to give her and that he was afraid she was going about the business of getting it from other doctors. A major frustration for him was that he knew he was not the only one giving her drugs. She was such an expert doctor shopper toward the last couple years of her life, there was no way to be sure what she was taking, what she was mixing.”

According to what Dr. Greenson would later remember in his papers stored at UCLA, he had insisted that Marilyn “get rid of her unhealthy connection to the past.” Her half sister, Berniece, her business manager, Inez Melson, and many others were convinced that therapy—not her mental state—was ruining Marilyn Monroe. In a letter to Greenson, Melson wrote that she was concerned about Marilyn spending “too much time thinking about her problems.” She added that she didn’t see how it was doing Marilyn any good and, in fact, “I think quite the contrary. It is not my place to tell you how to treat your patient,” she wrote, “but, truly, I am concerned that she is languishing in her misery.”

Part of Marilyn Monroe’s sickness had to do with her paranoia. However, complicating things was that, in many ways, she had actually good reason to be paranoid. As we’ve seen, she *was* being followed and she was well aware of it. Consider this story, from Diana Herbert, daughter of the man who wrote *Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!* She and Marilyn stayed in touch over the years, and she encountered Marilyn in New York during this period. “I was coming up out of the subway and there she was,” recalled Herbert. “Dressed very casually, she was stunning, in a coral beige ensemble. She looked a little lost, but she perked up when she recognized it was me. We went to a little health food sidewalk cafe in Midtown. She spoke about how much she loved New York and the Actors Studio, but she told me something bizarre. She said, ‘I’m so uncomfortable here in New York because I am being followed.’ I said, ‘Well, Marilyn, that’s because you are a star, you are beautiful, of course people are following you.’ She said, ‘No, that’s not it.’ Her voice became lower, whispering, ‘I’m being followed by the FBI.’ I thought, ‘Well, she’s totally flipping out!’ Marilyn said, ‘I’m being followed

because of my connections with the Communist Party.’ She told me she was very proud of herself because she became adept at losing the FBI agents. She said she started figuring out how to evade them when she became a movie actress and learned how to ‘become invisible.’ ”

While the FBI’s episodes of surveying Monroe did happen, there were also times when she was not under their watch yet still concerned about a plot to know her every move—and at times, she believed, her every *thought*. Maureen Stapleton was a contemporary of Marilyn’s at the Actors Studio. In an interview in 1995, Stapleton recalled that while she was dining with Monroe one evening, an odd thing happened. “[Marilyn] thought the waiter was reading her mind. At first, she said he was a secret agent or something, she said, ‘He’s one of the bad guys,’ and then she said, ‘He knows what I’m thinking now, we have to leave.’ Now, you have to keep in mind we were *all* [New York actors] a little loopy back then—but that was particularly strange.”

Others in Marilyn Monroe’s life at the time were more categorical. “I think Marilyn was a very sick woman, a classic schizophrenic,” said Johnny Strasberg, son of Lee and Paula. “She was dedicated to love. It’s a thing schizophrenics talk about, love. They’ll do anything for love and, additionally, they are totally infantile; they have no ego, no boundaries, as the rest of us have. The amazing thing about her is that she survived as long as she did. There was enough capacity for life that had she been lucky enough to find a therapist who could treat her problems, she might have... That’s the tragedy. People loved her. But nobody could say no to her. No one would or could take responsibility for her. They had to cut her off or abandon her, which is the thing she expected. With Marilyn, you’re dealing with an abandoned infant who’s not an infant anymore.”

A Second Opinion

Fresh research now establishes that Dr. Ralph Greenson was not alone in his belief that Marilyn Monroe was probably suffering from borderline paranoid schizophrenia. Rather than work in a vacuum, Dr. Greenson obtained a second opinion by consulting psychologist Dr. Milton Wexler.

Born in San Francisco in 1908, Dr. Wexler trained as a lawyer before switching to psychology. After taking a doctorate at Columbia University, studying under Theodor Reik, a disciple of Freud, he became one of the country's first nonphysicians to set up in practice as a psychoanalyst. Also a member of the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Society, Dr. Wexler would go on to become a pioneer in the study and treatment of Huntington's disease, forming the Hereditary Disease Foundation. Wexler also felt strongly that Marilyn Monroe suffered at least from borderline paranoid schizophrenia after sitting in on three sessions with her in Dr. Greenson's home. "Yes, I treated her," he said in 1999. "I won't discuss that treatment but will say that I agreed with Dr. Greenson that she presented borderline symptoms of the disease that had run in her family. I found her to be very proactive in wanting to treat those borderline symptoms, as well. One misconception about her treatment is that it was Dr. Greenson's idea that she move in with his family. She never moved in with the Greensons. Instead, it was my suggestion that she spend as much time there as possible in order to create the environment that she lacked as a child. That was my theory at the time and Dr. Greenson agreed. Also, I felt it would alleviate her separation anxiety if she knew she had a place to return to."

All of these many years later, to ignore the findings of these two doctors or act as if those findings did not exist makes no sense. It's certainly not what Marilyn Monroe did over the years. In the year and a half after Greenson's and Wexler's diagnosis, Marilyn did everything she could to perform beyond her illness. She always had. She'd always soldiered on, even knowing that something wasn't quite right with her.

Dr. Greenson's different opinions of what Marilyn was dealing with in her life have been, it would seem, purposely overlooked in Marilyn Monroe history for many years. Some biographers have written that his findings were egregiously misguided and couldn't possibly have been true. As one put it, "[Greenson] even spread lies about his patient to the professional community, including the unsubstantiated report that she was borderline paranoid schizophrenic." It would seem, though, that if a psychiatrist treats a patient—in Monroe's case, just about every day of the week—and comes to a conclusion about that person's state of mind, it is not an "unsubstantiated report." It's a diagnosis.

Unfortunately, Dr. Greenson would become so zealous in his treatment of Marilyn, and thus so overbearing in her life, that he would lose credibility, especially with the passing of the years. Historically, he seems like a quack because he invited Marilyn into his home, had her sleep over, integrated her into his family. It was felt that he had lost all perspective where Marilyn was concerned. However, in the 1950s and 1960s, all sorts of vanguard treatments for mental illness were being tested. In fact, in Greenson's opinion, welcoming Marilyn into his home was the only alternative to putting her in a mental hospital. In his notes about the case, he is specific that he was trying to figure out any way he could to keep her from being "committed once again, for I know she will not survive it a second time." Douglas Kirsner confirms, "Greenson decided to offer his family as a substitute for the family Monroe never had because she would have killed herself sooner if he had committed her to a mental hospital."

Marilyn's Drugs of Choice

By late August of 1961, Marilyn Monroe was back in Los Angeles permanently and living in her apartment on Doheny and Cynthia in West Hollywood. There was also word that she would be making a new film for Fox called *Something's Got to Give*. She wasn't thrilled with the script, felt it needed a lot of work, and wasn't even sure it could ever result in a decent movie. Still, she was contractually obligated to do one more film for Fox, and this would have to be it.

In September, Marilyn joined Frank Sinatra in entertaining guests on his yacht for a four-day cruise to Catalina Island. "They were definitely a couple," said one of the partygoers. "She was acting as if she was the hostess, not a guest. She seemed in good spirits, but definitely not quite right. I had heard that there'd been some trouble getting her there. Everyone knew she was not well, that she was under the care of doctors."

At this time, Marilyn's primary physician working with Dr. Greenson was Dr. Hyman Engelberg. However, Marilyn had become so adept at the art of "doctor shopping" that the two doctors were unable to keep track of the medications in her system. When she would demand confidentiality from another doctor, she would always get it because of her celebrity. She would then stock up on as much medication as she could from him before that doctor would refuse her any more. Then she would simply "shop" for a different doctor. Greenson and Engelberg did attempt to control Marilyn's doctor-shopping habit, though perhaps not in the best possible way. "The idea was that she was never to be said no to when she wanted a prescription," said Hildy Greenson, Dr. Ralph Greenson's wife, "because the only thing that would happen was she would procure medication elsewhere and not inform her primary physicians about it. So whenever she asked for a drug she would usually get it." That "idea" apparently did not work. The list of drugs she was taking by the end of 1961 was staggering.

After Greenson's and Wexler's diagnosis of Marilyn Monroe as suffering from BPS, she began taking the barbiturate Thorazine. At the time, Thorazine was a new drug, developed in the 1950s to treat the disease. When she would take it, however, she would gain weight, and therefore she didn't like it. As soon as she was off the medication, she would lose weight quickly. However, she would also lose her grip. Historically, whenever she looked her best—as in her last film, *Something's Got to Give*—it was because she was not on Thorazine. Certainly the problems she would later have on the set of that movie suggested that she was off her meds.

Marilyn was also taking the narcotic analgesic Demerol as well as the barbiturates phenobarbital HMC and Amytal, along with large quantities of Nembutal. Of course, she had been taking Nembutal to sleep for many years, and truly it had become an addiction. Dr. Engelberg insists that the most he and Dr. Greenson gave her was twenty-four Nembutal at a time. However, Marilyn went through the drug like candy, so she must have been getting it elsewhere.

Marilyn was also taking Seconal, and no one knew where she got that drug from either. Moreover, she was taking chloral hydrate to sleep, and Dr. Engelberg emphatically states that he never prescribed it to her, nor did Dr. Greenson. In fact, Engelberg would say that he was amazed at the number of drugs found in her system when she died—including the aforementioned chloral hydrate, which he now presumes she bought when she was in Mexico just before her death. There were fifteen bottles of pills on Marilyn's night table when she died.

Though Engelberg consulted Greenson on all of the sleep medications he prescribed to Marilyn, he didn't on other drugs. If she got an infection, for instance, and needed an antibiotic, Engelberg would not pass it by Greenson for approval. Also, Marilyn very often received injections of vitamins to boost her resistance to colds and sinus infections—a recurring problem for her. Often she would receive such injections a few times a week. By the end of 1961, though, Marilyn had developed the alarming habit of giving herself injections. Many people witnessed that she had syringes with her and bottles that had been premixed—by whom, no one knows. A source who was very close to the actress recalls that the concoction was of phenobarbital, Nembutal, and Seconal. "Marilyn referred to it as 'a vitamin shot,' " said the source. "I think I know who gave her this combination of drugs, but I'd rather not say because I am not one hundred percent certain. I can tell you that after she would give herself this injection, she would be gone—no longer able to function."

Indeed, Jeanne Martin recalled that prior to their leaving Frank's home for the cruise that August 1961, Frank asked her to help get Marilyn dressed. She was too disoriented from all of the medication she was taking to do so herself. "I had to pick out each item of clothing and practically dress her," Jeanne recalled. "I kept asking her, 'Marilyn, are you all right? Because you don't look good to me.' She would just sort of look at me with her eyes half-closed and say, 'Oh, I am just fine. I couldn't be better.' I was worried. I remember thinking, who is giving her all of these drugs? What kind of doctor would keep her in this kind of state? She was really, shall we say, glazed."

During the weekend, Marilyn drank plenty of champagne every night, as always. The more she drank, the more disoriented and even boisterous she became. "It was such a sad sight," Jeanne Martin recalled. "I didn't take my eyes off her for a second because I was afraid she would slip and fall. You can't know how difficult this was unless you knew Marilyn and what a lovely woman she was, how nice she was to everyone. You wanted her to be all right, but on this day during this party, it struck me that she was not all right. Not at all."

Gloria Romanoff, also a guest for the weekend, recalled, "She was very unwell that weekend. Sleeping pills were her downfall, I'm afraid. The poor girl simply couldn't even take a nap without them, she was so addicted. She didn't even need water or anything to wash them down. She could just take a handful of pills and swallow them, dry. Then, of course, all of the alcohol just made things worse."

As the afternoon wore on, Frank became frustrated and embarrassed by Marilyn's behavior. One of his former associates recalled, "To tell you the truth, Frank couldn't wait to get her off that boat. She was embarrassing him. He told me, 'I swear to Christ, I am ready to throw her right off this goddamn boat.' Instead, he called one of his assistants at the end of the trip, when they were ashore, and had her taken back to his place. He told me later that when he got home, she was sound asleep on the couch. He picked her up, he said, and moved her to the bedroom. He undressed her and put her under the covers where she slept soundly through the night. He was worried about her."

When that same associate asked Frank Sinatra if he was going to stop seeing Marilyn Monroe, he said, "By now I would have cut any other dame loose. But this one—I just can't do it." *

What's most interesting—and telling—about this time is that despite the unhappiness she felt, the photos Marilyn took during this period for publicity purposes, especially those by Douglas Kirkland, are perhaps the best of her career. Kirkland, who shot her in November 1961, described her as "amazingly pleasant and playful, like a sister, and not at all intimidating as I had imagined her to be. She sat beside me, laughed easily and made small talk, putting me at ease. I was young and did not know how to ask her to pose for the sexy images I hoped to get, but she simplified it all by suggesting, 'I should get into bed with nothing on but white silk.' We discussed the details and Marilyn said she wanted Frank Sinatra music and chilled Dom

Perignon.” She never looked lovelier than she does in Kirkland’s photographs. (It should be stated, though, that based on how Kirkland later described the session, with Marilyn saying, “I think I should be alone with this boy,” and then asking everyone else to leave—and then even inviting him into bed with her—it doesn’t sound like a very platonic situation. However, he insists that nothing happened between them—except for the amazing photos that resulted from the session.)

How Marilyn was able to turn on *Marilyn Monroe* when she needed to for professional purposes at the same time that she was so terribly troubled remained a true mystery to her friends and associates. It was as if she only found her true bliss in front of the camera as the perfect vision of herself. Everything else—her real life, the one she led in private—paled in comparison. The truth, of course, is that one quick way for her to feel like Marilyn Monroe was to stop taking her Thorazine, as she had during this period. In her mind, as long as she was slim and sexy... she was Marilyn Monroe. In just a few months, when asked by reporter Alan Levy if she was happy, her response would be, “Let’s put it this way. I’m slim. And I can always get very gay. It depends on the occasion or the company.”

The Douglas Kirkland sessions provide an excellent opportunity to contrast experiences with Marilyn. Her publicist Michael Selsman tells the story of what happened when he and his wife, the actress Carol Lynley, were to meet Kirkland at Monroe’s Doheney apartment to go over the proofs of the session. “Carol was nine months pregnant, due any moment,” he says. “I couldn’t and didn’t want to leave her at home by herself, so I took her along to Monroe’s apartment,” he recalls. “I knocked on her door, as Carol stood shivering beside me. MM opened the door and looked at Carol, whom she knew, since they had adjacent dressing rooms at the studio, and said, ‘You come in,’ motioning to me, ‘but *she* can wait in your car.’ This was unexpected and I was momentarily stunned. Carol and I exchanged glances, and I assured her I’d be out in fifteen minutes.”

At some point, the two were joined by Douglas Kirkland. Selsman continues, “Every other actor I worked with would use a red grease pencil to put an X through the negatives they didn’t like, but not Marilyn on that day. She took a scissors and cut out every one she did not like, then cut those into tiny splinters and threw them in the wastebasket. This laborious process took three hours, during which I repeatedly got up to leave, but Marilyn kept ordering me to sit down. It was my first evidentiary of Marilyn Monroe’s capacity for cruelty. Doug told her that the negatives and proofs were his property—that he could be trusted to keep them locked up if that was her wish. That didn’t deter her. Poor Doug. She just mopped up the floor with him. He would say, ‘But I like this one.’ She would say, ‘No! I don’t. I don’t want to be seen like that. That’s *dead*.’ ”

Douglas Kirkland’s memory of that night is totally different. “Yes, she cut the proofs and negatives into little pieces—and that was disturbing,” he says. “It was shocking, actually, the way she went through them, cutting them up. However, she was extremely clear about what she thought was best for her and the ones she killed, for the most part, were not good. She was thorough and professional. She wanted photos that the Everyman could enjoy. Or, as she put it to me when she saw one shot she really loved, ‘I like this one because [Marilyn] looks like the kind of girl a truck driver would like to be in there [the bed] with. That’s who this girl appeals to—the regular guy.’

“I absolutely agree, though, that she was a darker personality than the one I had shot the day before,” says Kirkland. “The day before, she had been sexy, vibrant, and exciting, but twenty-four hours later, she was drawn, tired, and disturbed. She answered the door with a scarf on her head and dark glasses on. I don’t know what could have happened in such a short period of time to change her personality but it was totally, totally different. However, was I horrified? Did I think she was awful? Oh my gosh, no. Absolutely not. No, no, no. She was *Marilyn Monroe*, after all.” *

At the end of 1961, Marilyn Monroe purchased a house for about \$77,000. She had wanted a house that looked as much like Dr. Greenson's as possible, and she found one. She had been searching for some time. Once, she and Pat Newcomb found a home that Marilyn liked very much. The two were standing outside near the pool talking it over when the owner, a woman, came out, stared at Marilyn for a long time, and finally said, "I know who you are! Get off my property immediately!" There seemed no justification at all for such an outburst, but it suggested that Marilyn's reputation was by now a mixed one among her public. There were people who loved her, but also definitely people who had a judgment on her. Choked with tears, Marilyn and Pat quickly left the premises.

With three bedrooms and two baths, Marilyn's new house was a surprisingly small—by show business standards—hacienda-type, one-story home on Fifth Helena Drive outside of Brentwood, California. The living room was so small, just three pieces of furniture would fit. The bathrooms were extremely small, as was the kitchen. Basically, it looked like a small, very modest apartment. It did feature a swimming pool and a lush garden area, and the entire property was walled from the street at the end of a cul-de-sac. It seemed very private. Below the front door was a tile with the engraving CURSUM PERFICIO. Over the years, some have translated this Latin motto to mean, "My journey ends here"—suggesting that Marilyn had a death wish of some kind and may have had this tile installed to send a message. However, the literal translation is "I complete the course," and it has been used in the doorways of European homes for many years as a way of welcoming guests. It was installed when the house was built, some thirty years before Marilyn took ownership. Marilyn said she was looking forward to furnishing the house with Mexican-style furnishings that she hoped to purchase during her trips to that part of the world. Despite the important purchase, though, by the end of the year Marilyn was in terrible shape. Her spirits had plummeted and there seemed no way for her to rebound. She was scheduled to go before cameras in 1962 with a new movie, *Something's Got to Give*, but she was far from interested in it.

Whereas she had been more or less fine—at the very least her emotional illness seemed to have been stabilized—when she was with her half sister Berniece in New York, in Los Angeles she was not well at all. Those in her circle who did not know about her diagnosis attributed this change in her demeanor to the constant therapy she was receiving from Dr. Greenson. She was with him almost every day. Then, at night, she would often have dinner with the Greenson family. Sometimes she would stay overnight. Doubtless, the biggest problem Dr. Greenson faced was the damage he did to his image with certain aspects of his advice and behavior. Some of what he did *was* strange, was suspicious, and did not put him in a very good light. For instance, consider this story:

One of Marilyn's best friends was Ralph Roberts, an actor and her personal masseur, who had the nickname "Rafe." Because he was a constant companion of Marilyn's, she had sent for him to be in Los Angeles with her. She thought of him as a brother. One day, Dr. Greenson announced that Roberts had to go. "There are one too many Ralphys in the picture," he told Marilyn. She couldn't believe her ears. "But he's one of my best friends," she said in protest. "I don't care, he's got to go, Marilyn," Greenson said. "But I call him Rafe, not Ralph," she said, now becoming hysterical. It would appear that she actually thought the problem was in her friend's name—not in his presence. "Rafe! Rafe!" she said over and over again. Greenson concluded, "I don't care what you call him. You are much too dependent on him." That night, Marilyn told Ralph that he had to go back to New York. According to people who knew her best at that time, she sobbed all night long. Still, she felt she was powerless to do anything about it; that's how reliant she had become on Dr. Greenson.

Another example of Greenson's seemingly territorial nature where Marilyn was concerned can be found in a letter he wrote to a colleague (in May 1961): "Above all, I try to help her not to be so lonely, and therefore to escape into the drugs or get involved with very destructive people who will engage in some sort of sadomasochistic relationship with her. This is the kind of planning you do with an adolescent girl who needs guidance, friendliness and firmness, and she seems to take it very well. She said for the first time, she looked forward to coming to Los Angeles, because she could speak to me. Of course, this does not prevent her from canceling several hours to go to Palm Springs with Mr. F.S. [doubtless, Frank Sinatra]. She is as unfaithful to me as one is to a parent."

It seems true that Marilyn felt inclined to explain her romantic experiences to Greenson as if he had a right to sanction them. For instance, in March 1961, she wrote a letter to him in which she described "a fling on a wing" with someone she did not name. She said he was unselfish in bed but that she knew Greenson would not approve of the relationship. Many reporters over the years have suggested that she was referring to one of the Kennedy brothers. She may also have been referring to Frank Sinatra.

Making the situation all the more uncomfortable to observers at the time was that Marilyn's new attorney was Mickey Rudin—Ralph Greenson's brother-in-law. Rudin was also Frank Sinatra's lawyer and, moreover, Greenson was Sinatra's therapist. "Why in the world Sinatra would have Greenson as his shrink fully knowing the condition of his other famous patient, Marilyn, was a mystery to everyone," said one of Marilyn's friends at that time. "It was all just a little creepy. There was just too much Greenson everywhere you looked."

Pat Kennedy Lawford was one of those who did not support Marilyn's relationship with Dr. Greenson, and she made that clear during a luncheon with Marilyn. Her father, Joseph, suffered a stroke in the fall of 1961, and she was having a difficult time coping with the fact that it had left such a vibrant man paralyzed. Marilyn and Pat arranged to have a drink and catch up at the Beachcomber restaurant in Malibu, a favorite haunt of Pat's. When she had her son Christopher in 1955, she and Peter stopped there to celebrate on the way home from the hospital. They just plopped the infant right down on the bar in his little bassinet, ordered a couple of dirty martinis, and drank up. That was a happy, if not also crazy, day. However, on this later day, Pat was feeling melancholy and sad. According to Pat Brennan, who joined the two for drinks, Pat cried about her father while Marilyn watched, almost distantly.

"Do you love your father?" Marilyn asked Pat, who was shocked by the question.

"Of course I do," Pat replied.

"Dr. Greenson says I don't need a father," Marilyn said. "They're optional—not everyone has one."

If Marilyn had been trying to console Pat, it certainly wasn't working. More likely, however, Monroe was simply free-associating her conversation, without much of an agenda. This wasn't one of Marilyn's good days.

"You are seeing too much of that guy," Pat replied coolly, "he's got you under a spell or something."

"But he's like a father to me," Marilyn confided, "and I can trust him not to tell anyone."

"Tell anyone what?" asked Pat.

Marilyn had been confiding in Pat about her need to “quiet her mind” for quite some time, and she believed Pat had to know what she was talking about.

“That I’m like my mother,” Marilyn said.

Pat’s face hardened. Later she would say that it dawned on her that Greenson had convinced Marilyn her condition was serious enough that she needed him—indefinitely. “Now you listen to me,” she said, according to Brennan’s memory of the conversation. “That man doesn’t know what he’s talking about. Your mother is a very sick woman.”

“So am I,” Marilyn said quite plainly.

There was silence between the two. Pat Brennan watched the scene play out without saying a word. Everyone just looked at each other for a long moment, until Marilyn finally began to cry.

“Don’t be angry with me,” she said, as she stood and started to collect her belongings.

“Why would I be angry? Sit down, where are you going?”

“Just don’t be angry with me. I couldn’t take that.”

Marilyn headed for the door, and the two Pats—Lawford and Brennan—followed. They caught up with Marilyn in front of the restaurant, still visibly upset. Pat Kennedy Lawford hugged her.

“This is all that damn doctor’s fault.”

“No it’s not,” Marilyn said. “But it’s not my fault either.”

“Let’s just talk about this,” Pat insisted.

“No. I’ve upset you both,” Marilyn said. She gave Lawford a quick peck on the cheek and Brennan the same. Then she looked the former in the eye and said, “I swear, this isn’t my fault.”

Marilyn, again on the verge of breaking down, walked off toward her car while both women were left to try to make sense of what had just happened.

Dr. Ralph Greenson replaced the other Ralph in Marilyn's life—Roberts—with perhaps the strangest character who had ever come into the picture—another reason he is so maligned by historians. She was fifty-nine-year-old Eunice Murray, a dowdy, bespectacled woman with not much personality who called herself a “nurse,” but who had no medical training whatsoever. She had a very stern face and hard features. In fact, Marilyn hadn't had anyone in her life like this since Ida Bolender. The difference between the two, though, was that Ida had great warmth beneath the cold exterior whereas Eunice didn't, or at least not that anyone was ever able to discern. Because she had “homemaking skills,” she was installed as Marilyn's companion—sometimes she spent the night, sometimes not—much to the dismay of almost every person who knew Marilyn, it's safe to say. It seemed to Marilyn's friends and associates that there was nothing Marilyn could do during her private time at home that wasn't immediately brought to Dr. Greenson's attention by Murray. Indeed, in their view, he had a new spy in the household. Even Marilyn's publicist and friend Pat Newcomb, not usually one to make waves and who went along with practically every decision made on Marilyn's behalf, was suspicious of Eunice Murray. Saying she was frightened of her, she didn't even want to be around the woman. “She keeps giving me that fishy stare,” Pat told John Springer, “and I don't like it one bit.” * In Greenson's defense, however, he believed strongly that Marilyn needed to be monitored as much as possible. He didn't care if people thought he was spying on her via Eunice Murray, as long as he knew what his patient was up to every moment of every day.

“I heard that she [Murray] was constantly on the telephone, whispering information to him,” said Diane Stevens, who came to Los Angeles with John Springer for business meetings at that time. “Marilyn couldn't have guests over without Greenson knowing who they were, how long they stayed, and what they wanted. This woman was always peering around corners, taking mental notes, and then reporting back to the doctor. I met her once. I had to drop some paperwork at Marilyn's house and when I did, this woman came to the door. ‘Who are you?’ she demanded to know. ‘Why haven't I seen you around here before? What business do you have here?’ Oh my God, I was horrified by her attitude. I thought to myself, she's a housekeeper. What right does she have to talk to anyone like this? So I said, ‘Who are *you*? Why haven't I seen *you* around here before? What business do *you* have here?’ She looked at me with an angry face and then slammed the door in my face. I told John about it and he said, ‘Oh no. What has Marilyn gotten herself into now?’ ”

At the end of 1961, Dr. Greenson wrote in his notes of what he called “a severe depressive reaction” to something that had happened in Marilyn's life. He wasn't clear as to what had transpired. “She had talked about retiring from the movie industry, killing herself, etc.” Certainly it's not good news when a psychiatrist becomes so used to hearing a patient's threats to commit suicide that he adds “etc.” to his notes about it, suggesting that he's heard it all before. “I had to place nurses in her apartment day and night,” he wrote, “and keep strict control over the medication since I felt she was potentially suicidal. Marilyn fought with these nurses, so that after a few weeks it was impossible to keep any of them.”

After hearing her voice on the telephone, Joe DiMaggio decided that he'd better fly to Los Angeles to spend Christmas with Marilyn. She was happy to see him. As difficult as he was at times, she knew he loved her and she felt safe in his arms. “Joe was there maybe thirty minutes when he figured out that things had gotten much worse with her,” said his friend the sportswriter Stacy Edwards. “Let me put it to you this way. He took one look at that Mrs. Murray and knew she was trouble. From what he told me, he said to her, ‘I don't want you knowing anything about me or my business. You work for Marilyn, but you are not her friend. And you are not my friend. If it were up to me, you wouldn't even exist.’ He was very direct with her. I'm sure she had a lot to tell Greenson about him.”

Joe wanted to make certain that Christmas Day would be happy for Marilyn. To that end, he had purchased a large tree and had decorated it for her. He was as solicitous and as romantic as he could be, doing whatever he could think of to make the day festive. He purchased gifts and even had them wrapped at the store. “He told me it was a great day,” recalled Stacy Edwards. “He said she seemed okay, not too manic. I'm pretty sure the housekeeper wasn't there, though I don't know where she was—or where he sent her, I should say. Everything was going well... until that night, anyway.”

Earlier in the day, Marilyn announced that they were having dinner with... the Greensons. Joe hadn't met the doctor, but already he wasn't a fan. However, he was anxious to spend time with him and come to his own conclusions. It didn't take long for him to make a determination, though. Joe had always thought that Natasha Lytess had too much influence on Marilyn, and he certainly felt the same way about Lee and Paula Strasberg. However, that night—after just thirty minutes of watching his ex-wife act as if Ralph Greenson was her long-lost father and Greenson's family was the one she'd never known—Joe DiMaggio would say that he had a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. “You know what it's like when you're in a car with someone and they run a red light and you know you're gonna crash but you're not driving so there's nothing you can do about it?” he asked Stacy Edwards. “That's how I felt that night. I felt like Marilyn was about to crash, but I was no longer in the driver's seat anymore... and there was nothing I could do about it.”

Joe wasn't the only one worried about Marilyn. Others who were not aware of her disease had no frame of reference for her strange behavior. “‘She's not well.’ ‘She's acting strangely.’ ‘What's wrong with her?’ That's all I kept hearing by the beginning of 1962,” said Diane Stevens from John Springer's office.

“Pat Newcomb and a young publicist named Michael Selsman were mostly handling her from the Arthur P. Jacobs Company by this time. She was paying them \$250 a week, I think, which was \$50 more than she'd been paying John Springer's firm. Every now and then we still had to field a press request, and it wasn't easy. She had become difficult and argumentative. Once you got her there, she was okay. But getting her there was hell. She'd have an appointment to do an interview and just not show up. It had been her custom to be late, but to not show up was not her. Then, she was saying the strangest things. For instance, she said that the reason she bought her new house was because it reminded her of the orphanages in which she was raised. After spending the better part of the last decade bemoaning the orphanages she was sent to—and I believe it was just one, by the way—to now suddenly start making that statement seemed more than odd. The word was out that she was sick, a drug addict. I was scared.”

PART EIGHT

The Kennedys

It was late January 1962. “You have just got to meet him,” Pat Kennedy Lawford told Marilyn Monroe. “You’ll never know anyone quite like my brother.” She was talking about her brother, Bobby, now attorney general of the United States.

One thing is certain, anytime Marilyn had the opportunity to be around the Kennedys, she took advantage of it. She was much more politically minded than people knew. What follows is a remarkable letter she wrote to journalist Lester Markel, a *New York Times* editor she had met and with whom she enjoyed lively discussions about politics. It was written before JFK won his party’s nomination for president:

Lester dear,

Here I am still in bed. I’ve been lying here—thinking even of you. About our political conversation the other day: I take it all back that there isn’t anybody. What about Rockefeller? First of all, he is a Republican, like the New York Times and secondly, and most interesting, he’s more liberal than many of the Democrats. Maybe he could be developed? At this time, however, Humphrey might be the only one. But who knows since it’s rather hard to find out anything about him. (I have no particular paper in mind!) Of course, Stevenson might have made it if he had been able to talk to people other than professors. Of course, there hasn’t been anyone like Nixon before because the rest of them at least had souls. Ideally, Justice William Douglas would be the best President, but he has been divorced so he couldn’t make it—but I’ve got an idea—how about Douglas for President and Kennedy for Vice-president, then the Catholics who wouldn’t have voted would vote because of Kennedy so it wouldn’t matter if he [Douglas] is so divorced! Then Stevenson could be secretary of state.

It’s true I am in your building quite frequently to see my wonderful doctor [here she is referring to her psychiatrist, Dr. Marianne Kris] as your spies have already reported. I didn’t want you to get a glimpse of me though until I was wearing my Somali leopard. I want you to think of me as a predatory animal.

*Love and kisses,
Marilyn*

PS Slogan for late ‘60

“Nix on Nixon”

“Over the hump with Humphrey” (?)

“Stymied with Symington”

“Back to Boston by Xmas—Kennedy”

Back to Boston by Christmas? It doesn’t sound as if Marilyn—a registered Democrat—had much confidence that JFK could win the election. She was well-read and knowledgeable enough to have an opinion, though, and could definitely hold her own in any political conversation. As they got to know one another, she and Pat also had lengthy discussions about civil rights, a subject about which Marilyn had become quite passionate. She identified with the underdog, and began to realize that Pat and her dynastic family shared those ideals. When the two would discuss coverage of world events in the press, Marilyn always took the position that important stories that made the country look bad—such as certain riots taking place in urban areas—were not given enough prominent space. “Sometimes I think the government is running the media,” she told Pat in front of friends. “I don’t trust anything I read these days.” Pat was certainly not ashamed to have Marilyn Monroe mixing with her peers because she viewed her as a woman of substance. Pat especially enjoyed having her visit when her siblings were present because she also knew that Marilyn never really had a family. Therefore, it gave her pleasure and satisfaction to share hers with her new friend.

Of course, as is well known, the Kennedys were a raucous bunch totally devoted to each other. It seems that when they weren’t running the country, they were having a good time at Peter and Pat’s. One writer once opined, “The problem with the Kennedys is that they have no problems.” Of course, history has shown us that this wasn’t the case—but it certainly seemed like it to the outside world back in 1961. “You’re a Kennedy now,” Pat told Marilyn shortly after having met her. Pat didn’t throw around the designation easily, either. For instance, when JFK won the Democratic nomination, all of the Kennedys were to join him onstage at the convention in Los Angeles at the Coliseum. When Peter Lawford started to walk out with the rest of them, his wife, Pat, stopped him. “You’re not actually a Kennedy,” she told him, “so I think it’s not right.” JFK overheard what was going on and stopped his sister. “He’s married to you so that makes him a Kennedy, don’t you think?” he asked her. She shrugged. “Besides, he’s a good-looking movie star,” he added with a wink at Peter. “So we can certainly use him up there.” Poor Peter had even taken the citizenship test just to become an American so he could cast his vote for JFK. If Pat still didn’t think of him—her own husband—as a Kennedy, she must have really taken to Marilyn to have awarded her with the appellation. Of course, Marilyn loved being around the Kennedys—the joyous laughter, the intense rivalry, the crazy drama that informed everything they ever did... the many children, more than she could count... and all of the dogs. The Lawfords always had at least a half dozen dogs running around the property, chasing and yapping at whichever team of Kennedys was playing touch football on the beach. Because Pat was deathly allergic to the animals, she kept her distance. Peter pretty much ignored them. In his view, they were just part of the grand scenery that surrounded him. However, Marilyn took to the pets and made sure they were bathed and well fed whenever she was around. “Why, they’re just like little people,” she would tell Pat. “Oh yeah?” Pat would shoot back. “Well, little people don’t shit on my white carpets, now do they?”

Parties at Pat and Peter’s home at 625 Palisades Beach Road in Malibu (now Pacific Coast Highway) were practically legendary at this time. Originally built by Louis B. Mayer in 1926, it was quite a showplace, an enormous marble and stucco Mediterranean-Spanish structure. It was built on thirty-foot pilings to prevent it from being swept away in a tidal wave—not that there has ever been one in Santa Monica. The walls were a foot thick to ensure that the house remained cool in the summer. Its best feature was its large, curving living room with windows facing the ocean and wrought-iron balconies onto which French doors opened. There were thirteen onyx and marble bathrooms, but just four bedrooms. Of course, it also had the standard-issue fifty-foot pool, always heated and glistening. It was easily accessible from the street—with no gate or any kind of security entryway, it sat right off the highway.

Behind the main house was Sorrento Beach, popular for its volleyball tournaments. The surf pounded this coastline day and night, the rising tides

littering it with brown seaweed. The Lawford children often brought the slimy plants into the house and played with them in their bedrooms, much to the fastidious Pat's dismay. The neighbors on one side of the Lawfords' property were the actor Jeffrey Hunter and his family. On the other, there was a vacant lot. It was all that remained after the home that once stood there was demolished. Pat joked to Marilyn that she had the house blown to smithereens when she learned that a family of Republicans had purchased it. Or, at least Marilyn *thought* Pat was joking.

Matthew Fox was a friend of Jeffrey Hunter's son, Steele. The two boys were eight in 1961. "These parties, man, you've never seen anything like them," recalled Fox. "The Kennedys had style. I mean, those people knew how to throw a party, let me tell you. Sometimes they would have afternoon barbecues, which I loved. If I had a sleepover with Steele, I would wander over there the next day just to snoop around. Once, I saw Angie Dickinson baking in the sun in a bikini that was so revealing I think it was the first time I ever got a boner. I'd always see Mrs. Lawford—Pat—tossing a football around with her brother, the president. Bobby would be there. Teddy. Judy Garland would be there, doing the twist on the sand in her bare feet, just about as drunk as she could be. And there'd be Frank Sinatra with Dean Martin and Sammy Davis with Peter, walking on the beach, chain-smoking like mad and tossing their cigarette butts into the ocean as if to say, 'Screw Mother Nature. As far as we're concerned, the whole world is our ashtray.'

"And Marilyn. I think from 1961 on, she was there a lot. I remember I would just see this shock of blonde hair from a distance and I'd run over to stare at her up close."

Fox remembered Marilyn as "the most beautiful woman, no, goddess, I have ever seen," as she stood on the beach, always shielding her eyes against the spray and the sand. He recalls her walking on the hot sand with Pat's dogs and stopping to admire the deep blue ocean so flecked with whitecaps. Sometimes she would toss a ball into the water and then squeal with delight as one of the animals retrieved it and returned it to her.

"Once, I walked out to the beach with my little Brownie camera and asked if I could take a picture of her," continued Matthew Fox. "She said, 'Oh no! Not today. I don't have my makeup on and I don't even look like Marilyn Monroe. Come back tomorrow and I'll be all ready for you.' So the next day I went back with my camera. She was made up as if getting ready to make a movie—heavy mascara, red lipstick, big hair teased out to there—the whole Marilyn bit. I said, 'Wow, just look at you!' And she said, 'I did all of this just for you, Matty, so let's take that picture now, shall we?' And we did. I shot a few pictures and then Pat took a picture of the two of us together. Afterward, Marilyn kissed me on the forehead and said, 'You come back in about twenty years and we'll be better friends, okay?' Then she winked at me and walked back into the house. And I thought, 'Oh my God. *I am in love with Marilyn Monroe.*' Even then, I knew that most people in the world didn't have these kinds of experiences."

One of the biggest problems faced by Pat Kennedy Lawford in the early 1960s was her and Peter's reputation. Peter and his Rat Pack friends had used her home so often for their sexual escapades with women that some wise guy renamed the place "High Anus Port." Jeanne Martin, Pat's good friend, said, "I truly don't know what Peter was thinking. How could he put himself and Pat in that position? It was always a mystery to me. He was not a careless man, but to do that to his wife..." Indeed, when Pat heard about the nickname, she was embarrassed. However, there wasn't a lot she could do about it. Her brother, Jack, was president of the United States, and if he wanted to meet girls at her home when he came into town, she felt she had no choice but to allow it. "Obviously, Pat was not clueless," said George Jacobs. "She was just resigned. [But] Pat must have hated that her house was being used as a brothel for JFK." * The only thing she believed she could do to keep her place of residence dignified was the occasional classy dinner party—which she usually had when Bobby and Ethel were in town. No one seems to remember an occasion when she had such a party for JFK and Jackie, the reason being that when JFK came to the West Coast, he preferred leaving Jackie behind since her presence at his side usually cramped his style. The latest Kennedy gathering organized by Pat was to take place on February 1, 1962. Again, Pat was hosting for Bobby and Ethel since they were in Los Angeles on the first leg of a fourteen-country goodwill tour.

With the telling of events leading up to this party, one can also begin to understand one of the reasons behind all of the rumors about Marilyn and Bobby. Prior to this evening, Marilyn—always one to embellish an already interesting story—spent at least two weeks calling people such as Danny Greenson (the doctor's son), Jeanne Martin, Henry Weinstein (producer of *Something's Got to Give*), among others to tell them exciting news: "I have a date with Bobby Kennedy."

Henry Weinstein recalled, "I get a call one day from her and she says, I have a very important date with a very important man. And I want to know from you what kinds of things I can say to him, what kinds of questions I may be able to ask him, that will be impressive. So I said, 'Fine, but who's the man, so I can think of topics for you.' She said, 'It's Bobby Kennedy.' I was a little floored. 'Seriously?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, 'I have a date with Bobby Kennedy.' So, I said, 'Okay, well, we're right in the middle of the civil rights business, so ask him what he's doing to calm down the riots, how he feels about Martin Luther King, that sort of thing.' "

In subsequent years, sources who have said Marilyn told them she was "dating" Bobby Kennedy weren't fibbing. Apparently, *she* was fibbing. In this case, it most certainly wasn't a date. It was a dinner party at Pat's, and she was just one of the guests. However, people heard from her that it was "a date," and then passed that information on to reporters many decades later. Each person has told the same story: She wrote down all of the questions she was given on a napkin, so that she could remember them. They were inquiries about civil rights, about the country's support of the Diem regime in Vietnam, and also about the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Marilyn showed up at Pat's that night dressed to kill. Years later, Joan Braden, who was present that night, recalled, "Bobby turned and I turned and there she was—blonde, beautiful, red lips at the ready, clad in a black-lace dress which barely concealed the tips of her perfectly formed breasts and tightly fitted every curve of the body unparalleled." Joan whispered in Bobby's ear, "Bobby, this is *the* Marilyn Monroe, the genuine article." Then Pat came over and said, "Bobby, I'd like you to meet Marilyn."

While Bobby was mildly interested in meeting the screen star, his wife, Ethel, was much more starstruck. Unlike many of the Kennedys, Ethel was down-to-earth, not at all pretentious. She enjoyed a good time, loved playing football with the men in the family, and was considered something of a tomboy. She was also the life of any party, pretty much like her sister-in-law Pat. She'd wanted to be a nun before meeting Bobby, but then of course went on to marry Kennedy and give birth to eleven children by him. She was well-liked within the family, though she and Jackie often butted heads. Ethel, always one to speak her mind, was devoted to the Kennedy family and was Bobby's biggest supporter when it came to his political ambitions. Whereas the other women who'd married into the family—Jackie and Joan—had to apply themselves in order to be invested in their husband's careers, Ethel absolutely loved politics and hoped to one day be First Lady.

Ethel had wanted to meet Marilyn ever since deciding a year earlier that the actress should play her in a screen version of Bobby's book *The Enemy Within*, which was about his investigation into the illegal activities of Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters union. It was presently being developed into a movie by Marilyn's studio, 20th Century-Fox. Budd Schulberg, who had written the screenplay for *On the Waterfront*, was adapting the Kennedy work. In the end, it would not see completion, but Ethel's choice to have Marilyn play her in the movie is interesting just the same. On its face, it seems odd. The two were not at all alike, after all. Whereas Marilyn was a sex kitten, Ethel was earthy and a more motherly figure. However, Ethel had seen many of Marilyn's films and was interested in her not for her looks but rather because she saw what a lot of people saw in Marilyn, a very good actress. "I think she's underrated," she told Joan Braden, a friend of the Kennedy family's. "I think she's done some very good work and I'd be honored to have her play me in the movie." Ethel's appreciation of Marilyn didn't last long after she actually had a chance to meet her—and see her interact with Bobby.

Joan Braden recalled, "Bobby ended up sitting right next to her at dinner, with Kim Novak, Angie Dickinson and me at the table. Who the men between us were, I can't remember. I can only remember the women and the dresses, which showed off their bosoms."

Of Marilyn and Bobby, Braden continues, "They had an instant rapport, not surprising in that they were both charismatic, smart people. Bobby enjoyed talking to intelligent, beautiful women, and Marilyn certainly fit the bill. She was also inquisitive in a childlike way, which I think he found refreshing. I found her to be delightful, and everyone at the party was completely enthralled by her and rather dazzled by her presence."

After dinner, Marilyn pulled out her little napkin of questions and started asking them to Bobby. She really didn't need the crib sheet, though. She certainly knew how to engage in an intellectual conversation with someone like Bobby Kennedy. Soon, the two retired to the bar to discuss J. Edgar Hoover. Marilyn said she felt he was out of control. "Spying on this one and that one. He even spies on me, and what do I ever do?" she asked, according to Jeanne Martin, who was also at the party and overheard the conversation. "All I ever do is shop and make movies, yet he has his goons following me!" Marilyn had long felt she was being stalked. There was the incident where she called her pseudo-manager Lucille Carrol to tell her that someone was peeping in on her in her bedroom, even though no available ladder would have reached the third floor. There were many other times, as well. In fact, there's a very good adage that applies here: Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean someone's not following you. The fact that Marilyn actually *was* being followed, and by Hoover's "goons," had to have fed into her sense of paranoia. Bobby said that he and his brother Jack felt the same way about Hoover—and they should have because he had agents tailing their every move as well!—but there was nothing they could do about it yet.

It should be noted that there have been many different accounts of Marilyn's first meeting with Bobby, going all the way back to dates in 1960. However, on the basis of information assembled for this book, February 1, 1962, marked the first meeting. Immediately afterward, on February 2,

Marilyn wrote a letter to Isadore Miller, Arthur's father. She began it, "Dear Dad," and wrote of meeting Kennedy, "he seems rather mature and brilliant for his thirty-six years, but what I liked best about him, besides his Civil Rights program, is he's got such a wonderful sense of humor." She also wrote to Arthur's son, Bobby, to whom she was close. "When they asked him who he wanted to meet, he wanted to meet me," she wrote. "So I went to the dinner and sat next to him, and he isn't a bad dancer either." Based on Marilyn's words ("he wanted to meet me"), the two had not met before this evening. She wrote that she'd asked Bobby questions about the civil rights movement and that she was impressed with his answers. She further stated that Bobby had promised to send her a letter that would summarize their conversation. She promised to send Miller a copy of it, "because there will be some very interesting things in it because I really asked many questions that I said the youth of America want answers to and want things done about."

"Afterwards, we all started dancing and I remember Marilyn teaching Bobby how to do the twist," recalled Joan Braden. "The two were laughing and having a very good time together. That, I think, was really pushing it as far as Ethel was concerned. I remember wondering how Bobby could be so blatantly flirtatious with another woman knowing that Ethel was watching, and I was also worried about Ethel's feelings. People always thought Ethel Kennedy could take care of herself, more so than the other Kennedy women. But I always thought that underneath Ethel's bravado was a very sensitive, and often very hurt, woman."

It's been reported countless times over the years that Marilyn Monroe became so inebriated on this night that she could not drive herself home. Therefore, Bobby and his press aide Ed Guthman supposedly did so. Guthman has even been quoted as saying that this was true. Perhaps that happened on some other night—it's never been proven, though—but definitely it did not occur on this night.

Fresh research now establishes that Marilyn did not drive to the Lawford home. She was picked up at 8 p.m. by the Carey Cadillac Renting Company of California from her apartment on Doheny Drive and then taken to the Lawfords'. She stayed until three in the morning and then was driven back to her home. A receipt exists from the Carey Cadillac Renting Company proving as much.

Edward Barnes, who now owns his own valet service, was a young parking attendant at the Lawfords' that evening. He says that while Marilyn was waiting for her driver, there was a bit of chaos in front of the Lawford home. "One of the other valets broke a cardinal rule and asked Miss Monroe if he could take a picture of her," says Barnes. "She said, 'Of course.' And that very second, a Secret Service agent appeared from nowhere and grabbed the guy's camera. It stunned everyone. Marilyn was surprised, too, and she said, 'Wait a second. *Who the hell are you?*' He said, 'Secret Service, ma'am.' Just then, a Kennedy aide who I later learned was Ed Guthman said, 'We have agents here, Marilyn. It's okay.' And she said, 'Well, it is not okay to steal someone's camera.' She then turned to the agent and said, 'You give back that camera right now.' And he did! Then she posed for the picture. Everyone stood there with their mouths open, it was such a moment. I will never forget it. I thought to myself, Holy Christ, I can't believe that Marilyn Monroe just went up against the Secret Service... and won!"

"The next day, I asked her how the date with Bobby Kennedy went," recalled Henry Weinstein, "and she said it went great, and 'Guess what? I have *another* date with him.' So I thought, wow, that's very nice. A few days went by and I didn't hear from her. I called her and said, 'So? How is it going with Bobby Kennedy?' She said, 'Well... let's put it this way. I don't need any more questions.' "

JFK: “Finally! You’re Here!”

At the end of February 1962, Peter Lawford invited Marilyn to a dinner party in New York that was being held to honor President John F. Kennedy. Kennedy loved the Hollywood culture and was enamored of celebrities, especially beautiful actresses, or, more specifically, especially beautiful blonde actresses—though, as was well known about him, he never tossed a brunette or redhead out of his bed either. Though Marilyn had met Kennedy back in the 1950s when he was a senator, she never had a chance to speak to him in depth. After having had the opportunity to meet Bobby, she was eager to know his brother Jack. She had no romantic designs on JFK. Not yet, anyway.

The party was to take place at the home of Fifi Fell, the widow of a wealthy industrialist. Milt Ebbins, who was Peter Lawford’s partner in his production company, recalled:

“Dave Powers [a presidential aide] and I were supposed to escort Marilyn to the party. Dinner was at eight. We showed up at her place at 7:30. Of course she was nowhere near ready. Her maid came out of the bedroom and said something about her not being able to make up her mind about what to wear. Also, she had this hairdresser [Kenneth Battelle, her hairstylist] combing and teasing and combing and teasing. Finally, Dave said, ‘I’m not going to sit here when I could be with the president.’ So he took the car back to the party and then sent a limousine for us.

“The limousine arrived at 8:15 and she still wasn’t ready. At that point, Peter called and said, ‘What the hell is going on? Does she realize that she’s keeping the president waiting?’ And when he said that to me, something clicked in my head and I thought, ‘Hmmm, I wonder if that’s the whole idea.’ ”

At 8:30, still no Marilyn—but the hairdresser came out of the bedroom very casually as if he had not a care in the world. Before breezily taking his leave, he said to Milt, “It’s worth the wait. Believe me. She looks *fabulous*.”

At 8:45, another call came in from Peter to Milt. By now, Peter was frantic and, with Dave Powers cursing in the background, hollered into the phone, “Get her over here, God damn it. The president wants her here, *now*.” Milt replied, “I’m trying, *I’m trying*.” Peter bellowed, “Well, try harder,” before slamming down the phone.

At 9 p.m., the telephone rang again and the maid said it was Peter. Milt told her to say they’d already left the premises. By now totally exasperated, he burst into Marilyn’s bedroom. There she was, with her back to him, sitting at her vanity, staring into the mirror and, with what looked to Ebbins like an eyeliner pencil, darkening her famous beauty mark (a little mole on the right cheek of her face). “Marilyn, Jesus Christ, almighty!” Milt said. “Do you realize you’re keeping the president waiting.” She rose to face him. She was completely nude except for a pair of black high heels. “Oh, calm down, Milt,” she said casually. “My goodness. Just help me put this dress on.” After taking a casual sip of sherry, she lifted a little beaded and sequined number off the bed and put it over her head. Then she shimmed it down over her breasts, to her hips.

For the next ten minutes, Milt Ebbins attempted to assist Marilyn into what he described as “the tightest goddamn dress I have ever seen on a woman. We couldn’t get it past her hips. Of course, typical of Marilyn, she wasn’t wearing underwear either. So there I was, on my knees in front of her, my nose an inch from her crotch, pulling this dress down with all my might trying to get it past her big ass. And she kept saying, ‘Keep pulling, Milt. Keep pulling. You can do it. *You can do it.*’ ”

Finally, with one final tug, the dress gave way past Marilyn’s hips and down to her knees. “Ah, perfect,” she squealed. “I knew you could do it, Milt.” She then put a red wig over her hair and sunglasses over her eyes and then... back to the vanity where she sat down and began studying herself again. “Finally, I just grabbed her by the elbow,” Milt recalled, “and said, ‘That’s it. We’re leaving.’ ”

“We got into the limousine and made it to Park Avenue. When we got out of the car, the place was mobbed with photographers waiting to see who the president’s guests were. Not one person recognized her. We went up to the floor he was staying on and two Secret Service agents met us as soon as we got off the elevator. They escorted us to the apartment.”

Standing in front of the closed door, Marilyn took off her wig and handed it to one of the agents. After fluffing up her halo of blonde hair, she took the glasses off and handed them to the other agent. Then she drew a deep breath, smoothed down her dress, and said, “Okay, shall we?” One of the agents opened the door and Marilyn walked into the apartment, followed by Milt Ebbins.

“When she walked in, Christ almighty, it was like the parting of the Red Sea,” Ebbins recalled. “There were about twenty-five people in there, and the crowd divided into halves as she walked through the room.”

The actress Arlene Dahl, who was married to Fernando Lamas and is actor Lorenzo Lamas’s mother, was also at that party. “Marilyn walked in with her agent and, I’ll never forget it, everything stopped, everyone stopped. It was magical, really. I’ve never seen anyone stop a room like that. The president turned around and noticed her and you could see that he was immediately attracted to her. ‘Finally! You’re here,’ he said with a big smile as he walked over to her. ‘There are some people here who are dying to meet you.’ Then, she was descended upon. People just wanted to stand near her, smell her fragrance, breathe the same air as she.”

JFK took Marilyn’s arm and off she went with him. But not before turning to Milt Ebbins and giving him a wry little smile and a wink.

As it happened, JFK was immediately taken by Marilyn that night in New York—no surprise there. Before she left, he asked for her phone number. Of course, she gave it to him. He called her the very next day with a suggestion. He explained that he was going to be in Palm Springs on March 24. He would be staying with his friend and, as he understood it, hers as well—Frank Sinatra. Why not join him there? Oh, and incidentally, he told her, “Jackie won’t be there.”

Notorious Players

Wasn't it remarkable enough that Marilyn Monroe had made plans for a romantic getaway with the president of the United States? Did fate also have to decree that their assignation would occur in the center of a big melodrama involving both Kennedy brothers, Frank Sinatra, and Peter Lawford, the husband of Marilyn's friend Pat?

Everyone who knew Bobby Kennedy knew one thing about him: He was determined to bring down the underworld. Not only that but, as he had earlier indicated to Marilyn, he felt that J. Edgar Hoover was involved in certain illegal activities, too, and that he was using mob informants to beef up his scurrilous files on the Kennedy family. The scrappiest and most volatile of the brothers, Bobby spent most of 1960 and 1961 looking into these kinds of hunches. The irony was that pretty much everyone knew that his father, Joseph, had all sorts of underworld connections—and is there any doubt that a man as shrewd and savvy as Bobby knew about them, too? Still, in February 1962, his investigation of the underworld was completed and a report compiled by the Justice Department. Basically, it claimed that Sinatra was in so deep with the mob, he was practically running his own little syndicate.

Matters became even darker for Sinatra when, on February 27, 1962, FBI agents reported to J. Edgar Hoover that a woman named Judith Campbell Exner was sleeping with President Kennedy. Exner was one of the many girlfriends of leading Mafia kingpin Sam Giancana. It didn't take long for Hoover to figure out that Sinatra was the one who had introduced all these notorious players to one another. Finally, the FBI got it right!

As JFK had mentioned to Marilyn, he was scheduled to stay with Sinatra at his Palm Springs home. As it happened, Sinatra idolized JFK (whom he referred to as TP—The President) just about as much as he did any mobster he knew. Sinatra had spanking new cottages built on the property for JFK's visit. He also hung pictures of the Kennedys all over the main house, and even put up a gold plaque in the president's bedroom that said, "John F. Kennedy Slept Here." He had new phone lines installed for the Secret Service as well as a new helipad.

However, Sinatra was in for a rude awakening. Bobby told his brother Jack that due to the circumstances of Frank's mob ties, there was no way the president of the United States could stay in his home. JFK concurred. Of course, this sanctimonious reasoning was the height of hypocrisy, since one of the reasons Bobby and JFK agreed that Sinatra should be ostracized was because he was friends with Sam Giancana and his girlfriend, Judith Exner—a woman with whom JFK was having sex! "President Kennedy liked to live on the edge and he liked to take chances," observed retired Secret Service agent Lawrence Newman, "and I think he was walking on the edge of issues that were dark and dangerous."

Poor Peter Lawford was the guy chosen by Bobby to break the news to Sinatra. Peter never had a chance, especially when he told Frank where JFK would be sleeping in Palm Springs. As expected, Sinatra hung up on him. Then Sinatra dropped the phone to the floor. Staring out at the hot desert, he said to his valet, George Jacobs, "You want to know where he's staying? Bing Crosby's house, that's where—and he's a Republican!" After that, Frank dropped Peter from two upcoming Rat Pack films, *Robin and the 7 Hoods* and *4 for Texas*. As far as he was concerned, Peter Lawford was history.

Pat Kennedy Lawford was angry about this turn of events. Lately, Frank hadn't been on her list of favorite people anyway. That hadn't always been the case, though. In fact, it had been due to Pat that Sinatra and Peter Lawford reconciled after a spat in the 1950s over (Sinatra's) ex-wife, Ava Gardner. That argument marked the *first* time Sinatra gave Lawford the heave-ho and didn't speak to him for a couple of years. But then he met Pat one night at a dinner party at actor Gary Cooper's home in Holmby Hills. Even though she was pregnant, she and Frank flirted a bit. Apparently, it then occurred to Sinatra that his former friend, Lawford, was actually *married* to one of the daughters of a family that had the potential to become one of the most powerful in the world. Sinatra always had his sights set on getting into politics and began to hope that the Kennedy family might assist him in that regard. The next thing everyone in his circle knew—voilà!—he and Peter Lawford were best pals again. When Pat had the baby, sure enough, she and Peter named the girl Victoria Francis—after Francis Sinatra. Pat even put up her own Kennedy dollars to option the script of *Ocean's 11*, thinking it would star Peter with Frank. But guess who ended up starring in it? Frank. With Dean, Sammy, oh, and... Peter. "But after what Sinatra did to Peter where JFK was concerned, she was done with him for good," concluded her friend Pat Brennan.

Marilyn's Weekend with the President

On Saturday morning, March 24, 1962, Marilyn prepared for her date with presidential destiny.

As the plumbing wasn't functioning at her home, Marilyn had to race over to Dr. Greenson's to wash her hair on the morning of the twenty-fourth. Then she returned to her own home and got dressed. Meanwhile, Peter Lawford paced back and forth in her living room waiting for her to finish so that he could drive her to the desert. That Peter was still involved in any of this business suggests he was hopelessly hooked to the Kennedy-Sinatra-Monroe story and really didn't want it to end for him. Marilyn finally emerged from the bathroom with a black wig over her newly washed and styled hair. Lawford and Monroe then made the two-hour drive to Palm Springs.

In order to comprehend how Marilyn felt about this date with the president, one has to understand the woman Marilyn had become, and what she was accustomed to in her life. She had been much sought after for many years, the poster girl for human sexuality in this country since the mid-1950s. She was long used to being the center of attention, to being the one focused on anytime she showed up at a party. In fact, it usually wasn't a party until she showed up! Also, she was used to being around smart and powerful men—such as Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller—and also used to them falling for her. So, while one might have thought she would be thunderstruck by the idea of meeting the president of the United States for a date while his wife, the First Lady, was not on-site, that wasn't really true. To her, it was... interesting—just another mad day in the mad life of a mad actress. This attitude is borne out by a couple of credible sources.

Diane Stevens from the John Springer office recalled, "I telephoned her on March 22 to ask her a question about *Something's Got to Give* and said, 'So, what have you got planned for the weekend?' Very casually, she said, 'Oh, I'm going to Palm Springs to spend the weekend with Frank Sinatra and Jack Kennedy.' [Apparently, at this time, Marilyn didn't know that the locale for the party had been changed.] She was so casual about it, it was a little strange. I said, 'Wow! Marilyn, that's really something.' And she said, 'Really? Is it?' I said, 'Well, yeah!' And her reaction was, 'Well, you know, Bobby and I have had a couple of dates'—which was news to me—'and I met Jack in New York recently. He's a nice guy, so I'm just going to go and see what happens.' I hung up thinking to myself, wow. What a life!"

Philip Watson, who was a former Los Angeles county assessor, actually met Marilyn while she was with Kennedy in Palm Springs, and he says she seemed quite calm and casual wearing what he described as "kind of a robe thing." He further recalled, "There were a lot of people poolside, and some people were wandering in and out of a rambling Spanish-style house. Marilyn was there and the president was there and they were obviously together. There was no question in my mind that they were having a good time." He added, "She obviously had a lot to drink. It was obvious they were intimate, that they were staying there together for the night."

While Marilyn was with JFK in Palm Springs—Jackie was in India—she telephoned her friend Ralph Roberts. The three had a conversation that suggests that she and the president either didn't understand how troubling it could be to so many people if word of their tryst got out, or they just didn't care. Marilyn told Roberts that she was with "a friend" who was having certain back problems. The two—she and Roberts—had previously discussed certain muscle groups and she believed these were the specific areas troubling her friend. She also wanted to ask him about the solus muscle, which she had read about in a book called *The Thinking Body* by Mabel Ellsworth Todd. She wanted Roberts to talk to him. He agreed. The next thing he knew, he was talking to a man who sounded exactly like the president. They had a few words and Roberts hung up thinking that his friend Marilyn was, once again, up to no good. Later, she told him that it had most certainly been Kennedy and that he appreciated Roberts's quick diagnosis of his back problem.

Marilyn spent two nights with President Kennedy. It's not known that they were intimate on even one of those nights, let alone both. It can be presumed that they were, though, if only because JFK was used to having relations with a variety of beautiful women—and Marilyn was, no doubt, on top of any man's list of most desirable women, especially in 1962. Also, for her part, Marilyn would have found it hard to resist Kennedy. He was strong, powerful, and good-looking. Not only that, he *was* the president. Indeed, to think that these two passionate people did not find themselves in the throes of passion would be a little naïve. Rather, the question is whether it was on one or on both nights. As it would happen, though, this assignation would be the first and last for Marilyn where Jack Kennedy was concerned. "That was really the end of it," Ralph Roberts recalled many years later. "She told me very specifically that they were together that one weekend, and that it was the only time. It wasn't until many years later that I had begun hearing rumors to the contrary, but I just didn't believe them because she was so specific in what she said back then when it happened." Indeed, according to Roberts and a number of other credible sources, including Secret Service agents whose job it was to keep track of the president's activities, this weekend was the only one ever shared by the movie star and commander in chief. One agent who asked for anonymity put it this way: "If there had been an affair, I would have known about it. There was no affair. Sorry. There just wasn't. It was one weekend, and that's it." Another agent further stated, "At the time [1962], we all knew about the weekend. It wasn't until she [Monroe] and the president were both dead that people started talking about an affair. Trust me, no one was saying anything about an affair in 1962. What we knew was that JFK and Marilyn had sex at Bing Crosby's, and that's it. We didn't think it was a big deal. He had sex with a lot of women. At the time, looking back on it now, she was just one of many and it wasn't that noteworthy. If there was more to it between them, they [Kennedy and Monroe] somehow managed to keep it from us—and I don't think you can keep something like that from the Secret Service."

Indeed, contrary to decades of speculative reports of a long, protracted relationship with him, what Marilyn really shared with JFK was either one or two nights of—maybe—passion. Of course, it's always possible there was more. Obviously, anything is possible. However, there's just no credible evidence to support the existence of a long affair between them. Anything more to tell about it would be strictly the product of many an overworked imagination.

Something's Got to Give

Marilyn Monroe owed Fox one last picture under her 1956 contract and they wanted it in 1962. That one would be *Something's Got to Give*, a moderately budgeted remake of *My Favorite Wife*, the 1940 screwball classic that starred Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Gail Patrick.

At this time, the Fox executives were panicked because the studio was close to bankruptcy due to its losses on *Cleopatra*, the epic being filmed in Rome. Though Elizabeth Taylor was paid a million dollars to make that film—ten times what Marilyn was making for *Something's Got to Give*!—it would suffer numerous delays due to its leading lady's many different illnesses and missing days on the set. The studio couldn't afford any more problems on the set of one of its major films. It had already sold off its back lot to finance *Cleopatra* and it desperately needed the operating capital that a Marilyn Monroe picture would provide. Unfortunately, there was simply no way such an endeavor was going to be smooth sailing. Making a movie with Marilyn was quite often an ordeal under the best of circumstances due to her habitual tardiness. At this time, she was obviously not well at all, emotionally as well as physically.

As it turned out, there have been entire books and DVDs based on the troubled production of *Something's Got to Give*, that's how much of a mess it was from the start. As many as five different writers worked on the script, culminating with Walter Bernstein's final work, which was anything but stellar. The movie was over budget almost before it even began filming! Making matters even more confounding, Dr. Ralph Greenson found his way into this aspect of Marilyn's life as well, even if not completely by design. Fox studio head Peter Levathes must have known that his star Marilyn was going to cause all manner of problems on the production considering her condition, so he recruited Greenson as the point man responsible for making sure she showed up on set every day. Apparently, all Greenson needed was an invitation to participate, because before anyone knew what had happened, somehow producer David Brown had ended up being replaced by Greenson's friend Henry Weinstein—much to director George Cukor's outrage.

Marilyn had the director of her own choosing, George Cukor, and the leading man of her choice, Dean Martin. She had Jean Louis creating her costumes. Her personal makeup man Whitey Snyder was on hand, as was MGM's Sydney Guilaroff, who gave her hair a flattering bouffant flip and a stunning new platinum color. What she didn't have was the will to fight the demons that would keep her off the set for sixteen of the first seventeen days of filming. She would blame a slew of maladies for her nonappearance: sinusitis, insomnia, virus, loss of voice, physical exhaustion. The studio engaged three doctors to remain on the set daily—an ear, nose, and throat specialist, an internist, and a psychiatrist.

To watch the DVD of the documentary *Marilyn: Something's Got to Give*—a comprehensive look at the making of this movie—is difficult, made more so when one considers what Marilyn's life and career might have been had she not been so bedeviled with self-doubt, insecurities, unhappy relationships, paranoia, despondency, and drug dependency. Remarkably, though, Cukor was able to get a few excellent sequences on film, and Marilyn was—and this is without exaggeration—*more* beautiful, *more* appealing... indeed *more Marilyn Monroe*, than ever. How she always looked so ravishing on film despite the nightmare of her private life remained, until the very end, one of the biggest mysteries about her. In fact, she dropped eighteen pounds before appearing on this set for makeup and costume tests, and as a result her figure was astonishingly young and toned. Of course, she was off her medication, which accounted for some of the weight loss (not to mention some of the problems she had on the set). Her trim figure gave her much more confidence. She was playful, like a little girl, as she posed for the camera in some of the outfits designed for her by Jean Louis. She walked with a new elegance. It's quite amazing to see. The test footage was included in the documentary mentioned previously. Also included are the scenes Cukor shot. Indeed, for years it was thought that there was nothing left of the film, but in 1982 in a cluttered studio warehouse, eight boxes of raw film were discovered, some of its color faded, but in good enough condition to be useful. Some forty years after Fox fired Marilyn and closed down production, the studio salvaged thirty-seven minutes of film time and included some of it in the documentary, which was shown as a television special.

What also has to be stated about this production is how cooperative Marilyn was on the days that she did show up. Certainly her selection of Cukor as director was one she regretted. She knew he was a good director and respected his work, but she also knew that he didn't have much regard for her, so in a sense it was very brave of her to hire him. Given that she had approved of Cukor as director of *Let's Make Love* two years earlier, one would have to wonder why she would repeat that experience with him. "The mother was mad, and poor Marilyn was mad," he would later say of her. After she realized she would have a problem with Cukor, she tried to bring in screenplay writer Nunnally Johnson to replace him, but to no avail. "But the girl was neurotic beyond description," Johnson would recall. "Even if they were nutty enough to let me take George's place, two weeks later something would happen and she would come to hate me as much as she hated him. Marilyn kept retreating farther and farther from reality." In the end, Cukor had Marilyn doing the most ridiculous scenes over and over—such as one with a dog that would amount to just a few seconds in the final product. Her time could have been so much better utilized. Even in scenes where she was shot from behind—where her stand-in, Evelyn Moriarty, could easily have done the work—Cukor insisted that Marilyn be present and on set to do take after take after take. Never once did she lose her temper, though.

Incidentally, 20th Century-Fox made the aborted film the following year with Doris Day and James Garner filling the Marilyn and Dean roles, and a new name, *Move Over, Darling*. What's funny about this finished film is that in scenes where Marilyn was dressed in the finest of cocktail dresses with the most bouffant of hairstyles, Doris is seen in blue jeans with her hair pulled back in an ordinary ponytail—thus the personality differences between two great actresses, Misses Monroe and Day.

Marilyn's Fascination with the President

It's safe to say that Marilyn's mind wasn't really on *Something's Got to Give*, even though she tried to do her best. Since her weekend in Palm Springs with him, Marilyn Monroe seemed to have only one preoccupation—President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. On the basis of newly assembled information it's clear that she wanted to see him again. Rupert Allan recalled, “All I know is that she seemed fixated on the president. It started to become unclear as to what was going on between them, even though I thought it wasn't much. She was acting like she wanted more, though.” One Secret Service agent working for the Kennedy administration added, “She was calling, or trying to call him. A lot. She wanted to see him. She made that clear. Everyone knew it.”

It's certainly not difficult to understand why Marilyn invested so quickly in President Kennedy. Suffering from borderline paranoid schizophrenia, she obviously had severe bouts of paranoia. We know she was being followed by the FBI. There may have been other political eccentrics after her too, just based on her affiliation with Arthur Miller. How could she not be concerned? In JFK, perhaps she thought she had found the ultimate of protectors. After all, he was a man who was in control of the entire nation's defense department. If there was anyone in the world who could protect her from real or imagined enemies, it had to be John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He was, bar none, the most powerful man she had ever met. The other noted men in her life—DiMaggio and Miller—had personal presence. Their power was in how they ruled a room—how people would react to them in a social situation. However, Kennedy was powerful on a global scale. He didn't command a room—he commanded the world.

In understanding Marilyn Monroe's overnight obsession with JFK, one has to also remember that she was a woman who was, above all things, scared when she was alone. Unfortunately, the circumstances of her life had arranged themselves so that she was, for the most part, by herself. There's little doubt that by 1962, the choices she was making were out of fear. They were made when she was by herself, alone in the dark, scared of what was to happen to her, what new ordeal she would face with the rising of the morning sun. If Dr. Greenson felt she would trust Eunice Murray, he was wrong. Years later, even Murray herself would have to admit that she didn't know a thing about the Kennedys in Marilyn's life, even though she was living right there in the house with her and snooping about trying to gather information. The people Marilyn trusted were people such as Pat Newcomb, her publicist—and she wasn't always sure about her, either—Joe DiMaggio; Pat Kennedy Lawford; *maybe* Pat's husband, Peter; Ralph Roberts; and a few others. She'd kept a tight circle and her world was becoming even smaller in 1962. Even her half sister, Berniece, was on the outside looking in at this point. Lately, when the two talked on the phone, it was superficial. There's little doubt that Marilyn felt she needed help—maybe on some level she felt JFK could be her savior. Also, there was obviously a certain level of respect that could be achieved by such an association. Unfortunately, she would be the least of President Kennedy's concerns. He wasn't even returning her calls to the White House.

Frank Sinatra's friend and valet George Jacobs enjoyed many conversations with JFK back when the president felt comfortable at the Sinatra home. “I spent enough time with the man to know that no woman, not even his wife, was sacred to him. His need was like that of Alexander the Great, to conquer the world. To him Marilyn was one more conquest, a trophy—maybe the Great White Shark of Hollywood, but still a record, not a romance.”

“Jack was pretty much done with her after Palm Springs,” said Senator George Smathers [Democrat of Florida], Kennedy's good friend. “I think he only saw her one more time, and that was when she came into Washington unexpectedly and we—he, I, and a few others—including Hubert Humphrey, if you can imagine it, took her sailing on a motorboat down the Potomac River. Marilyn and Hubert Humphrey—now that was funny. The two of them didn't have much to say to each other. We got back at 11:30 at night. She didn't stay at the White House, she stayed somewhere else. There was no hanky-panky between her and JFK that night, I know because I asked him the next day and he would have happily said so. But, anyway, Jackie knew about that trip. In fact, we were dancing at a White House ball and she said to me, ‘Don't think I'm naïve to what you and Jack are doing with all those pretty girls—like Marilyn—sailing on the Potomac under the moonlight. It's all so sophomoric, George.’

“Jackie was accustomed to Kennedy's indiscretions, but this one bothered her. She knew from what she'd heard and read that Marilyn was a troubled woman. ‘Have some pity’ on her, she said, according to what he later told me. It wasn't so much that she was angry as it was that she was just disgusted. So, Jack told me, ‘It's not worth it, George. I have a free ride here with Jackie. She gives me great latitude. So, if this one is going to be an issue for her and cause me other problems with respect to her dealing with the other women I am interested in, then, fine, I can live without this one. I can live without Marilyn Monroe. No problem. So, look, let's just end it with Marilyn before it's too late.’

“I was surprised. I knew Jackie had influence but not *that* much influence, not so much that she could cause the end of the president's relationship with a movie star. But, apparently, she did. So I called someone I knew, a friend of Marilyn's I could trust, and I said, ‘Look, I need you to put a bridle on Marilyn's mouth and stop her from talking so much about what's going on with Jack. It's starting to get around too much.’ That's all I did to end things, my little contribution. But I know what Jack did. He stopped taking her calls, if he ever took any. As far as he was concerned, he was done with her. But, Marilyn... well, she wouldn't be so easily rid of, let's put it that way.”

“If Kennedy had handled Marilyn differently, things might not have turned out so badly,” said Rupert Allan. “But just ducking her as he did. Not good.”

Moreover, JFK had apparently issued somewhat of a challenge to Marilyn in Palm Springs. George Smathers recalled: “JFK told me that they were talking about one thing or another and he happened to say something to her like, ‘You're not really First Lady material, anyway, Marilyn.’ He said it really stuck in her craw. She didn't like hearing that.”

Kennedy never actually told Marilyn that he was finished with her and that whatever he shared with her in Palm Springs would be the extent of their relationship. As sources now indicate, he simply did not return her calls to the White House. It should also be noted, in his defense, that the man was running the country. He had other things on his mind. Marilyn, however, had him on her mind. “Marilyn was a very obsessive and neurotic person,” said Diane Stevens. “She was mentally ill, let's face it. She was on drugs and not thinking clearly and just went over the edge when it came to this man and, truly, I do not know why. It had just been a weekend, after all. But for some reason, it became, looking back on it now, the catalyst to her total ruination. The fact that he would not return her calls drove her mad.”

Marilyn's Surprise Visit to Pat

Pat Kennedy Lawford had never before had a surprise visit from Marilyn, but on April 8, a couple of weeks after Marilyn's weekend with her brother Jack, she showed up unannounced. "Marilyn was cheery and upbeat," recalls a friend of Lawford's who was present. "She was wearing an orange silk blouse and black slacks and a matching black scarf with cat-eye sunglasses. I thought she looked absolutely marvelous. I know she told Pat that she had been trying to call but her phone was busy."

Pat may have suspected that there was a reason for Marilyn's visit. Earlier, her brother-in-law Bobby called to ask her a series of cryptic questions about Marilyn. Had she seen her? What had she been talking about? Did she mention Jack? Of course, Pat wanted to know what the interrogation was really about. Bobby then told her that Marilyn had been calling the public number to the White House. Since that phone was mainly a message center for the executive branch, not a reliable way to actually speak to the president, Marilyn never got through. JFK, however, did hear about her numerous calls. "Pat was immediately suspicious," says Pat Brennan. "She asked Bobby why Marilyn would be trying to call Jack. He didn't have much of an answer. She knew something had happened, and she anticipated the worst. She made a few calls and it didn't take her long to find out what had happened in Palm Springs. She wasn't happy about it, I can tell you that much."

According to a friend of Pat's who was present that day, Marilyn "bounced onto the beach," while Pat was on the sand winning an intensely competitive game of volleyball, leaping and flailing about without peer on her team. She stopped playing and walked over to Marilyn to embrace her. After a few minutes of small talk with Pat remaining uncharacteristically quiet, Marilyn brought up the subject of her brother, Jack. She said that Pat had been right, her brother *did* have a powerful presence. Pat just stared at Marilyn.

The full details of this tense conversation between Marilyn and Pat remain unknown because the two went into the house, alone. What is known—because Pat later disclosed it—is that Marilyn finally asked Pat for her brother's direct phone number at the White House. Pat refused to give it to her, explaining that the only number she had for him in Washington was his personal number, or as she called it, "his *family* number."

Marilyn backed off the topic a few times, but always returned to it. This obsession about Jack's number frustrated Pat, who later said she had "never seen Marilyn so hyper and manic." Finally, when Marilyn asked if Pat thought her brother was happily married, Pat reached her breaking point. "Why don't you ask him yourself?" she said, grabbing a pen and paper. "I don't want to have anything to do with this." She wrote down a number and handed the paper to Marilyn. After taking it, Marilyn asked Pat if she were angry at her. Without specifically addressing what she now knew happened in Palm Springs between her friend and her brother, Pat was still able to be painfully clear. According to what she later recalled, Pat said, "I can get past it. You and I will be able to continue our friendship. But my family? My sisters and my sisters-in-law? I don't know... I just don't know."

It's not known if Marilyn used the number she got from Pat Kennedy Lawford to call President Kennedy's private residence. However, something did occur at this same time that suggests that she may have done so, for it was in the spring of 1962 that Kennedy dispatched his attorney general, Bobby Kennedy, to inform Marilyn that she was not to call the White House. Also, he was told to make it clear that the relationship—or whatever it was she thought she had with him—was over, and that she should move on with her life. Bobby gave Marilyn the message.

An Overdose Because of JFK?

On April 10, 1962, Marilyn Monroe was scheduled to meet with the screenwriter of *Something's Got to Give*, Henry Weinstein. The day before, while at Fox for makeup and costume tests, she looked absolutely beautiful and performed quite well for many hours. However, for her follow-up meeting with Weinstein, she was late. That wasn't surprising. When he telephoned her to find out when she might be arriving, he was alarmed to find that there was no answer. After repeated attempts, she finally picked up the phone. "Oh, I'm just fine..." she told him. However, she didn't sound "fine" to him at all. Her voice was slurred and she seemed to be drifting in and out of consciousness. Alarmed, Weinstein told her that he would be right over and hung up. Then he called Dr. Greenson and the two rushed to Marilyn's Brentwood home. There they found her in bed, out cold.

"She was almost naked," Weinstein recalled. "And she was almost dead, as far as I could see. She was at least in a drug coma. I couldn't imagine what it was that had happened, why she did this to herself. The fact that she had been so upbeat one day and then in this state the next day was very disconcerting. Somehow, Dr. Greenson revived her. I was so shaken, I could not get over it. He kept coming over to me and saying, 'Don't worry, she'll be fine. She'll be fine.' It was as if he had seen this so many times, he was not alarmed by it. But for me, it was traumatic."

Later, it was determined that Marilyn had taken what could have amounted to a deadly combination of Nembutal, Demerol, chloral hydrate, and Librium. "Immediately afterward, I tried to get Fox to delay the movie. I said, 'Look, this girl is in no shape to make a movie. She needs time. She's very sick. She has severe mental problems.' The studio said, 'No. The movie goes on. If we had stopped production of a film every time Marilyn Monroe had a crisis, we would never have gotten a single movie out of her.'

"I don't think I ever got over the shock of finding her that way," said Weinstein. "You don't get past something like that easily. I spent hours trying to understand what had gone so wrong. I thought, well, [George] Cukor hadn't shown up to direct the costume tests the day before and maybe she was unhappy about that. Maybe she thought it was a slap in the face, or a rejection. But... I don't know... it had to be something more."

It was something more. One source who was close to Marilyn Monroe at that time and who asked for anonymity rather than risk the possibility of retaliation from any member of the Kennedy family summed it up this way: "JFK. That's what was wrong. She'd just been jilted by the president of the United States. Do you really think that after all she'd been through with moviemaking she was going to try to kill herself because a director hadn't shown up for a day's work at the studio? It was Kennedy. That's why. Kennedy."

Were Marilyn and Bobby “The New Item”?

It was clear to Marilyn that President John Kennedy was finished with her. There wasn't much she could do about it, especially since he was not going to take her calls. However, a very popular story concerning Marilyn and the Kennedys claims the following: When Bobby told Marilyn Jack was done with her, he couldn't help himself and he, too, ended up falling for her. The two then had a passionate affair and Marilyn felt more strongly about him than she had about his brother. This scenario has been repeated in countless books over the years by many respected historians. Could this have happened? Were these people just that capricious and, dare it be said, foolish? Well, actually, in many ways, they were... but, that said, it simply doesn't appear to be true. New research now reveals that Bobby, who—at least at first—apparently decided to not be quite as coldhearted as his brother, felt sorry about the way Marilyn had been treated. He had enjoyed the times he met her, thought she was witty and intelligent as well as beautiful, and didn't feel the need to be cruel to her. “I think he told her, look, don't call the White House, call me,” said the veteran entertainer Andy Williams, who was one of RFK's best friends. “Bob was that way. He was a compassionate person. He wasn't a jerk. He had no reason to be mean to the poor woman. I mean, why would he do that? What was the harm in giving her a friendly shoulder to lean on when she was in so much trouble?”

At around this time, Marilyn did indeed tell certain people that she and Bobby were involved. These people, of course, believed her. It's interesting in that many of them never believed anything she ever said about anything else, but *this*, they believed. Could she really be trusted, though? Was she a reliable source for this kind of information, especially in the last six months of her life when she was in such a desperate emotional state and also addicted to drugs? Remember, this is a woman who first began creating fictions about herself years earlier. In 1958, for instance, she made this statement to a reporter: “When I lived with the minister and his wife, they told me that if I went to a movie on a Sunday, God would strike me dead. The first time I dared to sneak away and go to a Sunday movie, I was scared stiff to come out. When I did, it was raining. There was thunder and lightning and I ran all the way home, expecting to be dead any minute. Even after I was home and in bed underneath the covers, I was terrified.” Marilyn never lived with a minister and his wife—she was obviously speaking of the Bolenders, with whom she lived during the first seven years of her life. If anyone believed Ida would have let her out of her sight at that age long enough for her to “sneak away” to the movies—about two miles from the Bolenders' home—they did not know Ida very well. As we've seen time and time again, for a variety of reasons, Marilyn often embellished the truth, and not just to the press, which would have been an acceptable form of public relations, but to her friends as well. Her publicist Pat Newcomb put it this way: “Marilyn told several people a lot of things, but she never told anybody everything.” Indeed, just as recently as a few months earlier she had told many of her friends that she and Bobby Kennedy were about to go on “a date.” It turned out, of course, that it was a dinner party attended by many others, not a date.

Still, some people were very convinced that she was in love with Bobby, even Michael Selsman, who was another in a string of publicists. “Oh, please, of course it was true,” he says. “Everyone knew it even then, but the press was much more protective. It was our job to steer them away from it, anyway. But she couldn't stop talking about it. With Bobby, it was more serious than with JFK.”

“Sometimes I think, yes, Bobby did end up with Marilyn Monroe,” says Andy Williams. “But then I think, wait. Based on what? I know he never told me. Ethel never told me, and she's one of my best friends. Not that Bobby was a saint. He was like the Kennedys when it came to women. I know that Ethel was aware of it and, in some ways, maybe didn't have a problem with it. She would call me and say, ‘Bobby is coming to town. Will you have him to dinner? And find the best-looking girl for him, as a dinner partner?’ But where Bobby and Marilyn are concerned, the only people I ever heard that from was from those who, I guess, heard it from Marilyn. And now, all of these years later, I have to say I don't know... I never met the woman and wouldn't want to be critical of her but I think she was telling tales.”

Then again, maybe she wasn't the only one. Consider this very strange letter Marilyn received after meeting Bobby Kennedy, from his own sister, Jean Kennedy Smith:

Dear Marilyn,

Mother asked me to write and thank you for your sweet note to Daddy. He really enjoyed it and thought you were very cute to send it. Understand that you and Bobby are the new item! We all think you should come with him when he comes back East. Again, thanks for the note.

*Love,
Jean Smith*

This letter (which was found by Marilyn's business manager, Inez Nelson, after Marilyn's death) has been used several times over the years to support the claim of an affair between Marilyn and Bobby. There are a few problems with it, though. The way Kennedy women operated, they didn't confirm the affairs had by the men in the family. They ignored them. They certainly didn't cheerily write about them in correspondence, committing to paper what could one day be used against them. The family members were always cognizant of their place in history and knew that whatever they said, did, or wrote could one day become part of the historical record. That said, it is strange that Jean Smith would have written the note at all, knowing that it could be one day misinterpreted if read by someone other than Marilyn. She would have done it only if she truly thought the story was so absurd that no one would take it seriously, even with the passing of time. Of course, another possibility is that the letter is a forgery. Comparing the handwriting to that of Smith, it appears to be legitimate. The fact that it's not dated, though, makes it impossible to place it in the proper time context. Whatever questions there are about this letter, its mere existence is a primary reason it's so widely believed Marilyn and Bobby were “the new item!”

It's clear that Bobby Kennedy regarded Marilyn with at least a little affection and that she felt the same way about him. The two did have telephone conversations. “He didn't mind talking to her,” said George Smathers, a longtime Kennedy political ally and a former governor of Florida and U.S. senator from that state. “There was no harm in it. She was sad and lonely and she would call, so, yeah, he would talk to her and calm her down. There was no affair with Bobby, though. I can tell you that Ethel had her doubts at first, only because the rumors started right away. But Bobby told Ethel they were not true and she believed him. Marilyn had it in her head that she wanted to be First Lady—JFK's wife—not Bobby's. She wasn't interested in Bobby that way. Anyone who says otherwise doesn't know what he's talking about.”

Ed Guthman was a good friend of Robert Kennedy's and was with him and Marilyn on at least two occasions. “I know there was no affair,” he

maintains. “It’s not even a question in my mind. I was there. I saw what was going on. And I’m telling you that there was no affair.” Another close friend of RFK’s, Kenneth O’Donnell, said, “I knew this man as well as anybody. I was intimately associated with him for years and knew everything he ever did, and I know for a fact that this Marilyn Monroe story is absolute bullshit.” Pat Newcomb—admittedly not the most reliable source for information considering that her job as Monroe’s publicist was to protect her—also weighed in on journalists who have bought into the Marilyn-Bobby romance: “Are they crazy? I knew Bobby very well, better than Marilyn did in a lot of ways. However, you didn’t even have to know him well to know that he would never have left Ethel. And with all of those children? Come on!”

“Let me be clear,” added Milt Ebbins, who of course knew Marilyn and RFK. “Marilyn was a lot of things, but she wasn’t a slut. What kind of character would she have, going from one brother to the next? She was a sexual creature, yes, but she would not have done it. I’m certain it never happened.”

Peter Lawford’s friend Joseph Naar concluded, “When I hear Bobby Kennedy was her lover, I say, ‘bullshit.’ Absolute and complete bullshit.”

One more anecdote about Marilyn and Bobby comes from a Kennedy relative who requested anonymity, “because this is still such a sore subject with the family.” She was married to one of the family members, though—she will allow that much. She says that she called Pat Kennedy Lawford in the spring of 1962 to ask if she had heard the stories about Marilyn and Bobby. “Okay, this has got to stop right here,” Pat said, annoyed. “Either Marilyn is making up stories about Bobby in order to get Jack to change his mind about her, or she’s doing it to show Jack what he’s missing—or maybe both. Either way, it’s adolescent behavior and I will talk to her about it. I asked Bobby very specifically if something was going on with Marilyn and Jack,” she added. “He said he did not feel comfortable answering that question. I then asked him if anything was going on between him and Marilyn. He said absolutely not. And I believe him.”

Of course, it can be said that for every person who believes the affair didn’t happen, there are bound to be people who believe it did—including a number of FBI agents, it would seem.

Because of the ongoing contentious relationship between Bobby Kennedy, who as the attorney general was head of the Justice Department, and J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, who considered the younger Kennedy an upstart and not someone he wanted to answer to, it is entirely possible that promulgating and perpetuating the “romance” between Bobby and Marilyn was a campaign of disinformation ordered by Hoover, a notorious lover of gossip, making it up and spreading it. Actually, some of the FBI’s files on Kennedy and Monroe sound as if they were written by a lovesick schoolgirl, especially in that the key players are described by their first names. One missive, released in October 2006 under the Freedom of Information Act, notes that “Robert Kennedy was deeply involved emotionally with Marilyn Monroe.” The relationship is described as “a romance and sex affair.” The paperwork reports that Bobby “has repeatedly promised to divorce his wife to marry Marilyn. Eventually, Marilyn realized that Bobby had no intention of marrying her.” According to whom, though? The “former special agent” who wrote the report and whose name is deleted admits that he doesn’t know the source for the information, nor can he vouch for its authenticity. However that didn’t stop his report from being duly documented in the FBI’s files, on October 19, 1964.

Bobby: “The President Wants It and I Want It”

In May 1962, the relationship between Marilyn and the Kennedy brothers would take yet another strange twist. A celebration was being planned on May 19 for JFK’s forty-fifth birthday—a big, overblown, televised spectacle that was to take place at Madison Square Garden. (His actual birthday would be on May 29.) It had been Peter Lawford’s idea to have Marilyn Monroe sing “Happy Birthday” to the president. Of course, it was probably the height of arrogance that Peter felt he could get away with such a thing. It was almost as if everyone was so accustomed to getting away with so much where Marilyn was concerned, now they wanted to push the envelope and flaunt the relationship in front of the entire country—and on television!

One question that’s never asked in regard to Marilyn’s invitation to perform for the president is this: *What in the world were Bobby and JFK thinking?* “This manipulation of Marilyn, already so sick, was as low as it got,” said Jeanne Martin, wife of Dean Martin, who was costarring with Marilyn in the beleaguered *Something’s Got to Give*. Jeanne was not only still a very good friend of Marilyn’s but had also remained friendly with the Kennedys through the years. However, even she realized that the brothers had crossed a line. “This was shameful, it really was,” she said. “There was no excuse for it.”

Perhaps Marilyn needed the president in her life now more than ever. After all, she was rattled at this time by a series of events that had occurred just a month earlier.

In February, Marilyn had gone to Mexico to purchase furnishings for her new home. While she was there with Pat Newcomb and Eunice Murray, it again became clear that she was being followed by FBI agents. It couldn’t have been a more ludicrous pursuit. The agents had it in their heads that she was involved with someone named Fred Vanderbilt Field, who had apparently served nine months in prison for not naming Communist friends. He moved to Mexico in 1953. Now, all these years later, a friend of a friend introduced him and his wife to Marilyn and—voilà!—the FBI was tracking her every move in Mexico. For a woman who was already thought to be borderline paranoid schizophrenic by her doctor, such pursuit had to have been extremely frightening.

There are actually many allegations presented as fact in the FBI files concerning Monroe and Field, none of which appear to be true and none of which therefore are worth enumeration. In these same FBI files that detail her every move in Mexico, there is mention of her meeting with Bobby Kennedy in October 1961. She was definitely being watched—and she knew it.

At about this same time, Marilyn was in desperate trouble with 20th Century-Fox. In April and May 1962, as she continued to slip deeper into the darkest recesses of her mind, she placed the production of *Something’s Got to Give* in even greater jeopardy. It was impossible for her to begin rehearsals and camera tests for the film. She was constantly late, if she showed up at all. She always had an excuse, as she would for absences during the entire production, whether it was a cold, a sinus infection, or some other malady. All of it was true—she was a very sick woman. But she was also scared to death of George Cukor, and that didn’t help matters either. Moreover, it was thought by most observers that Paula Strasberg, Marilyn’s acting coach (who was being paid \$5,000 a week), had become very intrusive. Sidney Guilaroff, who styled Marilyn’s hair for the film as he had for many others, put it this way: “Dressed all in black, including a black gypsy scarf and thick stockings, Paula haunted the set—sometimes directing Marilyn with hand signals behind Cukor’s back. Marilyn was so dependent upon her that she could barely read a line without Strasberg’s specific brand of coaching.”

Harvey Bernstein once recalled a meeting he had with Marilyn at her home to discuss the script. She answered the door in hair curlers. There was no furniture in her living room, just a chair on which he sat while she sat on the floor. “Many of her ideas [for the script] were good for her and not so good for the story,” he recalled. “But if I hinted at this, her face would go blank for a second, as though the current had been turned off, and when it was turned on again, she would continue as though I had said nothing.... Sometimes she would refer to herself in the third person, like Caesar. ‘Remember you’ve got Marilyn Monroe, you’ve got to use her,’ she told me.... I left feeling like a deckhand on a ship with no one at the helm and the water ahead full of rocks.” *

The last thing executives at 20th Century-Fox would approve of was Marilyn taking more time off to fly to New York City to sing for the president. Even though she had earlier been given permission, Peter Levathes reversed his position based on her poor attendance on the set of the film. He didn’t want her to be distracted. In fact, the studio threatened to sue her if she took off for New York (and actually would file suit against her). When Bobby Kennedy heard of the possibility of a lawsuit against Marilyn, he decided to take matters into his own hands. He called Levathes to appeal to him that Marilyn’s appearance for the president was *very* important and would mean a lot to JFK. Levathes stood firm that he would not approve it. Annoyed, Bobby went over Levathes’s head to his boss, Milton Gould. Gould has recalled that Bobby told him, “ ‘The president wants it, and I want it.’ He was very abusive. I was surprised at his total lack of class. I told him we were very much behind in our schedule and would not release her. He called me a ‘no-good Jew bastard,’ which I didn’t appreciate. Then he slammed down the phone. I have to say I was surprised that they wanted her so badly that he was willing to humiliate himself like that.”

As it would happen, it didn’t matter to Marilyn whether or not the studio approved of her going to New York. She’d made up her mind that she was going, and that was the end of it. Her priority was to be in New York with the Kennedy brothers. Twentieth Century-Fox could wait. At some point during this time, she apparently became melancholy about President Kennedy, because she painted a single red rose in watercolor on a sheet of paper. Then, in blue ink, she signed at the bottom left, “Happy Birthday Pres. Kennedy from Marilyn Monroe.” She additionally signed and inscribed below the first signature, in black ink, this time mysteriously signing her name twice, reading in full: “Happy Birthday June 1, 1962/My Best Wishes/Marilyn/Marilyn.” Of course, June 1, 1962, would be her last birthday, her thirty-sixth. (Decades later in 2005, this artwork would sell for \$78,000 in a Julien’s auction of Marilyn’s possessions.)

Marilyn left Los Angeles for New York on May 17, telling the media, “I told the studio six weeks ago that I was going. I consider it an honor to appear before the President of the United States.” The cast and crew of *Something’s Got to Give* were stunned by her decision. “It was very surprising,” recalled her stand-in, Evelyn Moriarty. “We all just felt like things couldn’t get much worse. It was all so unpredictable and awful. But she did have permission, even if they took it away from her.”

Dean Martin’s manager, Mort Viner, said, “That was poor form on her part. It showed where her priorities were, anyway, didn’t it? But Dean told me, ‘Hey, you can’t blame her, Mort. Look, if Jackie Kennedy had asked me to fly cross country and sing Happy Birthday to her, I woulda gone.’ ”

New research now establishes, however, that perhaps the decision wasn’t as easy for Marilyn as previously believed. She was conflicted, and she turned to her friend Pat Lawford for advice. According to people who knew Pat well, Pat told her that she now believed her brothers were being unfair to Marilyn, and maybe even trying to make a fool of her. This was likely not easy for Pat to admit. After all, she was a loyal Kennedy and almost always

supported her brothers. However, as Marilyn's friend, she may have felt compelled to tell her how she truly felt about the matter. It's a testament to her, actually, that she was able to put aside her feelings of betrayal by Marilyn in order to help her friend achieve some clarity over the situation.

"She was worried about her," said a Kennedy family member. "She knew her brothers. She loved them, but she knew them well. She didn't think Marilyn could handle them. However, Marilyn thought that maybe if she went to New York, it would show the family that she was being supportive. She was putting her career on the line to do it, too. I mean, she was risking everything. There wasn't much Pat could say to that, I guess. It was a tough situation for everyone."

It also should be noted here that Marilyn no longer felt compelled to confide in her half sister, Berniece. Marilyn loved Berniece but had always felt that she had her own life and problems and was not necessarily a person she could turn to in times of trouble. What was Berniece to do on the other side of the country when Marilyn was in crisis mode? As a demonstration of the superficial nature of their relationship at this time, when the two talked about the upcoming Madison Square Garden appearance, Marilyn told her that her only apprehension was that she didn't feel she was up to the task of singing in public. She said that she felt her voice was not up to her standards. She didn't invite Berniece to the show, and apparently Berniece didn't ask to go.

“Happy Birthday, Mr. President”

Backstage at Madison Square Garden in New York City on May 19, 1962, Marilyn Monroe was extremely anxious, and with good reason. No doubt the gravity of the situation finally hit her. She was about to honor someone who had just rejected her, and he was the president of the United States. She had left Los Angeles against the wishes of her bosses at Fox, risking her starring role in a movie. Complexities most people could never imagine, yet this was Marilyn’s life, for better or worse (and, lately, it would seem, mostly for worse).

Earlier in the month, producer Richard Adler expressed concern over what Marilyn might decide to wear to such an important, televised event. She told him not to fret. She said she planned to wear a sophisticated black satin dress with a high neckline that had already been designed for her by couturier Norman Norell. However, she secretly had other plans. She asked designer Jean Louis to design a dress “that only Marilyn Monroe could wear,” and that’s exactly what he did. “Marilyn had a totally charming way of boldly displaying her body and remaining elegant at the same time,” he later recalled. “So, I designed an apparently nude dress—the nudest dress—relieved only by sequins and beading.” Incidentally, the gown was not lined, and Marilyn did not wear undergarments—of course! She was actually stitched into the dress by its designer. (This is the gown that sold at auction in 2007 for \$1.27 million.)

After she was introduced by Peter Lawford, he took her ermine stole from her and Marilyn went on to breathlessly sing “Happy Birthday” to the president. “She handled the lyrics well enough,” said producer Richard Adler, “but you couldn’t hear them anyway. For the crowd was yelling and screaming for her. It was like a mass seduction.” Most people with even a passing interest in Marilyn Monroe have seen footage of Marilyn singing “Happy Birthday” on this evening. Less seen was the rest of her number, a special tribute to JFK written by Adler and performed by Monroe to the melody of “Thanks for the Memories.” Afterward, Marilyn had the audience join her for another round of “Happy Birthday.”

“I was honored when they asked me to appear,” Marilyn later told Richard Merryman of *Life*. “There was like a hush over the whole place when I came on to sing Happy Birthday—like if I had been wearing a slip, I would have thought it was showing, or something. I thought, ‘Oh my gosh, what if no sound comes out...’ I remember when I turned to the microphone, I looked all the way up and back and I thought, ‘That’s where I’d be—way up there under one of those rafters, close to the ceiling, after I paid my \$2 to come into the place.’”

Making her performance that night as provocative as possible was definitely an odd choice for Marilyn, especially if one considers her career up until that point. How many years had she spent complaining about her dumb-blonde image? How many fights had she waged against 20th Century-Fox for roles that would break her from the mold? How many years had she spent studying acting so that she could be revealed as a different kind of performer? Why, one has to wonder, did she decide to throw away any chance she would ever have of being thought of in a different way and appear on this very important, high-profile night as the very character she had worked so hard to bury? She certainly wasn’t doing the “dumb, sexy blonde” act in *Something’s Got to Give*, the movie she was currently making, so we know she was doing serious work. It was a choice. Most people in her circle were unhappy about it. During a rehearsal of her song, Paula Strasberg said, “It keeps getting sexier and sexier. If she doesn’t stop, it will be a parody.” In fact, Richard Adler, who had written the special lyrics for the “Thanks for the Memories” part of the medley, was so uncomfortable about Marilyn’s presentation, he called Peter Lawford about it. Lawford called JFK and told him, “Marilyn’s going to be over-the-top sexy.” JFK’s reaction? “Sounds good to me.” There was nothing anyone could say to Marilyn that would encourage her to tone it down.

Based on the footage we’ve all seen over the years from this evening, it would appear that Marilyn is extremely far from the president as she performs for him. Engulfed in blackness, she seems to be gazing into a great void. We’ve never actually seen whatever was in front of her. Actually, less than a foot away from her was the orchestra pit with about twelve musicians in it, all in tuxes and looking up at her with big smiles on their faces. Behind them was a walkway that was about two feet wide. Then, directly behind that, was the first row with the president sitting directly in front of Marilyn. In all, he’s not more than about twelve feet away from her. According to people who were present, he at first seemed a bit thunderstruck by Marilyn’s appearance, but then quite happy—not embarrassed, as other accounts have had it. For his part, Bobby—in the third row—grinned like a Cheshire cat. Ethel—in the second row sitting in front of her husband—also looked happy. In fact, judging from photos of her as she watched Marilyn, she seems as if she couldn’t have been enjoying it more. However, Pat, in these same photos, looks more concerned than anything else.

Jeanne Martin, seated in the VIP section of Madison Square Garden, says she watched with horrified fascination. “To be really honest, as much as I loved Marilyn, I thought it was the height of distastefulness,” she said. “Nothing against Marilyn. She was being Marilyn, doing what Marilyn does. She couldn’t be blamed for being herself.

“I remember squirming in my seat and turning away, but you also couldn’t help but watch,” said Martin. “It was such a spectacle. The footage we’ve all seen doesn’t do it justice. In person, it was pretty shocking, especially for the times. For Bobby to organize this thing and for the president to sit there and allow it, well, I must say, I thought at the time that it was very disrespectful to the presidency, and also to the First Lady. I remember thinking, ‘My God, what if Jackie sees this? What will she think?’ ”

Jackie was not present. Her absence made quite a statement. After all, she was the First Lady, it was the president’s birthday celebration, and the event would be broadcast on television. That she decided to absent herself spoke volumes about how she felt about the situation regarding her husband and the movie star. She knew about it, and was annoyed by it. In fact, she told her Secret Service agent Clinton Hill, “I’m not going to sit and watch that. If you ask me, I think this administration is completely out of control with all of this Marilyn business.” Hill had no opinion on the matter, or at least not one that he would think to tell the First Lady. After an awkward silence, Jackie may have realized that she’d gone too far by expressing her own view of the matter because she told him, “Forget I ever said that, please.” *

“I can now retire from politics after having had Happy Birthday sung to me in such a sweet, wholesome way,” Kennedy said when taking the podium after Marilyn. Was he joking? Or being sarcastic?

“I hurt for her,” Susan Strasberg said of Marilyn that night. “From what she’d told me, each time she caricatured herself, she chipped a piece out of her own dream.” Susan’s father, Lee—Marilyn’s acting coach—must have known it would be difficult to sit through such a performance because he refused to attend.

After the performance, there was a small party hosted by Arthur Krim, president of United Artists, and his wife, Mathilde, a scientist who would later be known for her work in the fight against AIDS. Marilyn, Bobby, and JFK were in attendance. Anthony Sherman was one of the Secret Service agents at work that night. He recalled, “Oh, boy! I’ll never forget that night. I was assigned at the checkpoint at the private home where the party took place. I remember the car pulling up very vividly and the door opened and out walked this unbelievably beautiful woman, Marilyn Monroe, with this

older man [Isadore Miller, Arthur's father and Marilyn's "date" for the evening—a man she adored and called "Dad"]. She had on this dress—or whatever it was—it was more like a see-through thing—that she, apparently, had worn on stage. What a knockout. Everyone was stopped dead in their tracks as she got out of the car and walked toward the entrance. She walked up to me, I had a list of people who had been invited, and she said, 'Hello, sir. I'm Marilyn Monroe.' And I stood there thinking, you're Marilyn Monroe, all right. We smiled and as I let her pass, I thought, wow. I was working for the president of the United States so every moment was history. But this? *This*, for me, was history."

At the party, Marilyn walked up to the president and said, "This is my former father-in-law, Isadore Miller." Then, embarrassed for a second, she said, "I'm so sorry. I should have said, 'Happy Birthday, Mr. President,' but I was so excited about Dad, I introduced him first." It was an odd encounter. It was that impersonal, as though Marilyn and Jack didn't really know each other at all. Marilyn spent maybe five minutes with JFK and Bobby, if that long. For the rest of the party, she doted on her former father-in-law. Seventy-seven years old, he was tired; she managed to get him a chair. "Sit down, Dad, please," she begged him. Then she knelt beside him to talk. He later recalled, "She was very beautiful."

"It's certainly her beauty I remember most," recalled Diahann Carroll, who performed at the Krim party. "As I sang, I distinctly remember being somewhat distracted by her gaze. Her tragic beauty, so vulnerable... so lost."

It has been reported numerous times over the years—thanks to the FBI's report of the evening in its files—that Marilyn spent the night with JFK at the Carlyle Hotel after the show. Even more sensationally, it's also been even reported that after JFK was finished with her, he sent her over to the room next door where she then had sex with Bobby. Marilyn's actual itinerary that night was as follows: The show started at 8 p.m. Marilyn didn't get onstage until at least one o'clock, being the thirty-fifth of thirty-nine appearances made onstage that night. Then she went to the Krim party with Isadore Miller. Afterward, she accompanied him to his home in Brooklyn. She kissed him goodbye at the elevator and began to walk away. He recalled that just before he got into the elevator, she turned around and said, "Dad, come back to the coast with me tomorrow." He smiled. "Later, Marilyn," he promised. "Maybe in November." She blew him a kiss and walked away—and that would be the last time he would ever see her. She got home at about four in the morning, where she was met by her friend James Haspiel, who had earlier attended the performance. He recalled, "I looked at Marilyn, not knowing that this would be our last time together. Now she wasn't on stage, she was here just at arm's length away from me, and I could touch her. Her face was incredibly beautiful, movingly vulnerable. Her hair looked like white spun gold. My eyes descended to the rhinestone-like gems sewn onto her dazzling gown, now eliciting flickers of light, those beams bouncing off the flesh colored material encasing her magnificent body."

One might argue that somewhere between dropping off Isadore Miller and meeting up with James Haspiel, Marilyn could have slipped off for a quick interlude at the Carlyle with JFK... but all of my years of research indicate that this did not happen.

That said, Marilyn did not do a very good job of hiding her feelings for the commander in chief. Rupert Allan, who was present at the after-party, recalled, "When Marilyn finally moved close to the president, I suddenly realized that she had fallen in love with him. It frightened me because I knew Marilyn never did anything by halves."

Neither did Jackie Kennedy, apparently. In fact, multiple sources now report that Jackie made it clear to JFK that she was unhappy about the Madison Square Garden performance and that if he didn't assure her that it was truly over with Marilyn, she would take action. She threatened to file for divorce immediately before the next presidential campaign, thereby jeopardizing his chances of being reelected. "Oh, and she meant business," said George Smathers. "She wasn't fooling around. But Jack was already done with Marilyn, anyway, by that time. He had this other girl named Mary Meyer he was playing around with, and there was always Judith Exner... and there were others, one of whom was rumored to be [actress] Angie Dickinson. His view of Marilyn was that she was a very sweet girl, but to him sweet girls were a dime a dozen. There was no shortage of sweet girls in his life, and Marilyn was trouble. She began to ask for opportunities to come to Washington, come to the White House, that sort of thing. So, he told Jackie, 'Look, it really is over. It was nothing, anyway.' I don't know if she believed him."

PART NINE

Sad Endings

Marilyn Fired

When Marilyn Monroe returned to Los Angeles, she was scheduled to get back to work on the set of *Something's Got to Give*. However, Dean Martin had a cold that day—May 29, 1962—and Marilyn felt that if she caught it she would not be able to work for the rest of the week, so she stayed home. “That, to me, was the funniest goddamn thing in the world,” said Mort Viner, Dean Martin’s manager. “This girl is home almost every day with some crazy sickness holding up the whole production. Then, the one day Dean has a cold, he goes to work anyway because he doesn’t want to let the cast down—and *she* doesn’t show up because she doesn’t want to catch his cold? That night, Dean and I had a good laugh about it. Dean said, ‘She’s got some nerve that one, you gotta hand it to her. When she doesn’t want to work, she will find a way to not work.’ ”

Marilyn did return to the studio the next day for what turned out to be an incredible day of shooting a nude scene in a swimming pool. It was the first time an American actress had ever done such a thing, and of course, it would be Marilyn doing it. The plan had been for her to wear a skin-colored bodysuit. However, she lasted a very short time in it until she took it off and decided to just be nude. The set was closed, however, with only those most required to be there allowed access. Footage from that day’s work reveals her to be in good spirits. Her body, toned and voluptuous, probably never looked better. She appeared to be in her mid-twenties, certainly not a woman on the verge of turning thirty-six. Monroe historian Charles Casillo astutely observes, “It was part of the schizophrenic, contradictory view she had of herself at the time. Part of her was ready, even eager, to move into serious roles, yet another part of her realized what was still expected of her. She’d have to transcend gradually into the new image while still having to occasionally play to the legend. So if displaying her calendar girl figure would add a little fire to a mediocre movie and keep the public interested—buy her some more time—then she was willing. God, she felt like she needed a hit.”

Her friend the acting coach Michael Shaw, twenty-two at this time, saw her at the Fox studio and his comments show that Marilyn, when she did manage to get to the studio, was a pro: “I was studying with [acting coach] Sandy [Meisner] on the 20th lot and Marilyn came up to me in the parking lot, and said, ‘Peaches’—that’s what she called me—‘why don’t we meet and have lunch,’ ” he recalled. “She was wearing a pair of pedal pushers and a pair of flat shoes and a scarf and nobody paid her the slightest bit of attention because she looked like she was fourteen! She went to her dressing room, and said, ‘Well, time to put her together.’ She went into her dressing room and about forty minutes later... *Marilyn Monroe* walked out. It was just a total transformation. *

“So, we walked into the commissary. She stood in the doorway as we were waiting to go into the private section of the dining room. All of a sudden there was total, complete silence. People were in the process of eating. They had forks of food halfway up to their mouths and they stopped. She was such a knockout. She looked so great. She had lost weight, in the best health that I had seen. We had lunch. She seemed very excited about Joe DiMaggio again. I wanted to meet him. I had met him very informally. I was looking forward to seeing him again. I was a big DiMaggio fan. She said, ‘Well, then, we’ve got to have you over for dinner when I’m cooking...’

“Then, I guess it must have been a week or so later, a few of my classmates, we were at lunch in the commissary. Marilyn came in. She was wearing pink-and-white Capri pants with a matching top with a little white lace eyelet around the neck and the sleeve. She also had on white ballet slippers. She came over and greeted me with ‘Peaches!’ And she pulled me back in the chair, planted a big one on my mouth, and said, ‘I *love* this guy!’ Of course, I felt like a half million dollars! And, that was the last time I ever saw her.”

On Monday, May 28, Marilyn called in sick, again. Apparently, she’d had a very difficult weekend. It’s not known what happened, but any hope that she would be able to continue the kind of good work she’d done the last time she was at the studio was dashed. When she returned on Tuesday, she was in terrible shape, not really able to concentrate. Her thirty-sixth birthday was on June 1. There was a birthday cake for her on the set, which she appreciated, and that afternoon she made a charity appearance at Dodger Stadium. When she went home that night, things spiraled further downward. Later that night, Marilyn showed up at the Greensons’ home in such bad shape, his children didn’t know what to do with her. Dr. Greenson and his wife, Hildy, were on vacation in Rome.

“This woman was desperate,” Greenson’s son Danny recalled. “She couldn’t sleep and she said how terrible she felt about herself, how worthless she felt. She talked about being a waif, that she was ugly, that people were only nice to her for what they could get from her. She said life wasn’t worth living anymore.”

The doctor that Greenson had asked to cover for him while he was out of town rushed over to the house and felt that Marilyn was suicidal. He attempted to confiscate any pills she had and hoped she would be okay long enough for Dr. Greenson to return, which he did as soon as he heard how poorly his star client was faring.

After she missed yet another day of work, the cast and crew of the film were pretty much finished with her. Dr. Greenson met with the Fox executives to tell them that Marilyn would do whatever he wanted her to do, and he could guarantee that she would return to work. He wasn’t believed. On June 8, Fox fired her from the film and then filed a half-million-dollar lawsuit against her. Some thought it was George Cukor the studio should have gotten rid of, and perhaps with him gone Marilyn would have shown up for work. It was difficult to say, though, because she was so removed from reality at this time—especially off her Thorazine—that all bets were off. For instance, she wanted Cyd Charisse’s hair dyed a darker color since, in her view, there should only be one blonde in the movie and Charisse “unconscious wants it [her own hair] to be blonde.” Even more outrageous, Marilyn viewed the rushes of a bedroom scene between Dean Martin and Charisse, wearing a revealing negligee. She accused the actress of padding her bra and threatened to walk off the picture if the padding was not removed. It was another instance where Monroe’s paranoia surfaced; Cyd Charisse’s bra was not padded. In the end, Marilyn had showed up for only about a third of the movie’s production days thus far. The film was a million dollars over budget.

Naturally, Marilyn was upset about being fired. In her view she had been loyal to 20th Century-Fox for sixteen years and was now being treated without regard for the legitimate problems she faced in her life. In Fox’s view, those had not been sixteen good years. Yes, she made a great deal of money for the studio—and, truly, was underpaid in a way that even today seems shocking—but almost every movie she ever made caused so many problems for everyone involved that some people had begun to wonder if she were worth it. Of course, the same could be said for Elizabeth Taylor and practically every other actor and actress working in the business at that time. That said, Marilyn was a woman whose aspirations had always been very basic. All she ever wanted was to be an actress and to be good at it. Oh... and she wanted to be famous. That was about it. There was never a monetary motivation. Money and prestige meant pretty much nothing to her. The modest house she’d just bought is evidence of her simple and, really, very charming taste. How her dreams got so screwed up was probably beyond her comprehension at this time, especially given her mental illness.

Marilyn wouldn’t take it all without a fight, though. As soon as she was dismissed, she began to orchestrate a major campaign to make sure the public

knew she was alive and well. Her public relations venture included a cover story in *Life* magazine that was, no doubt, the best and most thought-provoking interview she'd ever given. Richard Merryman had told her that he wanted to discuss not only the legend of Monroe, but also the woman. In what now seems like an eerily prescient moment, Marilyn quipped, "The legend may become extinct before publication day. Not the woman, but the legend."

Reading the article today, one senses that Marilyn was such a nice, decent person, it makes her travails all the more tragic. She certainly wasn't one of those celebrities who resented her success or her popularity. About her public, she told *Life* magazine's Merryman, "In the morning the garbage men that go by 57th Street when I come out the door say, 'Marilyn, hi! How do you feel this morning?' To me, it's an honor, and I love them for it. The workingmen—I'll go by and they'll whistle. At first, they whistle because they think, oh. It's a girl, she's got blonde hair and she's not out of shape, and then they say, 'Gosh, it's Marilyn Monroe!' And that has its—you know, those are the times it's nice, people knowing who you are and all of that, and feeling that you've meant something to them."

Of course, Marilyn being Marilyn, she also couldn't resist the dramatic "exaggeration," like this one: "Some of my foster families used to send me to the movies to get me out of the house and there I'd sit all day and way into the night—up in front, there with the screen so big, a little kid all alone, and I loved it." That likely never happened. But it's a nice image, anyway.

However, regarding her feelings for Fox, she was very clear: "I think that when you are famous, every weakness is exaggerated. This industry should behave like a mother whose child has just run out in front of a car. But instead of clasping the child to them, they start punishing the child. Like don't you dare get a cold—how dare you get a cold! The executives can get colds and stay home forever, but how dare you, the actor, get a cold? You know, no one feels worse than the one who's sick. I wish they had to act a comedy with a temperature and a virus infection. I am not an actress who appears at a studio just for the purpose of discipline. This doesn't have anything to do with art. I myself would like to become more disciplined within my work. But I'm there to give a performance and not be disciplined by a studio! After all, I'm not in military school. This is supposed to be an art form not just a manufacturing establishment. The sensitivity that helps me to act also makes me react. An actor is supposed to be a sensitive instrument. Isaac Stern takes good care of his violin. What if everybody jumped on his violin?"

She would also do her first layout for *Vogue*, with excellent photos by Bert Stern. It must have rankled her, though, that he wanted her to pose nude. She was trying to break away from that cheesecake image, or so she kept saying. Was she really, though? After the skinny-dip scene in *Something's Got to Give*... maybe not. It's clear that she was very confused at this point as to what her image was to be, and where she should draw the line. Some of the partially nude shots she took with Stern are stunning, though. Others, not so much. In those, she definitely looks exhausted, troubled, and not well. She even looks *older*, and *that* was unusual for her. She ended up doing more shots for *Vogue*, these in high-fashion wear and in moody black-and-white. However, even in that sitting, Stern somehow managed to get her to take off her clothes for more nude shots, this time draped with a sheet in a hotel bed. In the end, *Vogue* chose to publish the black-and-white fashion shots—a very wise (and gracious) choice.

As for the movie? The studio decided to replace Marilyn in *Something's Got to Give* with actress Lee Remick. "That was the end of it as far as Dean was concerned," said Mort Viner. "He called me and said, 'Get me the hell out of this movie. Jesus Christ, this is the biggest three-ring circus in show business and I'm the clown in the middle of it all.' So we referenced a clause in his deal that said he would only work with Marilyn. And he quit the film saying, 'No Marilyn. No Dean.' It was bullshit, really. The real reason is that he didn't want to start over with another actress and do all that work, again, on a movie that was not that great to begin with. He felt bad for the crew. A lot of people worked hard on that goddamn movie. It was a shame. But it was jinxed from the start. On the very first day she didn't show up for work, the very first day, Dean said, 'That's it. This picture will not get made.'"

In 1995, Dean Martin recalled, "I met Marilyn in 1953, before she met Frank, before she met Peter, before she knew any of us. I met her before she was all screwed up, so I knew what she was like then and what she had become, and I felt badly for the kid. At the same time, I was a little tired of all the bullshit. There was only so much you could take. In fact, no one had an easy life. We were all screwed up in our own ways. We all had problems. We were all doing drugs, let's face it. I was no saint, either. But I showed up for work. You had to show up for work. That was the priority. You had to be glad you had a job and you had to show up for work. I'm not saying she wasn't sick all of those days. Who knows? I wasn't following her around like the FBI, I was just sitting on my ass waiting for her to show up at the studio. So, when I had my chance to get out, I did. However, the few scenes we did, I enjoyed, but getting to them... oh my God, I mean, the takes, one after the other, it would drive any man crazy. But... look... I liked her. She was a good kid. But when you looked into her eyes, there was nothing there. No warmth. No life. It was all illusion. She looked great on film, yeah. But in person... she was a ghost."

When she first moved back to Los Angeles from New York, Marilyn was excited to rebuild the life she once lived in the sunnier, more tranquil locale. Yet there were elements to her life that had drastically changed since she last resided in California. Certainly, the difficult times she endured in recent weeks had made her even more famous than ever before—but for the wrong reasons. The public had already been made aware of her admittance to the mental hospital in New York, and now, as a result of her being fired from the movie, there was growing interest in her emotional state. Worse, her daily trips to see Dr. Ralph Greenson were now being noticed by some members of the press and even fans who had begun following her every move.

Her time with Dr. Greenson—controversial as it was, even back then—had begun with a certain amount of frustration. While in New York, and under the care of numerous physicians there, Marilyn had come to believe that a certain pharmaceutical had been helpful in stabilizing her: Thorazine. It had begun to represent hope to her that she might be able to regain control of her often chaotic thought processes. Yet when Dr. Greenson heard Marilyn’s request for Thorazine, for some reason, he refused. Greenson had quickly become the one doctor Marilyn would trust and speak with openly, and he served that purpose well. Yet he knew all too well that Marilyn would at times have her own agenda when it came to her chemical treatment. It may have simply been that she was asking for more than he would have recommended, or that he didn’t want her to take it at all—but it was clear to her that she would need to find this wonder drug elsewhere, especially when her Los Angeles physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, also refused to prescribe it to her. Therefore, Marilyn continued her doctor-shopping ways with medics she had seen previously, most of whom had been starstruck by her and had given her whatever prescription drugs she requested.

“She was waiting in the lobby,” recalls one of the doctors to whom she had paid a visit during the summer of 1962. “I guess she had her head down in a magazine as the last client of the day left, and then she just walked right into the office. She was a knockout—lots of teased-out blonde hair... red lipstick. I remember she was wearing a cream-colored coat that looked like satin to me. She had on a white dress and I specifically remember that she was wearing white stilettos. I mean, she was dressed to kill in all-white. Very impressive... very movie star.”

Though Marilyn would address this doctor by the name of his previous employer—making it clear that she had so many doctors she didn’t even remember what they looked like!—it would quickly become apparent that he was a total stranger to her. Indeed, the man who had previously treated Marilyn had died and the one who now stood before her was his protégé and successor, the much younger Dr. Schwartz. *

“I knew her immediately, of course,” says the doctor, “and I even knew that she had seen [the deceased doctor] for a time. I had only been an intern for a short time before he died. There was no one to continue his practice, so his wife asked me to stay on and at least help some patients through the transition.

“She wanted Thorazine,” explains Dr. Schwartz. “I was wary of taking her on as a patient. Most doctors were afraid of treating a famous patient who had been suspected of attempting suicide. No one wants to be mentioned in a patient’s obituary as their last doctor.”

Though Marilyn persisted in trying to convince the young doctor that her experience with Thorazine had been a positive one, he was still reluctant. “When you’re fresh out of med school you’re under real scrutiny,” he explains, “overprescribing could get you into all kinds of trouble. Not with the authorities so much, but it can leave a doctor with a bunch of drug-dependent patients. Some doctors would like that, because it kept people coming back—but I didn’t [like it].”

Marilyn spent some time detailing her need for confidentiality—which made it easier for this young doctor to help her. While he refuses to detail what financial arrangements the two made, he doesn’t deny that he was compensated for the services he would provide. “There were a bunch of old prescription pads [from the deceased doctor],” Schwartz explains, “and since she wanted them [the prescriptions] written to a pseudonym anyway... I just did it. I wasn’t just doing it for the money, though. She actually seemed to be making sense to me. She convinced me it was in her best interest.”

The young doctor was rightfully anxious about his dealings with Marilyn Monroe, and so when he received a phone call from her a few weeks later, he was leery of further involvement. Despite his concern, though, she seemed to be doing well. “She said she felt better than she had in ages, and asked how much I charged for a house call,” explains Schwartz. “I told her I wouldn’t visit her at home but she said that she didn’t want me to. She wanted me to go with her to see her mother.”

Marilyn’s mother, Gladys, was at this time still being cared for at Rock Haven Sanitarium in La Crescenta, about a thirty-minute drive from Marilyn’s home and Schwartz’s office. Marilyn wanted the doctor to meet her there to try to convince Gladys, and also her doctors, that Thorazine could be an effective treatment for her. Again, after an undisclosed financial arrangement, Schwartz agreed to meet her at Rock Haven.

“When I got to Rock Haven, the front desk was empty, which is unusual in such a place,” Schwartz recalls, “then I turned and looked down a hallway and all of the staff seemed to be congregated in one area. I knew she—Marilyn—was already there.”

As odd as it may seem, Marilyn was actually early for the appointment. Schwartz found her—cloaked by a black-and-white scarf and wearing black-checked pants—sitting across from an administrator and two doctors on staff. She seemed upbeat and hopeful—at least at first. (Note: These well could have been the “famous” black-and-white-checked JAX pants worn by Marilyn in countless photos. She owned them for at least twenty years—even in photo sessions as Norma Jeane—and wore them very often.)

“Guess what? She’s already taking it,” Marilyn told Schwartz as he approached. “Thorazine,” Marilyn added with a big smile. “Mother has been on it for a while.”

“She’s being *given* it, anyway,” clarified one of the physicians present.

“What does that mean?” asked Marilyn.

The doctor then explained something that Marilyn already knew, that Gladys was a very stubborn woman. It seemed that the staff had often caught her attempting to avoid taking her medication. Marilyn said that she didn’t understand how that was possible. She thought a nurse would have stood in front of Gladys and waited while she took her pills. It turned out that a member of the staff *would* witness her pop the pills into her mouth, and would even wait while she drank a cup of water. Gladys would even be told to open her mouth to show that it was empty. However, she seemed to have mastered the ability to quickly tuck her pills between her teeth and inner cheek. That was at least what the staff assumed, since she seemed relatively unaffected by any of the drugs she was supposed to be taking. “She can’t do that,” Marilyn said, “you just can’t *let* her.” The doctor told her that it happened all the time. When he questioned Gladys about it, he said, she told him that the one or two times she actually took the medication, it stopped the voices in her head, “and then she missed them.” Therefore, she wouldn’t take the medication, and, he concluded, “if someone doesn’t want help, they won’t *get* any.”

That statement angered Marilyn. “She isn’t well enough to *know* she wants help,” she said. “Why don’t you give her injections of it? She can’t spit

those out.”

The doctors seemed to find that proposal absurd. Marilyn was told that the staff did not administer drugs intravenously at that facility. If a patient needed that kind of care, she was told, then she needed to be somewhere else. “Then she *will* be,” Marilyn threatened. “Just tell me where to take her.”

It was then that one of the other doctors told Marilyn that Gladys had indeed been moved to other facilities numerous times, after episodes of extreme violence or threats of suicide. However, once her mother showed improvement, after having been given intravenous medication for a few days, she would always be released back to Rock Haven. He said he was surprised that Marilyn didn’t know about this. Perhaps he was referring to Gladys’s recent suicide attempt. “Not as surprised as I am,” Marilyn said, now very upset.

“You wouldn’t want her spending the rest of her life in a hospital, would you?” he asked.

“*What do you call this?*” Marilyn shot back.

“To your mother,” he answered, “it’s home.”

Marilyn didn’t know how to respond to that.

According to Dr. Schwartz’s memory, Marilyn was most unhappy with the staff’s blasé attitude about Gladys’s avoidance of treatment. Also, it’s likely their description of a couple of her stays in two other facilities reminded Marilyn of her own experience at Payne Whitney. The last thing she wanted to do was make Gladys’s life more difficult. Therefore she decided that she would not remove her mother from Rock Haven but would instead at least make an attempt at personally convincing her to take her medication.

Marilyn and Dr. Schwartz were then led out to the grounds by a nurse. He remembers the facility as being surprisingly bucolic, with sprawling, well-manicured lawns and numerous oak-tree-shaded areas in which patients could relax and roam. They found Gladys sitting at a picnic table, wearing a fur stole around her neck. She was a small-boned, frail woman now, with silver hair pulled back from her face and tied in a small knot with what appeared to be a simple rubber band. The doctor recalls thinking that she looked very much like what he might imagine Marilyn to look at age sixty-two. Moreover, he would also recall Marilyn later confessing that when she laid eyes on her mother she experienced a strong and unexpected feeling of bittersweet nostalgia sweeping through her. A large purse sat in front of Gladys on the table. It appeared as if she was searching inside it for something. Marilyn approached carefully. “Mother?”

“I’m here,” Gladys said rather loudly, as if a nurse was taking attendance.

Marilyn sat across from her mother. “Mother, I’d like you to meet a friend of mine,” she said. “This is Dr. Schwartz.”

Dr. Schwartz distinctly remembers Gladys pulling her purse closer to her for a moment.

“You’re new,” Gladys said, eyeing the visitor suspiciously. Then, turning to her daughter, she said, “I don’t know him.”

Marilyn then explained to her mother that she and the doctor had come to tell her something very important. She looked to the doctor and said to him, “She won’t listen to me, so you tell her.”

There was an awkward moment as Marilyn waited for the doctor to tell Gladys why she should take her medication. “It was a little bizarre,” he recalled, years later. “I wasn’t a psychiatrist, I wasn’t even her doctor, but [Marilyn] seemed desperate, so I did my best.”

The doctor then spoke to Gladys about the importance of taking her pills, but it was mostly for Marilyn’s benefit. As he spoke, Gladys continued rummaging through her purse. When he was finished, Gladys looked up at him and asked him if he were a doctor. He nodded. “Well, I’ll say a prayer for you and you can say one for me,” she said pointedly. “That’s more powerful than anything. Norma Jeane knows that.”

“No. Mother, no,” Marilyn insisted. She then explained that perhaps they’d all been wrong about Christian Science since neither of them had thus far been healed by the religion. She said that she now believed they needed more than just faith—they also needed medication. Then she briefly explained that she too had lately endured some very difficult times—she was probably referring to her stay at Payne Whitney—and that she now truly believed that both of them would benefit from Thorazine.

Gladys listened intently until Marilyn stopped talking. Then Gladys looked at Schwartz. “I don’t know what you’ve been filling this child’s head with,” she said, according to his memory of the conversation, “but Norma Jeane knows that the path to heaven is through prayer and devotion.”

“But maybe these drugs *are* an answer to your prayers,” Marilyn said. “*Our* prayers.” She continued pleading with her mother so vehemently, so passionately in fact, that she soon began to cry. “Can’t you listen to me, just this once?” she said through her tears. She said that “after all of these years” she now finally realized how truly torturous Gladys’s life had been and that she wanted to help her. “Please, I never ask you to do anything,” she continued, “but I’m begging you now.”

Gladys watched her daughter with a distant gaze. Finally, she asked Marilyn exactly what it was she wanted her to do. Marilyn said that all she wanted was for Gladys to take Thorazine for at least a week, or maybe even a month, if possible. “I know you’ll feel better,” Marilyn said.

“And *then* what?” Gladys asked.

“Then you can leave here,” Marilyn answered, “and get your life back.”

Gladys leaned in to her daughter. “And what life is that, dear?” she asked. “This place is all I’ve known for years.”

“I just want you to get better,” Marilyn said.

“You want me to get better for you,” Gladys responded, “and I thank you for that.” Then, staring intensely into her daughter’s eyes, she added, “but, Norma Jeane, I want *you* to get better for you.” Mother and daughter just looked at each other for another long moment. Then Gladys suddenly changed the subject. She turned to the doctor and, touching the fur that was wrapped around her neck, told him that Norma Jeane had given it to her. When he said he thought it was beautiful, she looked pleased. She said that the hospital staff rarely let her have it. However, when the weather got cold, she’d ask for it, and usually the staff would give it to her. She suggested that he touch it. The doctor cautiously reached out and began to stroke the pelt, but when he did, Gladys winced and pulled back forcefully. “You have an evil touch,” she said, her face suddenly darkening. All of this was just too much for Marilyn. With that, her tears began to flow again, unchecked. “You’ve upset Norma Jeane,” Gladys told the doctor. “She can be very sensitive.”

Just then, according to the doctor’s memory of these events, an elderly woman walked up behind Gladys. Oddly, the woman reached toward Gladys’s hand and held it. Without saying a word, she just stood there.

“Who’s this?” Marilyn asked, forcing a smile.

“This is Ginger,” Gladys replied. “She’s my friend.”

“Hello, Ginger,” Marilyn said. “Would you like to join us?”

Gladys began to stand. “Ginger doesn’t like visitors,” she said, her voice now suddenly flat and devoid of expression. “We’ve got to go back inside.”

As Gladys began to pick up her purse, Marilyn said, “No. Wait a moment.” She reached into her own pocketbook and pulled out a small flask. Quickly, she slipped it inside her mother’s purse.

Gladys, after a pause, seemed to perk up again. She gave her daughter a childish grin. “You’re such a good girl, Norma Jeane,” she said finally. “A very good girl.” She smiled. Marilyn beamed back at her. Then Gladys turned and began to walk away.

Marilyn and the doctor watched as Gladys and Ginger made their way across the expansive lawn. Though they didn’t know it, it would be the last time mother and daughter would ever lay eyes on one another. “I don’t say goodbye,” Gladys announced loudly, her back still to her daughter.

“She never has,” Marilyn said quietly. “Maybe that’s why I have to say it so often.”

Pat: "My Friend Is Dying"

At about this same time—in mid-June 1962—Marilyn Monroe was scheduled to participate in a number of photo shoots for *Vogue* and *Cosmopolitan* magazines. She decided to keep those commitments. For one of the sessions, she wanted to use as a setting the beach behind Pat Kennedy Lawford's home. Therefore, she and Pat met for lunch to discuss the shoot and also to catch up as friends. "At this point, Pat didn't know what was going on with Marilyn and her brothers," said a Kennedy relative. "And she was afraid to ask... she was actually afraid to know."

As soon as Marilyn showed up at her home, Pat could see that she was in terrible condition. According to a later recollection, Marilyn told her friend that she was "humiliated" by what had happened at Fox. She said that she had never before had so much anxiety in her life, but that she was now trying to focus on the future. "What's next?" she remarked. "That's what I want to concentrate on from now on." She indicated that she believed *Something's Got to Give* would go back into production. In fact, she said that she had sent telegrams to many of the actors apologizing to them and asking them to return. "However, I would like it if the entire crew was new," she told Pat, "because I don't know that I can face them. I let them all down and I think they probably hate me by now." She also told Pat that she felt that she was "on the brink of understanding what my problem is," and that all she needed was "more time. I know I can overcome this," she said cryptically. "I just need everyone to give me a little more time."

Pat was worried. Marilyn seemed manic. A few of Pat's friends were having lunch on the patio when Marilyn arrived. Pat suggested that the two of them go out and join the group. "Maybe some sun will do us all some good," she offered. "Would you like a whiskey sour?" Marilyn, of course, said she would love a whiskey sour, but first she wanted Pat to do her a favor. "Please tell [the guests] that I am here and see their reaction. If it looks like they would hate it if I joined them, I won't." It seemed like such an odd request. However, there was little about Marilyn that made sense on this particular day. When she began mouthing words that Pat couldn't even make out, she decided it would be best if Marilyn didn't join the others, after all. Instead, as she later recalled it, she sat down with her friend at the bar and tried to have a serious discussion with her about the medication she was taking, and whether or not she was abusing it. It's not known what specifically was said during this talk, only that Marilyn became very upset. "I thought I was getting better," she told Pat as she rose to leave the house, "but now I see that I'm not. I'm worse, Pat. I'm worse than ever. Maybe I'm even worse than my mother, and she's pretty bad, Pat!" She then left in tears.

"After that, Pat was shaking all over," said the same Kennedy relative. "It was then, I think, that she decided that being forthright and honest with Marilyn was not a good idea. 'I now think I need to be like everyone else in her life and just tell her that everything is fine,' she said, 'because I don't think she can handle the truth.' Pat said that if it had been any other woman who was that troubled, she would have immediately called that friend's husband. But Marilyn had no one—just that creepy psychiatrist, and Pat didn't trust him at all. So she picked up the phone and called Joe [DiMaggio]. I don't know what she said to him, and I don't know his response. I only know that Pat was left with a feeling of dread. 'I felt that it was inevitable,' she said. 'I felt my friend is dying and that there wasn't a thing I could do about it.'"

In mid-June, Bobby and Ethel Kennedy were hosting a party at Hickory Hill, their home in Virginia, for Peter and Pat Lawford. Knowing that Marilyn was very close to Pat, they decided to invite her. One wonders, if Ethel believed Marilyn was having an affair with her husband, would she have invited her into her home? It seems doubtful. If Bobby was having relations with Marilyn, it also seems doubtful he would host her at Hickory Hill. A Kennedy relative recalls that the only trepidation about that evening had to do with how many people were, by now, well aware that Marilyn and JFK had been intimate. What would happen if Jackie decided to show up at the party? She wasn't invited, but what if? It was a risk. Maybe not one Marilyn was willing to take, though. She decided not to go, realizing that she would be seeing Bobby anyway at the end of the month at another party at Pete and Pat Lawford's. She sent this telegram to Ethel and Bobby on June 13, 1962:

Dear Attorney General and Mrs. Robert Kennedy: I would have been delighted to have accepted your invitation honoring Pat and Peter Lawford. Unfortunately, I am involved in a freedom ride protesting the loss of the minority rights belonging to the few remaining earthbound stars. After all, all we demanded was our right to twinkle. Marilyn Monroe.

On Wednesday June 26, 1962, Bobby Kennedy was scheduled to return to Los Angeles—without Ethel—and Peter and Pat planned to return the favor and host another party for him at their home. "I want Bobby to see my new house," Marilyn told Pat on the phone earlier that week. "Really?" Pat asked. "But why?" Marilyn didn't really have an answer. She just wanted him to see it, she said. Pat tried to explain that, logistically, it would be complicated. After all, Bobby was coming straight to their house from the airport. She could think of no reason to bring him to her home. "Well, there would a reason if you had to come and pick me up," Marilyn suggested. Of course, Marilyn could have driven to the Lawfords' home herself. She wouldn't let it go, though. So Pat gave in. On Monday, June 25, telephone records document that Marilyn called Bobby's office in Washington to confirm that he would be at the Lawfords' on Wednesday, and also to invite him to have a drink with her in her new home. She spoke to his secretary, Angie Novello, for one minute. And that's how the very unlikely situation unfolded that saw Peter Lawford driving his wife, Pat, and Bobby Kennedy to Marilyn Monroe's home on the twenty-eighth. Once there, Marilyn invited them in and showed Bobby around—Peter and Pat had previously been there.

How very curious that Marilyn had no pretense about her environment whatsoever. She was incredibly down-to-earth, especially when one considers how big a star she was at the time. Her home was quite modest, just a few rooms. It wasn't any bigger than the house the Bolenders owned in which she was raised. In fact, it was smaller! Yet she had no reservations at all about showing it off to Bobby Kennedy, a wealthy man who lived in an absolute mansion in Virginia on a sprawling estate. Her home was her home, and she was proud of it—no matter how small and inconsequential it may have seemed to outsiders—and she was eager to show it off. There were bigger concerns, she felt, than how much money she had or how well she displayed it. And in terms of housing, she was working on a more important structure. "As a person, my work is important to me," she said during an interview this very same month. "My work is the only ground I've ever had to stand on. Acting is very important. To put it bluntly, I seem to have a whole superstructure with no foundation. But I'm working on the foundation."

After just about a half hour, during which they sipped on glasses of sherry, the foursome got into Lawford's car and then drove to their oceanfront home. At the end of the evening, Bobby Kennedy's driver took back Marilyn Monroe back home—alone.

The Lost Weekend

Pat Kennedy Lawford didn't know what to do about Marilyn Monroe. She didn't know if the stories she had heard through the grapevine about her brothers and her friend were true. Marilyn had definitely been saying that she was dating Bobby. However, Pat knew that one of those "dates" had actually been a dinner party at her home in her brother's honor, and that Marilyn had just been a guest. Whom could she believe? Certainly Marilyn had never been the most reliable source of information. She also couldn't depend on her brothers to tell her the truth. After all, it wasn't as if the Kennedy men were ever honest about their indiscretions. One thing seemed true, though. Bobby had told Marilyn to stop pestering his brother Jack, and she was very unhappy about it. Had she built up her in her mind her relationship with JFK to be something it wasn't? And if so, maybe she did have the poor judgment to somehow end up sexually involved with Bobby. By this time, it was beginning to seem as if anything was possible, everyone's reality was just that skewed. "It was as if we were all caught in Marilyn's nightmare," said one Kennedy relative. "Everything sort of satellited around Marilyn's sickness and no one knew what was true and what wasn't, who was lying and who wasn't."

Desperate for some direction, Pat Kennedy Lawford telephoned Frank Mankiewicz, Bobby's press aide. *—"I told her, Pat, you should know better than to believe this nonsense," he recalled years later. "She said, 'Honest to God, Frank, I don't know what to believe anymore between what I hear Marilyn is saying and what everyone else is saying.' I said, 'Well, hear what I'm saying, Pat. It's not true. If it was, I would know and I don't, so it's not true.' She was so grateful. She said, 'Oh, thank you so much. Thank you so much.' "

At this same time, Frank Sinatra called Pat—unusual, in that they seldom spoke—to say that he was sorry he had targeted her husband after President Kennedy decided not to stay at the Sinatra home in Palm Springs. He said that he wanted to invite the Lawfords to his resort, the Cal-Neva Lodge, for the weekend. (Though Frank and Peter were still not on good terms, for business reasons better left to a Peter Lawford biographer to explain, they tolerated each other from time to time.) Sinatra told Pat that he was performing in the main room and singers Buddy Greco and Roberta Linn were working in the lounge.

Cal-Neva, located exactly on the California–Nevada border, boasted a beautiful showroom (where the same performers who frequented Las Vegas—Frank's friends, for the most part—appeared), an enormous dining room, plus about twenty furnished cottages that cost about fifty dollars a day. The luxurious gambling casinos were located on the Nevada side of the compound. It was advertised as "Heaven in the High Sierras." Pat was against the idea of flying to Nevada to see Sinatra. However, she felt she had to at least mention the invitation to her husband. He, of course, couldn't wait to go. If Frank wanted to mend fences, Peter was going to be at his side with a hammer and nails. "Pat and Peter had a bit of a disagreement about it," said Milt Ebbins. "All I can tell you is that Pat didn't want to go and Peter said, 'We can not turn down an invitation by Frank Sinatra. If Frank wants us there, we have to go.' Pat hated hearing that kind of stuff from Peter. But she buckled, and they went." Marilyn also said she would like to go. Upset about something that had just occurred with her mother at Rock Haven—it's unknown what, exactly—she said she could use a weekend away.

Therefore, against Pat's better judgment, she, Peter, and Marilyn departed for Nevada on July 27, 1962, in a private plane provided by Sinatra and copiloted by Dan Arney. "She had no makeup on," Arney recalled of Marilyn, "and I didn't realize who she was until we got into the airport and George [Jacobs, Sinatra's valet] came out in the station wagon and said, 'You know, that's Marilyn.' "

When the trio—Peter, Pat, and Marilyn—arrived, Sinatra greeted them and then installed Marilyn in Chalet 52, one of the quarters he always reserved for special guests. He then asked Peter and Pat to leave so that he could have some time with Marilyn. George Jacobs says that Frank had heard she was "having a crisis" in her life and wanted to know more about it. "He knew what was going on," said Jacobs, "I think, with the Kennedy business. Or, at least he heard rumors. He knew she was upset. He wanted to know more."

Mickey Rudin—who was both Marilyn's and Frank's attorney—said in 1996, "Frank is a very, very compassionate person. He brought Marilyn to Cal-Neva to give her a little fun, a little relief from her problems. If she was upset during the time, well, she could have a crisis over what she was having for lunch, she was that emotional and high-strung. She could have had an *imagined* crisis, in fact."

However, Joe Langford, a Sinatra security employee at Cal-Neva, said that Marilyn's crisis that weekend seemed to not be of the imagined variety suggested by Mickey Rudin. "When Frank saw her, he was pretty shocked at how depressed she was," he recalled. "As soon as he got her settled in, he got on the phone with her psychiatrist [presumably Dr. Greenson] and started in on the guy. 'What the hell kind of treatment are you giving her? She's a mess. What is she paying you for? Why isn't she in a sanitarium?' He hadn't seen her in a while and he couldn't believe how broken-down she was."

It's true that Sinatra was known to have great concern for his friends. However, that said, one of the biggest problems with him was that he also had terrible judgment when it came to some of those friends—many of whom were underworld characters. Moreover, he didn't seem to care whom he exposed his mob pals to, which was one of the big problems at Cal-Neva that weekend. About three hours after Pat and Peter Lawford arrived with Marilyn, they found a surprise waiting for them in the Cal-Neva lobby: Sam Giancana, one of the world's leading gangsters, who was deeply involved in all sorts of underworld activity, some of it reputedly having to do with the Kennedy brothers. As it happened, Sinatra had sent his private jet back to Los Angeles to pick him up and bring him to Cal-Neva. For Sinatra to have invited him to the resort at the same time as the president's sister and her husband made no sense. Naturally, Pat was upset. She wanted to turn around and fly right back to Los Angeles. In fact, according to a witness, as soon as she saw Giancana, she said, "That's it. We have to go."

Peter, who seemed embarrassed because Pat had spoken loudly enough to have been heard by Giancana, walked over to the mobster and shook his hand, then began conversing with him. The two repeatedly glanced at Marilyn while they spoke, as if they were talking about her. Because Marilyn just looked at Giancana with a dazed expression, it's not known if she recognized him or not. "I don't feel well," she told Pat. "I can't fly again. We can't leave now."

Pat put her arm around Marilyn's shoulder and whispered something in her ear. However, whatever she said upset Marilyn. "I don't care," she said, now raising her voice. "I don't care about any of it. I just need to go and lie down, right now. Take me to my room, Pat. *Right now.* "

With that, Peter walked quickly over to the two women and said something to them in an angry tone. Pat gave him a long, piercing look. Then, without saying a word to him, she led her friend away, her hand on the actress's elbow.

Roberta Linn, who was entertaining at Cal-Neva along with Frank Sinatra and Buddy Greco, recalled, "I remember that her hair was in disarray the entire time, sometimes hidden under a scarf. She was very sad and she seemed out of it. She was at Sinatra's show every night—he was performing in the main room, and she would sit in the back looking very unhappy. I thought it was such a shame, this girl who had everything in the world, yet nothing, really. It was very hard to see her in this condition."

Sinatra’s friend Jim Whiting recalled, “Jilly [Rizzo, another close friend of Sinatra’s] told me that Marilyn had some kind of bad reaction to alcohol while she was at Cal-Neva. It sounded like alcohol poisoning to me. She was also having stomach problems then and the booze along with the pills was, I guess, having a bad effect on her.”

There was more to it than just pills and “booze,” though. As earlier stated, Marilyn had developed the alarming habit of giving herself injections of phenobarbital, Nembutal, and Seconal—which she referred to as “a vitamin shot.” Joe Langford confirmed, “On the day she opened her purse and pulled out those syringes, I was standing right there with Mr. Sinatra and Pat Kennedy Lawford. Marilyn was very casual about it. She was looking for something else and just pulled them out and put them on the table. Sinatra went white, like a sheet. He said, ‘Marilyn. Jesus Christ. What are *they* for?’ She said, ‘Oh, those are for my vitamin shots.’ She was very nonchalant about it. Pat looked like she was going to faint. ‘Oh my God, Marilyn,’ she said. ‘Oh my God.’ Then Marilyn said, ‘It’s all right Pat. I know what I’m doing.’

“[Marilyn] was still going through her purse until, finally, she found what she was looking for: a pin. As we all stood there with our mouths open, she opened a bottle of pills and picked one out. Then—and I had never seen anything like this before—she put a small hole at the end of the capsule, and swallowed it. ‘Gets into your bloodstream faster that way,’ she said. She turned back to Pat and said, ‘See, I told you I knew what I was doing.’ ”

Later that night, after Sinatra’s performance in the main showroom at Cal-Neva, the Lawfords and friends shared a few cocktails. Marilyn had only one drink. Still, she excused herself from the group, saying that she wasn’t feeling well and needed to rest in her room. Sometime later Pat went to check on her. According to a later recollection, Pat knocked on Marilyn’s door for a while before a wobbly Monroe let her in, then flopped back down on her bed. She was nauseous, she said. Pat grew concerned and asked Marilyn if she had taken another of her “vitamin shots.” At some point, Marilyn became violently ill. Pat later said she knelt next to her, holding her friend’s hair back as she threw up into the toilet. After this episode, Pat helped Marilyn change into a different outfit because the white blouse Marilyn had been wearing was stained with vomit. Marilyn then asked Pat to throw the top away in a trash can on the premises, claiming that “people will be going through the garbage in my room later.”

Obviously, it turned out to be a very difficult weekend for all concerned at Cal-Neva, made even more so by the swarms of FBI agents due to Sam Giancana’s presence. As a result of Sinatra’s poor judgment, much fiction has been spun from the stories that have circulated—most of which are not true—about those couple of days in July 1962. Place Sinatra in a room with a Kennedy, a mobster, and a movie star, and what else can one expect but rumors, gossip, and innuendo? Add the FBI to the mix—with its theories presented as “fact” in its files—and it’s a sure recipe for confusion. In fact, Marilyn Monroe aficionados refer to this brief period as “The Lost Weekend,” because there have been so many conflicting stories about it.

What we do know is this: Marilyn Monroe was dreadfully sick, emotionally and physically, the entire time she was at Cal-Neva. Whenever she was left alone for even fifteen minutes, she would pop a couple more pills, take another “vitamin shot,” and make herself even sicker. At one point during the weekend, Pat Kennedy Lawford raided Marilyn’s purse and got rid of all of the syringes. “She’s a very sick woman,” Pat told Peter. That was an understatement. In fact, between July 1 and August 9, Marilyn had twenty-seven appointments with her psychiatrist, Greenson, and thirteen with her internist, Engelberg.

“Frank Sinatra didn’t know what to think about any of it,” said his valet, George Jacobs. “He was upset, though. He loved Marilyn, yes. But this was pushing it. For her to maybe *die* at Cal-Neva while he was there? That would have been terrible. So, after he’d seen enough, he said, ‘Get her out of here and get her out of here now.’ And that was it. We had to do what he said, get her out of there. You know, you felt bad about it, yeah. I mean, the woman was sick. But as compassionate as Sinatra was, he had a line and she crossed it. He didn’t want her dying at Cal-Neva, and that’s just the truth of it.”

Ken Rotcop, who was a guest at Cal-Neva, recalled seeing Marilyn leave the resort. “She was shaking, she had chills, she looked very very sick.” Stacy Baron, another guest of the hotel, recalled, “I was in the lobby and I saw Peter Lawford on one side of her and Pat on the other side and they were practically carrying this woman out of there. I recognized the two of them but I couldn’t figure out who the woman was because she had her head down and was just sort of groggy. Then she raised her head and I got a real shock. It was Marilyn Monroe. I was stunned. And as I was standing there with my mouth open, I heard Pat say to Peter, ‘This is all your fault, Peter. This is all your fault.’ And Peter said, ‘Not now, Pat. Jesus Christ, not now.’ ” I just watched them leave, thinking, my God! Marilyn Monroe looks like death.”

After Marilyn Monroe returned from Cal-Neva on July 29, 1962, she spent so much of the next few days alone behind the walls of her modest home in Brentwood, it made monitoring her state of mind a near impossibility. Only Eunice Murray and her doctors—Greenson and Engelberg—seemed to know what was really going on with her, and they weren’t exactly forthcoming to her friends. “After Cal-Neva, Pat was worried to death for her,” shared a friend of Mrs. Kennedy Lawford’s. In the days after their return from Nevada, Pat tried to call Marilyn, with no success. Finally, she asked Peter to run an errand for her. Pat had salvaged the blouse Marilyn soiled in Reno and now saw its return as an opportunity for Peter to check in on her troubled friend. Therefore, Peter dropped by Marilyn’s, and as Pat later reported, he found her in “better than good spirits.” Pat was relieved. That evening, Pat telephoned Marilyn, who finally answered. Now she seemed distant and depressed, and this was mere hours after Peter’s pleasant visit with her.

During their conversation, Pat questioned Marilyn about what she had done that day. Marilyn said that she had seen her doctor (not specifying which one), and, she claimed, the only other person she had come into contact with the entire day was Eunice Murray. Pat, knowing that her husband had spent the better part of an hour at Marilyn’s, found her withholding of this information to be very odd. Peter had said he spent long enough time at her home to enjoy a cocktail with her at the pool, and he even described her as having been in a “silly mood.” However, Marilyn now painted a picture of her day without Peter as a part of it. Pat challenged Marilyn, explaining that she knew that Peter had been there to return the blouse, and she was baffled by Marilyn’s reluctance to voluntarily discuss Peter’s visit.

Though Marilyn apologized for not telling Pat about Peter’s time there, Pat was more interested in *why* she decided to withhold the information. Marilyn, when pressed, explained that she didn’t want Pat to feel jealousy over Peter’s visit. That explanation angered Pat and she let Marilyn know it. Marilyn, who was not used to Pat’s clipped manner, began to cry and reassure her friend that nothing was going on between her and Peter. “I didn’t think for a moment anything *was*,” Pat told Marilyn, “and I still don’t—because he’s not attracted to you, Marilyn.” Pat then went on to say that Peter didn’t see Marilyn as a sexual being, but more as a wounded child. “She told Marilyn that she thought it was sick that Marilyn viewed every man as wanting her and every woman as being jealous of her,” this same intimate of Pat explained many years later. “Pat said that she thought Marilyn behaved like that because she had no important men in her life—no father, no brothers.”

From this trustworthy source’s account, it would seem that Marilyn took a browbeating from Pat that night. The call ended abruptly, at Pat’s initiation. Unfortunately, this confrontation between good friends would never be fully resolved. However, it may have been that conversation that led Marilyn to reach out during this period to a man from her past she still called “Daddy.”

“The phone rang one day when my mother was at the grocery store,” recalled Nancy Jeffrey in an interview for this book. “Daddy [Wayne Bolender] answered. It was Marilyn. He wanted to know how she was doing, he had heard that she was having a hard time. She said that she was fine. She would never have shared with him any of her sorrow, though. My parents would watch things on TV and get very upset. I think they felt that maybe she should not have gone into show business, that maybe her life would have been better. Anyway, somewhere in the conversation, I know that she asked my father, ‘Daddy, are you disappointed in the way my life has turned out?’ And all he said was, ‘Norma Jeane, I promised you on your wedding day that I would always love you—and I will keep that promise until the day I die. I still love you, Norma Jeane.’ That’s what he told me he told her, just like that.”

Marilyn then revealed to Wayne Bolender the primary reason for her call. She asked if he had any paperwork from her time at his home so long ago that might help convince Stanley Gifford Sr. and his son, Stanley Gifford Jr., that she actually was related to them. He explained that, unfortunately, there was no such documentation. It’s been said that he also attempted to discourage her from contacting the Giffords again. He believed it would only lead to more disappointment for her. However, Marilyn wrapped up the call apparently undeterred. She would contact the Giffords again, she insisted. The next time she did so, they would listen. The next time she did so, they would believe her claim to be “one of them” was the truth.

While Stanley Gifford Jr. believes to this day that he is not related to Marilyn Monroe, there is no telling what five minutes in her presence could have done to sway him and his father. Even if they hadn’t believed they were blood relatives, they could have been convinced to take Marilyn under their wings. There was at least a possibility that they may have seen in her what so many others already had—a woman who simply wanted what so many other people already have: a place to belong. Marilyn ended the phone call with her “Daddy” on an optimistic note. “Maybe that’s what I need,” she concluded. “Maybe if I find my brother, that will change everything.”

As had happened so many times before, Marilyn Monroe’s hopes for happiness in her future hinged on one word: Maybe.

Final Curtain

She is at peace and at rest now and may our God bless her and help her always. I... gave her Christian Science treatments for approximately a year... wanted her to be happy and joyous...

— Gladys Baker Eley on the death of her daughter, Marilyn Monroe, in a previously unpublished letter, circa 1962

August 4, 1962. While there's no way to know with certainty what Marilyn Monroe's state of mind was on this day, she had every reason to at least be happier. Just a few days earlier, on August 1, she had signed a one-million-dollar contract with Fox for two pictures. Moreover, her attorney, Mickey Rudin, also settled the conflict with the studio over *Something's Got to Give*. The movie was back on track and would begin filming again in October. * Yet despite the bright possibilities that may have lain ahead, by most verifiable accounts, this Saturday had not been a good one for Marilyn Monroe. She was experiencing extreme emotional highs and lows, and her contact with others during her depressive moments would leave many baffled by just why she was in such a state. Since most all of the principal players have contradicted each other, it may be impossible to establish who came and went from the Monroe household that day, and at what time. It is known that at some point, Dr. Greenson was called to the house by Eunice Murray. When he arrived, he found Marilyn in a drugged, depressed condition. A day earlier, Marilyn had filled a prescription (by Dr. Engelberg) for twenty-four—some have said twenty-five, but he said twenty-four—Nembutal, and it was believed that she had taken more than necessary. At another point, while Greenson was with Marilyn, Peter Lawford called. Marilyn said that she wished to talk to Bobby, but Peter was known to try and steer Marilyn away from that topic.

“Yes, I think she was fixated on Bobby that day,” Peter Lawford would say years later. “I’m not sure why. One thing led to another, one obsession to another you might say until, I think, she had worked herself into a deep despondency over the Kennedys.” Lawford continued with this observation. “The Kennedys may have been the subject of her great sadness,” he said, “but the thing about Marilyn is this: While it may have been the Kennedys in that moment, in the one before it, it may have been *Something's Got to Give*, and in the moment after, Joe [DiMaggio]. Or maybe all three at the same time. There was no way to account for her mood swings... for her deep depressions. You can't blame the Kennedys. They were just a facet of a much bigger problem.”

Marilyn had heard that Bobby was in San Francisco that weekend, scheduled to give an address the following Monday to the California Bar Association. When she called Pat Kennedy Lawford, she was told that Bobby and his wife, Ethel, were staying at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. It turns out, however, that they were staying at the ranch of John Bates, president of the Bar Association, some sixty miles south of the city. It's unclear whether or not Pat was also attempting to shift Marilyn's focus off of the Kennedys. The closest of Marilyn's friends, the ones privy to her obsessions and their consequences, knew it was crucial to deflect her attention from the Kennedy brothers whenever possible.

At approximately 7 p.m. on August 4, Dr. Ralph Greenson left Marilyn's home, requesting that Eunice spend the night there to keep an eye on his patient. Around the time of Greenson's departure, Peter called to invite Marilyn to a dinner party at his home. She declined, which wasn't unusual for Marilyn—she had been known to take to her room on nights like this one, when she was attempting to endure one of her many emotional plunges. Marilyn brought a telephone into her bedroom and closed the door. It appears that the rest of this evening, indeed the rest of Marilyn's life, would be spent alone in this room, thus destroying any hope of detailing precisely what transpired that night within those four walls.

So, then, how did Marilyn most likely spend her last hours? She was undoubtedly becoming more and more affected by drugs. Whether they were the ones provided her by Dr. Engelberg or ones she took herself, the barbiturates that entered Marilyn's body that night were of a massive volume.

If she had taken these willfully, she either intended to kill herself or had become so desperate to quiet her mind that she tossed reason aside and experimented with higher doses and possibly different delivery methods. It might be reasonable to assume that Marilyn, a woman who had administered numerous enemas to herself in the past, may have used this mode to ingest some of her dissolved Nembutal capsules. Yet, no matter how these drugs entered her system, Marilyn's consciousness had to have been growing increasingly compromised throughout that night.

It seems that she continued making telephone calls—but the number of calls is up for debate as well. Some people's claims that they had spoken to Marilyn on this night have been viewed with skepticism, the theory being that they had an interest in being remembered as a part of the mystique of the events that followed.

Later that fateful night, Peter called again. This time, he could sense Marilyn wasn't well. According to Peter, it was during this call that she said, “Say goodbye to Pat. Say goodbye to the president, and say goodbye to yourself because you're such a nice guy.” Obviously, this was distressing and would seem to indicate that she was thinking about taking her life. Alarmed, Peter called Marilyn yet again; the line was engaged. He mentioned to his business partner, Milton Ebbins, that he was worried about her. He wanted to go to the house, but Ebbins was afraid that Marilyn had overdosed again and didn't want Peter—the president's brother-in-law—to be the one to find her. Ebbins called Marilyn's attorney, Mickey Rudin, who then rang the house at 9 p.m. He spoke to Eunice, who told him that Marilyn was fine, but whether or not Murray was able to confirm this (or even had an interest in doing so) is unknown.

The conflicting accounts of Marilyn's passing occur after this time frame. The most oft-told version is this one, the events and timings based on official statements by Eunice Murray and Dr. Greenson.

At around 2 a.m., Eunice Murray called Dr. Greenson, alarmed because Marilyn's door was locked and she couldn't get into the bedroom. Greenson showed up five minutes later and went around to Marilyn's window. He saw the actress on her bed, frozen and lifeless. Breaking the glass, he let himself into the room. Once inside, he realized that she was dead, lying facedown, holding her telephone in her right hand with numerous open bottles of pills on her nightstand.

With the passing of the years, many murder theories developed. Some involve Marilyn being killed by Bobby Kennedy, or at the orders of Bobby. Some implicate Peter Lawford. Some the FBI. Dr. Greenson. Eunice Murray. The Mafia. Of course, it's very easy to pin murders on dead people and intelligence agencies. It has to be noted here that the mystique of Marilyn's death would become a lifelong obsession for some, and the conspiracy theories born of it would serve an important purpose for these individuals. The belief that Marilyn had fallen victim to any one of a number of dastardly plans provides a macabre solace for those who felt her loss most deeply. The possibility that her death was at another's hands, or that its details will

never be fully known, makes it a mystery virtually without a chance of being solved. If the way Marilyn met her end is unknown, in an odd way that keeps her alive—there's still more she has to reveal. In fact, debates about the circumstances surrounding that evening may never end, and whether or not they choose to admit it, that's just how many people want it.

Are there suspicious circumstances around Marilyn's death? Absolutely. For instance, the doctors and Murray waited almost two hours to contact the authorities. Why? No one has ever sufficiently answered that question. More intriguingly, Eunice would later say that there was no lock on Marilyn's door. If that's the case, then the entire story of how she was found seems to fall apart. There was very little drug residue found in Marilyn's stomach—and what was found wasn't properly analyzed. Also, there was some discoloration in her lower intestine. Do these facts support the theory that maybe she was given a lethal enema by... someone? Not really. Marilyn was a drug addict. It is a medical fact that an addict's stomach becomes accustomed to the drugs of choice and that they easily pass into the intestines. Many addicts die without a trace of pills in their stomachs. Also, an empty stomach does not preclude the possibility that pills were ingested over a number of hours, and the high levels of barbiturates found in Marilyn's liver testify to this. Perhaps if the autopsy had been more thorough, though, who knows what might have been concluded? Certainly, if she died today, with current science, there would be no mystery.

So, as always... the question remains: Suicide or murder?

All the byzantine theories of Marilyn's death share one common denominator: They involve an often frightened, vulnerable, unstable woman who had been spiraling deeper and deeper into her own mental illness. She was in a state of confusion, panic, and despair, and had been off and on for most of her life. If she had been a stable woman who had never overdosed in her lifetime, then, yes, one might legitimately question the circumstances of her death. However, this was a woman who over the years had overdosed more times than people in her circle could even recall—sometimes, it seemed, intentionally, sometimes maybe not. She could have died on any number of those occasions were it not for people like Natasha Lytess, Arthur Miller, Susan Strasberg, and the others who found and revived her. In fact, she overdosed twice just in the month before her death—at Cal-Neva and then at her home—and was saved both times. However, that night of August 4, tragically enough, no one came to her aid. Perhaps the only real question about her death is whether or not it was intentional. *

It's been argued that Marilyn's upcoming prospects were so promising, she couldn't possibly have taken her own life. She supposedly had too much to live for. However, what was probably going on inside her mind had little correlation to those factors. When we consider her last moments on earth we need to focus on an unwell brain, not simply the enticing rewards of a movie star's existence. Marilyn's day-to-day happiness was not affected by a desire for more fame, more wealth, more success. To believe that her will to live could have been reclaimed by finishing *Something's Got to Give* or even by a million-dollar contract with Fox is absurd. To do so is to greatly underestimate the formidable opponent she faced—her own mental illness. To accept this unfortunate truth doesn't negate all that this woman was in her lifetime—it just forces one to accept that Marilyn's story isn't simply one of glamour and fame. In fact, it may not even be a story about “Marilyn Monroe” at all. *

This is the story of a girl named Norma Jeane Mortensen. She thrived despite seemingly insurmountable obstacles and almost impossible odds. She created and became a woman more fascinating than even she believed possible. And in the face of her own failing mind, she battled to keep that creation alive—not for her, but for us. Indeed, Marilyn Monroe *did* exist. Even though the woman inside her was at times doubtful of that fact, we knew it better than she did. She spent so much of her energy, her own will, projecting an image of impossible beauty and ultimate joy. Yet, as the end neared, her experience of who she truly was drifted farther and farther from that ideal—until she found it impossible to pretend anymore. Her choice, as awful as it may have been, was this: Admit to the world that Marilyn Monroe had become nothing more than smoke and mirrors, or die.

On August 5, 1962, Marilyn Monroe gave the world all she had left to give—the knowledge that she was, and always would be... ours.



Norma Jeane Mortensen was born on June 1, 1926. This beautiful baby would, of course, grow up to one day become the great film star Marilyn Monroe. *(Retro Photo)*



A sad but beautiful photo of Marilyn the woman. This picture says it all about her: Vulnerable. Tragic. Gorgeous. *(Getty Images)*



The way Gladys Baker is holding Norma Jeane—almost as if she were a baby doll—suggests that maybe she wasn't prepared to be a mother. Less than two weeks after giving birth, Gladys turned the infant over to foster parents, Ida and Wayne Bolender, to raise. *(Getty Images)*



A very rare photo of Ida and Wayne Bolender with their foster children. Ida is holding the infant Norma Jeane in her arms. *(Courtesy of Maryanne Reed Collection)*



A never-before-published photograph of the man Gladys Baker said was Norma Jeane’s father, Charles Stanley Gifford Sr. His son, Charles Stanley Jr. — interviewed for this book— maintains that he and Marilyn Monroe are not related. *(Retro Photo)*



Gladys would sometimes visit her daughter at the Bolenders’ and take her for the occasional outing, such as this one to the beach when the girl was about three. Still, because of her mental illness, it was difficult for her to ever forge a relationship with her child. *(Getty Images)*



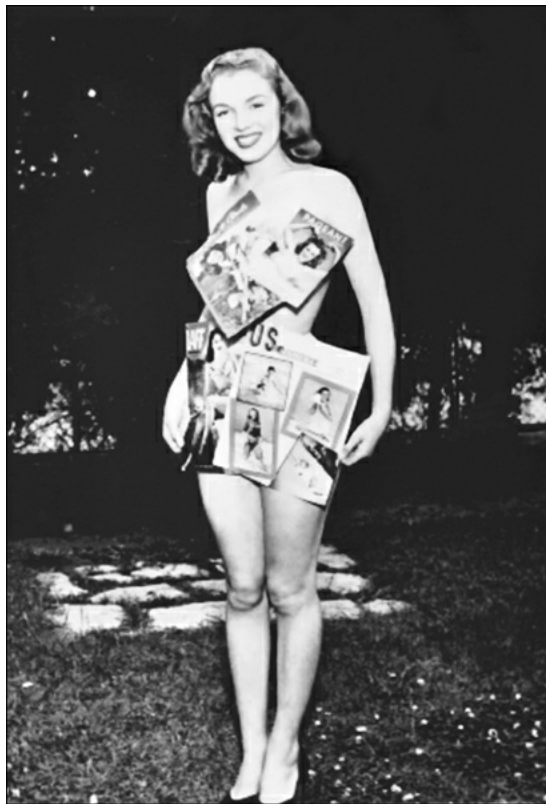
Norma Jeane at about four years of age. (*Photofest*)



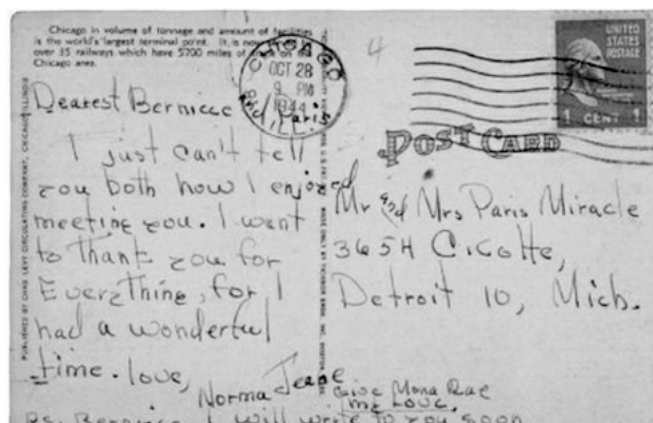
Norma Jeane at age six. (*Getty Images*)



Norma Jeane married her first husband, Jim Dougherty, in June 1942—but only so that she would not have to go into another orphanage. (*Retro Photo*)



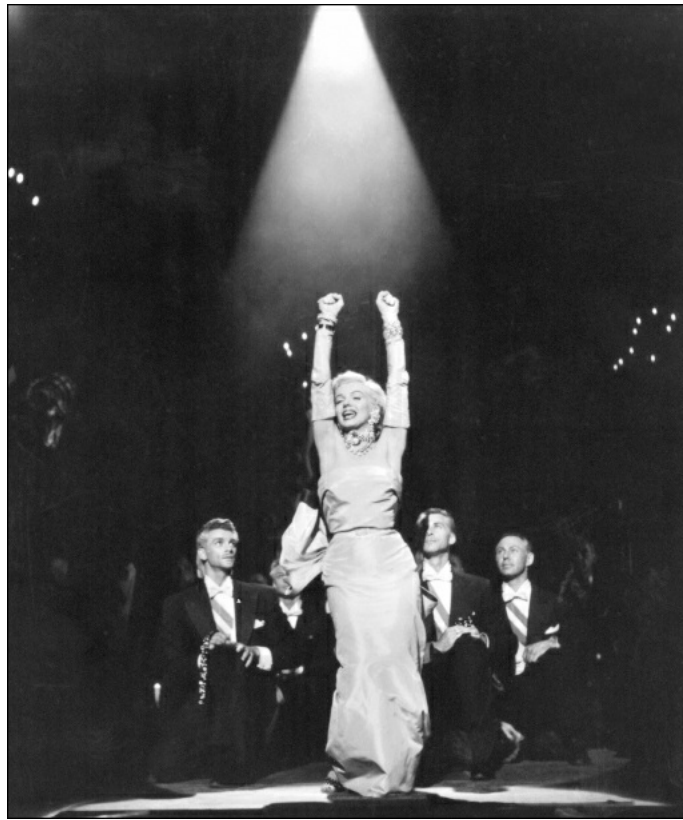
Norma Jeane was a highly successful model long before she ever became Marilyn Monroe. Here she is in 1944, “wearing” some of her many covers. (*Courtesy of Maryanne Reed Collection*)



The postcard Norma Jeane wrote to her half sister, Berniece, after meeting her for the first time in October 1944. *(Getty Images)*



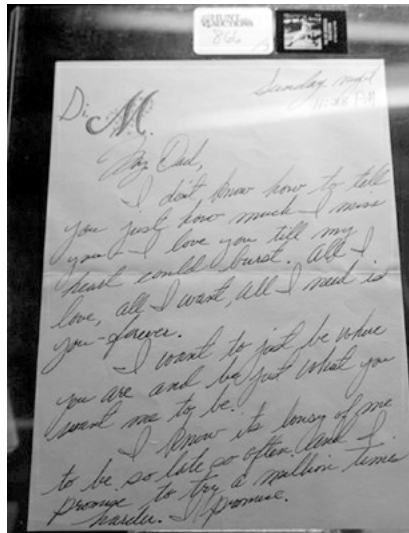
A very rare family photo taken at the Pacific Seas restaurant in September 1946, right after Norma Jeane was divorced from her first husband, James Dougherty. From left to right: Berniece Baker (Marilyn's half sister) and her daughter, Mona Rae; Grace Goddard (Norma Jeane's beloved guardian) and her sister, Enid Knebelkamp; Norma Jeane, Norma Jeane's "Aunt" Ana and her mother, Gladys Baker. *(Getty Images)*



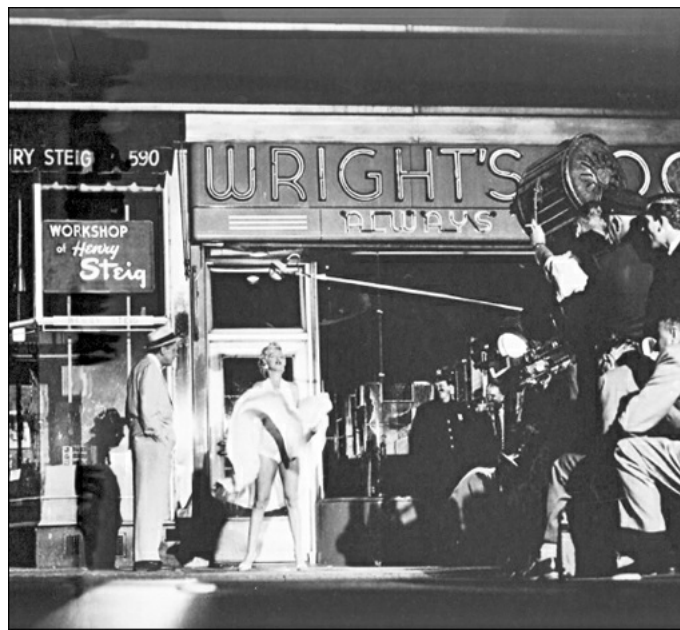
The lavish production number "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," from the 1953 movie *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. *(Photofest)*



Marilyn married Joe DiMaggio in January of 1954, even though there were many indications that the marriage would not work out—not the least of which was his unhappiness over her career. Although Marilyn was forced to leave him when DiMaggio became physically abusive, their love for one another never died. *(Retro Photo)*



A love letter Marilyn wrote to Joe—addressed to “Dad.” “I want to just be where you are,” she wrote, “and be just what you want me to be.” Unfortunately, what he wanted was for her to just be his wife, not one of the world’s great movie stars. *(Getty Images)*

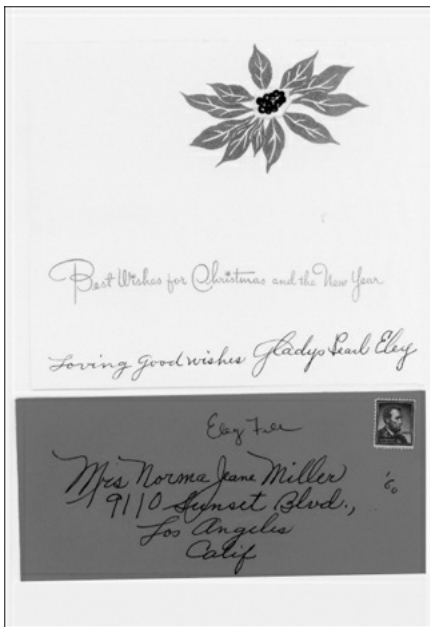


The filming of this famous scene from *The Seven Year Itch* was the catalyst to the end of Marilyn's relationship with Joe. It so enraged him that he became violent with her that very same evening. Then, as far as she was concerned, the marriage was over. (*Retro Photo*)

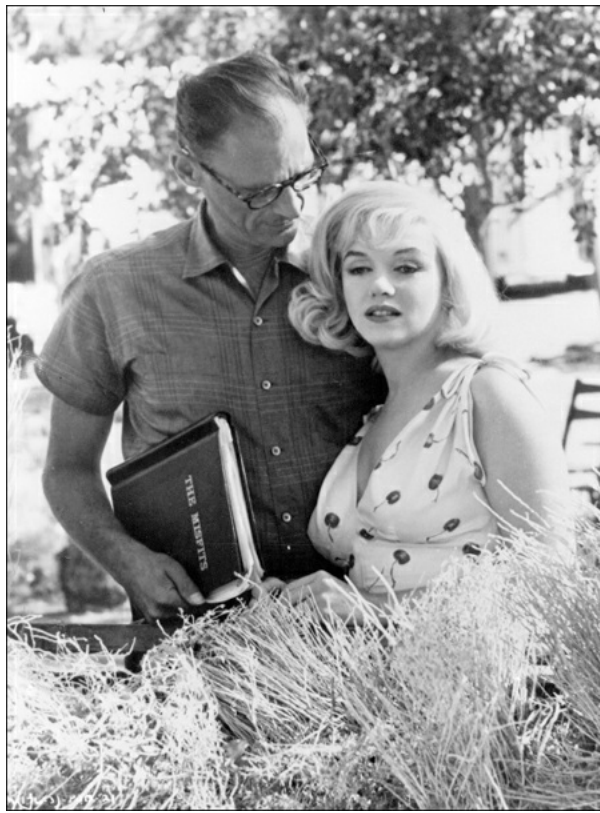




Three iconic poses of a legend. *(Photofest)*



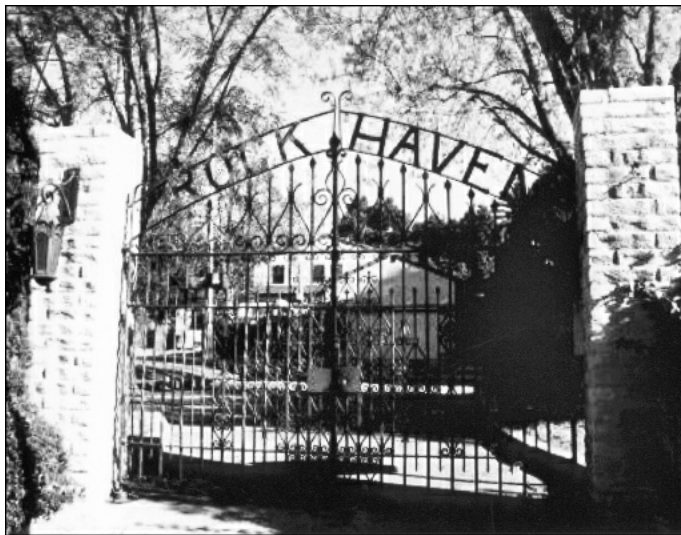
Marilyn received this very impersonal Christmas card from her mother, Gladys, in December of 1956. She never knew just what kind of communication to expect from her mother, who was at the Rock Haven Sanitarium at the time. *(Shaan Kokin/Julien's Auctions)*



By the summer of 1960, Marilyn's third marriage, to Arthur Miller— seen here on the set of *The Misfits*—was all but over. (*Photofest*)



In February 1961, Marilyn was committed to the mental ward at the Payne Whitney Clinic in New York. Thanks to Joe DiMaggio's intervention, she was later moved to the Neurological Institute of Columbia University-Presbyterian Hospital, where she would remain for almost three weeks. Of course, there was the expected pandemonium when she was finally released from that facility— looking quite beautiful, as always. (*Retro Photo*)



Meanwhile, Marilyn's mother, Gladys Baker Eley, tried to commit suicide while locked behind these gates at the Rock Haven Sanitarium in California.
(Retro Photo)





According to photographer Bernie Abramson, these three photographs have never been published in any Marilyn Monroe biography. Marilyn's close friend Pat Kennedy Lawford (left in the top photo); Pat's husband, Peter Lawford; Marilyn's occasional lover Frank Sinatra; and Marilyn are seen experimenting with Sinatra's new Polaroid camera at the Lawford home in Santa Monica, California, circa 1961. (*MPTV*)



By 1962, Marilyn had done everything she could to see to it that her mother—seen here at Rock Haven Sanitarium—received the proper medical attention for paranoid schizophrenia. However, because her religious beliefs restricted the use of most medications, Gladys’s mental illness was never under control. (Courtesy of Maryanne Reed Collection)



Not at all well. In these two rare photographs, taken on January 20, 1962, Marilyn is seen at a party hosted by Harvey Weinstein, producer of her movie *Something’s Got to Give*. In the first, she sips on a cocktail while talking to poet Carl Sandburg. In the second—published here for the first time—she is seen dancing while still holding a drink. (Note how thin she is in this picture.) (Getty Images)

2/7

CARREY CADILLAC RENTING CO. OF CALIF., INC.
 9641 Sunset Boulevard
 Beverly Hills, California

Date 2/1/62

Charge to: Marilyn Monroe
842 N. Doheny
West Hollywood
Calif.

For use of: _____

Limo # 83 From 882 N. Doheny

Miles	Hours
In <u>1161</u>	<u>3:00</u>
Out <u>1151</u>	<u>8:00</u>
Net <u>27</u>	<u>7</u>

625 Ocean Front - Santa Monica
to 882 N. Doheny

Marilyn first met Bobby Kennedy on February 1, 1962, at a dinner party at Pat and Peter Lawford’s home. This receipt disproves the long-reported story

that Marilyn became so drunk that night she couldn't drive herself back home and had to be driven by RFK and a friend. That maybe happened some other time, but on this evening she was definitely driven to and from the Lawford home by Carey Cadillac. (*J. Randy Taraborrelli Collection.*)



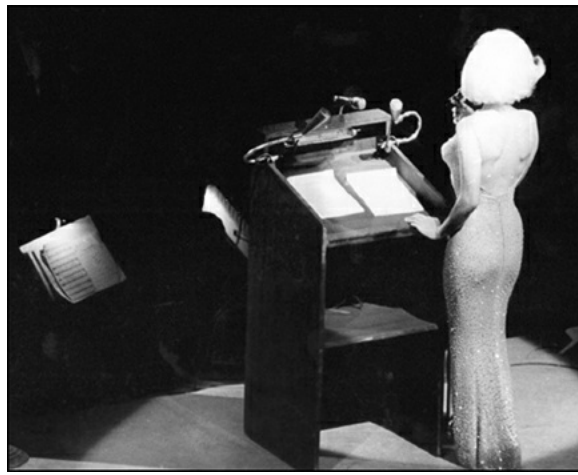
Certainly Kenneth O'Donnell, special assistant to JFK, couldn't have known the sensation that would be caused by extending this invitation to Marilyn! (*J. Randy Taraborrelli Collection*)



Another photo that has never before appeared in a Marilyn Monroe biography, of Marilyn and her publicist, Pat Newcomb, arriving at Madison Square Garden for JFK's birthday party in May 1962. (*J. Randy Taraborrelli Collection*)



Taken at a party following her performance, this is the only known photograph of Marilyn with both Bobby (left) and President John F. Kennedy. (*Cecil Stoughton/Life Magazine, Time-Warner Inc.*)



Marilyn performed for JFK wearing what she described as “a dress only Marilyn Monroe could wear.” (*Photofest*)



QUESTIONS		WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM		STANDARD	
Time to be used for this service is 10 minutes. If more time is needed, a separate telegram must be sent.		WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM		STANDARD	
RA455 0A461 LE625 411 11035		SSP090 558606 L BHA239 PD FAX BEVERLY HILLS CALIF 15 556P PDT		1962 JUN 13 PM 10 15	
ATTY GENERAL AND MRS ROBERT F KENNEDY		HICKORY HILL MCLEANVA		DEAR ATTORNEY GENERAL AND MRS ROBERT KENNEDY: I WOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED TO HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR INVITATION HONORING PAT AND PETER LAWFORD. UNFORTUNATELY I AM INVOLVED IN A FREEDOM RIDE PROTESTING THE LOSS OF THE MINORITY RIGHTS BELONGING TO THE FEW REMAINING EARTHQUAKE STARS. AFTER ALL, ALL WE DEMANDED WAS OUR RIGHT TO TWINKLE.	
MARILYN MONROE.		JF 940A BROWN		67131	
6/14 LB 529A CC		M.D.			

Marilyn sent this telegram to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, declining an invitation to attend a party in honor of Pat and Peter Lawford in June 1962. Some have speculated that Marilyn declined because she was having an affair with Bobby. Others have wondered if Ethel would have invited her at all had she thought Marilyn was involved with her husband. In fact, it doesn't seem as if Marilyn and Bobby were anything more than friends. (*J. Randy Taraborrelli Collection.*)



This fascinating photo hasn't been seen in decades and has never before been published in any Marilyn Monroe biography. It, too, was taken at the after party following the Madison Square Garden event. Marilyn—on the right, watching Diahann Carroll perform—is holding a glass of champagne, her arm dangling carelessly over a railing. Seated on the far left is President John F. Kennedy. Against the wall, under the stairs, one can spot Ethel Kennedy and Pat Kennedy Lawford, Marilyn's close friend. Peter Lawford is directly behind Marilyn, leaning against the wall. *(The Kennedy Library)*



The Lost Weekend: Marilyn and Peter Lawford at the Cal-Neva Lodge in July 1962, the weekend Marilyn was perhaps at her worst—the weekend that changed the lives of just about everyone involved: Peter, his wife, Pat, Frank Sinatra, and, of course, Marilyn. *(MPTV)*



It's difficult to believe that one of the greatest movie stars of all time died in this sparse, disheveled bedroom. It's been said that she hadn't had time for interior decorating, even though she'd moved into the house almost six months earlier. *(Retro Photo)*



Berniece Miracle leaves the funeral home after having made final arrangements for her half sister. (*Retro Photo*)



A sad—and shocking—headline. (*Retro Photo*)



Marilyn's final resting place, at Westwood Memorial Park. (*J. Randy Taraborrelli Collection*)



A never-before-published letter from Gladys Baker Eley to Marilyn’s business manager, Inez Melson, written after Marilyn’s death in 1962. “She is at peace and at rest now,” Gladys wrote of her daughter, “and may God help her always.” Gladys affixed to the letter a newspaper notice of the probate of Marilyn’s will. (Shaan Kokin/Julien’s Auctions)



Gladys lived another twenty-two largely unhappy years after the death of her famous daughter. (Photofest)



“She should have been made of iron or steel, but she was only made of flesh and blood.” Like many of the photographs in this book, this one is so rare it may never have been published before, and certainly not in any previous Marilyn Monroe biography. (*Frank Worth Estate and International Images, Inc.*)

APPENDICES

AFTER MARILYN

AFTER MARILYN'S DEATH

Miss Monroe has suffered from psychiatric disturbance for a long time. She had often expressed wishes to give up, withdraw and even to die. On more than one occasion in the past when disappointed or depressed, she had made a suicide attempt using sedative drugs. On these occasions, she had called for help and had been rescued. From the information collected about the events of the evening of August the fourth, it is our opinion that the same pattern was repeated—except for the rescue.

— Theodore J. Curphey Los Angeles Coroner's Office August 1962

Obviously, the repercussions of Marilyn Monroe's death on many of the principal players in her life would be profound. She was much loved by those in her close-knit circle. Unfortunately, her half sister, Berniece Miracle, received the news of Marilyn's death many hours after most people in the country already knew about it. She had been on a vacation, driving for hours with a broken radio. When she finally returned home and was called, she immediately flew to Los Angeles. Though overwhelmed by grief, she still managed to plan the funeral with her ex-brother-in-law, Joe DiMaggio.

As is by now well known, it was DiMaggio's decision to prohibit just about everyone in Marilyn's life from attending the services that took place on August 8, 1962, at the Westwood Village Mortuary Chapel. He felt strongly that the Kennedys and Frank Sinatra had let Marilyn down and, in some way, even contributed to her death. Therefore, he lashed out by excluding them from the services—as well as most of Marilyn's other friends in show business. During this time of grief, DiMaggio wasn't even sure what to make of Marilyn's publicist and friend Pat Newcomb, because he knew she had known the Kennedys before Marilyn, and still had a relationship with the family. According to Gary Springer, DiMaggio asked his father, John Springer, to handle the bulk of public relations for Marilyn's funeral.

Some of the choice few who were allowed to attend the services for Marilyn Monroe were Pat Newcomb, Berniece Miracle, Inez Melson, Milton Rudin, Ralph Roberts, Allan "Whitey" Snyder, Sydney Guilaroff, Joe DiMaggio Jr., Dr. Ralph Greenson, and his family. In all, there were just twenty-six names on the approved guest list. Lee Strasberg read the eulogy, describing Marilyn's "luminous quality—a combination of wistfulness, radiance, yearning—that set her apart and made everyone wish to be a part of it."

Certainly, in the coldness of death, no one looks as they did in life, and especially not a woman who had been as vital as Marilyn Monroe. Still, she appeared at least serene in a simple green dress of nylon jersey, her blonde hair (a wig, actually) styled pretty much as it had been in the ill-fated *Something's Got to Give*.

George Jacobs, Sinatra's valet, says that Frank Sinatra was very upset over Marilyn's death. Surprisingly, he even joined DiMaggio in the finger-pointing. "Mr. S. began to suspect Lawford and his brothers-in-law of possible foul play," Jacobs recalled, "but since at that point, he would get suspicious of them for a rainstorm, I didn't put much stock in it. Marilyn was one of Mr. S.'s favorite people. He loved how much she loved him. Without that love and admiration she constantly showered onto him, he was deeply wounded. The healing of that wound made him harder and colder than ever before."

For her part, Pat Kennedy Lawford was obviously also devastated by Marilyn's death. She and Peter showed up at the chapel in Westwood only to be turned away at the door. Even Eunice Murray, who wasn't fond of most people in Marilyn's circle, insisted to Berniece Miracle that Pat should be invited to the services. However, Berniece really didn't have much input in that decision, it was all in Joe DiMaggio's purview. This had to have been especially trying for Pat in that the last conversation she had with her friend had been an angry one. It was the one during which Marilyn said she feared Pat might be jealous of her friendship with Peter Lawford.

Pat's friend Pat Brennan says, "It doesn't overstate it to say that Pat was never the same woman. After Marilyn's last weekend at Cal-Neva was when she really began to change. I think she saw firsthand the destruction her husband's lifestyle could wreak on a person. Even though she had enjoyed some of the parties herself, and was also a drinker from time to time, she had never seen anything like Marilyn at Cal-Neva. That weekend marked the beginning of the end of her marriage to Peter. After Marilyn's death, she decided that she wanted out of the marriage. Indeed, the good times in Santa Monica ended with Marilyn's death."

In fact, the Lawfords decided to stay together until after JFK's reelection bid in 1964, but, of course, he was assassinated in 1963. Shortly after her brother's murder, Pat filed for a legal separation. The couple would divorce in 1966. She would never marry again. Peter died in 1984.

Pat, who battled alcoholism for many years after Marilyn's death, worked with the National Center on Addiction. She was also a founder of the National Committee for the Literary Arts. She died at age eighty-two in New York from complications of pneumonia. She is survived by four children and ten grandchildren.

It's impossible to know what President John F. Kennedy thought about Marilyn Monroe's death. It would seem she didn't mean that much to him after all. In his mind, she was likely not much more than a one-night stand. In fact, according to the Secret Service gate logs of the White House, the night after Marilyn's death—August 6, 1962—another of his mistresses, Mary Meyer, paid him a visit at the White House while Jackie and the children were on their way to Ravello, Italy, for a vacation. Meyer showed up at 7:32 p.m. At 11:28, Kennedy called for a car to meet Mary Meyer at the White House's South Gate to take her home.

Robert Kennedy also went on with his life and political career, never mentioning Marilyn publicly. He was assassinated in 1968.

Ida and Wayne Bolender heard the terrible news of Marilyn's passing on television, like most of America. "Ida went straight to church to pray for the

soul of Norma Jeane,” said one of her relatives. “She never stopped loving her. In her mind, she would always be that little girl she raised. Wayne was sad for many months. It was like losing a daughter for the both of them, it really was.” Ida Bolender survived Marilyn Monroe by ten years. She died in 1972. Wayne lived two more years, until 1974.

Respected Marilyn Monroe historian and author Charles Casillo should have the last word on Marilyn here:

“Many decades after her death, Marilyn Monroe is still able to reach from the grave and entice, enthrall and inspire. The living Monroe had inspired a love affair with the world, through death she has inspired a sort of mass necrophilia. Yes, she had and maintains the astonishing fame that many still crave—but beyond that she had an incredible sweetness that touched us and a genuine soul that blazed. Now that she’s gone, we’re still reaching for that glow... willing to grab what light we can.”

GLADYS’S LIFE AFTER MARILYN

Shortly after Marilyn’s death, Inez Melson received a two-page handwritten letter on personalized stationery from Gladys Baker Eley, sent from the Rock Haven Sanitarium. Published here for the first time, it said:

My Dear Friend Mrs. Melson;

I am very grateful for your kind and gracious help toward Berniece and myself and to dear Norma Jeane. She is at peace and at rest now and may our God bless her and help her always. I wish you to know that I gave her (Norma) Christian Science treatments for approximately a year; wanted her to be happy and joyous. God bless you and all your goodness. I am getting ever so much good out of the fan and I am indeed most thankful and grateful to you and Berniece and all. May the love of our God bless you and keep you. Miss Travis told me you’d be here to see me this weekend so I am anticipating and hoping to see you soon.

Love, Gladys

When Gladys refers to giving Marilyn Christian Science treatments, she’s likely not suggesting that she was praying *with* her daughter (because that had never been the case) but rather praying—or to use Christian Science vernacular, “treating”—*for* Marilyn. Of course, she did not attend the funeral.

When Gladys’s other daughter, Berniece Miracle, went to visit her mother at Rock Haven Sanitarium in La Crescenta, California, in August 1962, after Marilyn’s funeral, she was distressed to find that Gladys’s biggest concern was as it had always been: She wanted her freedom. During that visit, Gladys was dressed in her nurse’s uniform, all white—including stockings and shoes. At this point, she was sixty-two years old. She was still attractive with her aquamarine blue eyes and snow white hair, which she wore tied into a tight knot on the top of her head. She had Marilyn’s fine bone structure and would have been an absolutely striking older woman if she had taken care of herself, or had any interest in doing so. It’s not known what her private reaction was to Marilyn’s death, but with Berniece and others who came to visit, she seemed to not be upset.

Mira Bradford’s mother was Gladys’s friend Ginger—whom Marilyn met the last time she saw her mother at Rock Haven. “I went to visit my mother after Marilyn’s death and I saw Gladys,” said Mira Bradford. “She was watching television. I remember that she was wearing her nurse’s uniform—all in white from head to toe. I went to her and said, ‘Gladys, I am so sorry about your daughter.’ She looked at me with cold eyes and said, ‘She shouldn’t have been taking sleeping pills. I told her many times that I could help her sleep with prayer, but she wouldn’t listen to me.’

“I was very upset. I had never met Marilyn Monroe, but I thought she deserved more from her own mother than that. Of course, I understood Gladys’s illness because my mother was just as disturbed. But, still, I thought I might be able to get through to her. So I sat in front of her and held her hands in mine. I remember they were very cold, very bony. I said, ‘Gladys, you know that Marilyn loved you very much, don’t you?’ She shook her head. ‘No,’ she said. ‘I don’t think Marilyn loved me at all.’ I wasn’t prepared for that. I couldn’t hide my surprise. I instinctively let go of her hands. But then I saw a flash of humanity. Suddenly looking very sad, she said, ‘Marilyn didn’t love me. Norma Jeane loved me, and I loved her. She was a good girl.’ Then she just went back to her television. I got up and walked away so that I could cry. It broke my heart.”

Marilyn provided \$5,000 a month in her will for her mother’s care for the rest of her life. Unfortunately, Marilyn did not die a wealthy woman. It’s difficult to imagine where all of her money went, but it certainly wasn’t in any of her bank accounts. Eventually, the estate would accumulate enough money to care for Gladys, but in 1962 there was only about \$4,000, not even enough to continue to care for Gladys at Rock Haven. Berniece left Los Angeles at the end of August to return to Florida and begin the process of having Gladys’s conservatorship transferred from Inez Melson to herself. It would be some time, though, before Gladys would be moved to Florida. Then, shortly after her sixty-third birthday, she did the unthinkable.

“It was shocking,” recalled Mira Bradford. “I went to visit my mother and there was chaos at Rock Haven. Police were everywhere. Gladys had tied bedsheets together, nailed them to a windowsill on the third floor, and climbed out the window to the ground floor. Then she somehow managed to scale the high fence around Rock Haven. They didn’t know she was gone until the next day. I was astounded at her will to be free. The police searched all of Los Angeles for her. She was gone a couple of days. They found her about fifteen miles away, sound asleep in the basement of a church. It was so sad. She was then returned to Rock Haven. I saw her there about a month later. Her eyes were cold as steel. I thought she was worse. Much worse. After that, she was transferred to Camarillo State Hospital, which was far, far worse than Rock Haven in terms of its conditions. It was very sad, how this woman suffered.”

In 1967, Gladys was finally released into Berniece’s care in Florida.

In 1970, she was considered sane enough to live in a retirement home not far from Berniece.

In April of 1971, Marilyn Monroe historian James Haspiel spent time with Gladys. He explained, “My wife and I were traveling through Gainesville, Florida. I found Gladys’s number in the telephone book and just called her. She picked up the phone. Obviously, I wanted to meet her. She asked me if I was a Christian Scientist. I said, ‘No, but I’d be interested in exploring that.’ I eventually persuaded her to let me come to visit her if she could give me literature on Christian Science. I took my wife and two little sons with me to the apartment building. She wasn’t frail. She was almost a little weighty. What was so striking about her was that she had Marilyn’s face. But more significantly, she had Marilyn’s laugh. I couldn’t get over the laughter.

“En route to her apartment, I decided that I would only call her daughter Norma Jeane, not Marilyn. So for the hour and a half I was there, I called her Norma Jeane. But she called her Marilyn. She was very intense on the subject of Christian Science. She gave me a bunch of pamphlets before we left. She asked me to call her back, and I did. Gladys’s displeasure with Marilyn’s profession was very evident to me. She called it the moving picture

industry. In fact, she said her work, what she did as a Christian Scientist, was ‘diametrically opposed to what Marilyn was doing in the moving picture industry.’ She said that she never wanted Marilyn to be in that business, but, as she put it, ‘I never told her one way or the other. I never told her a word.’”

Gladys continued to live in Florida, spending infrequent time with her daughter Berniece—at her own decision—for many more years. She was known to ride a tricycle around town with a red flag on the handlebars that read, “Danger.” Around 1977, she finally began receiving money from the estate of Marilyn Monroe.

Gladys Baker Eley died of heart failure in Gainesville on March 11, 1984—almost twenty-two years after her famous daughter. She was eighty-three years old.

PERSPECTIVE: MARILYN AND THE KENNEDYS

Six months. That’s all it was, just six months. It would appear that Marilyn Monroe’s in-depth experiences with the Kennedys comprised just six months out of thirty-six years of her life. Despite such a brief span of time, a plethora of books and documentaries have resulted that have sought to stretch those months into many years and, thereby, make them the central focus of all sorts of romantic intrigue and FBI espionage. However, fresh research now establishes that it’s simply not true. Of course, it’s always possible that two people can slip away and have secret rendezvous that no one else could ever know about. That’s a little harder to do when the two people are as high-profile as Marilyn Monroe and either of the Kennedy brothers. That said, here is all we know with absolute certainty based on fresh research for this book:

Marilyn met JFK at a dinner party in the 1950s. She met him again at the Democratic Convention in July of 1960. Those meetings were passing and perfunctory.

A year and a half went by.

Then the six-month time clock began:

Marilyn met Bobby Kennedy on February 2, 1962, at Pat and Peter Lawford’s home.

She saw JFK in March 1962 at a dinner party in New York.

She slept with JFK on March 24 and possibly March 25, at Bing Crosby’s home.

She performed at JFK’s birthday celebration at Madison Square Garden in May 1962.

She saw Bobby at another dinner party at Pat and Peter Lawford’s in June 1962.

Other than telephone calls she placed to JFK—which he apparently did not take—and to Bobby—which he and his secretary apparently did take—that’s it. Anything else just cannot be proven. Of course, that doesn’t mean it didn’t happen. JFK and Bobby could also have been secretly living in her guesthouse, too—and that can’t be proven or dis-proven either.

Over the years, so much has been said and written about these colorful characters, it’s become accepted wisdom that Marilyn was romantically involved with both brothers. However, this writer interviewed Peter Lawford in 1981—before most of the fiction about Marilyn and the Kennedys took root—and was told, “All of this business about Marilyn and JFK and Bobby is pure crap. I think maybe—and I’m saying *maybe*—she had one or two dates with JFK. Not a single date with Bobby, though, and I swear to Christ that’s the truth.”

But then, of course, a number of years later, an ex-wife of Peter’s came forward and added to the confusion. She said that Peter finally confessed all to her “when he was kind of high.” The next day, Peter was so confused about what he may have said while up on his cloud, he called the ex-wife and told her to just forget about all of it. He was stoned and, he observed, “Who knows what I was talking about?” Of course, she didn’t forget. However, to take the secondhand recollection of someone who was “kind of high” as gospel truth is perhaps not the wisest course of action in matters so historical.

Sadly, Peter Lawford—a kindhearted even if conflicted man who many say would never have betrayed a friend—has been widely quoted about Marilyn and the Kennedys decades after his death. It’s as if the man couldn’t stop talking about them during the last months of his life. But did he really make all of those statements, especially to ex-wives? “If you knew Peter like I knew Peter,” Dean Martin told this writer when I wrote a book about Frank Sinatra, “you would know that he would never have said those things about Marilyn and the Kennedys—*especially* if those stories were true.”

Of course, it’s easy to see how Marilyn and the Kennedy brothers became eternally linked to so many sensational and lurid tales. The confluence of these powerful and historical men with one of the most legendary movie stars of her time has been too compelling to ignore. The Kennedy regime was viewed as a special time in history—Camelot, it was called after the fact—during which idealistic men came into power with an eye toward changing the way people thought of government. Both brothers were known philanderers, though it wasn’t reported at the time because, pre-Watergate, the press was much more protective of those in government. Marilyn’s publicist Michael Selsman recalls, “I spent a lot of time saying to reporters, ‘The president? What? You must be joking!’ Knowing all the while that it was true. I was also good with, ‘Pills? What pills?’ And, ‘Drinking? Of course not. Marilyn is just a social drinker.’”

Sometimes, though, JFK’s nature was at least suggested in the press, and as a result, innuendo about him and Marilyn can be traced all the way back to 1960. For instance, in July of that year, after learning that Marilyn had been asking questions to her friends about Kennedy’s policies, Art Buchwald wrote, “Let’s be firm on the Monroe Doctrine. Who will be the next ambassador to Monroe? This is one of the many problems which president-elect Kennedy will have to work on in January. Obviously, you can’t leave Monroe adrift. There are too many people eyeing her, and now that Ambassador Miller has left, she could flounder around without any direction.” Such wink-and-nod reporting was going on way back in 1960 where JFK and Marilyn were concerned, and she’d only met him twice by that time.

One of the major leaps toward national fascination where this subject is concerned happened in the 1970s with a lavish Marilyn Monroe biography by Norman Mailer that actually involved the Kennedys in her death and, for the first time, linked Marilyn with Bobby. Of course, rumors about whether or not Marilyn had been murdered didn’t begin in the 1970s. Michael Selsman put it this way: “The rumor that Marilyn had been murdered happened immediately after she died. Within five minutes of her body being found. The first thought was, ‘Is there a movie in this?’ That’s this town [Hollywood].” When this writer spoke to Mailer, though, he indicated that he wasn’t proud of his murder theory. “Not my best work,” he said of his book, “and not my best research. In hindsight, maybe I shouldn’t have allowed its publication.” He’d also said that he “needed the money” and that this was why he allowed to be published details about Marilyn and the Kennedys that were not verified, and that have gone on to be considered fact. That’s difficult to believe of a gifted Pulitzer Prize winner, yet apparently true. After Mailer’s book was published another came forth from syndicated gossip columnist Earl Wilson, which was the first to formally reveal that Marilyn and JFK had been in a sexual relationship. That work opened the floodgates, and since that time there have been many, many books whose premise has been different variations on the Kennedy theme. Truly, stories involving

Marilyn and the Kennedys have been circulating for many decades.

Also being written about for just about as long as Marilyn has been dead are the many different tapes that supposedly exist implicating people in her death. If one is to believe all that has been published in the last few decades—and entire books have been published based on these supposed recordings—poor Marilyn was being bugged by everyone from the Teamsters, the FBI, the CIA, Howard Hughes, the Kennedys, and the Mafia to her own movie studio, 20th Century-Fox. The woman must have had so many different wires and recording devices in her homes, it's a wonder she was able to get a decent radio or TV signal. Even her answering service was supposedly tapped. She wasn't the only one, of course. Peter and Pat Lawford, the Kennedys, Frank, Sammy, Dean... all of them were supposedly also the subject of wiretapping that resulted in audio documentation of a plethora of shocking secrets. There's even supposed to be a tape recording of Marilyn and Bobby Kennedy having a violent argument just hours before her death over a diary in which she supposedly kept all of the secrets of state revealed to her by the Kennedy brothers. "I want that diary, Marilyn. *And now, damn it!*" Yet, in almost fifty years, not one single tape has ever seen the light of day.

The fact of the matter is that no matter how many people claim to have heard these tapes—and there are dozens—until the rest of us have the opportunity to do so, they simply don't matter. "You could hear the voices of Marilyn and JFK," Peter Lawford supposedly said of one of the tapes, "in addition to Marilyn and RFK. In both cases you could make out the muted sounds of bedsprings and the cries of ecstasy. Marilyn, after all, was a master of her craft." Ignoring the fact that Lawford would never have made such comments—not to mention that the notion of a ménage à trois between Marilyn and the Kennedy brothers is preposterous—it's at long last time to accept the truth: These tapes do not exist.

THE FBI'S FILES ON MARILYN

In October 2006, under the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI released a number of new files on Marilyn Monroe, referenced in the text of this book. One is truly extraordinary and has to do with Marilyn Monroe and Bobby Kennedy. This three-page document—called simply "Robert F. Kennedy" and referenced in this book's chapter "Were Marilyn and Bobby 'The New Item'?"—has never before been mentioned, despite hundreds of articles, books, and documentaries about Marilyn Monroe's death. It was written by an unnamed "former special agent" supposedly working for the then governor of California, Democrat Pat Brown, and forwarded to Washington by Curtis Lymum, then head of the San Francisco FBI. Though this paperwork is like all of the FBI's documentation of Marilyn and the Kennedys in that it can't be substantiated—and this one even states that the source of the information is unknown and the information can't be verified—it was circulated to the FBI's most senior officers, including Director J. Edgar Hoover's right-hand man, Clyde Tolson. Despite its specious nature, it's interesting just by virtue of the fact that this report—classified for decades—was written and filed back on October 19, 1964, years before people started gossiping that the Kennedys may have had something to do with Marilyn's death.

As earlier stated, this file announces that Marilyn and Bobby were having a "romance and sex affair" and that Bobby promised to divorce Ethel and marry Marilyn. However, according to the report, she soon figured out that he was lying. At this same time, according to the report, "Marilyn also had an intermittent lesbian affair with [name deleted] while Robert Kennedy was carrying on his sex affair with Marilyn Monroe," and also "on a few occasions John F. Kennedy came out and had sex parties with [name deleted] actress." Moreover, "During the period of time that Robert Kennedy was having his sex affair with Marilyn Monroe, on one occasion a sex party was conducted at which several other persons were present. Tape recording was secretly made and is in the possession of a Los Angeles private detective agency. The detective wants \$3000 for a certified copy of the recording, in which all the voices are identifiable."

The details in the paperwork continue by stating that Marilyn began to call RFK "person-to-person" to complain to him about her problems with Fox and the ill-fated movie *Something's Got to Give*. Bobby "told her not to worry about the contract—he would take care of everything." Later, they had "unpleasant words" and she became upset and "threatened to make public their affair." The report continues, "On the day that Marilyn died, Robert Kennedy was in town and checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel. By coincidence, this is across the street from the house in which a number of years earlier his father, Joseph Kennedy, had lived for a time, common-law, with Gloria Swanson."

Moreover, the document maintains that Peter Lawford made "special arrangements" with Marilyn's psychiatrist Dr. Ralph Greenson—who, it says, was treating her to "get her off of barbiturates"—to give her sixty tablets of Seconal on her last visit to him, "unusual in quantity especially since she saw him frequently." (Note: The truth is that the day before her death she was given Nembutal, not Seconal, and twenty-four of them, not sixty, and by Dr. Engelberg, not Dr. Greenson.) It says that "Peter Lawford knew from Marilyn's friends that she often made suicide attempts and that she was induced to fake a suicide attempt in order to arouse sympathy."

The report states that Marilyn's publicist, Pat Newcomb, and her housekeeper, Eunice Murray, conspired with Peter Lawford and Dr. Greenson "in a plan to induce suicide." (In return for her assistance, Newcomb was "put on the federal payroll.") The report suggests that the principals deliberately gave Marilyn the means to fake another suicide attempt by making sure—via Eunice Murray—that the pills were on her nightstand before she went to bed. It's not clear why they believed she would want to try to kill herself that night, but the implication is that they were going to do or say something that would drive her to want to at least act as if she were going to kill herself, and then "[she] expected to have her stomach pumped out and get sympathy for her suicide attempt." But this time, she was allowed to die rather than be saved just in time, as had often happened in the past. After the deed was done, RFK telephoned Peter Lawford "to find out if Marilyn was dead yet." It goes on to state that Joe DiMaggio knew exactly what was going on but was powerless to stop it; he "is reported to have stated that when Robert Kennedy gets out of office, he intends to kill him."

Bits and pieces and different variations of the above scenario have appeared in a number of books and magazine articles over the years having to do with Marilyn's death, but none of it is verifiable. Still, it's very interesting that what was once just gossiped about by secondhand sources and then reported by a slew of biographers turns out to actually be material found in the FBI files. It does give all of those who believe that RFK was involved in the death of Marilyn Monroe a little more certainty in their beliefs.

So, what does all of this mean? Unfortunately, not much. There are a couple of possible scenarios as to why the report exists in the FBI files. It's well known that J. Edgar Hoover strongly resented Bobby Kennedy and perhaps intended to use the report to discredit him at some point along the way, maybe before the 1968 election. One wonders, though, what might have happened if the document had been leaked in 1968. It might have done some damage just by virtue of the fact that it's an FBI document. But how seriously anyone would have taken it given its gossipy nature—and the fact that it's not sourced at all—is questionable. What's laughable is that the report refers to all of the principal players by their first names; the document reads as if it were written by a Hollywood gossip columnist.

In truth, if in 1965 the FBI truly believed that Robert Kennedy, Peter Lawford, Eunice Murray, and Pat Newcomb conspired in the death of Marilyn Monroe, wouldn't they all have been charged? Obviously, that never happened. Was it because the FBI didn't believe its own files?

Also very interesting is that this latest Marilyn Monroe release from the FBI refers to a “sex tape” supposedly featuring Marilyn Monroe. The memo is titled “interstate transportation of obscene matter.” It says, “[Deleted]... at his office ran a French-type movie which depicted Marilyn Monroe, deceased actress, in unnatural acts with an unknown male. [Deleted] informed them he had obtained this film prior to the time Monroe achieved stardom and that subsequently Joe DiMaggio attempted to purchase this film for \$25,000. This information should not be discussed outside the bureau.”

In April 2007, someone—not named by any news reports—supposedly purchased this fifteen-minute tape (which allegedly shows Marilyn having oral sex with an unidentified male) for \$1.5 million. The anonymous purchaser is quoted by the person who says he brokered the deal—someone named Keya Morgan who was apparently making a documentary about Marilyn—as saying he would not release the tape, and that he only bought it to keep it out of circulation because he is trying to protect Monroe’s legacy. Likely, though, it won’t be shown because it does not exist. The timing is just too convenient. It’s likely that someone came up with the idea of saying that the video described in the latest FBI document actually exists and, not only that, was just purchased? What was the intent of doing such a thing? Who knows? In truth, though, not one shred of evidence has been brought forth to prove that the sale was even made—no seller has been named, no buyer identified, no receipt either. Yet the story received national attention, demonstrating if nothing else that the public’s hunger for interesting stories about Marilyn Monroe has never waned. However, like all of the other audio- and videotapes of Marilyn Monroe supposedly having intimate encounters with the Kennedys or others, if this one ever actually surfaces it’ll be a first.

THE JOHN MINER TRANSCRIPTS

John Miner, now about ninety years old, is the former deputy district attorney of Los Angeles County and the founder and head of the medical-legal section of that office. He claims to have heard hours of secret tapes of psychiatric sessions between Marilyn and Dr. Ralph Greenson, and while doing so took copious, “nearly verbatim” notes—many, many pages—reconstructing word for word every statement she made during the sessions. Entire books have been based on these notes, which include in-depth and very personal comments from Marilyn about her affairs with both Kennedys, her sex life, her career aspirations, and so on. This writer spent six hours with Miner and reviewed all of his handwritten notes.

“You are the only person who will ever know the most private, the most secret thoughts of Marilyn Monroe,” she told Greenson, according to Miner’s transcript. “I have absolute confidence and trust you will never reveal to a living soul what I say to you.” Would Marilyn really speak like that? Would she really find it necessary to make such statements to a doctor she had been seeing almost every day?

Miner says, “I kept my promise to Dr. Greenson to respect the confidentiality of his interview with me and the contents of Miss Monroe’s tapes, I kept that promise in spite of incredible pressures from reporters, authors, and official investigators to relate this information. It is only after [authors] Donald Spoto, Marvin Bergman, and others accused Dr. Greenson of being responsible in some way for causing Marilyn Monroe’s death that I approached Dr. Greenson’s widow to ask for a release from my promise to her husband. She wishes to do whatever is possible to clear his name and granted my request.”

Miner’s explanation that he reconstructed his copious notes from memory is troubling. It takes a leap of faith to believe his verbatim recollection of so many quotes. Here, he provides a synopsis of what he says he heard on these tapes:

“She explains that she has recorded her free associating (saying whatever comes into her mind; a necessary technique used in psychoanalytic therapy) at home because she could not do it in office sessions. She hoped this would assist in her treatment. And she believes that she has discovered a means of overcoming the resistance which patients have in being unable to comply with the psychiatrist’s request to free associate because the mind becomes a blank.

“She tells how she plans to become the highest paid actress in Hollywood so that she can finance everything that she wants to do.
“She says that she aspires to do Shakespeare and that she will pay Lee [Strasberg] to coach her in Shakespeare as his only student for one year.
“Laurence Olivier, she says, had agreed to polish her Shakespearean training after Strasberg finished, and she would pay him whatever he asked.
“She says she would pay Dr. Greenson to be his only patient while she was undergoing the instruction in Shakespeare.
“She says that when she is ready she would produce and act in all of the Shakespeare plays that she would put in film under the rubric Marilyn Monroe Shakespeare Festival.

“For those many writers who maintain that she was going to blow the whistle on JFK about their sexual relationship, she shoots down such speculation when she expresses utmost admiration for the President and explicitly says she would never embarrass him.

“Her remarks disprove those who claim that she killed herself because Robert Kennedy broke off their relationship because it was she who broke it off.

“She strongly asserted that she wanted to rid herself of Eunice Murray, her housekeeper, and requested Dr. Greenson’s assistance in so doing.
“She says that she never had an orgasm before becoming Dr. Green-son’s patient but that he had cured her of that infirmity for which was she was forever grateful.”

John Miner maintains that Marilyn was murdered with a lethal enema of Nembutal, which he believes was administered by housekeeper Eunice Murray—who, oddly, *was* doing the laundry when the police arrived in the middle of the night. It’s been maintained by many people that Eunice Murray customarily gave Marilyn Monroe enemas. (*Why?* Isn’t this something a woman would want to do for herself? Is a housekeeper really necessary for this kind of duty?)

The bigger question, perhaps, is: Why would Marilyn Monroe have had to explain the background and history of each person mentioned in her long narrative, editorializing as if she and Dr. Greenson had never met? She had been seeing him almost every day.

It would seem that John Miner, a very nice, congenial man, would have no reason to lie. It therefore comes down to a simple matter of choice as to whether or not a reporter feels he can rely on his notes. In fact, no one has ever heard these tapes, other than John Miner—not even Ralph Greenson’s wife or children. John Miner believes that Greenson, who died in 1979, destroyed all of the tapes. In other words, there is one and only one source for all of this information... and, believe him or not, that’s John Miner.

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During the course of years of production on a book such as *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*, many people become invested in the project, from researchers and investigators to copy editors and fact checkers to designers, publicists, and, yes, even attorneys. My colleagues at Grand Central Publishing have always made it possible for me to utilize all of the resources available to me—no matter how complex the working situation or how many people necessary to complete the task at hand. In fact, an author could not ask for a better and more nurturing environment than the one I have been so fortunate to have at Grand Central for the last ten years of my career. In short, it's been terrific. As with all of my books, this one is a collaborative effort. None of it would be possible, though, without my publisher at Grand Central, Jamie Raab. As a publisher—and an editor—she is without peer. I want to thank her for her patience and trust in me as she shepherded this project along for the last couple of years. She had to make more than a few concessions for me along the way with this work, and she always did so happily. What more can an author ask for? Thanks also to Jamie's wonderful assistants, Sharon Krassney and Sara Weiss. I would also like to thank Frances Jalet-Miller for her conscientious work on this book and for helping me to shape its story. I really appreciate her help so much and look forward to working with her again. Interior production of this book was handled by Tom Whatley; the amazing jacket was designed by Flamur Tonuzi, with print coordination handled by Antoinette Marotta. I thank them all, and thanks also to Anne Twomey. Special thanks also to Bob Castillo for his work in managing editorial, to my able copy editor, Roland Ottewell, and proofreaders Richard Willett and Lisa Nicholas.

The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe—my fifteenth book—was, without a doubt, my most challenging, primarily because its development took so many years. I first began to work on it in 1995 at the time I was writing *Sinatra: A Complete Life*, my biography of Frank Sinatra. Then, in 1998 and 1999, as I wrote *Jackie, Ethel, Joan: Women of Camelot*, I continued to keep the Monroe project on the back burner. I always knew that many of the interviews I would conduct for books about Sinatra and the Kennedys could and should be utilized in a book about Marilyn Monroe. I was very fortunate to draw from these interviews because, in the intervening years, many of those valuable sources would pass away. However, I believe that each is well served on these pages.

Also, I am very fortunate to have been associated with the same private investigator and chief researcher, Cathy Griffin, for the last twenty years. Much to my great advantage, Cathy has also worked on a number of books about Marilyn Monroe in the past. Therefore, I was able to rely on her many years of research, including invaluable interviews she conducted in the past, again with people no longer with us.

I must acknowledge my domestic agent, Mitch Douglas. He has been a very important person in my life and career for more than ten years, and I thank him for his constant and enthusiastic encouragement. He went the extra mile for me, especially with this book.

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THE TRUE EXPERTS

Whenever I write a new book, I am fortunate to meet people who have devoted their lives to better understanding my present subject. If an author such as me is lucky enough to be able to call upon true experts in the field in which he's working, it just makes for a better and more comprehensive book. Happily, I had the good fortune of being able to call upon one of the greatest, I think, experts in all things Marilyn, and that's James Haspiel. I thank him for the time he gave in setting straight some of the myths about Marilyn. Mr. Haspiel was not only a fan of Marilyn's, he became a close friend of hers. In fact, if I had to recommend any of the many books that have been published about Marilyn over the last forty years, I would wholeheartedly recommend Haspiel's two books, *Young Marilyn: Becoming the Legend* and *Marilyn Monroe: The Ultimate Look at the Legend*. They're both revelatory not only because they are so personal in scope but because the many photographs of James as a youngster with the stunning Marilyn in her prime are absolutely priceless. I was truly inspired by James's devotion to Marilyn and by the way he brought her to life in his books. No doubt, every author's vision of a subject is different, and so I am therefore not sure how James will feel about my "take" on his greatest star—but I have so loved his. Mr. Haspiel was interviewed on March 17, 1998, and again in April 2008.

I also have to thank my very good friend of many years, Charles Casillo. Charles is another "ultimate" Marilyn Monroe fan who understands her character and personality so well. He also brought her to life in a different way, a fictional telling of her story called *The Marilyn Diaries*. It's a terrific book and I would recommend it as well. I want to thank Charles for setting me straight on so many details about Marilyn's life. To show you how long Charles and I have been thinking about Marilyn's life and career, he and I actually interviewed Kennedy hairdresser Mickey Song more than ten years ago—he touched up Marilyn's hair for her "Happy Birthday" performance at Madison Square Garden in 1962. I had completely forgotten that we collaborated on that effort until I found the tape recording of the interview while researching this book. Whereas I, apparently, have a bad memory for such things—thank goodness for tape recorders!—Charles does not. He remembers virtually everything having to do with Marilyn Monroe, and for that I thank him. This is a much better book because of him.

Maryanne Reed allowed me access to her complete collection of Marilyn Monroe memorabilia, most of which was culled from the files of the newspaper *Hollywood Citizen-News* and the *Woman's Home Companion*, both of which are now defunct. I am so grateful to her. This material was invaluable to me in that it provided many leads and also included the unpublished notes and interviews of reporters who were covering Marilyn for the *News* and *Companion* in the 1950s. I listened to and utilized in this work thirty-five previously unpublished taped interviews and conversations with Marilyn intimates such as Jim Dougherty, Ida Bolender, Wayne Bolender, and costars such as Jane Russell, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall, all of

which Ms Reed generously had transferred from reel-to-reel format to cassette for my convenience.

Also, Maryanne Reed has on file many documents associated with Inez Melson's relationship with Gladys Baker and Marilyn Monroe. This includes correspondence between Ms. Baker and Ms. Melson, as well as rare published interviews such as one that appeared with Melson in *The Listener* (London) on August 30, 1979. Acquired through a private purchaser, they became key to my research. Importantly, Ms. Reed also obtained from a private source tapes of interviews conducted with Eleanor "BeBe" Goddard that were made in or around January 1991. She also provided me with documents relating to Emmeline Snively, including a rare interview with her that was published in the *Los Angeles Daily News* on February 4, 1954. Working with Maryanne was a real pleasure and I am eternally grateful to her for everything she did for me while I was working on *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*.

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Also important, I must acknowledge all of the fine people at Julien's Auctions for making available to me so many of the letters and notes from Gladys Baker that were utilized in this book and, I might proudly add, for the first time in any Marilyn Monroe biography. Also, my researchers obtained a treasure trove of material—including correspondence from Gladys Baker, Berniece Baker, BeBe Goddard, Arthur Miller, Joe DiMaggio, Dr. Ralph Greenson, and, of course, Marilyn Monroe—from the following auction houses: Bonham's, Butterfields, Christie's, Hunt Auctions, and Sotheby's.

I've had many investigators and researchers over the years, but none who have been as consistent as Cathy Griffin. Cathy is also a fine journalist in her own right. It would be easy with a subject as popular as this one to simply reinterview those people who have told their stories to others and hope for an occasional new angle. However, Cathy always manages to locate people who have new, previously untold stories—such as the story of Charles Stanley Gifford Jr., the man Marilyn believed to be her half brother. Gifford broke his silence for the first time on these pages, and I thank him for his interview of May 9, 2008. How Cathy ever locates people like him, I'll never know, but I'm very glad she does. This particular work represents our seventh book together. I thank her for her assistance over the years, her tenacity, and, most of all, her friendship.

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Also, I would like to thank Juliette Burgonde, Cloe Basiline, Maxime Rhiette, Suzalie Rose, and especially Mary Whitaker in London, who helped with the UK research.

Thanks to Samuel Elliot for helping us with all of the Bolender family history. What a tangled web that was to sort through, and I could not have done it without Mr. Elliot.

Of course, I reviewed every one of Marilyn Monroe's films, as well as all of the made-for-television movies and miniseries about her and, obviously, scores of documentaries. I would not have had access to all of this material had it not been for the efforts of Nick Scotti in the United Kingdom. I definitely owe him a debt of gratitude for procuring all of this important research material for me. Also, I reviewed—and it took months, I might add—the vast 20th Century-Fox collection at UCLA, which contains detailed letters from executives about all of Monroe's movies at the studio, legal and production files pertaining to same, as well as daily production reports. This material was also important to my research in all areas of this book.

Thanks also to the staffs of the Hans Tasiemka Archives in London and the Special Collections Library of the University of California in Los Angeles.

As always, Marybeth Evans in London did a terrific job at the Manchester Central Library reviewing reams of documents for me and pointing me to just the ones I needed for this book.

Thanks also to Suzalie Rose, who did research for me in libraries in Paris. She and Carl Mathers spent so much time thinking about Marilyn and coming up with new ways to tell her story.

I also have to thank the fine folks at Photofest for some of the terrific photographs that are found in this book. I go to Photofest first whenever I begin the process of selecting pictures to illustrate my books. They always come through for me, and I thank them.

Bernie Abramson, who was a personal photographer for President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, had photographs of Marilyn with Peter Lawford, Pat Kennedy Lawford, and Frank Sinatra that he'd taken and that I had never before seen. I am so grateful to him for allowing us to publish them here, for the very first time in any Marilyn Monroe biography.

I want to thank all of the dedicated people at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for their assistance on this and all of my books. I must also thank James Pinkston for all of the time he spent at the Academy Library for me.

I also owe a debt of gratitude to Donald Spoto, the best-selling author of the excellent *Marilyn Monroe: The Biography*, for his having donated all of his interview tapes for that project to the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. His generous donation made it possible for me to obtain background and quotes from Marilyn Monroe's publicist, Patricia Newcomb, and also from other sources who are either dead or were simply not available to me at this time. I also must acknowledge Maurice Zolotow, who wrote the first in-depth biography of Marilyn Monroe—*Marilyn Monroe*—published in 1960, before her death. Mr. Zolotow stored many of his papers in a collection at the University of Texas, and his impeccable research was vital to my own. As a side note, I have always been moved by the poignant last passage in Zolotow's book about Marilyn. He

wrote, “Now, at thirty-four, Monroe has it all... [but her] great achievement has been the making of herself and the imposition of her will and her dream upon the whole world.... In one sense, then, her life is completed because her spirit is formed and has achieved itself. No matter what unpredictable events may lie in her future, they cannot change who she is and what she has become. And there will be many surprises and alterations in her life ahead; there will be, in Hart Crane’s phrase, ‘new thresholds, new anatomies.’ In her heart is a questing fever that will give her no peace.... her soul will always be restless, unquiet.”

I would be remiss in not mentioning the other preeminent Marilyn Monroe biography, and that is, of course, Anthony Summer’s *Goddess*. It’s one of the first books historians most often turn to when trying to understand Miss Monroe—and rightly so.

Numerous other organizations and institutions provided me with articles, documents, audio interviews, video interviews, transcripts, and other material that was either utilized directly in *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe* or just for purposes of background. Therefore, I would like to express my gratitude to the following institutions: the American Academy of Dramatic Arts; the American Film Institute Library; the Associated Press Office (New York); the Bancroft Library (University of California, Berkeley); the Billy Rose Theater Collection in the Library of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center, New York; the *Boston Herald* Archives; the Beverly Hills Library; the University of California, Los Angeles; Corbis-Gamma/Liason; the Ernest Lehman Collection at USC; the Glendale Central Public Library; the Hedda Hopper Collection in the Margaret Herrick Library, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Beverly Hills; the Lincoln Center Library of the Performing Arts; the Kobal Collection; the *Los Angeles Times*; the Los Angeles Public Library; the Louella Parsons Collection at the University of Southern California; the Margaret Herrick Library (Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences); the Museum of Broadcasting, New York; the former Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio archives, now part of the Turner Entertainment Group, Los Angeles; the Museum of the Film; the National Archives and the Library of Congress; the New York City Municipal Archives; the New York University Library; the *New York Daily News*; the *New York Post*; the *New York Times*; Occidental College (Eagle Rock, California); the Philadelphia Public Library; the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Philadelphia Daily News*; the Time-Life archives and Library, New York; the Universal Collection at the University of Southern California; the University of Southern California; and, finally, Rex Features.

SOURCES AND OTHER NOTES

In all of my books I provide documentation of firsthand sources, which I think is very important to most readers. I also usually set forth the hundreds of other books, periodicals, magazine, and newspaper articles consulted by myself and my researchers. After careful deliberation, I've finally come to the conclusion that the listing of such material is nothing more than typing practice for all concerned. In truth, in my twenty-five years of authoring books about public figures, I have encountered very few people who have ever actually paid attention to such material. Therefore, with this, my fifteenth book, I am going to dispense with the customary page-after-page accounting of secondary source material, if only for the sake of space and time considerations. In a few cases, I will mention secondary source material in the notes that follow if I think it's important to understanding my research. Generally, though, I can assure my readers that many books about Marilyn Monroe, the Kennedys, Frank Sinatra, and others were reviewed as part of my research, as were countless newspaper and magazine articles.

Also, in writing about a person as popular and also as beloved as Marilyn Monroe, a biographer is bound to find that many sources with valuable information prefer to not be named in the text. This is reasonable. Throughout my career, I have understood that for a person to jeopardize a long-standing, important relationship with a celebrity or a famous person's family just for the sake of one of my books is a purely personal choice. Nevertheless, I appreciate the assistance of many people close to Marilyn who, over the years, gave of their time for this project. I will respect the wish for anonymity of those who require it, and, as always, those who could be identified are named in these notes.

The following notes and source acknowledgments are by no means comprehensive. Rather, they are intended to give you, the reader, a general overview of my research.

PART ONE: THE BEGINNING

I relied heavily on the interview with Nancy Jeffrey, only surviving foster daughter of Ida and Wayne Bolender, conducted on May 21, 2008. I thank her so much for her trust and confidence.

I'd also like to thank Louise Adams for her insight into the lives of Gladys Baker and Ida Bolender. Also, Rose Anne Cooper—who worked at the Rock Haven Sanitarium in La Crescenta, California—was extremely helpful and spent more hours with me in 2007 and 2008 than I'm sure she cares to remember. She even had photographs of Rock Haven, key to my understanding of the environment there. I owe a real debt of gratitude to both Ms. Adams and Ms. Cooper, both of whom I interviewed on February 1, 2007, April 10, 2007, June 15, 2007, and January 3, 2008.

I must give special acknowledgment to Mary Thomas-Strong, whose mother was a close friend of Ida Bolender's. I interviewed Ms. Thomas-Strong on April 1, 2008, April 3, 2008, and April 10, 2008. She also provided me with boxes of material invaluable to my research and to my understanding the complex relationship between Ida, Gladys Baker, and Norma Jeane. This material included correspondence files between her mother and Ida Bolender. It also included *The Legend of Marilyn Monroe*, a rare film source of information from 1964, from David L. Wolper Productions, Inc. This documentary features what I believe to be the only televised interview with Ida and Wayne Bolender. Ms. Thomas-Strong also provided for me the medical files of Della M. Monroe from the Norwalk State Hospital, including her death certificate (#4081). Moreover, she provided me with a copy of the documentary *Marilyn: Beyond the Legend*.

Special acknowledgment must be extended to the family of Bea Thomas, who knew Grace Goddard. Ms. Thomas was interviewed in January 1990 by Elvin Summer for a family history. I obtained that history from a private source.

Thanks also to Esther Thompson, whose mother, Ruth, worked with Grace McKee at Consolidated Studios. Ms. Thompson spent many hours with me reconstructing certain events for this book and I thank her for the interviews I conducted with her on July 2, 2007, and February 1, 2008.

Mary Robin Alexander's father, Albert, was a close, personal friend of George and Maud Atkinson's. I thank her for sharing her dad's memories of the Atkinsons and Norma Jeane Mortensen with me on July 2, 2007, and August 11, 2007.

Dia Nanouris's mother was an assistant film editor at Columbia who worked with Grace Goddard at that company. She provided absolutely invaluable insight in my interview with her on December 15, 2007.

Also, Eleanor Ray's mother knew Grace Goddard and Ms. Ray spent many hours with my researchers in preparation for this book. I interviewed her as well on February 1, 2008. Also, she provided me with details of Grace Goddard's suicide found in California State File #53-087308.

Thanks to Elliot Ross for providing us with the files of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home having to do with "Norma Jeane Baker," including correspondence from 1937 relating to Grace Goddard, Ida Bolender, and the orphanage's headmistress, Sula Dewey. Also, Magda Bernard's stepbrother, Tony, was at the orphanage at the same time as Norma Jeane, and Ms. Bernard provided me with a terrific amount of background and color when I interviewed her on March 2, 2008, and April 13, 2008.

For many sections of this book, I also relied on voluminous correspondence between Norma Jeane and her half sister, Berniece, which has fallen into the public domain as a result of its placement in public auctions over the years.

Marybeth Miller-Donovan's aunt, Ethel, was Ana Lower's best friend. She provided me with great detail and insight into Norma Jeane's time with her beloved aunt when I interviewed her on March 11, 2008.

I also referenced personal correspondence that had been exchanged between the Bolender family members, obtained from a private source.

I referred to the many notes and transcripts of Ben Hecht, the original ghostwriter for Marilyn's autobiography, *Marilyn: My Story*. All of Hecht's notes and other paperwork regarding this book are found in his personal collection at the Newberry Library in Chicago.

I interviewed James Dougherty, Norma Jeane's first husband, in May 1999 and utilized parts of that interview in this work. I also referred to Jane Wilkie's interview with Mr. Dougherty for "Marilyn Monroe Was My Wife," *Photoplay*, March 1953. Moreover, I referenced Mr. Dougherty's 1976 memoir, *The Secret Happiness of Marilyn Monroe*.

I also referred to "Body and Soul: A Portrait of Marilyn Monroe Showing Why Gentlemen Prefer That Blonde," by Barbara Berch Jamison in the *New York Times*, July 12, 1953.

Moreover, I referenced: *The Divorce petition of Della Monroe Graves vs. Lyle Arthur Graves*, Superior Court of Los Angeles County, Petition #D-

10379; *Gifford vs. Gifford*, Superior Court of the State of California, Divorce Petition #D-24788. *Divorce Petition of Baker vs. Baker*, Superior Court of Los Angeles County, Petition #D-10379; *Mortensen vs. Baker*, County of Los Angeles, File #053720; Gladys Baker/Edward Mortensen, California State Board of Health, Bureau of Vital Statistics, register no. 13794; Death Certificate of Tilford Marion Hogan, Missouri State Board of Health, File #17075; *Norma Jean Dougherty, Plaintiff vs. James Edward Dougherty, Defendant*, #31146, Eighth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, Clark County, July 5, 1946.

PART TWO: TRANSITIONING

Charles Stanley Gifford Jr.—son of Charles Stanley Gifford (who Gladys Baker said was Norma Jeane’s father)—was very helpful in filling in details of these early years. He was interviewed on May 9, 2008.

Alexander Howell, the great-nephew of Chester Howell, was helpful in helping us reconstruct Norma Jeane’s wedding to James Dougherty. I interviewed him on June 10, 2007.

Martin Evans was a close friend of James Dougherty’s. His memory was vital to understanding Dougherty’s marriage to Norma Jeane, and I appreciate the interviews I conducted with him on May 20, 2007, July 30, 2007, and April 11, 2008.

Anna DeCarlo’s mother, Florence, worked at Radioplane during the time that Norma Jeane was employed by that company. I interviewed her on May 22, 2007, and her stories were vital to my research.

I also relied on Mona Rae and Berniece Miracle’s wonderful book, *My Sister, Marilyn*, for certain details in this section and in others in this book.

I had a number of sources with connections to the Agnews State Hospital in San Jose, California, who asked for anonymity, and I will of course respect their wishes. I also obtained from a private source all of Gladys Baker’s medical records from that hospital.

John Leonard’s father, Mack, was a friend of Gladys Baker’s, and he was vital in reconstructing Gladys’s search for her children. I interviewed John Leonard and his wife, Marcia, on November 11, 2007, and November 20, 2007.

I must acknowledge sources in the Cohen family who asked for anonymity and who provided information having to do with Gladys Baker’s work for Margaret and John Cohen. Also, these sources provided the correspondence between Gladys Baker and the Cohens, which is referenced in Part Three of this book.

Marilyn’s friend Michael Shaw was also very helpful in reconstructing certain events in this section of the book, and I thank him for his enthusiastic cooperation. He was interviewed by Cathy Griffin on April 17, 2008.

I also referred to “The Mystery of Marilyn Monroe” by Maurice Zolotow in *American Weekly*, October 23, 1955.

PART THREE: MARILYN

Norman Brokaw, the esteemed entertainment agent, provided details for this and other sections of the book. He rarely grants interviews, and never about Marilyn Monroe and his uncle, Johnny Hyde. Therefore, I thank him for his trust. His cooperation was invaluable. Cathy Griffin interviewed him on May 14, 2008, and May 16, 2008.

Beverly Kramer’s father, Marvin, managed the Pacific Seas dining room in Los Angeles, which was frequented by Grace and Doc Goddard. I thank her for her memories and also the family photographs she shared when I interviewed her on May 11, 2007.

Diana Herbert, whose father, F. Hugh Herbert, wrote the screenplay to *Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!*, was very helpful in providing details for this and other sections of the book when Cathy Griffin interviewed her on April 10, 2008, and April 15, 2008.

Helena Albert, a student of Natasha Lytess’s, provided many of the details of the relationship between Natasha and Marilyn for this and other sections of the book. Susan Martinson was also a student and friend of Lytess’s and was key in the writing of many parts of this book. I interviewed Ms. Albert on June 15, 2007, and Ms. Martinson on January 4, 2008. Ms. Martinson was also interviewed by Marybeth Evans on May 15, 2008. Also, I referred to Jane Wilkie’s interview with Ms. Lytess. Moreover—and maybe most importantly—I relied heavily on a manuscript of Natasha Lytess’s unpublished memoir, which can only be found at the University of Texas but a copy of which was purchased by a private party who then allowed me to carefully review it for this book.

Bill Davis worked at the William Morris Agency with Johnny Hyde and was key to understanding Hyde and his romance with Marilyn Monroe. Mr. Davis was interviewed by Marybeth Evans on December 1, 2007, and by me on March 11, 2008.

Marybeth Hughes once dated Johnny Hyde and was instrumental in this and other sections of the book. I thank her for her trust and for her interview of February 28, 2008.

Susan Reimer is the niece of Charles Stanley Gifford. She was very helpful in compiling information for this and other sections of the book. I interviewed her on January 12, 2008.

I also referred to *Screenwriter: The Life and Times of Nunnally Johnson* by Tom Stempel.

PART FOUR: STARDOM

Jerry Eidelman was a friend of Marilyn Monroe’s and was very kind to share his memories of her with us for this and other sections of the book when I interviewed him on August 1, 2007, September 13, 2007, and January 10, 2008.

Rupert Allan was one of Marilyn’s closest confidants. I had the opportunity to meet with him several times, first on March 13, 1985, then again in 1988 and 1989. I used my interviews with him in my book on Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier, *Once Upon a Time*, since he was Monaco’s counsel general in Los Angeles as well as a very close friend of Ms. Kelly’s. I also utilized his comments in *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*. Primarily, I also used transcripts of Bruce Ebner’s interviews with Mr. Allan as the foundation of much of my research for this book. I also conducted a telephone interview with the ailing but always cooperative Allan in the summer of 1992.

My thanks to John Gilmore for his interview, conducted by Cathy Griffin on April 10, 2008. He was another good friend of Marilyn’s and contributed greatly to this book.

Thanks again to Norman Brokaw for his anecdotes about his friend Joe DiMaggio, utilized in this section of the book.

Also, I interviewed two women who worked at Homestead Lodge during the time that Gladys Baker was an employee at that Eagle Rock, California, facility. Both sources asked for anonymity, and I will grant it. However, they know who they are and how much I appreciate their cooperation with this book.

PART FIVE: DIFFICULT TIMES

My thanks to Wesley Miller, who as a young man worked as a paralegal for the firm of Wright, Wright, Green & Wright, the law firm that represented Marilyn in the 1950s. He was very helpful to me when I interviewed him on March 2, 2008, and March 20, 2008. I value his friendship as well.

The police officers who cooperated with me in this section of the book asked for anonymity. I appreciate their kindnesses and memories very much. As a teenager, Marvinna Williams worked as an aide at Rock Haven Sanitarium in La Crescenta. She spent many hours with me on December 11, 2007, December 12, 2007, December 20, 2007, and January 12, 2008, reviewing her memories of Gladys Baker’s time at that facility. I thank her for her time and also her many photographs.

Thanks to Stanley Rubin, producer of *River of No Return*, for his interview, conducted by Cathy Griffin on April 24, 2008, a very rare treat. Special thanks to the lovely Jane Russell for her interview, conducted by Cathy Griffin on April 20, 2008. We also referred to Ms. Russell’s appearance on *The Sally Jessy Raphael Show*, April 15, 1992, as well as her memoir, *Jane Russell: My Paths and My Detours*.

I interviewed the inimitable Joey Bishop on May 5, 1997.

I interviewed Esther Williams on May 16, 1997, a lovely lady.

Stacy Edwards was a close friend of Joe DiMaggio and I don’t think this section of the book could have been written without his cooperation. I thank him very much for the interviews I conducted with him on April 11, 2007, June 1, 2007, July 13, 2007, and March 1, 2008. Regarding DiMaggio, I also referenced *Joe & Marilyn* by Roger Kahn; *Where Have You Gone, Joe DiMaggio?* by Maury Allen; and *Joe & Marilyn: The Ultimate L.A Love Story* by Maurice Zolotow.

Sydney Guilaroff’s comments are extracted from Cathy Griffin’s many interviews with him in 1995. I also referred to his autobiography, written with Ms. Griffin, *Crowning Glory: Reflections of Hollywood’s Favorite Confidant*, published in 1996. Guilaroff’s five decades in the motion picture business and intimate friendships with the biggest stars of Hollywood’s Golden Age made his memoirs the most eagerly awaited autobiography of its kind. Cathy first met him in 1993 when she interviewed him for an A&E documentary on Elizabeth Taylor. She allowed me to review copious notes and transcripts from her work with Mr. Guilaroff, which I utilized in this and many other sections of *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*.

Marybeth Cooke worked for Marilyn’s attorney, Jerry Geisler, and was very helpful with all aspects of this book. I thank her for spending so much time with me on November 1, 2007, December 12, 2007, and April 11, 2008.

Research material regarding The Wrong Door Raid—including my interview with Hal Schaeffer (conducted on November 1, 1996)—was conducted for my book *Sinatra: A Complete Life*, and now also utilized in *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*. My interviews with Frank’s friend Jimmy Whiting were conducted on April 2, 1995, and May 4, 1996. I interviewed Joe Dougherty, who worked for City Detective and Guard Services, on January 11, 2008. I also had access to Cathy Griffin’s taped interviews with the late private investigator Fred Otash for background material regarding The Wrong Door Raid, as well as the *Confidential* magazine report in February 1957 and many court documents relating to that particular case. I also reviewed notes and other unpublished material from the *Los Angeles Examiner*’s file on the “raid” and on subsequent hearings about it.

I also referred to “The Strange Case of Marilyn Monroe vs. the U.S. Army,” by Robert C. Jennings, *Los Angeles Magazine*, August 1966.

Finally, I also referred to many interoffice memos to the staff at Famous Artists Agency, found in the Charles K. Feldman Papers at the American Film Institute in Los Angeles, as well as the rest of Feldman’s papers, including his many appointment books.

PART SIX: VOICES

Importantly, I had the distinct pleasure of interviewing Arthur Miller in 1987 when he was on his book tour for his memoir, *Timebends*. I found him maddeningly difficult and not at all open, despite the fact that his book is incredibly candid. I even wondered at the time if he had written his own memoir! Of course, I was sure he had—though one would never know it if judging from his evasive demeanor, especially when it came to discussing his marriage to Miss Monroe. However, I did draw upon that interview for this book. In retrospect, of course, it was an honor to interview such a literary icon.

I also turned to the Arthur Miller Collection at the University of Texas, which I found very enlightening—mostly, though, in regard to his plays, including *The Crucible* and *After the Fall*. Also, the Joseph Raugh Collection at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., proved invaluable in confirming certain details about the Monroe-Miller alliance. I also referred to the John Huston Collection at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in Beverly Hills.

I also referred to “The Un-American Activities in California—The (California) Senate Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities, Third, Fourth and Fifth Reports” (Sacramento, California, 1947), which is on file at the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

I reviewed the personal papers and files of columnist Sidney Skolsky and the files of the Production Code Administration, also on file at the Margaret Herrick Library.

Thanks to Mable Whittington, who worked at Parkside House in London, for her memories of Marilyn and Arthur Miller, which she shared with me on March 12, 2008.

I interviewed Susan Strasberg in June 1997. I also referred to her memoirs, *Bittersweet* and *Marilyn and Me: Sisters, Rivals, Friends*. What a delightful woman. She is missed by many.

I also referenced Lee Strasberg’s 20th Century-Fox legal files.

Edward Lovitz was a personal friend of Arthur Miller’s who spent many long hours with me discussing Miller’s marriage to Marilyn on September 1, 2007, and September 15, 2007. I so appreciate his assistance.

I interviewed the delightful Mitzi Gaynor in January 1997 for my Sinatra biography. I interviewed Billy Wilder in February 1997 as well, a charming fellow and quite helpful.

Cathy Griffin interviewed Jeanne Martin (Dean’s wife) on October 22, 1998, and then again in 1999 and in 2001, and parts of those interviews were used in this volume.

I interviewed Tony Curtis in January 2000 and appreciated his help very much.

My thanks to Melissa Steinberg for her assistance in this section as well, and for the interview she granted me on May 11, 2007.

I also referred to the 1988 documentary *Remembering Marilyn*, narrated by Lee Remick and directed by Andrew Solt.

Cathy Griffin interviewed Diahann Carroll on April 21, 2008. A side note: I also interviewed Ms. Carroll on July 24, 1975—one of my first interviews after moving to Los Angeles to become a reporter. I didn’t even have a driver’s license yet—but I did have a tape recorder! I never had the opportunity to thank her for granting a young writer such an important interview, so I’d like to do that right now: Thank you so much, Miss Carroll, for being so kind to me way back when.

PART SEVEN: SLOW DEATH

Regarding Dr. Ralph Greenson, Dr. Milton Wexler, and Dr. Marianne Kris:

Cathy Griffin conducted interviews with Dr. Greenson’s widow, Hildy, on June 4, 1991, and on June 24, 1991. I directly and indirectly utilized both lengthy interviews in *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*.

I also referred to *The Technique and Practice of Psychoanalysis* by Dr. Ralph Greenson and *On Loving, Hating and Living Well: The Public and Psychoanalytic Lectures of Dr. Ralph Greenson* by Dr. Ralph Greenson, as well as scores of the doctor’s papers and correspondence, all found in the Greenson Collection at the UCLA library. Among this collection is Greenson’s complete and unpublished memoir, “My Father the Doctor,” which proved absolutely invaluable to my research. I also referred to “Special Problems in Psychotherapy with the Rich and Famous,” dated August 18, 1978, and found in the UCLA Collection.

A number of highly respected California psychiatrists who either once worked with Dr. Greenson or who were otherwise associated with him were also interviewed for this book and requested that I preserve their anonymity. Moreover, I had two independent and invaluable sources in the Greenson family who asked for anonymity as well.

Additionally, I obtained through a private purchaser more than fifty letters written by Greenson not found in the UCLA collection.

Also extremely helpful to me where Greenson is concerned was the paper “Unfree Associations: Inside Psychoanalytical Institutes” by Douglas Kirsner. I also referred to “Interview with Leo Rangell, M.D.,” from the *Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Bulletin*, Special Issue honoring Leo Rangell, M.D., Winter 1988.

Dr. Greenson’s deposition to the Estate of Marilyn Monroe was vital to my research and can be found in the UCLA collection.

Also important to my research was the Anna Freud Collection at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. It is here that one can find many of the letters Freud wrote to her friend Greenson, in response to his correspondence. Those missives not found in Greenson’s UCLA collection are inevitably found in Freud’s Library of Congress collection.

I interviewed Dr. Milton Wexler in 1999. The reason I tracked him down was simply this: He is mentioned in passing on page 107 of Eunice Murray’s book *Marilyn: The Last Months*. Indeed, in that book, he is simply referred to as “a Doctor Wexler [who was] on call for Dr. Greenson’s patients.” According to Murray, Greenson was in Switzerland the week after Monroe’s birthday when she became unglued. Wexler was summoned. “When he came out to visit Marilyn,” wrote Murray (via her ghostwriter Rose Shade), “he took one look at the formidable array of sedatives on her bedside table and swept them all into his black bag. To him, they must have seemed a dangerous arsenal.” That’s the most that had ever been published about Dr. Wexler—not even his first name!—and thus I found it intriguing. When I began work on *Sinatra: A Complete Life* in 1994, I hired a private investigator to track down the mysterious Dr. Wexler. He was unsuccessful. Then, five years later, we tried again when I was researching *Jackie, Ethel, Joan: Women of Camelot*. This time, persistence paid off—but past the deadline for that book, unfortunately. Finally, in this work, *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*, the full scope of Dr. Wexler’s participation in Dr. Greenson’s treatment of and diagnosis of Marilyn Monroe can be placed in its proper context.

I also interviewed Dr. Hyman Engelberg—Marilyn Monroe’s physician—for *Sinatra: A Complete Life* in 1996 and then again for *Jackie, Ethel, Joan* in 2000. Comments from those interviews were utilized in this book as well. Moreover, I obtained from a private source notes, correspondence, and other material relating to his work with Dr. Greenson. I also referred to his comments found in “Report to the District Attorney on the Death of Marilyn Monroe by Ronald H. Carroll, Assistant District Attorney; Alan B. Tomich, Investigator.”

I also consulted “Tribute to Marianne Kris” by Edward A. Gargen, *New York Times*; and “In Memoriam: Marianne Kriss” by Henry Nunberg, *The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child, Vol. 1*. I referred to Dr. Kriss’s obituary in the *New York Times*, November 25, 1980. Additionally, I consulted a number of letters written to Dr. Kris by Dr. Greenson concerning his opinion of and treatment of Marilyn Monroe.

Barbara Miller relayed her memories of Dr. Marianne Kris’s relationship with Marilyn when I interviewed her on March 29, 2007, and August 11, 2007. I so value her help, and that of her wonderful family, too.

I interviewed Peter Lawford twice in October 1981 when I was working for a magazine in Los Angeles called *SOUL*. It was a black entertainment publication and Lawford was at the time taping a voice-over spot for the sitcom *The Jeffersons*. Truly, it’s impossible to imagine the strange ways a reporter and a celebrity’s paths can cross in this town! Though I only spent two full afternoons with him—maybe ten hours at most—and exchanged a number of telephone calls, I still found Lawford to be extremely charming and erudite. I also have never believed any of the quotes attributed to him after his death concerning Marilyn Monroe and the Kennedys. While interviewing Sammy Davis Jr. and Dean Martin for my biography of Frank Sinatra, I learned that both found it very difficult to imagine Peter ever implicating the Kennedys in Marilyn’s death—*especially* if it was true (and it’s not, as I have explained in this book’s text). He was just no such teller of tales, despite the way he has been portrayed since his passing. In fact, in a deathbed interview he gave to the *Los Angeles Times* on September 29, 1985, he was very clear that even if all of the rumors were true—and he maintained that they were not—he would certainly not be the one to confirm them. Some very skilled and respected reporters over the years decided that he was just covering for the Kennedys with that interview. Every reporter is entitled to his opinion, of course. I choose to take Mr. Lawford at his word—his words while he was alive, that is, rather than what he was purported to have said after he was no longer around to confirm or deny. I hope I am able to do justice to his true relationship to Marilyn and the Kennedys in this book, as well as that of his wife, Pat, to Marilyn. A bit more opinion here, if I may: Peter Lawford was a great guy. I liked him very much. I’m happy that I knew him, even for just a sliver of time.

Peter’s comment regarding Marilyn Monroe having said, just before she died, “Say goodbye to... the president,” etc., is from his official statement to the Los Angeles Police Department in its continuing investigation into Monroe’s death, October 16, 1975.

Pat Brennan met Pat Kennedy Lawford in 1954 and remained friends with her through the 1960s and 1970s. I am eternally grateful for the many hours she spent with me discussing Pat and Marilyn on April 12, 2007, April 15, 2007, April 28, 2007, and June 1, 2007. The subject of their friendship has fascinated me for many years since it has never been fully explored in any biography of Miss Monroe. It’s only because of Ms. Brennan that I was able to write about that relationship as I have. This wonderful woman passed away very suddenly in the spring of 2008. Truly, I had never been more saddened about the death of anyone connected to one of my books. I only hope she is somewhere “out there” right now, happy with the way that she, Pat, and Marilyn are portrayed in these pages.

Diane Stevens, assistant to John Springer, was first interviewed by me for my Elizabeth Taylor book on October 2, 2006, because Springer handled Taylor’s publicity concerns. Because her boss also handled Marilyn Monroe, I interviewed her again on April 15, 2007, August 1, 2007, and September 11, 2007, for *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*. Special thanks also to John Springer’s son, Gary, for his time—on both books. He was interviewed by Cathy Griffin on April 11, 2006, and also on May 1, 2008. Also, my thanks to Rose Marie Armocida, who was the personal secretary to John Springer. She was interviewed by Cathy Griffin on June 1, 2006.

I had the opportunity to interview Yves Montand in the spring of 1989 while in Paris. He was very open about his affair with Marilyn Monroe, and at the time was working with a writer on his memoir (which was eventually published and called *You See, I Haven’t Forgotten*). He was charming and accessible and I’m happy to be able to draw from that interview in this book.

I thank my friend Bruce Ebner for transcripts of interviews he did with Allan “Whitey” Snyder, Marilyn’s very good friend and makeup artist, and Ralph Roberts, Marilyn’s friend and masseur. These transcripts were very invaluable to the research for this section of the book, as well as many others. (Incidentally, Roberts was interviewed on March 2, 1992.)

I referred to the *New York World-Telegram*’s report of Marilyn’s stay at Payne Whitney, February 10, 1961.

The letter from Marilyn to Dr. Ralph Greenson regarding her stay at Payne Whitney is found in the Ralph Greenson Collection at the UCLA library.

The letter Marilyn wrote to the Strasbergs from Payne Whitney was printed in an abbreviated version in the *Daily Mirror*, August 5, 1981. The version used in this text is the letter in its entirety.

Marilyn’s “stand-in” Evelyn Moriarty was interviewed by Cathy Griffin on May 2, 1997, and again on June 1, 2007.

Memos from Jack Entratter to his staff at the Sands Hotel are from the Sands Hotel Papers found in the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. These papers include many interoffice memos (some of which were utilized in this work) as well as newspaper clippings, photographs, negatives, brochures, press releases, audiotapes, news clips, interview transcriptions, and correspondence, all of it stored in forty-nine boxes. The papers were donated to the James R. Dickinson Library of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, in December 1980 by the Sands Hotel through the office of Al Guzman, director of publicity and advertising. The collection comprises essentially the files of Al Freeman, director of advertising and promotion for the Sands Hotel from 1952 until his death at the age of forty-eight in 1972. My thanks to Peter Michel, head of special collections of the Dickinson Library, for his assistance with this material.

My special thanks to Joseph D’Orazio, a friend who was close not only to Frank Sinatra but to Hank Sanicola and Emmanuel “Manie” Sachs. He and I became pals during the course of my five years of research on my Sinatra biography and became reacquainted when I had to again turn to him for this book. I thank him for so many hours of interviews on May 22, 2007, June 1, 2007, July 15, 2007, and January 10, 2008. “Joey Boy” is one of a kind.

Michael Selsman, one of Marilyn’s publicists, was interviewed twice by Cathy Griffin, first on October 2, 1998, and then again on May 22, 2008. I interviewed his wife, the actress Carol Lynley, on June 9, 1997.

I interviewed Douglas Kirkland by telephone on May 23, 2008, to counterpoint Michael Selsman’s comments.

I interviewed Maureen Stapleton in November 1995.

As earlier stated, I interviewed Sammy Davis Jr. several times for *SOUL* magazine. As the former editor in chief of that magazine, I had the opportunity to interview him in 1976, 1980, 1984, and 1989. Mr. Davis was a kind and generous man who is deeply missed. I also referred to his autobiographies *Yes I Can!*, *Hollywood in a Suitcase*, and *Why Me?*

I interviewed Mickey Rudin on October 31, 1992, and then again on July 1, 1995, for my book about Frank Sinatra, and his comments about Marilyn are included here. Rudin was a powerhouse in his day. To say he was intimidating is an understatement. However, underneath his brash exterior, I found a very sensitive and kind man.

Dorothy Kilgallen’s husband, Richard Kollmar, donated seventy of his wife’s scrapbooks to the Lincoln Center Library of the Performing Arts. They are filled with her articles, columns, unpublished notes, and other material that she personally accumulated over her lifetime, including her rough drafts of articles about Marilyn Monroe. I reviewed them all thoroughly as part of my research.

Hedda Hopper’s personal notes and unpublished material are housed in the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. I utilized many of her papers throughout this book, especially those concerning Marilyn’s romances. Most helpful were her unpublished notes. Any biographer would be grateful for such a find, and I must thank my friends at the Margaret Herrick Library for making all of this material available to me, and the estate of Hedda Hopper for having the vision to donate it.

I also had access to the complete library of *Photoplay* and *Look* magazines from the 1950s of a generous person who wishes to remain anonymous, which was incredibly beneficial to my research. Thanks also to that same benefactor, for giving me access to hundreds of notes and transcripts from Louella Parsons concerning Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio.

Over the years, I met many lawyers who worked alongside of Marilyn’s trusted attorney, Aaron Frosch, and I conducted informal interviews with most of them for background purposes only. Because of the sensitive nature of Mr. Frosch’s work with Marilyn, these sources do not wish to be acknowledged in these pages, or even quoted in this book. For those who worked with Mr. Frosch, I respect their wishes and remain appreciative to them for the time they spent with me. They know who they are, and know that this acknowledgment is directed at them.

PART EIGHT: THE KENNEDYS

I referred to a number of FBI documents for this section of the book, which were recently released under the Freedom of Information Act. My thanks to Tommy diBella for helping to make them available to me. With the most recent release of FBI documents utilized as research for this book, there are now ninety-seven pages that have been declassified concerning Marilyn Monroe—thirty-one documents in her main file and sixty-six in a cross-

referenced file—beginning with the FBI’s account of Marilyn applying for a visa and the history of her previous two years.

Much of the FBI’s files on Marilyn—as I stated in the book—are remarkable only for titillation value. However, occasionally something slips through that is quite interesting. For instance, a file dated February 21, 1962, describes Marilyn’s trip to Toluca, Mexico, and notes that her entry into the country was “reportedly arranged by Frank Sinatra through former President Miguel Aleman.” It goes on to state that she was accompanied by “an agent, a hairdresser and an interior decorator. The latter was identified as Eunice Churchill, a part time interior decorator [who] also claims to be an assistant of Dr. Wexley, Monroe’s analyst.” This mention is obviously of Eunice Murray and Dr. Wexler—but, typical of the FBI where Monroe is concerned, the names are not accurate. (It should be noted that Churchill isn’t even Eunice’s maiden name—that would be Joerndt.) Also, this is the only mention of Wexler in the FBI’s records, he being the psychiatrist Dr. Greenson turned to for a second opinion about Marilyn’s condition of borderline paranoid schizophrenia. This document suggests that Eunice Murray was in contact with someone who was an informant for the FBI—or maybe even Murray was the informant, who’s to say?—in that it continues, “According to Churchill, Monroe was much disturbed by Arthur Miller’s marriage on 2/20/62 and feels like a ‘negated sex symbol.’ Churchill said that the subject ‘has a lot of leftist rubbed off from Miller.’ Monroe reportedly spent some time with Robert Kennedy at the home of the Peter Lawfords in Hollywood. Monroe reportedly challenged Mr. Kennedy on some points proposed to her by Miller.” Note that the FBI has Arthur Miller giving Marilyn ideas on how to converse with Kennedy. If this is true, it’s likely she told him the same thing she told many others—as explained in the text—that she had “a date” with RFK.

The February 21, 1962, file also notes that Eunice says Dr. Wexley—again, no doubt, Wexler—“did not like what was happening in the relationship between Monroe and [deleted] and said that Monroe must get out with other people at once.” One has to wonder if the deleted name was not Dr. Greenson’s. Is it possible that Wexler did not really approve of how much Greenson stifled his patient, even though it had been at least partially his idea that Marilyn spend so much time at Greenson’s home? It’s an interesting thought, but we’ll never know for certain since the name is redacted. Eunice also supposedly told the FBI informant that “Monroe is very vulnerable now because of her rejection by Arthur Miller and also Joe DiMaggio and Frank Sinatra.” The file goes on to say that Marilyn asked Sinatra to “come and comfort her” while she was in Mexico, but that he declined. Again, who knows if this is true or not?

One more admittedly cynical note about the FBI documents: On October 23, 1964, two years after Marilyn’s death, the bureau was still gathering information about her. One file with that date includes this classic anecdote: “During the period of time that Robert F. Kennedy was having his sex affair with Marilyn Monroe, on one occasion, a sex party was concocted at which several other persons were present. Tap [*sic*] recording was secretly made and is in the possession of a Los Angeles private detective. The detective wants \$60,000.00 for a certifiable copy of the recording, in which all the voices are identifiable.”

Suffice it to say, this tape has yet to surface.

I also consulted Sam Giancana’s Justice Department file, obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, as well as transcripts of federal wiretaps and Justice Department files on President John F. Kennedy and his brother Bobby Kennedy.

I want to thank Bernie Abramson—the aforementioned photographer who took countless pictures of Peter Lawford, Frank Sinatra, and President Kennedy during his career—for the time he spent with me and Stephen Gregory on May 9, 2008, and for his many memories and also photographs.

Special thanks to Matthew Fox for his memories of the Kennedys and Lawfords. I interviewed Mr. Fox on January 8, 2008.

My appreciation to the late Don Dandero, an AP photographer working at the Cal-Neva Lodge during the Monroe-Sinatra years. Mr. Dandero was most helpful in giving me leads and ideas. My thanks also to his daughter, Debbie.

I interviewed Walter Bernstein in March 2000.

I interviewed Joan Braden in April 1999.

In March 2007, I had the pleasure of meeting the venerable investigative journalist and USC professor Ed Guthman during an evening honoring him for his many achievements and his imminent retirement, at the Annenberg School for Communication. Guthman, of course, was Robert Kennedy’s press secretary. In the midst of the hoopla surrounding him that night I was able to ask him just a few questions about Marilyn and RFK. “I know there was no affair,” he told me. “It’s not even a question in my mind. I was there. I saw what was going on. And I’m telling you that there was no affair.” With that, he was cut off by Tom Brokaw, who quipped to me, “Only one question about Marilyn Monroe and RFK is allowed per journalist lucky enough to get in here tonight.” Guthman’s other comments are found in this text.

My thanks to Edward Barnes for his memories of Marilyn at the Lawford home, which he shared with me on January 4, 2008, and January 28, 2008.

I interviewed Henry Weinstein in May 2000, and I thank him for his time.

I interviewed Milt Ebbins on August 6, 1992, and again on July 1, 2000. Milt was a wonderful man with an amazing memory for detail. I think his story (told in this book) of getting Marilyn ready for her appearance at a party honoring JFK is classic Ebbins. Milton, who was one of a kind, is much missed. Milt was partner in Peter Lawford’s production company and also a very close friend of Peter’s. He too agreed that much of what has been attributed to his friend over the years makes no sense, considering Lawford’s temperament and personality. Also, I referred to Donald Spoto’s interview with Ebbins, found in his papers at the Margaret Herrick Library. Moreover, I also referred to Spoto’s interview with Joseph Naar.

Senator George Smathers was interviewed by Cathy Griffin on September 14, 1998, and again by me on October 1, 1998.

The great entertainer Andy Williams was interviewed by Cathy Griffin on May 4, 2007. It’s certainly an honor to include his comments about his best friend, Bobby Kennedy, on these pages for the first time.

I interviewed Peter Levathes by telephone on February 3, 2000.

I interviewed Nunziata Lisi on June 12, 1999, and I thank her for her time. Her stories have been key in this volume just as they were in *Jackie*, *Ethel*, *Joan: Women of Camelot*.

PART NINE: SAD ENDINGS

Regarding Dean Martin: I must admit that I practically stalked Mr. Martin in the summer of 1994 when I learned that he ate regularly at La Famiglia, an Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills. I simply had to interview him, not only because I was writing a book about his pal Sinatra, but also because I had such admiration for him. After a week of visits to the restaurant without seeing him, he finally showed up on the night of June 23. I watched as he ate alone in a corner, seeming very sad and alone. When he finished, I approached and asked if I might one day interview him. After some banter back and forth about both of us being Italian-Americans, he agreed to be interviewed the next night. I returned and, true to his word, he gave me the interview. To

be candid, it was a somewhat odd and disjointed affair. He wasn't himself—a little drunk, a little ill, and very much on the decline. That said, it was quite a thrill for me to have even a few hours with Mr. Martin, and he certainly did have his very amusing moments. I have used some of his comments about Marilyn Monroe and *Something's Got to Give* in this book. “At the time, I was a little pissed off at her,” he told me when discussing her many absences during the filming of that movie. “The only other person who ever kept me waiting that much was Sinatra. I hated waiting. Still do. But now, looking back on it, I get it about Marilyn. She was a sweet kid who probably would have been better off marrying a nobody from the suburbs and then living happily ever after with a bunch of kids. Maybe she was just too real, too honest to be in this business.” He was a class act. I think we all miss Dino.

Again, Michael Shaw's comments are culled from Cathy Griffin's interview with him on April 17, 2008.

I interviewed Mort Viner on March 11, 1996, and again on July 2, 2002.

Cathy Griffin and I interviewed John Miner on May 22, 1991. I interviewed him again on May 12, 1998, and then again on June 2, 1999.

Cathy Griffin interviewed Roberta Linn on May 5, 2008.

I interviewed Stacy Baron on June 5, 2007.

Cathy interviewed Janet Leigh on July 1, 1991, and we utilized much of it here for background purposes.

I interviewed Frank Mankiewicz on August 27, 1998, and on October 5, 1998. Cathy interviewed Frank's son, Chris, in May 1999. Of interest to the reader may be that Frank Mankiewicz completed nine interviews for the Robert F. Kennedy Oral History Project: RFK#1: 6/26/1969; RFK#2: 7/10/1969; RFK#3: 8/12/1969; RFK#4: 9/30/1969; RFK#5: 10/2/1969; RFK#6: 11/6/1969; RFK#7: 11/25/1969; RFK#8: 12/4/1969; and RFK#9: 12/16/1969. Each is stunning in scope and can be found at the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum in Washington.

The following Secret Service agents assigned to President John F. Kennedy were also interviewed: Anthony Sherman on September 29, 1998; Larry Newman on October 1, 1998, and October 13, 1998; and Joseph Paoletta on September 12, 1998.

I interviewed Arlene Dahl on October 5, 2002.

I'd like to mention that once it became known that I was writing this book, many people contacted me and my researchers to tell me of their experiences with Marilyn Monroe. It was impossible to work all of their stories into this volume because of space considerations. I feel badly that they so graciously gave of their time, only to then not appear in the text. Therefore, I would like to generally thank anyone who participated in this project, named in the text or otherwise... and—who knows—maybe their stories will find their way into the paperback edition.

Specifically, I interviewed James Wright, Sinatra's chauffeur on April 16, 1997; Kennedy hairstylist Mickey Song twice—with Cathy Griffin on April 24, 1997, and with Charles Casillo on July 16, 1998. Cathy also conducted her own interview with him on August 17, 1991. Also, Cathy interviewed entertainment manager Jess Morgan on May 2, 1997; the talented Tony Martin and the beautiful Cyd Charisse on April 15, 1997; private investigator Fred Otash on August 29, 2001; Danny Cahn on April 28, 2008; and the wonderful Miss Ruta Lee on May 19, 2008. I also interviewed Cyd Charisse on June 1, 2007, regarding her role in *Something's Got to Give*. Jackie Bouvier Kennedy's cousin John Davis was interviewed in March 2008. No quotes from those sources were utilized in this book, but I referred to their stories for background purposes and certainly do thank them all for their time.

Cathy Griffin would like to thank the following people for helping to make her work on this project so much easier and worthwhile: Greg Shriner (of the “Marilyn Remembered” fan club), Harrison Held, Kathleen Hughes, Harlan Boll, Jayne Meadows, Larry Billman, Scott Fortner, Tanya Somova, Senator William J. Raggio, Dave Spencer, John Morris, Joshua Greene, and the Nevada Federal Bureau of Investigation.

And, in conclusion, James Pinkston wishes to acknowledge the following people for their help with his work on *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe*: Linda Harris Mehr, director of the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and her dedicated staff, including Susan Oka; Jan and Ray Boyle (a.k.a. Jan Shepard and Dirk London); Armando Munoz, VideoWest; Robert T. Crane; Lisa and Chris Bonbright; Ron Parish; Meg Woodell Gregory; Hart Henson; David Streets, gallery director, Celebrity Vault; Marian Silverman; Gabriel Rotello; Cherry Vanilla; Hotch and Nita Rippere; Robert Schear; Joe Harvey; Hamilton Powell; Maude Schuyler Clay; Elizabeth Bowman Woolverton; Sandra Shafton; and Richard and Robert DuPont.

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I want to thank Stephen Gregory for his priceless contribution to this book. He has been one of the most important people on my team for many years, and his understanding of the human mind continues to astound me. His own talent as a storyteller and writer has made his counsel during the production of this, and many of my books, invaluable. I thank him sincerely for always reminding me that my goal is to treat everyone represented in all of my books with compassion first and foremost. I am honored to have him as a coworker, and proud to call him my friend.

My sincere thanks to Jonathan Hahn. Not only is he a brilliant writer and my personal publicist, he also happens to be my best friend. I thank him for so many years of support in all of my endeavors, both personal and professional. We have had an amazing run, and I think the best is yet to come. I would also like to acknowledge his wife, Alysia Garrison, also a trusted and loyal friend to me.

As I have often stated, without a loyal team of representatives, an author usually finds himself sitting at home writing books no one reads. Therefore, I thank all of those from “USA Team JRT” who mastermind the chaos in my office: attorneys Joel Loquvam and James M. Leonard; C.P.A. Michael Horowitz of Horowitz, McMahon and Zarem in Southern California, Inc.; Felinda deYoung, also of Horowitz et. al.

I must thank Jeff Hare, a vice president of Dreamworks, for being such a good and trusted friend. I can always count on Jeff to read my books, and I truly appreciate that.

Brian Evan Newman, George Solomon, Frank Bruno, and Jeff Cook have been such good pals to me, and I would like to acknowledge as much here. Also, I would like to especially thank Andy Hirsch for his invaluable contributions to my life. In fact, it means the world to me to be blessed with so many good friends, including: Al Kramer, Richard Tyler Jordan, Steve Ivory, Hazel and Rob Kragulac, Bruce Rheins and Dawn Westlake, Manuel Gallegos, Lisa Reiner, Matthew Barasch, Steve Ridgeway, Andy Skurow, Billy Barnes, Scherrie Payne, Lynda Laurence, Barbara Ormsby, John Passantino, Linda DeStefano, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tumolo, Daniel Tumolo, Charles Casillo, John Carlino, David Spiro, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Steinlen, David and Frances Snyder, Abby and Maddy Snyder, Maribeth and Don Rothell, Mary Alvarez, Andy Steinlen, Jared Murphy, Mark Bringelson, Hope Levy, Tom Lavagnino and little Sam, Michelle Caruso, Leslie Miller, Roman D'Angelo, Yvette Jarecki, Scott Allen, Phil Filomowicz, Jonathan Fousek, Master Aaron Lawrence of Quest Martial Arts, as well as Nolan Blackford, Erik Rodriguez, Brandon Visco, Magda Vamos, and Daniel and Erika Feser.

There are two other fellows who have meant more to me than I can say over the last few years—G.C. and B.P. They know who they are and the impact they’ve had on my life. Both have my undying loyalty. Also, I want to thank D.B. and V.B. for their many kindnesses along the way.

I have always been so blessed to have a family as supportive as mine. My thanks and love go out to: Roslyn and Bill Barnett and Jessica and Zachary, Rocco and Rosemaria Taraborrelli and Rocco and Vincent, and Arnold Taraborrelli. Special thanks to my father, Rocco, who has always been my inspiration. He has encouraged me in ways too numerous to mention.

My mom, Rose Marie, would have loved this book as she did pretty much everything I ever wrote. She was my biggest fan, and I was most certainly hers. We miss her very much.

Finally, I must also acknowledge those readers of mine who have loyally followed my career over these many years. As I have often said in the past, the reason that I write about people such as Marilyn Monroe is to bring about an exchange of ideas concerning how others have lived in the hope that we may learn by their choices. Never did I dream that I would have a global audience for such communication. I am indebted to each and every reader who has stuck by me over the course of my career. I receive so many letters from people who have enjoyed my books—as well as from those who have taken issue with certain aspects of my work. Whatever the response, I am eternally grateful to anyone who takes the time to pick up one of my books and read it.

Thank you so much,
J. Randy Taraborrelli
Winter 2008

MARILYN MONROE FILMOGRAPHY

The Shocking Miss Pilgrim (1947)

Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Anne Revere

Boston and the Gay Nineties provide setting and period, as Grable strikes a blow for women's rights while learning the typewriter. In Technicolor.

Monroe appears (unbilled) as a telephone operator. 85 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: William Perlberg

DIRECTOR/WRITER: George Seaton

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Leon Shamroy

Dangerous Years (1947)

Billy Halop, Scotty Beckett, Marilyn Monroe (waitress)

A half dozen former child stars play overage juvenile delinquents in this low-budget exploitation film. They seem unwilling to be rehabilitated, but we don't really care. Marilyn has a bit as a waitress at the Gopher Hole, a juke joint where the juvies hang out. 62 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Sol M. Wurtzel

DIRECTOR: Arthur Pierson

WRITER: Arnold Belgard

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Benjamin Kline

Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay! (1948)

June Haver, Lon McCallister, Marilyn Monroe (girl in canoe)

June Haver competes with a pair of prizewinning mules for the affections of farmboy Lon McCallister in rural Indiana, all dressed up in Technicolor. Marilyn can be spotted in two scenes. 98 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Walter Morosco

DIRECTOR/WRITER: F. Hugh Herbert

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Ernest Palmer

Green Grass of Wyoming (1948)

Peggy Cummins, Robert Arthur, Marilyn Monroe (extra at square dance)

A second sequel to Mary O'Hara's beloved story *My Friend Flicka*—a boy, a girl, and a wild white stallion, photographed in the lush Wyoming countryside. Charles G. Clark was Oscar-nominated for his Technicolor cinematography. 88 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Robert Bassler

DIRECTOR: Louis King

WRITER: Martin Berkeley

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Charles G. Clarke

Ladies of the Chorus (1948)

Adele Jergens, Marilyn Monroe (Peggy Martin)

Beautiful blonde Adele Jergens is a former burlesque queen who aims to see that her daughter (Monroe) avoids the same mistakes she made.

Marilyn is impressive in her first lead, sings two songs. 61 minutes.

Columbia Pictures Corp.

PRODUCER: Harry A. Romm

DIRECTOR: Rick Karlson

WRITERS: Joseph Carole and Harry Sauber

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Frank Redman

Love Happy (1950)

Harpo Marx, Groucho Marx, Marilyn Monroe (chorus girl)

This is mostly Harpo's show (he wrote the original story), and is remembered mainly as the sad cinematic swan song of the legendary Marx Brothers. A low-budget backstage romp, involving an impoverished theatrical troupe trying to put on a Broadway show. Detective Groucho is the story's narrator, his trademark zaniness reined in, as he tries to solve the theft of a Romanov diamond. 85 minutes.

United Artists

PRODUCER: Lester Cowan, Mary Pickford (as a founder of UA)

DIRECTOR: David Miller

WRITERS: Ben Hecht, Frank Tashlin (story by Harpo Marx)

CINEMATOGRAPHER: William C. Mellor

A Ticket to Tomahawk (1950)

Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter, Marilyn Monroe (Clara)

A race between a train and a stagecoach will determine the owner of the rights to the passenger route to Tomahawk, Colorado. Comic, colorful actioner, set against the towering Rockies near Durango. Marilyn has a bit part as one of Madame Adelaide’s showgirls. 90 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Robert Bassler

DIRECTOR/WRITER: Richard Sale

COWRITER: Mary Loos

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Harry Jackson

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)

Sterling Hayward, Louis Calhern, Marilyn Monroe (Angela Phinlay)

A major jewelry heist by a group of career criminals goes off as planned, but all the principals are either dead or in custody as the gritty film noir’s end credits roll. Told from the criminals’ point of view. Marilyn stands out in a small part as the mistress of an elderly, crooked lawyer, played by Calhern. Nominated for four Oscars, including writing, directing, and cinematography. 112 minutes.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

PRODUCER: Arthur Hornblow Jr.

DIRECTOR/COWRITER: John Huston

COWRITER: Ben Maddow

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Harold Rosson

The Fireball (1950)

Mickey Rooney, Pat O’Brien, Marilyn Monroe (Polly)

Thirty-year-old Rooney plays a teenage fugitive from an orphanage who struggles before becoming a skating star in the roller derby, very big on early TV. Father O’Hara (O’Brien) tries to save him from himself, much as Father Flanagan did for Whitey Marsh in *Boys’ Town* fifteen years earlier. 84 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Bert Friedlob

DIRECTOR/COWRITER: Tay Garnett

COWRITER: Horace McCoy

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Lester White

All About Eve (1950)

Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Marilyn Monroe (Claudia Casswell)

A ruthless, conniving ingénue insinuates her way into the inner circle of a legendary, aging Broadway star, leaving wrecked lives and shattered relationships in her wake, as she claws her way to the very pinnacle of theatrical stardom. Of the set pieces, Marilyn shines in two of them, earning kudos from the critics. Widely considered the best film about the theater ever made and, by the American Film Institute, among others, one of the best films of all time. The script contains a number of memorable lines, not the least being Davis’s warning to her captive audience to “fasten your seatbelts.” Nominated for fourteen Academy Awards, winning six, including Best Picture, Best Director, and Best Screenplay. 138 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Darryl F. Zanuck

DIRECTOR/WRITER: Joseph L. Mankiewicz

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Milton Krasner

Right Cross (1950)

June Allyson, Dick Powell, Ricardo Montalban, Marilyn Monroe (Dusky LeDoux)

Anglo-Latino romantic entanglements are unresolved as they play out against the story of a Chicano fighter (Montalban) trying to hang on to his boxing career after a hand injury leaves him a noncontender. Allyson is in his corner, but not necessarily in his bed. Marilyn plays a bar girl who has a brief encounter with Powell, Montalban’s best friend. Pretty dull going, but good production values help. 90 minutes.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

PRODUCER: Armand Deutsch

DIRECTOR: John Sturges

WRITER: Charles Schnee

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Norbert Brodine

Home Town Story (1951)

Jeffrey Lynn, Donald Crisp, Marilyn Monroe (Iris Martin)

After losing a hard-fought reelection bid to the legislature, Jeffrey Lynn assumes control of the hometown newspaper and launches a bitter attack on the man he holds responsible for his defeat, Donald Crisp, the powerful head of the town’s biggest business. The film was made on the MGM lot by General Motors’ public relations department, which rejected the final result as substandard. Metro deemed it unworthy of copyright renewal and it languished in the public domain until Marilyn’s fans rediscovered it. She has a two-minute scene as a receptionist in the newspaper office. 61 minutes.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

PRODUCER/WRITER/DIRECTOR: Arthur Pierson

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Lucien Andriot

As Young as You Feel (1951)

Monty Wooley, Thelma Ritter, David Wayne, Constance Bennett, Marilyn Monroe (Harriet)
A sixty-five-year-old factory worker (Wooley), forced into an unwanted retirement, impersonates the company president and saves the firm from bankruptcy, proving his worth and saving his job. Solid cast makes the story believable, with Marilyn in small role as an office worker. Marilyn devotees know this is the film where she and Arthur Miller first met. 77 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Lamar Trotti
DIRECTOR: Harmon Jones
WRITER: Lamar Trotti (story by Paddy Chayevsky)
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Joe McDonald

Love Nest (1951)

William Lundigan, June Haver, Marilyn Monroe (Roberta “Bobbie” Stevens)
A post–World War II sex comedy, without the sex and short on comedy, with ex-GI Lundigan and Haver as newlyweds and new owners of an aged brownstone in New York. Tenant and ex-WAC, Marilyn’s role is described in one review as “an extended cameo,” the highlight being a scene in which she emerges from the shower draped only in a towel. 84 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Jules Buck
DIRECTOR: Joseph Newman
WRITER: I. A. L. Diamond
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Lloyd Ahern

Let’s Make It Legal (1951)

Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Zachary Scott, Robert Wagner, Marilyn Monroe (Joyce Mannering)
Miriam and Hugh Halsworth (Colbert and Carey), after a twenty-year marriage, are in the throes of a divorce when an old suitor (Zachary Scott) of hers rolls into town. Marilyn’s contributions are mostly decorative as she spends much of her screen time in a swimsuit. Of the romantic comedy, one critic wrote, “[It] feels overstretched even at an hour and a quarter.” It’s hard to believe that this is the best Miss Colbert could manage following her withdrawal only a year earlier for medical reasons as Margo Channing in *All About Eve*, giving Bette Davis the role of a lifetime. 77 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: F. Hugh Herbert
DIRECTOR: Richard Sale
COWRITERS: I. A. L. Diamond and F. Hugh Herbert
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Lucien Ballard

Clash by Night (1952)

Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, Marilyn Monroe (Peggy)
After a hard-knock life in New York, Mae Doyle (Stanwyck) returns to her hometown, a coastal California village, to live with her fisherman brother. She is courted by a boat owner, Jerry (Douglas), eventually marries him, has a child, and begins an adulterous, reckless affair with the brutal Earl (Robert Ryan), all under the nose of her husband. Monroe is a cannery worker, married to Mae’s brother, and they both look great in their beachwear, but add nothing to the goings-on in this noirish melodrama. 105 minutes.

RKO Pictures—(A Wald-Krasna Production)

PRODUCER: Harriet Parsons
DIRECTOR: Fritz Lang
WRITER: Alfred Hayes (based on a Clifford Odets play)
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Nicholas Musuraca

We’re Not Married (1952)

Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, Eve Arden, Paul Douglas, David Wayne, Marilyn Monroe (Annabel Jones Norris)
Five couples are notified that their marriages are invalid because the license of the justice of the peace who performed the ceremonies had not yet kicked in. The couples react to the news in a variety of ways, with Monroe and Wayne’s solution easily the most comic: Already a winner of the Mrs. Mississippi contest, Annabel is now free to enter the Miss Mississippi contest, which she also wins. First of two so-called episodic movies featuring Monroe. 85 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER/WRITER: Nunnally Johnson
DIRECTOR: Edmund Goulding
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Leo Tolver

Don’t Bother to Knock (1952)

Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe (Nell Forbes)
Marilyn moves from featured player to leading lady in this melodramatic, disturbing film noir. She is a suicidal, perhaps homicidal, babysitter whose flirtatious overtures to a war-damaged pilot (Widmark) have unexpected and near-deadly consequences. The film was mounted by studio honchos to assay Monroe’s dramatic skills, which proved to be considerable. 76 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Julian Blaustein

DIRECTOR: Roy Ward Baker
WRITER: Daniel Taradash
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Lucien Ballard

Monkey Business (1952)

Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, Marilyn Monroe (Miss Lois Laurel)

A lab chimp accidentally dumps a youth elixir into the drinking water, creating a fountain of youth. After ingesting some of it, research professor Grant and wife Rogers revert to their teenage selves with predictable results—screwball or slapstick—though the fun can only go so far before it gets tedious. Marilyn is on hand as Charles Coburn’s secretary and holds her own quite well as she fends off his clumsily romantic advances. 97 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Sol C. Siegel
DIRECTOR: Howard Hawks
WRITERS: Ben Hecht, Charles Lederer, I. A. L. Diamond
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Milton Krasner

O. Henry’s Full House (1952)

Charles Laughton, David Wayne, Marilyn Monroe (as a streetwalker), Farley Granger, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Richard Widmark

Five classic short stories created by the master of the genre, all with an ironic resolution in their denouement, which O. Henry perfected and which became his signature. Each short film is self-contained with its own writer, director, and cast, and each is introduced by future Nobel winner John Steinbeck. First, in “The Cop and the Anthem,” Soapy is an urban hobo (Laughton) who in warm weather sleeps in the park. However, with winter coming, he opts for a nice warm jail cell. But he first must get arrested. A series of petty crimes go for naught: theft of an umbrella, stiffing a restaurant for a meal, vandalizing a window. He tries to offend a lady of the evening (Monroe), to no avail. Finally, he enters a church, has an epiphany, repents, and decides to find a job and go “straight.” Alas, his plan is thwarted when a cop arrests him for vagrancy; he is tried and sent to jail for the next ninety days. 19 minutes for segment; 119 minutes for film.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Andrew Hakim
DIRECTOR: Henry Koster
WRITER: Lamar Trotti
CINEMATOGRAPHERS: Lloyd Ahern, Lucien Ballard, Milton R. Krasner, Joseph MacDonald

Niagara (1953)

Joseph Cotten, Marilyn Monroe (Rose Loomis)

A cuckolded, lovesick husband, suffering from Korean War shell shock, and his gorgeous, adulterous wife are at Niagara Falls—for very different reasons: He wants to repair his beyond-repair marriage; she is meeting with her lover to plot her husband’s murder. One can almost feel the presence of Alfred Hitchcock as adultery and murder are played out against the power and grandeur of the unrelenting noise and beauty of Niagara. All does not end well, as Loomis (Cotten) discovers the plot against him and turns the tables on Rose (Monroe) and her lover, dispatching him into the crashing waters. He then goes after Rose, stalking her insistently, finding her in the resort’s belltower, and strangling the life out of her. Production values are very high with the breathtaking location filming, lush, saturated Technicolor, and ear-pounding stereo sound. Monroe’s first big-budget picture, an assignment she handles to a tee. A big hit with the public. First of three important films for Marilyn released in 1953. 89 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Charles Brackett
DIRECTOR: Henry Hathaway
WRITERS: Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, Richard Breen
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Joseph MacDonald

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)

Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe (Lorelei Lee)

Lavishly produced, big-budget film of the hit Broadway musical that starred Carol Channing. In the movie, Jane Russell is first-billed and was paid \$400,000 to Marilyn’s costar billing and \$11,250. Upon being told by someone that Jane and not Marilyn was the star of the film, Monroe responded with perfect logic, “Maybe not, but I’m the blonde.” The familiar story: After a few harrowing experiences, including a brush with the gendarmes, a couple of naughty-but-nice, gold-digging chorus girls—“We’re Just Two Little Girls from Little Rock”—find notoriety and, eventually, love in the City of Lights. The studio pulled out all the stops in this big-musical treatment—a time-tested Broadway hit, musical score by Jule Styne and Leo Robins, gowns by Travilla, musical numbers staged by Jack Cole with an army of talented singers and dancers, color by Technicolor. Studio boss Darryl Zanuck ordered the big production number at the end of the film, “Diamonds Are a Girl’s Best Friend,” to be refilmed in CinemaScope and stereophonic sound, the result of which was then used by Fox to demonstrate the studio-perfected process. Other studios were impressed and began to use the widescreen technology as well. 91 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Sol C. Siegel
DIRECTOR: Howard Hawks
WRITERS: Charles Lederer, Joseph Fields (based on Anita Loos’s play)
CINEMATOGRAPHER: Harry J. Wild

How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)

Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe (Pola), Lauren Bacall

The studio, since its beginning, has recycled the story of penniless young beauties leaving home to go to the big city in search of bright lights and rich men. These husband hunters acquired the name “gold diggers,” and Warner Bros. made a series of very successful musicals in the early thirties using the name and theme. But it was 20th Century-Fox that manipulated and honed the by now familiar story into box-office gold with this movie. It was the first film shot entirely in CinemaScope, but another Fox film, the prestigious religious epic *The Robe*, also filmed in CinemaScope, was released to theaters first, claiming bragging rights as the first film in the new process. To make it clear to audiences that the film was an “event,” Alfred Newman, the studio’s musical director for twenty years by this time, and the studio’s symphony orchestra were arrayed on a soundstage set up to replicate an amphitheater and performed Newman’s own composition, “Street Scene.” It lasted eight minutes, and after the final note, Newman turned to face the camera and executed a deep bow, which signaled the beginning of the credits as the film’s musical score came up on the soundtrack. The three-pronged story line provided each of the stars with an equivalent amount of screen time, all with quite satisfactory conclusions. 96 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER/WRITER: Nunnally Johnson

DIRECTOR: Jean Negulesco

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Joe MacDonald

River of No Return (1954)

Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe (Kay)

Ordained by happenstance or destiny, a beautiful woman, an innocent man newly released from prison, and his son are thrown together in a rough-and-tumble western adventure, photographed in CinemaScope on location in the Canadian Rockies and set in the era of the California gold rush. Monroe called this beautiful, immensely watchable film her worst film: “Grade Z cowboy stuff.” It is very likely that her negative assessment had more to do with shooting the film and problems with the director than what ended up on the screen. Despite the rigors of the location shoot and the requirements of the script, including a swamping of the raft in the river rapids, Marilyn, wringing wet, out of sorts and out of breath, is still a vision. 91 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Stanley Rubin

DIRECTOR: Otto Preminger

WRITER: Frank Fenton

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Joseph LaShelle

There’s No Business Like Show Business (1954)

Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe (Victoria Hoffman/ Vicky Parker)

All the stops are pulled out in this big, brassy, over-the-top musical, with the studio creating a role in it especially for Marilyn as insurance against a fizzle at the box office. (She agreed to make the film only if the studio would purchase the film rights to *The Seven Year Itch* for her.) The Irving Berlin songbook is used to tell the story of the Donahue family of vaudevillians, covering the period between the two world wars. The CinemaScope camera captures all seventeen of the dazzling production numbers, including the title song and “Alexander’s Ragtime Band,” with Marilyn also scoring well in her solo production number, “Heat Wave.” Oscar nominations went to Lamar Trotti (original story), Alfred Newman and Lionel Newman (scoring of a musical), and to Charles LeMaire and Travilla for their costumes in a color film. 117 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Sol C. Siegel

DIRECTOR: Walter Lang

WRITERS: Henry and Phoebe Ephron; original story, Lamar Trotti

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Leon Shamroy

The Seven Year Itch (1955)

Tom Ewell, Marilyn Monroe (The Girl)

Manhattan book editor Richard Sherman, thirty-eight, dispatches his wife and son to the Maine coast for the summer to escape the sweltering city heat. A gorgeous twenty-two-year-old television spokesperson (Marilyn) subleases the apartment in his building just above his own. She’s never referred to by name and the credits list her as The Girl. If this were a device used by George Axelrod, the playwright, to keep an emotional distance between the two, it only works to a point. Although Richard doesn’t get to first base with The Girl, he imagines making love to her, leaving him with an overwhelming sense of guilt. Despite this, he continues to set the stage for the great seduction—the smoking jacket, chilled champagne, potato chips, and Rachmaninoff on the record player—all with hilarious results as The Girl successfully avoids the seduction. Marilyn with her skirts a-flying over a subway grate is one of the most famous film images of all time. DeLuxe color and CinemaScope. 105 minutes.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCER: Charles K. Feldman

DIRECTOR: Billy Wilder

WRITERS: Billy Wilder, George Axelrod

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Milton Krasner

Bus Stop (1956)

Marilyn Monroe (Cherie), Don Murray (Bo)

A macho, twenty-one-year-old rancher from Montana travels to Phoenix to enter several rodeo events and while there finds his “angel” in the person of Cherie, a vocally challenged saloon singer, who’s also been known to turn a trick to make the rent money. She is repulsed by Bo’s boorish behavior and crude attempts to woo her, only making him more determined. He kidnaps Cherie and forces her to accompany him back to Montana. A snowstorm forces their bus to wait out the bad weather at a bus stop. Cherie is won over by his heartfelt profession of love and accepts

his marriage proposal. Marilyn's touching performance earned her some of the best reviews of her career. Murray received a best supporting actor Oscar nomination. 96 minutes.

PRODUCER: Buddy Adler

DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan

WRITER: George Axelrod (based on the William Inge play)

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Milton Krasner

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)

Laurence Olivier, Marilyn Monroe (Elsie)

The world's greatest actor and the movies' love goddess join forces to bring Terence Rattigan's stage play *The Sleeping Prince* to the screen, with Olivier repeating his stage role and Monroe playing the role essayed by Olivier's then wife, Vivien Leigh. Grandduke Charles of Carpathia (Olivier) is on a mission of state to London to attend the coronation of British king George V on June 22, 1911. On his one evening free from official duties, he visits the Coconut Girl club and invites the voluptuous Elsie Marina to a dinner party at the embassy, only the alleged party is a party of two. The game of seduction begins, the outcome of which is clear from the start, but it is the getting there that makes this sex comedy work as well as it does. Marilyn was never more gorgeous and rarely funnier than in this picture. 117 minutes.

Warner/Marilyn Monroe Productions

PRODUCER/DIRECTOR: Laurence Oliver

WRITER: Terence Rattigan

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Jack Cardiff

Some Like It Hot (1959)

Marilyn Monroe (Sugar Kane), Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, Joe E. Brown

Destined to be at or near the top of a number of "best" lists, including best film, best comedy film, and best movie line ("Nobody's perfect"), this picture marks the second working arrangement between Marilyn and director/writer Billy Wilder, the earlier being *The Seven Year Itch*. It was a decision he reached despite the legendary problems she's acknowledged to have caused on that set, or because he knew she was perfect for this role and her appearance in the film would assure its box-office success. (Marilyn would earn \$2.4 million during the film's initial run, thanks to a lucrative profit-participation deal with the studio.) The story of two out-of-work jazz-era musicians who, after witnessing the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, go undercover in drag as members of an all-girl band, the premise is established before we even see Marilyn, twenty-four minutes into the film. But what an entrance. For the rest of his life, Billy Wilder would recount the problems Marilyn caused on the set, always forgiving her behavior due to her own insecurities and lack of confidence. And, yes, he would do it all over again. The film received Oscar nominations in six categories—costumes, writing, directing, cinematography, art direction, and best actor (for Lemmon), winning for Orry-Kelly's costumes. 122 minutes.

United Artists/Mirisch

COPRODUCER/COWRITER/DIRECTOR: Billy Wilder

COWRITER: I. A. L. Diamond

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Charles Lang Jr.

Let's Make Love (1960)

Marilyn Monroe (Amanda Dell), Yves Montand

Marilyn was welcomed back to the studio after a four-year absence, and while the return was not widely applauded among some Fox execs who knew too well the havoc precipitated whenever a Monroe picture was in production, this is a charming musical, vastly underrated at the time, with Marilyn at her comedic best, singing Cole Porter songs and dancing to moves created for her by Jack Cole. As Amanda, she is appearing in an off-Broadway review that targets the foibles of celebrities: Callas, Cliburn, Elvis, and Jean-Marc Clement, a French-born billionaire industrialist living in Manhattan (Montand). Clement impersonates an actor and auditions for the part of Clement himself and wins the role. Inevitably, after a few missteps, Jean-Marc and Amanda fulfill the promise in the film's title. Color by DeLuxe in CinemaScope. Oscar nomination for best scoring of a musical. 118 minutes.

PRODUCER: Jerry Wald

DIRECTOR: George Cukor

WRITER: Norman Krasna

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Daniel L. Fapp

The Misfits (1961)

Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe (Roslyn Taber), Montgomery Clift Roslyn, an actress, is in Reno for a divorce when she meets and falls for Gay Langland, an aging, sexily macho ex-cowboy. The stark Nevada desert is the habitat for wild mustangs that are targeted by Gay and two other cowboy roughnecks for capture, an exercise that is as painful to watch as it is to figure out—until we learn the horses are to be sold to slaughterhouses to process as dog food. When Rose learns their fate, she goes ballistic, her passion so intense that she ultimately secures the mustangs' freedom and their return to the wild. Film chronicler Leslie Halliwell wrote: "a solemn, unattractive, pretentious film, which seldom stops wallowing in self pity." Considered a failure when released, it has since gained cultlike status because of the untimely deaths of the three principles. 124 minutes.

United Artists/Seven Arts

PRODUCER: Frank E. Taylor

DIRECTOR: John Huston

WRITER: Arthur Miller

CINEMATOGRAPHER: Russell Metty

***Something's Got to Give* (1962)**

Marilyn Monroe (Ellen), Dean Martin

A remake of the 1940 screwball comedy *My Favorite Wife*,starring Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, the movie’s thirty-seven minutes of footage, salvaged from eight boxes of raw film in a 20th Century-Fox warehouse, were included in a documentary about the film that was shown as a television special in 2001, *Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days*. Marilyn lost eighteen pounds for this role, which brought to mind her beauty of ten years earlier when she was in her prime. Film purists do not consider this movie to be part of the Marilyn Monroe filmography, since it was incomplete and unreleased to theaters. But given its importance to the Monroe legacy, and that it perhaps indirectly contributed to her death, I felt compelled to include it. The film was finally made in 1963 with Doris Day and James Garner as *Move Over, Darling*.

20th Century-Fox

PRODUCERS: Gene Allen, Henry T. Weinstein

DIRECTOR: George Cukor

WRITERS: Nunnally Johnson, Walter Bernstein

CINEMATOGRAPHERS: Franz Planer, Leo Tover

* The Hawthorne Community Church was nondenominational but more Baptist than not in doctrine.

[†] It should be noted that this wasn't foster care in the strictest sense of the word. What Ida was offering would today be considered "full-time child care." However, she and her husband were licensed to care for children through the County of Los Angeles.

* Note to reader: From this point on, when referring to Edward, it's Mortenson. When referring to Norma Jeane, it's Mortensen.

^{*} Redistricting took place in Hawthorne in the 1940s, and at that time the address was changed to 4201 West 134th Street. The original home is still standing.

^{*} It's been previously reported that she was married three times by 1933. Not true. She had two husbands by this time: Reginald Evans and John Wallace McKee.

^{*} Besides appearing as Clark Gable's leading ladies in their cinematic swan songs, Harlow and Monroe share a couple of other coincidental parallels in their lives. Like Marilyn would do years later, seventeen-year-old Jean Harlow was photographed nude (in Griffith Park in 1928 by Edward Bower). Harlow would also be the first movie star to appear on the cover of *Life* magazine, in the edition of May 3, 1937. Similarly, Marilyn appeared on the cover of the first issue of *Playboy*, in August 1954.

* This orphanage was rebuilt in 1956 and a year later renamed Hollygrove Orphanage.

^{*} Of course, she would get her wish—men *and* women. An interesting story from Marilyn Monroe historian James Haspiel: “She had a ‘Man Friday’ named Peter Leonardi who drove her around the city. His sister, Marie, went shopping with Marilyn one day to Saks Fifth Avenue. When they got back to Marilyn’s apartment at the Waldorf Towers, they were going to try on the clothing. But Marilyn felt she should take a bath before she put on the new clothes. So she went into the bathroom and got into the bathtub and the two women continued talking, Marie from the living room. Finally, Marilyn said, ‘Come in here, so I can hear you.’ Marie, this 100 percent heterosexual female, went to the bathroom door and, later, she said to me, ‘Jimmy, I looked into the tub and she was so breathtakingly beautiful, I couldn’t believe it. Even her *toes* were beautiful. And I felt myself being drawn into the bathtub with her, and I said, “Marilyn, I have to leave. Right now!” I was going to go over there and make a fool of myself, if I didn’t leave at once!’ ”

^{*} In October 1947, ten years after Norma Jeane left the orphanage, Mrs. Dewey wrote to Grace Goddard to ask how the girl was faring. Grace wrote back, “Norma Jean [sic] Baker has great success in pictures and promises to be a star. She is a very beautiful woman and is now acting as Marilyn Monroe.”

^{*} An undated letter from Grace Goddard makes clear Gladys's troubled mental state. "She thinks she was sent to State hospital because years ago she voted on a Socialist Ballot," Grace wrote. "[She] sleeps with her head at the foot of the bed [so] as not to look at Marilyn's pictures—they disturb her. ... [She] wishes she never had a sexual experience so she could be more Christ like."

* Norma Jeane was five feet five and a half inches tall.

^{*} Her friend the acting coach Michael Shaw recalls, “When the studio changed her name, she was okay with it, but not thrilled. She said to me, ‘But I don’t even know how to spell Marilyn!’ She was so frustrated by that. In that little breathless voice of hers, she asked me, ‘Honey, is there an ‘i’ in it?’ I said, ‘I think so.’ But it turned out to be a ‘y.’ ”

^{*} Marilyn Monroe historian James Haspiel adds to this observation: “This woman who was supposed to be out there all the time in a sexual way, in private life, was very demure. If you look at newsreel of her in Korea, she is squatting down on the stage with a bunch of soldiers around her and she’s wearing a cocktail dress. She has both hands across her chest. In other words, it’s as if she is unconsciously protecting herself from being on display. This is the same lady who, of course, posed nude for the calendar. Yet, if you look at her in any of the photographs I took of her personally, or so many other photos, she’s never wearing anything low-cut. Everything is always up to the neck all the time.”

^{*} Later, some priceless quotes were attributed to Marilyn when word got out that she was the model. When asked what she was wearing, she answered, “Chanel No. 5.” And her response to what she had on: “The radio.”

^{*} Again, leave it to James Haspiel for another classic Monroe memory. He says that in the eight years he knew her, he never once saw Marilyn “drunk, not even tipsy.” However, one day he showed her a photograph that was taken on a day when she had definitely had too much to drink. He handed it to her and said, “This was taken in an elevator in Marlene Dietrich’s apartment building, and you were very high.” Without missing a beat, Marilyn gave him a wide-eyed look and said, “What floor was I on?”

^{*} Villa Nova is now the Rainbow Bar & Grill, on Sunset Boulevard. There's a gold plaque outside the very popular establishment with Marilyn's likeness on it to recognize her first date with Joe. (In her memoir, Marilyn recalled first meeting Joe at Chasen's restaurant.)

^{*} This sanitarium has most often been described in Marilyn Monroe biographies as having been in Eagle Rock, California, and Verdugo City, California. However, it was in La Crescenta. For many years it served as a women's rest home until closing down in 2006.

⁻* She really was “a good person,” too. Consider this, from James Haspiel: “A famous story about her happened on a night she went for a walk in New York, when she was living on East 57th Street. At the end of 58th is a very small park with a small bridge. As she stood on that bridge, she watched two teenage boys with nets on long poles catching pigeons and then putting the birds in a big cage. She went down and asked them what they were doing. They explained to this blonde woman they didn’t know that they were catching as many pigeons as they could so that they could then take them to the market where they would be paid 25 cents apiece for them. [This sounds like something these boys made up. What would any market want with their pigeons?] After a pause she said, ‘Well, if I sit on this bench and wait until you’re done, and I pay you for the pigeons, will you then free them?’ They agreed to do this. After they were done, she gave them a quarter for each pigeon they freed. Then she asked, ‘What nights do you come here?’ They said, ‘Thursdays.’ She said, ‘I’ll try to be here next Thursday night.’ ”

^{*} A funny story relating to this movie: One day, when Marilyn was to get a massage, the crew wanted to play a joke on her. So one of the jokesters asked a young production assistant—seventeen years old—to go to her trailer and give her a message. “Don’t knock,” he said. “Just walk right in. She likes that.” The youngster did what he was told. He opened the door, and there was Marilyn Monroe, lying nude on her stomach on the massage table, waiting for her masseuse. Completely nonchalant, she asked the red-faced teen, “Did they put you up to this?” He said, “Yes, ma’am.” She said, “Okay. Well, close the door, sit down, and stay for twenty minutes. Then the joke is on them!”

^{*} Marilyn Monroe's accounting ledger for this time frame indicates two payments to "Mrs. G. Goddard"—Grace—made in May and June of 1953. The first is for \$851.04, and the second is for \$300.00. Both carry the notation "medical." For years, it's been speculated that these checks were used to cover an abortion Marilyn may have had—though no one can explain why, if this were the case, the checks were made out to Grace. The truth seems clear: These checks were obviously drawn by Marilyn to help pay for Grace's medical crisis at this time.

^{*} High colonic irrigation was part of the daily routine of Mae West for all of her adult life, not for weight control, but for cleansing purposes. She is said to have used coffee laced with herbs for her routine.

^{*} It's been widely reported over the years—even by *Vanity Fair* in its cover story on Marilyn dated October 2008—that Inez Melson was hired by Joe DiMaggio to be a “spy” for him in the Marilyn Monroe camp and that she was “secretly” working for Joe. It's true that Melson came into the picture at around the same time as DiMaggio. However, her testimony against Joe on this important day would seem to suggest that she wasn't exactly loyal to him, if in fact she was even hired at his recommendation.

^{*} This woman later sued DiMaggio and Sinatra for \$200,000 and ended up getting \$7,500 out of them.

^{*} Collier was an English-born, classically trained character actress of stage, radio, and films who turned to teaching and coaching as acting roles began to dry up. She worked with Marilyn for only a few months, dying at the age of seventy-seven in April 1955 in New York.

* The occasion of Marilyn's and Arthur's first meeting has become like *Rashomon*, with so many versions reported on. Most seem to agree on one point: It took place on the set of *As Young as You Feel*. In dispute is how all the players happened to be gathered there at the same time. In Elia Kazan's 1988 memoir, *A Life*, he writes that Charles Feldman was hosting a party in Miller's honor, that Kazan was not able to attend, and that he then asked Miller to take Monroe. Then there's the version of events detailed in Miller's 1987 memoir, *Timebends* (Grove Press). Miller wrote that his visit to the set of *As Young as You Feel* was at the request of his father, who asked him to call on actor Monty Woolley ("my father's *bete noire*"), who had a principal part in the movie. Unknown, as far as we could tell, is Marilyn Monroe's version of her first meeting with Miller.

^{*} This same will stipulates that her mother, Gladys Baker Eley, should have her sanitarium expenses paid “for the rest of her life”—but not more than a total of \$25,000.

* Natasha Lytess died of cancer in 1964—two years after Marilyn Monroe.

^{*} Susan Strasberg defended her mother this way: “My mother literally sat with her for twenty-four hours on those films, holding her hand, trying to get her to take less pills.... The incredible insecurity that she [Monroe] had that she needed to be pampered and reassured. My mother gave her life’s blood, in a way. And got blamed on top of it, for Marilyn’s unprofessional behavior.”

* Author Charles Casillo notes: “It’s only in the last decade or so that Tony Curtis tried to rectify his nasty comments about Marilyn. I don’t blame him for being furious after working with her. It’s easy to make excuses for her now, but almost everyone who made a movie with her has said that Monroe was terribly difficult to work with. Actors have huge egos and Marilyn was always favored in the final takes, which infuriated Tony Curtis. There is no denying he despised her after the movie—and his loathing lasted decades after her death. Yet, as her legend grew and her value to every movie became more and more undeniable, Curtis has tried to revise history and defuse his derogatory comments about her. But even Marilyn—in her last *LIFE* interview—addressed the “Hitler” remark: “I don’t understand why people aren’t a little more generous with each other. I don’t like to say this, but I’m afraid there is a lot of envy in this business.... For instance, you’ve read there was some actor that once said that kissing me was like kissing Hitler. Well, I think that’s his problem. If I have to do intimate love scenes with somebody who really has these kinds of feelings toward me, then my fantasy can come into play. In other words, out with him, in with my fantasy. He was never there.”

* Pat's humor is legendary in Kennedy circles. Here's a funny story from Ted Kennedy's 1980 presidential campaign: A frazzled campaign worker called Pat one day and said that he needed her immediately at a political gathering, if she could possibly make it—in an hour. "But I haven't done my hair yet," Pat exclaimed. "And I don't have any makeup on. And I just have this old dress. I'm a total wreck. Why, it's just impossible! I just can't do it!" When the frantic campaign worker continued to press her by saying no one else was available, Pat relented. "Okay, fine, then," she said. "I'll just come as Eunice."

^{*} Lee Strasberg's second wife, Anna, was his sole beneficiary when he died in 1982. He married Anna—forty years his junior—in 1967, a year after his first wife, Paula, died. Today, Anna Strasberg holds the bulk of Marilyn's estate, which, according to *Forbes* magazine's most recent list of income generated by dead celebrities, ranks Marilyn at number eight, with \$8 million accumulated in royalties and merchandising in 2007. It should be noted, though, that when Marilyn died, she did not die a wealthy woman. Millions accumulated for her estate after her death as a result of merchandising of her name, as well as money generated from her films. Strasberg—who guards the estate with famous determination—says she was “acquainted” with Marilyn before Marilyn's death. (Most accounts have it that the two met at least once.) “Anna thinks about and handles” Ms. Monroe's image “from the moment she wakes up,” says William Wegner, her attorney. “My husband, Lee, was her teacher, her mentor, but most of all Marilyn's friend,” Anna Strasberg has said. “I am not only protecting her legacy and image, I am honoring my husband's wishes.”

^{*} Casillo cites an interesting comment from her, made shortly before her death, to *Life* magazine's Richard Merryman: "Sometimes I'm invited places to kind of brighten up a dinner table like a musician who'll play the piano after dinner, and I know [I'm] not really invited for myself. You're just an ornament."

^{*} Later Marilyn recalled in a letter to Dr. Ralph Greenson, “There were screaming women in their cells—I mean they screamed out when life was unbearable for them, I guess—and at times like this I felt an available psychiatrist should have talked to them, perhaps to alleviate even temporarily their misery and pain. I think they (the doctors) might learn something, even—but they are interested only in something they studied in their books. Maybe from some life-suffering human being they could discover more.”

^{*} Despite all of the confusion in her life, Marilyn always managed to be kind to her fans. Also, despite all of the upset in her life, she still managed to keep her sense of humor. Here's a good story: Back in 1960, the first-ever biography of Marilyn Monroe was published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, written by Maurice Zolotow. She wasn't happy with it—just on principle; she probably didn't read it. Her friend and longtime fan James Haspiel had Zolotow sign a copy of the book to him. Afterward, he wanted nothing more than to have Marilyn sign it as well. Therefore, when he felt the time was right—in June 1961—he asked her if she would do so. She frowned, then said she would sign it—and that it would be “the only copy of this book I will ever sign.” She opened to the page Zolotow had signed. It said, “To Jim Haspiel—who could have written a better book on MM—Sincerely, Maurice Zolotow.” Then she took a pen and scrawled right below it, “That's right! Marilyn Monroe xoxo.”

^{*} In February 1962, Frank Sinatra would announce his intention to marry the dancer Juliet Prowse. While promoting his third memoir, *Why Me?* Sammy Davis Jr. said that the engagement was Frank's way of putting distance between himself and Marilyn. "Marilyn was a sweetheart, but Frank had his hands full with her," Sammy recalled. "Next thing I knew, I get a call from him telling me he's involved with Juliet and going to marry her. I know it had to do with Marilyn in some way; him trying to break from her."

* Perhaps Marilyn Monroe historian Charles Casillo best put these events into perspective: “Clearly, Michael Selsman showed poor judgment in bringing Carol Lynley to Marilyn’s house uninvited. Imagine! Bringing a beautiful younger blonde actress (from the same studio) to a private meeting to discuss publicity photographs with Marilyn Monroe? And Carol was pregnant, to boot! He knew that Marilyn had been unable to have children. Bad call. Bad judgment. Also, maybe it wasn’t so outrageous that Marilyn destroyed the negatives by cutting them into tiny pieces. With any other star, it would have sufficed to simply cross them out with a red grease pencil. With Marilyn, any scrap of her was valuable and would eventually be exploited. No one understood that better than Marilyn herself. Look at what happened after she scratched out the photos she disliked taken by Bert Stern on the negative. Soon after she died, he released them—all scratched and crossed out! And years after that, they were digitally retouched so that her mark of disapproval was erased forever.”

^{*} A classic Newcomb/Murray story is this one: Eunice Murray, in the last months of Marilyn's life, said to her, "Pat Newcomb is going all over town telling everybody she's your best friend." In her peculiar genius, Marilyn retorted, "Eunice, if she were my best friend, she wouldn't have to tell anybody." Of course, as interesting as that story is, it does come via Eunice Murray, and there was definitely no love lost between her and Pat.

^{*}- Jacobs says that his boss, Frank Sinatra, never indulged in dalliances at Pat's home, "because he had too much respect for her... more, I guess, than her own brother."

^{*} On her revised script for *Something's Got to Give* (dated February 12, 1962), Marilyn recognized that the story was still not a good one. She wrote on the title page, "We've got a dog here—so we've got to look for impacts in a different way, or as Mr. [Nunnally] Johnson says, the situation." On page 12, she noted, "The only people on earth I get on well with is [*sic*] men so let's have some fun with this opening scene." And on page 23, she commented on Cyd Charisse's character, "Let's remember she is frigid—We all know what Kinsey found out about most females."

^{*} Nunziata Lisi, a friend of Jackie’s sister Lee Radziwill, recalled, “Lee told me that there wasn’t a big fight between Jackie and JFK over the matter of Marilyn at Madison Square Garden. She just made a quiet decision that if he wasn’t going to care about her feelings—if he didn’t care that she would be humiliated—then, fine. She just wasn’t going to go and there would be nothing he could do to persuade her otherwise. She told Lee, ‘Life is too short to worry about Marilyn Monroe.’ She would take the children to the Glen Ora retreat, a couple hours outside of Washington, where she enjoyed riding her horses.”

^{*} Marilyn Monroe historian James Haspiel recounts this story: “[The actress] Sheree North told me that when she was at 20th Century-Fox one day, she ran into Allen ‘Whitey’ Snyder, who was pacing outside of a closed door, very frustrated. She asked him what was wrong. He said, ‘Marilyn is in there and she won’t let me in. She’s making up her own face.’ I’m not saying Whitey never made up her face. Of course, he did. But there were times when all he needed to do was make a touch-up. She—Marilyn—was the real master of that look.”

^{*} Because of the nature of his service to Marilyn Monroe, this doctor asked for anonymity. Therefore, we are using a pseudonym to protect his identity.

^{*} Frank Mankiewicz was the son of screenwriter Herman J. Mankiewicz, who cowrote *Citizen Kane* with Orson Welles. They both won Academy Awards for Best Original Screenplay for the 1941 film.

^{*} Of course, Elizabeth Taylor had just been paid a million for only one film—*Cleopatra*—but that was an unprecedented deal in the business.

Considering that Marilyn was only compensated \$100,000 for *Something's Got to Give*, this new contract was quite amazing and also one of the biggest in show business up until that time. Beyond its obvious financial reward, it marked a big personal win for her, too. That she and Fox were able to come to these terms despite everything that had occurred on the set of her most recent film suggests that the studio had finally begun to understand just how valuable a property Marilyn was to them—at whatever financial inconvenience it may have been when she worked on a movie.

* “At the side of her bed was a lot of Seconal, which I had never given her,” said Dr. Engelberg. “Also, her liver showed that she had a lot of chloral hydrate. I never gave her chloral hydrate and I don’t think any doctor in the United States gave it to her. She must have bought it in Tijuana.

^{*} While Marilyn may have had certain projects in the offing, the fact remains that she was still in financial straits at the end of her life. In a letter dated June 25, 1962, her attorney, Mickey Rudin, warned her, “I feel obligated to caution you on your expenditures since at the rate you have been making those expenditures, you will spend the \$13,000 in a very short period of time and we will then have to consider where to borrow additional monies.” As stated earlier in this text, Marilyn *always* had financial problems.

ASTRID FRANSE AND MICHELLE MORGAN

BEFORE
Marilyn
THE BLUE BOOK MODELING YEARS



BEFORE

Marilyn

THE BLUE BOOK MODELING YEARS

ASTRID FRANSE AND
MICHELLE MORGAN

Thomas Dunne Books
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New York



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For Marilyn Monroe and Emmeline Snively, with much love and thanks.

Astrid: For my mother and my family.

Michelle: For Suzie Kennedy: You will always be 'Blanche' to me. xx

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Finally we would like to say a huge thank you to Emmeline Snively. If she had not kept her files for all those years, this project would never have come to fruition. We are both extremely grateful to her.

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FOREWORD

Marilyn Monroe is probably the most written about movie celebrity of all time. Countless biographies have delved into her life with varying accuracy. Her difficult childhood, early film success and her eventual stardom are chronicled through endless tomes. But one critical area has been only superficially covered – her years early in her career with the Blue Book Modelling Agency. When Norma Jeane walked through their doors on that fateful day on 2 August 1945 her life would forever change.

So much of what Marilyn learned from the Blue Book Modelling Agency would carry her through her entire life, and literally opened many doors for her that allowed access to a film career. Her blonde hair, unique, quivering smile and famous walk were attributes directly related to her education with the agency and its director Emmeline Snively. Adding to all this was a growing confidence in herself and her abilities to function as a model and eventually an actress. Marilyn was obviously destined for greatness, but this could have been all lost to the world if she had not had this turning point in her life. Miss Snively took her under her wing and nurtured and guided her and believed in her abilities. She also may have been responsible for getting Marilyn her first screen test at Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

The most ironic part is that all of this history might have been lost if not for the concern of Miss Snively to save all of the photos, papers and other articles relating to this time. The eventual loss and recovery of these files provides a fascinating story in itself.

The authors, [Astrid Franse](#) and [Michelle Morgan](#), have done extensive and exhaustive research into this relatively unknown area of Marilyn's life, and given us tremendous insight into how Marilyn transformed herself from a simple hometown girl into the world's greatest movie star. The book is loaded with unseen photos of Marilyn from this period, as well as other documents and letters. This is certainly a must-have book for Marilyn fans; at last the complete history of this so important part of Marilyn's life will be filled in. But this is also a book to give hope to anyone who dreams big and strives to achieve a better life. Be prepared to fall in love with this glamorous, sensitive, adorable woman.

Greg Schreiner
President, Marilyn Remembered
www.marilynremembered.org

INTRODUCTION

Twenty years ago, Astrid and Ben Franse were in a vintage store in Los Angeles, buying items for their shop, Bennies Fifties. As they spoke to the shopkeeper, a man walked in with a box in his hands and mumbled something about finding it in a locker. Nobody seemed aware of the exact contents contained inside, but, despite that, the store owner bought the item to sell in his shop. Astrid and Ben overheard the conversation and took an immediate interest in the mysterious contents of the box. They negotiated a deal with the owner and then took the box back home to Europe.

The couple were convinced that what they had just bought was a box of pictures, old newspapers and press clippings mentioning Marilyn Monroe. Thinking the items had probably been collected by a fan, they stored the box under a desk and temporarily forgot about it. In the years ahead Astrid thought often that she should take a good look through to see exactly what was in there, but one year led to another, and before she knew it, two decades had passed and the box remained untouched.

In 2012 – fifty years since the death of Marilyn Monroe – a dealer telephoned from the United States on behalf of a collector, who was interested in buying one of the couple's jukeboxes (a rare 1943 prototype of the Wurlitzer 1000). During the course of the conversation, he happened to mention that his client was a huge Marilyn Monroe fan, who had previously tried to buy the dress the actress had worn when singing 'Happy Birthday' to President John F. Kennedy. It was at this point that Ben remembered the box under his desk. He told the dealer, and then received a call later that night to say that the Marilyn collector was definitely interested in buying the box.

This information prompted the couple to look at the contents for the very first time. When they lifted the lid, they were absolutely stunned. While Ben and Astrid had always believed the crate held just a series of clippings and memorabilia, they were proved to be wrong. The box actually contained the archives from Miss Emmeline Snively, owner of the Blue Book Modelling Agency, who had signed Marilyn (or Norma Jeane Dougherty as she was then) in 1945.

There were folders containing negatives, letters (one from Marilyn herself), telegrams, agency books, business cards, photos, envelopes, worksheets and much more. There was even a play that had been written by Miss Snively and Joyce Ryan, her secretary, who had once been a Blue Book model. The archive was a monumental discovery and revealed that long after Marilyn's death the agency boss tried to make her memories into a book or documentary, compiling notes and sorting photos along the way. Her efforts went unpublished, however, and eventually she decided to lock her archive away forever.

When news of the discovery hit the newspapers, it caused a sensation. No longer was Astrid the owner of a box of memorabilia; suddenly she was the keeper of a very important piece of history. She decided that, instead of selling the files, she should bring the information to the masses in the form of a documentary and book. As a result, Astrid was inundated with requests from authors, all asking if they could be the one to tell the story of Marilyn's discovery by Emmeline Snively. Their interest was appreciated, but Astrid was determined that she needed to work with someone who understood and respected Marilyn and who would want to fulfil the dreams of Miss Snively just as much as she did herself.

After reading the 2012 biography *Marilyn Monroe: Private and Undisclosed*, Astrid believed that author [Michelle Morgan](#) was the best person to write the story. After a successful meeting and many emails back and forth, the two women decided to work together. Their aim? To bring the story of Marilyn's time at the Blue Book Agency to life in a way that only they could: by fusing together the agency archives, Astrid's prodigious research into its contents and Michelle's rich knowledge of the actress's life. It was a perfect fit.

December 16, 1953

Dear Miss Lester:

Intending to do a story on Marilyn Monroe's modeling school training and first jobs, I have collected sixty pictures from the photographers who used her as a model through my efforts. These pictures were captioned to best tell the story of her modeling career.

From this group of unpublished pictures I have selected twenty-eight black and white prints, which I feel would best suit your S.O.P. section. These have been contributed by twelve photographers, and are released to them. They have given me permission to organize and use them in a model school story. Also I am enclosing six 4 by 5 Kodachrome transparencies - Marilyn's very first color pictures.

Of all the write-ups and publicity on this girl no pictures or stories have been published on her modeling career, although the modeling has been referred to in many success stories. As can be readily seen in the picture of Marilyn's magazine covers, she was a well established model in Los Angeles, however her model life was crammed in to a period of less than two years.

I want to thank you for sending the most interesting S.O.P. Book and hope to hear from you shortly.

Sincerely yours

Emmeline Snively
Director
Blue Book Model School

Miss Snively's letter to an editor explaining that the story of Marilyn's modelling career has never been told. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

From the very beginning, the authors have been adamant that this project should be an extension of what Miss Snively had begun all those years ago. Therefore, this book is not a biography but a unique look into Marilyn's early career in the 1940s and her continuing relationship with the Blue Book Agency. It has also become a tribute not only to Marilyn but to Miss Snively herself, telling the fascinating story of how she played a part in creating a legend. 'If Miss Snively had not been around, there would not have been a Marilyn,' says Astrid. 'She discovered her, she saw her potential.'

Astrid is correct of course. While Marilyn had tentatively begun a modelling career in 1944, her life was to change forever on that fateful day a year later when she walked through the beautiful lobby of the Ambassador Hotel and into the reception of the Blue Book Agency. Emmeline Snively took the young woman under her wing and encouraged her to dye her hair blonde and make several other corrections and adjustments - ultimately helping to launch one of the most successful film careers the world has ever seen.

This book is a tribute to the hard work of both Marilyn Monroe and Emmeline Snively, bringing alive the archives of the agency and reliving a vital part of history: Marilyn Monroe's Blue Book years.

AUTHORS' NOTE

Miss Snively always referred to her former pupil as Norma Jean Dougherty and later Marilyn Monroe. However, records show that the official spelling of her name was actually Jeane with an 'e'. In order to be factual, the authors have written her name in the official way.

On a similar note, because the agency boss often wrote her notes and letters with business partner Joyce Ryan, she sometimes refers to herself in the third person. Where she did this in the archive, we have – for the most part – kept it that way in the text of the book. The only thing we have changed is where Miss Snively occasionally gets a date incorrect in her notes. These have been corrected to correspond with historical accuracy.



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'Norma Jeane's 'girl-next-door' image shines through in this photograph taken at her home in Los Angeles during the 1940s. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))



Norma Jeane poses outside a house believed to be that of her foster mother Ana Lower, unknown photographer. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))

Through her association with Hueth and Conover, Norma Jeane came into contact with several other photographers, such as Bob Farr and Paul Parry. Both men liked her girl-next-door look but had trouble selling her photographs to magazine editors, who believed she was 'too natural'. Parry later told reporter Jim Henaghan about his first memory of Norma Jeane:

I was sitting in my office chinning with a couple of other fellows one day, when this girl came in and asked if I thought she could be a model. I'll never forget it because she was wearing a pink sweater – and the other two fellows just fell right off their chairs. Could she!

One of Parry's photographs eventually led to a calendar advertising Mission Orange Drink, which was published in 1952, after Norma Jeane had become a star. One that appeared much sooner, however, came when she teamed up with William Carroll, a photographer looking for a young model to appear on counter displays to advertise his Ansco Color film processing shop. Norma Jeane liked the idea and headed to the beach with Carroll, where a variety of colour shots were taken.

Back at home, the young woman continued to resent being married at such an early age and most certainly did not like having to live under the scrutiny of her husband's family while he was away. Although James Dougherty said initially that he approved of the modelling work – thinking it far easier than working in the factory – he also made it especially clear that he would only tolerate it until he returned from war. After that he was determined that the two would settle down to a normal life with a house and children like every other 'normal' couple. His parents were of the opinion that this should happen too, but they could also see that this was not something on Norma Jeane's mind. As a result, they quickly became worried for their son's future.

'Although James Dougherty initially approved of the modelling work ... he made it especially clear that he would only tolerate it until he returned from war'

At this point, it would seem that she was being faithful to Dougherty, and remained so for some time after becoming a model. Sister-in-law Elyda Nelson later recalled that while Norma Jeane was aware that other wives dated while their men were away, she never commented or gossiped about such things and instead just ignored the activity and got on with her own life. Norma Jeane later backed this up when talking about her own experience of dealing with unwanted male attention:

I didn't have much trouble brushing them off. I found that if I just looked sort of stupid, or pretended I didn't know what they were talking about, they soon gave up in disgust. Some wolves are sinister, others are just good time Charlies trying to get something for nothing. Others make a game of it. The last type is most interesting.



Enjoying a company day out at the Radioplane picnic, unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Norma Jeane and her colleagues have fun at the Radioplane picnic. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))

Her attitude towards the wolves of Hollywood was also demonstrated when William Carroll initially rang to introduce himself before their photograph session. She refused to have anything to do with him, until he assured her that he was a professional, known to Conover and Hueth, and interested in taking her photo, nothing else. Bill Burnside, who met her in 1946, had the same kind of experience: 'Physically she was wary of men and was wary of me for the first months of our knowing each other.'

Despite this, Norma Jeane's in-laws continued to worry about her future as a married woman. While she had worked at the munitions factory the family had trusted her completely, possibly because mother-in-law Ethel worked there too and could keep an eye on her, but also because the men there were considered 'ordinary Joes' who could be brushed off without a moment's thought. Everyone recognised how beautiful she was, however, and at one point, Norma Jeane was even crowned 'Queen of the Radio Plane Picnic' during a company outing. The family had been happy with the achievement, but now everything had changed and her in-laws were more than a little concerned.

In hindsight, it is easy to understand why the family were concerned about Norma Jeane's new-found interest, especially when it came to going around town with various photographers that were not known to the family. Most of those who worked in Hollywood were gentlemen, as confirmed by fellow starlet and model Annabelle Stanford. She insists that no matter what she was modelling – whether it be negligees, swimming costumes or underwear – there were never any passes made towards her and everyone conducted themselves in a professional, decent manner. However, there were certainly several photographers who were known in the industry as being less than perfect or discreet, and the models saw to it that they were always on guard in their presence. One such man was known to some of the women as 'a pig' because of his uncouth behaviour, and he often became so aroused by the bikini-clad girls in his presence that his physical excitement could not be disguised.

In 1940's Hollywood there was also the issue of the casting couch, which could become a big problem for any girl wishing to turn their modelling careers into acting ones. This is apparent with the story of one model, who arrived at a film studio only to find herself being shuttled towards a bed, discreetly kept in a room joined to the casting director's office. Calling her 'Cutie Pie', the man tried to convince the young woman that if she slept with him, he would ensure she got acting jobs every single day of her career. She was married and told him very firmly that if he forced her into doing such a thing, she would detest him forever and never be

anything but an enemy to him. Astonishingly, the director became very embarrassed by her response. ‘I have never been told off so politely,’ he told her, and vowed never to try it on with her again. Surprisingly, he cast her in a movie anyway, and he kept his promise of keeping his hands to himself.



Hollywood as it looked in 1945, when Norma Jeane signed with the Blue Book Agency. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))

Although she was still new to the modelling game, Norma Jeane quickly became aware of what went on behind closed doors in some of the studios – both photographic and movie. She was so determined not to get herself into a sticky situation that she would often drive herself to and from modelling appointments in her husband’s car. That way she would not fall into the trap of a photographer insisting on giving her a lift home after the shoot and taking his chances in a quiet, deserted lane. ‘She would hold up her key ring, jingle it and say cutely, “I’ve got my own transportation”,’ Miss Snively later wrote.



Norma Jeane leaning against an open-top car, unknown photographer. (From the collection of Debra Holden)

‘She would hold up her key ring, jingle it and say cutely, “I’ve got my own transportation”’



Beautiful early portrait of Norma Jeane, complete with a mass of Brunette curls. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Eduardo Caballero)

This still didn't please her in-laws, however, and things came to a head one evening when Norma Jeane was driving home from a modelling job and, by her own admission, was 'dreaming again'. Before she knew it, a car appeared in front of her and she was unable to stop, crashing head-on into the vehicle and writing off Jim's car in the process. 'All I have is a small bump on the head,' she told her sister-in-law, 'But you should see our poor car, it's completely demolished.'

It would seem that the car incident was the beginning of the end between Norma Jeane and the Dougherty family because, not long after, she decided enough was enough and moved into the home of former foster parent 'Aunt' Ana Lower. This was a huge step. Not only did she now have some kind of independence, but she knew that by distancing herself from her in-laws the gap between herself and James Dougherty would be widened too. The long-distance marriage would struggle on for another year, but the end was most certainly looming.

While modelling might have caused problems between Norma Jeane and her husband's family, she was still determined that it would be her key to a better future for herself. Here was a child who had rarely felt loved before, though the camera seemed to adore her. The happiness is clear to imagine, even though there were many times when Norma Jeane had to work initially for free. The reason for this was that if the photographer could not sell his work, then he would not be paid, and in turn she wouldn't be

either.

Norma Jeane had first agreed to work this way with photographer Potter Hueth, doing what Miss Snively described as ‘Speculation, Unassigned’. However, after a time she began to think seriously about her future, and so spoke to Hueth about what she could do to make her career all the more successful and worthwhile. He told Norma Jeane about an agency located in the Ambassador Hotel that was always on the lookout for girls with a talent before the camera. She liked what she heard, and in early August 1945 she travelled with Hueth from her home in West Los Angeles all the way to Wilshire Boulevard so that she could be introduced to Miss Emmeline Snively, owner of the Blue Book Modelling Agency.

‘Here was a child who had rarely felt loved before, though the camera seemed to adore her’



NO. 37, CASINO FLOOR

Emmeline Snively was born on 2 May 1909 to Myrtle and Frank Snively. An only child, she spent much of her childhood in Ohio and Iowa, where her father worked in newspaper advertising. By 1930 Frank had passed away and Myrtle and Emmeline were trying their luck in Los Angeles: Mrs Snively as a boarding house manager and her daughter as an art student at Holmby College and later UCLA. Photos taken during her time at college show Miss Snively as a delicate-featured young woman, often unsmiling and somewhat serious. Still, her skill and poise in front of a camera is everywhere apparent, and this expertise was to come in very useful in the years ahead.

After graduating in 1934, Miss Snively began teaching art, but over the course of several years she became more interested in the other jobs Hollywood had to offer. An intelligent woman, she could see that there was a large amount of young people desperate to get past the studio gates to seek fame and fortune – in all likelihood she probably saw examples of this every day during her classes. Miss Snively's mind began to wander, and, after much thought, she took the brave decision to leave the sensible land of teaching behind and go into the trickier – but more lucrative – modelling world.



Miss Emmeline Snively, head of the Blue Book Agency. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Unlike most young women interested in the profession, Miss Snively wasn't planning to pose for photographers herself. Instead she decided that there was a real need and gap in the market for a model school, a place to show girls how they too could make a living in the industry. In the late 1930s she found an ideal space in Westwood Village and launched her agency as the Village School. '[I] specialized in training girls for photographic and fashion modelling,' she later wrote in her brochure. 'Graduates have progressed into many fields of fashion, photography and entertainment ... Many have been claimed by the Motion Picture Studios.'

‘The school offers a non-professional course featuring charm, posture, figure control, wardrobe building and

personal development'

Very soon Miss Snively began enrolling young women onto her 'Blue Book': a catalogue she published every year that featured models available for hire. She also started teaching them everything they could ever wish to know about the finer points of modelling. 'The school offers a non-professional course featuring charm, posture, figure control, wardrobe building and personal development,' she wrote.

By the early 1940s Miss Snively had moved her establishment into a building on Sunset Boulevard, next door to the famous Bublichki restaurant. While there, she found a way of publicising the business in the shape of beauty contests to find Miss May, Miss Summer and any other Miss she could think of. One lady who won Miss November 1943 was Frances Adolf, an 18 year old who took great delight in showing off her large trophy while talking about her budding law career. Another lucky winner was 19-year-old Tyra Vaughn, who won the Miss Spring 1944 competition and posed happily for reporters, who dubbed her a press agent's dream.

The contests were so popular that they continued to run for years. Miss Snively wrote about them in the 1960 edition of her Blue Book catalogue and included photos of the popular event:

At the opening of the new Los Angeles Sports Arena ... for the Do It Yourself Show, fifty Blue Book Models produced the complete beauty contest. Famous judges were Earl Leaf, magazine photographer; Pamela Ann Searle, Miss England; Dick Sargent, actor; Earl Moran, calendar artist, and master photographer, Max Munn Autrey.



An animated Miss Snively shows off her famous wall of magazine covers. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

As well as these contacts, she also made herself available as a judge at numerous events, such as a special Miss Catalina contest that was held in June 1956.

Back in the early days, word quickly spread about the agency, and Miss Snively took the opportunity of sharing her thoughts and beauty tips with several different authors. The subsequent articles were then syndicated around the United States, bringing even more attention to the venture. One such piece was written by features writer Sam Jackson and showed a photograph of the agency boss taking notes whilst on a telephone – the backdrop being a wall full of photos of glamorous young women. In the article Miss Snively stated that at least 10,000 girls had walked through her doors, and while this was possibly a slight exaggeration, it is true to say that the company was gathering steam at a monumental rate. It became such a success that the time came when Miss Snively decided to pack up her portfolio, covers, notes and files, and move to an even bigger and better office. 'For your convenience, the school has been moved into a more central location, the Ambassador Hotel, and the name changed to The BLUE BOOK School,' she

wrote.

Opened at midnight on 1 January 1921, the Ambassador was legendary for its Cocoanut Grove night club and the beautiful people who swanned through its doors. From the very beginning it promised to be a place of grandeur and fascination, with 27 acres of luxurious gardens, palm trees, a beautiful pool and every luxury a guest could possibly need. On the very day the doors swung open for the first time, the hotel boasted a roster of 500 staff, some of whom had previously worked for empresses and dukes, and many who had moved from all over the world just so they could work at the prestigious establishment.



This photograph of the Ambassador Hotel was taken in August 1945 – the month Norma Jeane walked into the Blue Book Agency for the first time. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))



This Kurt Teich postcard shows the pool area of the Ambassador Hotel. Miss Snively used this location many times for her models. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))

The hotel included a ballroom big enough for 1,000 dancing couples, a theatre, a bank, many guest bedrooms and vast dining rooms. Orchestras played while patrons ate their lunch and dinner, and every weekend the same ensemble would entertain groups of guests in the hotel lobby. For those requiring physical activity, a golf course was situated just down the road, and a riding school was also in operation nearby. Children weren't left out either, and the pool was a magnet for families from the very beginning, as was the porch full of parrots, where youngsters could often be found talking to the colourful birds that lived there. There was also a vast array of goldfish bowls, art nouveau paintings, ornaments and leather-bound registers, all of which made the Ambassador a winner for young and old alike.

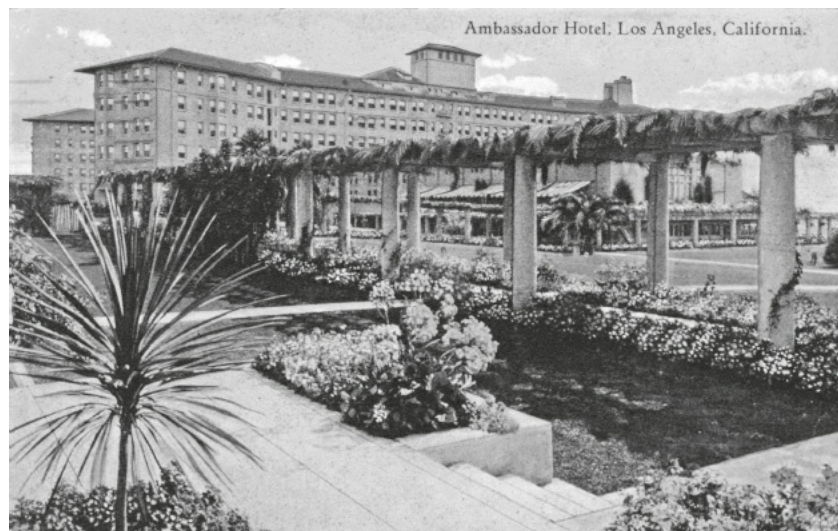
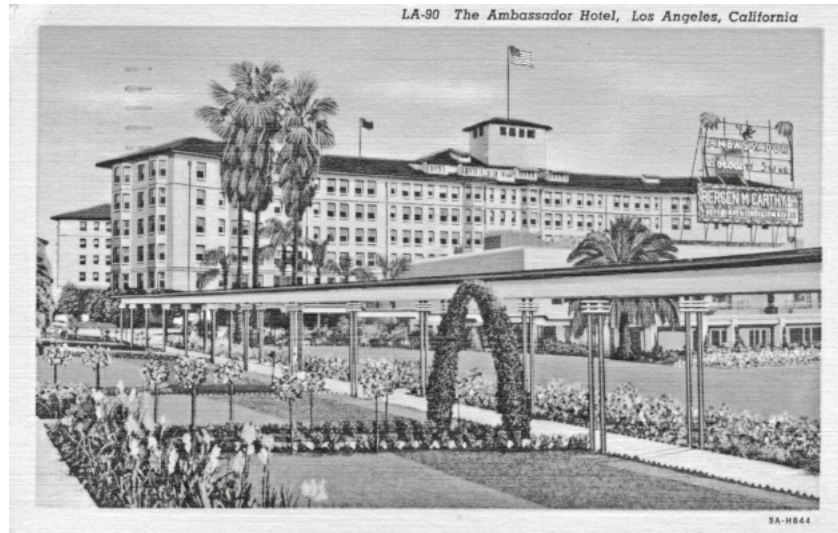
On the day the doors opened for the very first time, thousands of people crammed into the hotel to register from as far away as London to take a peek inside the sprawling building. Cars crowded outside to such a degree that they caused congestion and hold-ups around the block, while white-gloved bellboys showed guests to their rooms and made sure everyone felt like a star. As could be expected, the opulence of the hotel was a magnet for real-life movie stars too, as well as directors, producers and all manner of other film-related clientele. Actress Carole Lombard won dance competitions there in her days before stardom and then dined frequently after that; Rudolf Valentino was known to do a mean Charleston round the dance floor; and movie comedienne Thelma Todd took part in various charity events and parties throughout her career.

‘white-gloved bellboys showed guests to their rooms and made sure everyone felt like a star’

By the mid-1940s many of the stars that had graced the Ambassador with their presence (including the three mentioned above) had passed away, though the hotel was still considered to be one of the most fabulous in Los Angeles. People continued to travel

from all over the world to stay in its famed rooms or star-spot in the Cocoanut Grove, and holiday makers would often buy the Curt Teich postcards available in the lobby, sending home scrawling notes to envious family members about the magnificent view from their windows. When it came to spending time at the hotel, and in particular its famed nightclub, Norma Jeane Dougherty was no exception. While she was most certainly not a regular there, the girl had some treasured memories of visiting with her mother and foster aunt during the 1930s, and by the mid-1940s she had enjoyed some rare but elaborate evenings out with her husband, James.

When it opened in January 1944, Emmeline Snively's agency was a welcome addition to the Ambassador, occupying No. 37, Casino Floor – a store previously assigned to an organisation offering entertainment classes in exchange for buying war stamps. Blue Book joined a mix of forty already established shops – including clothes stores, a hairdresser and various other retail outlets – and was also in close proximity to the Steinie Photographic Studio. In the years ahead, Miss Snively would often use the proprietor, Erwin Steinmeyer, to make test shots of the girls on her books, including Norma Jeane.



Two examples of the kind of postcards guests could expect to find in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Once installed in her new office, Miss Snively covered the walls of the reception in glossy photos of her clients past and present, just as she had done in the previous building. She then enjoyed pointing out the models' achievements to all who came into the agency on business. In her office there were photos too, along with a statue of Nefertiti, which stood on her desk. 'She was the most beautiful woman of her era,' Miss Snively told actor Steve Hayes and explained that she kept it to show young girls that beauty was not a new thing.

'she kept it to show young girls that beauty was not a new thing'

New promotional materials were prepared that encouraged prospective photographers and models to 'stop in and see the new quarters'. Existing models were photographed getting ready under the watchful eye of Miss Snively and what appears to be her mother. They were then snapped helping to pin the new sign to the wall and talking with the boss about future work opportunities. Miss Snively also made sure she was photographed – wearing her finest clothes – at the front of the hotel, talking to one of her prettier girls.

By this time a new publicity gimmick had occurred to her. Always astute and forward thinking, Miss Snively ordered a specially made life ring with the words 'Blue Book Models Hollywood' printed onto it. Over the coming years the agency boss would ask several photographers to travel to a variety of locations, such as the Ambassador Hotel gardens and Santa Monica beach, with some of her girls. There they would snap the models posing and playing with the prop and the results would go into brochures and adverts for the agency, as well as hang in the reception for visitors to admire.



A model poses next to the Blue Book signage in the Ambassador Hotel, in a brochure for the Blue Book Agency. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Miss Snively shows as much sophistication as her model in this photo from the Blue Book brochure. The picture was taken in the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

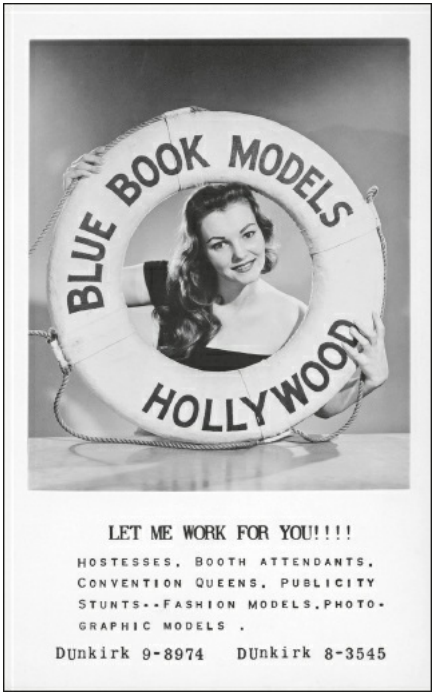


Miss Snively interviews a prospective client in another photo from the Blue Book brochure. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Miss Snively had firmly established herself as a ‘grand dame’ agency boss, and when her mother Myrtle joined the business they became something of a powerhouse, running the agency like a well-oiled machine. From her notes and memories, it is clear to see that Miss Snively cared very much for the women who worked there and was always on hand to dish out advice wherever needed. Sitting the women down, she would encourage all of them to never think of modelling as a full-time career. Instead, she said, they should look to the future, to see posing for photographers as a bridge to better things, such as lucrative jobs in Hollywood studios or even the theatre.

While Miss Snively was encouraging to those already working for her, she was still picky about whom she signed on to her famous blue book, choosing only to take on those she thought could achieve a fair amount of photographic assignments. After all, she was paid commission from jobs they obtained, so if they did not earn anything, neither did she. Any prospective girls had to fill out a form, giving their name, address, age, height and weight. Additionally she would ask for measurements of bust, waist and hips, along with the colour of hair, skin and eyes. Two snapshots were required: a bathing-suit shot and a portrait.

If the photos grabbed Miss Snively’s attention, she would then ask the girls to come along for an interview. There she endeavoured to make sure the models had five different qualities: good temperament, good health, good face, good figure and ‘adequate training in make-up, hair styling, posing and taking camera direction’. The former points were all up to the model to obtain; the latter could be taught at the modelling school.



Blue Book advert ‘Let me work for you’ with a Blue Book model posing with the life ring, photographer: Joseph Jasgur. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#). Reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate)



Unknown 1940s model with life ring. Photographer: possibly Joseph Jasgur. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#). Reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate)



Secretary Joyce Ryan talks to models in the Blue Book reception. Photographer: possibly Joe Jaszur. (From the collection of Christopher Ryan)

Actor Steve Hayes met both Miss Snively and her mother in the 1950s. Myrtle, he said, was very severe in manner, but Miss Snively was ‘attractive, with bright, sparkly eyes; very well groomed with jewellery, nice clothes and pearls’. So as to gain respect from the photographers and the models on her books, the agency boss spent a long time perfecting her look and was always elegant, with her hair immaculately styled. She was not beautiful in a conventional way, but she paid attention to little details and was rarely seen without nail polish, a smart suit and small hat.

In conversation, Miss Snively could be very quick-witted and hold her own, no matter whom she was talking to or where the conversation led. She could be fun and light-hearted but was no pushover. Her company came before everything, and while she was not averse to going on dates occasionally, she was not prepared to give up anything she had achieved in exchange for a steady relationship. As a result Miss Snively never married and spent her entire life as a single woman. That said, she was no stranger to the odd date, and rumours abound that at one point she was involved with a successful businessman. Flirting came easy too, and she even managed to do so in her many letters to magazines. To Vincent T. Tajiri, one of the editors of *Art Photography* magazine, she wrote, ‘Thank you for your patience and I hope all goes well. Our mutual friend, Earl Leaf is back among the Hollywood beauties. I understand a beard provokes even more admiration in the east than it does here. Why is that do you know?’ The editor replied favourably, by writing, ‘Call me Vince and I’ll follow with Emmy.’

‘Emmeline could be very quick-witted and hold her own no matter whom she was talking to’

To cement the idea that they were powerful women, both Miss Snively and her mother spent a great deal of time changing themselves from ‘normal’ Americans into high-class Englishwomen. Quite bizarrely, this involved telling business associates that they had moved to California from the United Kingdom. This was a rather eccentric move on their part and resulted in both Myrtle and Emmeline speaking in fake British accents. This has confused biographers and people who knew them to this very day.

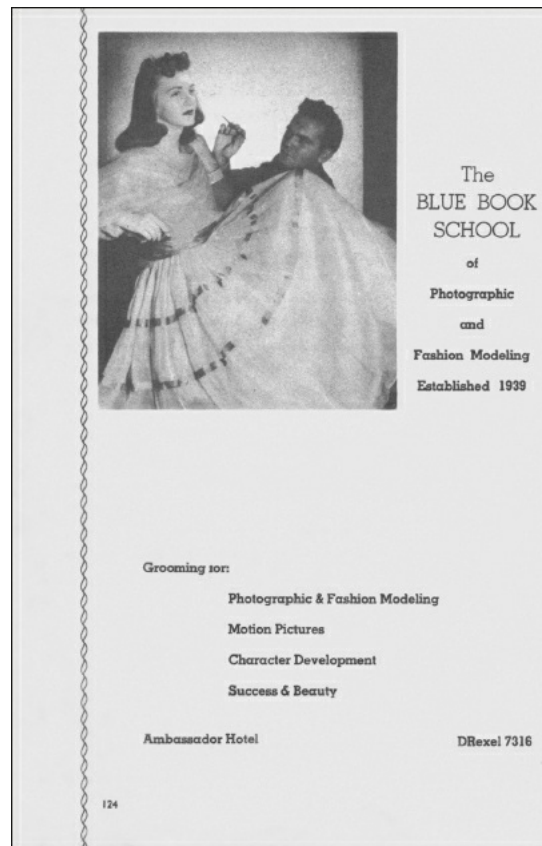
‘She spoke in a nasal, high-pitched voice,’ remembers Steve Hayes. ‘Spoke very well but very rapidly.’ Steve – an Englishman himself – never commented on the accent because he was hoping that one day she may want to represent him and didn’t wish to insult her. However, it was very apparent to him and others that she was putting on ‘airs’ and that the Englishness in her persona was, to all intents and purposes, fake.

Certainly neither Emmeline or Myrtle were known to speak that way in front of people who knew them before their success; nor did they speak with an accent in front of their family. By 1962, when Miss Snively was interviewed about Marilyn’s death, the inflection was certainly gone, but in the 1940s she prided herself on her ‘Englishness’. Why the two women felt the need to speak with a British accent is up for debate, and it seems that nobody ever enquired as to why they were doing it. However, one reason could be that they felt it provided the agency with a certain amount of respectability and decorum. This was to be important, considering a possible side of the business which some may say was not particularly upright.

With the agency being located in the hugely popular Ambassador Hotel, it became a magnet for businessmen looking for someone to accompany them to the various entertainment venues on site. Miss Snively evidently saw an opportunity, and by many accounts she grabbed it with both hands. During research for this book, a variety of people who knew the agency during the 1940s and 1950s have commented that while there were certainly a great deal of full-time models on the books, others were taking on work as dates and escorts to make extra money.

‘It was really an escort service from which lonely businessmen could employ a young woman to dine with,’ said one person who knew the agency in 1945. ‘The LAPD maintained a close watch.’ A former 1940’s model further explained that the Blue Book Agency

was known to expect certain ‘social responsibilities and social efforts from the girls there. None of the agencies I worked with did that, but there was a definite rumour that Blue Book was a house of mischief and I wanted nothing to do with it.’



Advertisement for the Blue Book School. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

It would appear that for the most part the women interested in taking on the escort work were those who perhaps weren’t earning enough money to support themselves through modelling alone. These young women would not only subsidise their work by going out with men at the hotel, but also by working the Hollywood party scene, attending events with various men-about-town. It should be noted that there is no proof that the girls’ jobs ever went any further than accompanying their dates to various nightclubs and restaurants, and Miss Snively makes absolutely no mention of anything untoward in her notes. Instead, if the rumours are true, she kept this side of her business firmly under wraps, though did hint at it briefly during a later interview: ‘Many of my other girls whose husbands were overseas, dated on several nights of the week. But not Norma Jeane.’

‘there was a definite rumour that Blue Book was a house of mischief’

Her comments bring us to the subject of whether or not Norma Jeane took advantage of the extra money available for dating jobs, once she too had signed with the agency. It should be stressed that no one interviewed for this book ever believed that it was possible for the young woman to be involved in any way whatsoever. In fact everyone expressed the exact opposite opinion, stating that Norma Jeane was never the kind of girl who would have got herself embroiled in any kind of activity outside the agency.

This is further emphasised by the fact that the young model was never known to be particularly well off and did not dress or behave like someone who had any degree of disposable income. Indeed, one friend remembers that for a short time, between modelling jobs, Norma Jeane even took a temporary office post at the Pan Pacific Auditorium, just to make ends meet. It was a short-lived position, designed only to get her out of a tight situation financially, but shows that if the model were prepared to work a temporary clerical job then she certainly would have shown no interest in making an easy buck as a Blue Book escort.



Blue Book models in the agency office. The man sitting at the desk is believed to be artist Earl Moran. Photographer: Earl Leaf (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Models are joined by Miss Snively as they look through their latest photographs. Photographer: Earl Leaf. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Miss Snively sits in her own car, which sports Blue Book signage. Her models pose next to her. Photographer: Earl Leaf. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Miss Snively enjoys a joke with her models and Earl Moran. Photographer: Earl Leaf. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)



Miss Snively poses once again in her car, while her models enjoy a joke. Photographer: Earl Leaf. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)



Earl Moran spends time with four of the Blue Book models. Photographer: Earl Leaf (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Norma Jeane later spoke about an episode that happened while she was modelling, which emphasises the fact that she was definitely not for sale and that Miss Snively tried hard to keep her from that kind of exposure:

When I was modelling I did mostly play clothes and bathing suits. I used to meet a lot of wolves among the buyers who wanted to take me to dinner and give me trinkets, but I always told them the agency people were very strict and wouldn't let me go out with anyone I met during business hours.

Miss Snively's decision to allow some of the girls to go out on dates with hotel guests had a definite downside. Models in the area heard rumours of the other side of the business and were told by their own modelling agencies to stay away. Mary Webb Davis had created her agency several years before Miss Snively did, and she very quickly became one of the most influential women in the business. She was known to be a tough, no-nonsense woman, smoker of unfiltered cigarettes, wearer of huge eyelashes, and undeniably chic and fashionable. Davis always spoke her mind and could be rather intimidating at times, but she was excellent at her job, gaining her high-class fashion models so much work that she became one of the most respected women in Hollywood. 'Some people can play the violin, others can cook. My talent is my photographic eye,' she said in 1961. 'I can pick the one girl from fifty

who will be a success.’

‘I can pick the one girl from fifty who will be a success’

One model who worked for Webb Davis in the 1940s remembers that the girls were encouraged to stay away from Blue Book, avoid working at the Ambassador wherever possible and instead take part in fashion shows and shoots at the Biltmore or Beverly Hills Hotel. These establishments, Webb felt, were far more prestigious and high standing, and ideal places for models to show off their skills. ‘The Mary Webb Davis Agency was very decent, very popular,’ remembered client Annabelle Stanford. ‘It was very strict, structured and had no nonsense at all. There were lots of designers all around and many glamorous outfits to model. I never got asked to go out with any of the people I worked with.’



FAME HAS A WAY

‘Out of the dozens of girls that attend modelling school and enter the modelling profession, a few have the qualifications to make them cover girls,’ wrote Emmeline Snively in the 1950s. So it would be true to say that Miss Snively, who had seen every kind of girl the profession had to offer, did not think there was anything too out-of-the-ordinary about the girl standing in her office at the Ambassador Hotel on 2 August 1945. She noted in her file:

Norma Jeane had been brought to the hotel by photographer Potter Hueth, wearing a simple white dress and armed with her modelling portfolio, which actually offered no more than a few choice snaps ... You wouldn’t necessarily wear a white dress on a modelling job, and it was as clean and white and ironed and shining as she was.

In the archive, Miss Snively made extensive notes about the meeting and spoke about it frequently from that moment on. From her memories and quotes, we can piece together a snippet of what happened during that momentous afternoon on the Casino Floor of the Ambassador Hotel ...

Hueth introduced the young woman to the agency boss and spread out the few photographs in front of her, one of which Miss Snively had apparently seen prior to the meeting. However, while she was busy looking at Norma Jeane, the girl herself was more interested in staring at the magazine covers and publicity photos gracing the walls.



Some of the many examples of Blue Book covers and articles. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

‘Those are the prettiest girls I have ever seen,’ she muttered, almost to herself, before turning to Miss Snively. ‘Do you think I could ever get my picture on a magazine cover?’

Miss Snively looked her up and down. ‘Of course,’ she smiled. ‘You’re a natural.’

She then sat down to interview Norma Jeane and noted her statistics on an agency card: ‘Size 12, height 5.6, 36 bust, 24 waist, 34 hips. Blue eyes, perfect teeth and blonde, curly hair.’

‘Actually,’ she later wrote, ‘her hair was dirty blonde. California blonde which means that it is dark in the winter and light in the summer. I recall that it curled very close to her head, and was quite unmanageable. I knew at once that it would have to be bleached and worked on.’

‘Do you sing?’ Miss Snively asked.

‘Just a little, that’s all,’ replied Norma Jeane.

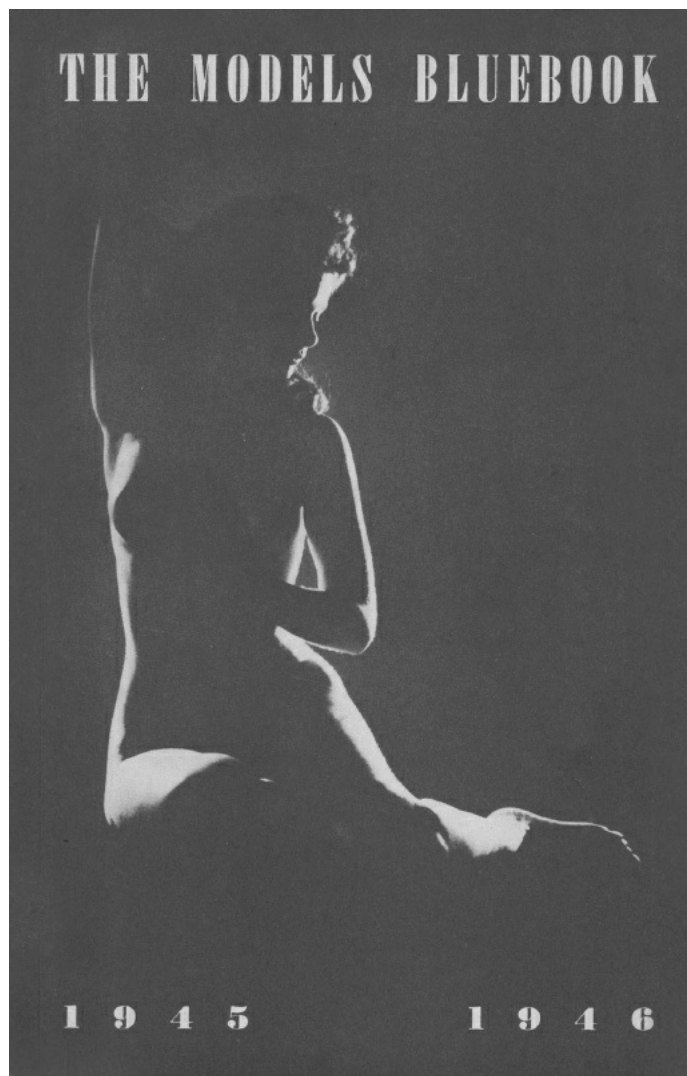
Daugherty, Norma Jean Feb 13/31
 Oregon 32487
 11348 Nebraska
 Age 20 - married
 Ht 5'6" - 120
 36-24-34 Size 12
 Blond - curly hair blue eyes
 teeth perfect -
 Aug 2 1945 ^{Complete} \$25.00
 Norma Little Sing Color

Milton Jones
 Morris -
 Girdle 1/15/46
 Moran -
 Mullinger -
 Paramount
 Wolf - OK - hair
 Oles -
 Bullock - 2/17/46
 Douglas (B) 2/18/46
 Bill Carroll - 6/28/45
 Moran - into 10th
 Erbert
 Charleston
 Raymond Newman
 Aug 2 1945
 Douglas August 1
 Cf to Howard 5-6

Paul Perry - 86.8
 Cf to Tom 7/9/44
 Mar 22 520
 Blossy Fri 9/24/44 Mar 29
 Randolph
 Bonica
 Franky Martin
 Leslie Craig
 Earl Cordrey
 Emerson Hall
 Tom Kelly - Robert
 Blue Pills
 Perry Krueger 4-6
 Valentina Sarda -
 Indr de Slevins
 Edmunds - Morrison

Aug 32487 Aug 2 1945 -
 Received of Norma Jean Daugherty
 Twenty five ^{ms} Dollars
 Blue Book Page
 Complete
 \$25.00 E Family

Notes made by Miss Snively about Norma Jeane, including some from 2 August 1945, which was the day Marilyn signed her modelling contract. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)



The Models Bluebook brochure for 1945–46. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

‘Dance?’

‘A little.’

‘Ambitions of becoming an actress?’

‘No, none at all,’ the girl replied.

‘How old are you? 17? 18?’

‘I’m 20,’ Norma Jeane said, though in reality she had only just turned 19.

It is unclear why the young girl felt the need to change her age, but perhaps she felt that if she admitted being a teenager, she would not be signed. She shouldn’t have worried, however, as by that time Miss Snively was frequently signing children and teenagers to her school and agency. In 1960 she wrote:

Children from four to twelve appeared in a formal fashion showing at the Ambassador Hotel’s famous Embassy Room. Children appear on television and learn to do their own commentary ... Teenagers comprise a large portion of those in the training department, as well as the agency of Blue Book Model Studios. Girls prepare themselves for careers in the fashion field or part time photographic modelling. Classes are scheduled either daytime or evening. Many Blue Book graduates have succeeded in fashion careers. Many others have appeared on National magazine covers and won recognition in beauty contests.

Photographs taken around the time Norma Jeane strolled into the agency show Miss Snively chatting animatedly to mothers and children in her office, while others show the infants themselves gazing up at the famed wall of magazine covers.

‘Do you have your own wardrobe?’ Miss Snively asked.

‘Not really,’ Norma Jeane replied. ‘I have a few items but not many.’

Miss Snively later recalled, ‘I remember she had one white dress with a green yoke [likely the one she had worn in the interview] which looked terrific on her, although models usually shy away from white clothes. It accentuated her bust and called attention to her figure. It was extremely tight across the front.’ The only other things she seemed to own were a bathing suit and a teal-blue suit ‘that didn’t do a thing for her’, according to Miss Snively.

‘Don’t laugh now,’ she wrote. ‘What she had was a “girl next door” look. All right so you never saw a girl next door who looked like Marilyn Monroe, but that’s how she looked the day she came in. And for me at least, that’s how she always looked.’

Having looked over the young lady sitting before her, Miss Snively noted that Norma Jeane seemed very surprised to be in the Ambassador Hotel. She had of course been there before, but never in such an exciting capacity. This was truly new and refreshing. ‘She kept glancing around at things, out of the corner of her eye,’ Miss Snively later told reporter Ted Thackrey. ‘Like it was a new

world.'

Miss Snively told Norma Jeane that a full-page photograph in the Blue Book models catalogue would cost her \$25, and if she wanted to attend a three-month modelling course that would be another \$100. The girl's face fell, as there was simply no way she could afford to pay such a huge amount of money, and even if she could, her husband would never agree to their money being paid towards such 'frivolous' adventures.

Noticing the depressed look on the model's face, Miss Snively soon took pity on her and decided that she could pay off the fee from the money made during her future modelling jobs. Norma Jeane sat up and smiled. 'She was so naïve, so sweet and so eager to succeed that my heart went out to her at once,' the agency boss wrote.

'Are you single?' asked Miss Snively.

Norma Jeane no doubt looked uncomfortable to be faced with such a query. 'No, I'm married,' she told the surprised woman, who then wrote the information down on the registration card. This revelation was Miss Snively's worst nightmare, as she later observed in her agency file: 'How to choose a model... . It may be a surprise to some of you that models come in a complete package with mother, father, sister, brother, and worse luck, sometimes even with husband and baby.'

'She was so naïve, so sweet and so eager to succeed that my heart went out to her at once'

While Norma Jeane may not have come to the agency with a baby (or mother, father, sister or brother for that matter), she most certainly had a husband in the shadows, and this put her behind the other girls right from the very beginning.



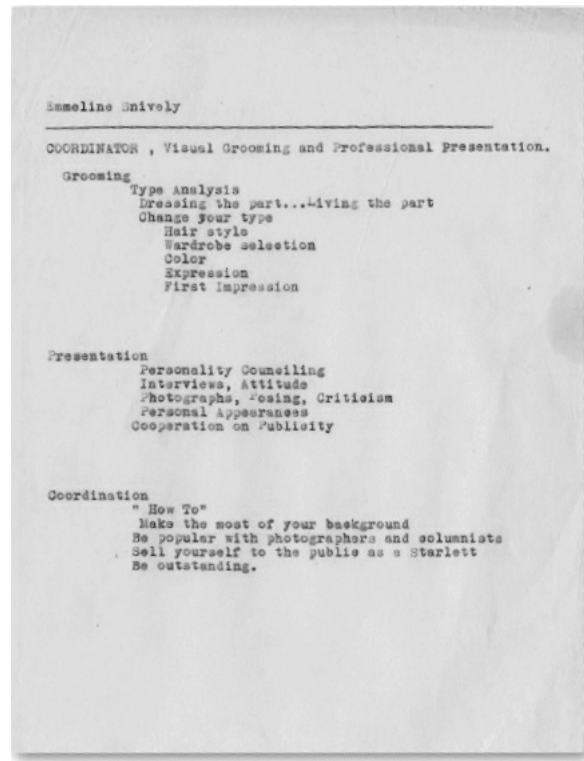
Miss Snively's school taught young hopefuls all they needed to know about the modelling profession. Photographer: Earl Leaf. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

'We at Blue Book Models never entered Marilyn into a beauty contest,' wrote Miss Snively in 1954. 'Because although I thought she was excellent material, she was married at this time. Many of the other students won gifts, trips and recognition that would have taken years to acquire any other way. Being married disqualified her at the outset so she was denied the extra boost that participating in beauty contests might have given her.'

But contests or not, Norma Jeane was determined to make a success of the opportunity she had been given, and after signing with the agency, she entered into her new career and modelling course with great gusto. In typed papers in the archive, the purpose of the 'Visual Grooming and Professional Presentation Course' is described in some detail, with the three main aspects being grooming, presentation and coordination.

First came grooming, which taught the girls how to assess their type, how to dress the part, live the life of a model and make a good first impression. Added to that they were also shown how to select a good wardrobe (essential for Norma Jeane), choose the right colours and make sure the face always had a pleasing expression.

Next was presentation, which gave the models the opportunity of taking part in and learning about personality counselling, mock interviews, attitude training, posing for photographs, dealing with personal appearances, cooperating with publicity and, most importantly, dealing with criticism. For someone as sensitive as Norma Jeane, this aspect of the course would be crucial, though it is questionable as to whether or not she ever really got used to being criticised in her later life and career.



Notes from the Blue Book modelling course. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

The third aspect of the course was coordination, which showed the models ‘how to make the most of your background; how to be popular with photographers and columnists; how to sell yourself to the public as a starlet; and how to be outstanding.’ This part of the program must really have caught Norma Jeane’s imagination because for the rest of her life she would almost always have time for reporters, even when she really didn’t have any need to. This openness led to columnists from all over the world championing her cause and some – such as Louella Parsons and Donald Zec – becoming quite good friends.

An advertising document in the archive reveals more about the lessons and aim of the school:

Blue Book Model students are chosen for their photographic qualities, talent and specialised training. The demand today is for wholesome and intelligent girls. They may be beautiful, but it is more important that they have the quality of distinction.

A course is offered in Photographic Modelling, which requires some previous training in dancing and dramatics. This course prepares girls to model for photographers, illustrators, advertisers, artists and commercial motion pictures.

The course in Fashion Modelling includes many of those things so helpful in everyday living [such] as: personal analysis and improvement, walking, sitting, entering a room, make-up, hair styling and wardrobe selection, besides the actual training in showing clothes.

With the fashion and photographic centre swinging toward the west coast, there are more opportunities for work in this field and more training and organisation is necessary on the part of the models.

Actual experience is offered in Fashion and Photographic Modelling. Most of the students have had the opportunity to do a pay job before graduation.

It is the aim and privilege of the Blue Book Model organisation to help select, organise and promote newcomers on their way to careers in modelling, the theatre and motion pictures.

Evening classes have been arranged for those who are employed ... Residence Hall provided for out-of-town girls.



Norma Jeane's first official assignment for Blue Book was as a hostess at an industry show. Unknown photographer. (Michael Reynard collection. Property of Michael Reynard. Reprinted with permission.)

The lessons at the agency were taught by Emmeline Snively herself, and she was helped out by Maria Smith and Mrs Gavin Beardsley. Many of the girls attended with their mothers, but as Norma Jeane's was in a mental hospital, this was not a possibility for her. Instead she arrived on her own and on time, eager to begin and anxious to soak up as much knowledge as she possibly could. This enthusiasm impressed Miss Snively and she never forgot it: 'The first day Marilyn attended classes, I knew she would do all right, because she aroused the good nature in people. She would walk in and in her cute, high voice say, "Hello everybody" and everybody would answer "Hello." There was something arresting and sincere about the girl's personality.'

‘There was something arresting and sincere about the girl’s personality’

Norma Jeane settled into the classes well, and she received lots of extra attention from Miss Snively as a result of seeing her potential and feeling sympathy that she had nobody to help her on her new journey. ‘Most of the girls had someone behind them, someone to drive them to different jobs, a father to protect and oversee things,’ she said. ‘Marilyn had no-one. Only herself. I guess it was because of this that I took a strong interest in the girl. I concentrated on her and she gobbled up every bit of instruction.’

Miss Snively noted that Norma Jeane was wonderful when it came to learning techniques such as make-up, hand positions and body posture, but she had concerns over other aspects of the modelling profession:

She did have a pleasant personality; what we call an All-American girl kind of personality – cute, wholesome and respectable. There was no sultry sexiness about her. That sex build-up was to come much later, although I did realise immediately that Marilyn would never do as a fashion model. Most fashion models are tall, sophisticated-looking and slim-chested. Marilyn was none of these.

Also a problem was the way the young model walked, which went against everything that a fashion model was ever trained to do. In the years since her discovery, the reason behind Marilyn's famous ‘wobble walk’ has been discussed over and over again, with many theories being put forward, including the possibility that she used to cut part of the heel from one of her shoes, therefore causing her bottom to rock from side to side. Another theory was that the actress had suffered from some kind of mystery illness as a child, resulting in her having a slight limp. This, they say, she emphasised to create a wobble. The various theories amused Marilyn, and she herself said there was no mystery surrounding the way she got from A to B, that she

had learned to walk as a baby and had been doing it ever since. She did, however, share a fun anecdote about the effect her work had on the boys in her teenage neighbourhood, saying, ‘I think I was about twelve when things changed radically. The boys didn’t have cars, they had bikes. They’d come by the house and whistle, or they’d honk their little horns. Some had paper routes and I’d always get a free paper.’ As for advice on walking like a real woman, Marilyn offered this: ‘When you walk, always think UP in front and DOWN in back.’

Miss Snively had her own theory, stating that:

When Marilyn walks her knees lock. She’s double-jointed in the knees, so she can’t relax and that is why her hips seem to sway when she stalks into a room. She couldn’t possibly stand with a relaxed knee like most models, because her knees would lock in a stiff-legged position. Her walk is a result of that locking action every time she takes a step ... This she turned into an asset. Many recently published pictures have featured this pose, which for most models would not be acceptable.

Another ‘problem’ was her smile, which the agency (and several magazine editors) felt made her nose look too long. This was easily rectified, however, as Miss Snively later recalled, ‘She smiled too high, that’s what was wrong, and it made deep lines around her nose. We taught her how to bring her smile down, and show her lowers.’ This resulted in the famous lip quiver that could often be seen in Marilyn’s film roles, and which lookalikes and tribute artists often emulate to this day.

Finally, there was the continuing problem with her hair, which Miss Snively had already noted. ‘It was so curly, so frizzy. It grew so curly it couldn’t be managed. When she bent over, nothing happened; not a hair moved.’

While Norma Jeane was eager to soak up any advice that Miss Snively gave her about her smile, she was less happy with what she suggested for her hair: bleach and a permanent straightening solution. Firstly, there was no way the young model could afford the upkeep of such a style, but, secondly, she seemed to have no wish to be made into a glamour girl. ‘She was always a believer in naturalness,’ wrote Miss Snively, ‘and any suggestions about lightening her hair or even styling it met with defeat.’



This page from the 1945–46 Models Bluebook shows Norma Jeane’s picture along with her vital statistics. Photographer: David Conover. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse. Permission granted by David Conover Jnr)

The agency boss tried desperately to change Norma Jeane’s mind, and she was backed up by the other teachers at the school when they explained that her hair was just too curly and would prevent the modelling of hats and other headwear. Still, this was not enough to persuade Norma Jeane to dye it. She made something of a compromise by blow-drying it straighter occasionally, but bleaching and permanently straightening? For now she just wasn’t in the least bit interested.

Away from the school there was modelling work to do and fees to pay. In this regard, Miss Snively sent Norma Jeane on her first official assignment as a hostess at an industry show being held at the Pan Pacific Auditorium. Blue Book often supplied models for such events, and Miss Snively later wrote about it in her 1960 catalogue: ‘Booth attendants and Queens [are available] for conventions and trade shows ... They wear costumes, shorts and sweaters, cocktail dresses and ball gowns as the job requires. Girls are available as demonstrators, couponers and samplers.’

Norma Jeane’s job as hostess wasn’t particularly glamorous but it did pay, so she dove into it headlong. Described as ‘America’s annual tribute to the working man’, the Industry on Parade exhibition began on Labor Day weekend with a motorcade travelling through downtown Los Angeles, towards Pan Pacific. Various other events were planned throughout the day before the official celebrations began at 8 p.m. and the show declared open for the following ten days.

The idea of the event was to highlight inventions that would be beneficial to ‘housewives and businessmen alike’ and included many ideas submitted by scientists from all over the United States. One such invention was a Wire Recorder, described as a machine that enabled armed forces to record vital data while under battle conditions. The ideas were interesting and unique, but Norma Jeane was not employed to show off such innovations. Instead she found herself on a stand taken by the Holga Steel Company,

talking to visitors, giving out leaflets and showcasing one of the company's items – a steel filing cabinet.

The job may not have been what she wanted to put her energies into in the future, but Norma Jeane was paid \$90 for the time she was there, which went a long way towards paying off her modelling course and the agency registration fee. It also promised to be much more fun than working in the munitions factory where she had been employed before her move into modelling, and far less exhausting too.

Described as 'absolutely terrified' by Miss Snively, Norma Jeane travelled to the Pan Pacific Auditorium day after day and looked after the thousands of people who wandered past the booth. Very few photos still exist of the event, but those that do show Norma Jeane wearing two outfits: her sensible, white dress and a longer evening gown, which was probably bought or borrowed especially for the occasion. Photos of her in the white dress must surely have been taken towards the beginning of the job, as she is seen standing shyly next to a table in one and then smiling nervously as she demonstrates the sliding action of the filing-cabinet drawers in the other.

The photograph in the evening dress, however, is a complete turnaround and shows a confident and self-assured young woman, casually standing next to the files and smiling at the camera. 'Marilyn was a wow,' wrote Miss Snively. 'She was kind of a breathless little girl.' When she returned to the agency, Norma Jeane gratefully handed over all her earnings to the agency boss: 'She gave me the whole ninety dollars. Took nothing out for car fare or meals or clothes or anything. "This," she said, "will take care of most of my tuition." I knew at once that Marilyn was a fair and honest and very fine girl, and I decided to get her as much work as I possibly could.'

'I knew at once that Marilyn was a fair and honest and very fine girl, and I decided to get her as much work as I possibly could'

Interestingly, a beauty contest was held during the ten-day event, but while Norma Jeane was more than qualified to win, once again her married status meant that she was unable to enter. This would have surely disappointed her, not only because Miss Snively was always telling girls it would further their careers but also because for the past few years she had been extremely jealous and paranoid about James Dougherty's former girlfriend, Doris Drennen, a beauty queen who had been crowned the 1940 May Queen of Santa Barbara County. Becoming a contest winner herself would have been a personal triumph, but it was not to be. Marriage was getting in the way of her aspirations, and the resentment continued to build. A year later, another Blue Book model, Jean Brown (who posed with Norma Jeane during several work assignments), was excited to enter the contest herself and was crowned Miss Industry of 1946. The judges included past and future Norma Jeane/Marilyn photographers Earl Moran, Larry Kronquist and Paul Parry.

'Marriage was getting in the way of her aspirations'

In September 1945 (around the same time as she was taking part in the Industry Show) Norma Jeane appeared on camera professionally for the very first time. Shot as a test to evaluate her screen presence, the young model appeared in close-up and full-length shots, wearing a two-piece bathing suit with a bird on the front of the bottom section. Video footage shows her standing in front of palm trees in the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel, turning slightly from side to side and beaming widely. The camera then switches to a closer shot, which shows Norma Jeane wearing a tight red sweater and pearls, again turning from side to side, smiling and lowering her top lip as she had been taught to do in the agency classes.

Other girls tested that day were Phyllis Young, Pat Frazee, Helga Tryggva, Pat Palmer, Alice Sousa, Juanita Beach, Virginia Shelton and Eleanore Everette. All girls appeared on camera for approximately fifteen to twenty seconds, in various places around the exterior of the hotel. They are attractive, but it must be said that out of all of the models featured on the reel it is Norma Jeane who stands out, with a look of determination and hunger that makes it clear she would one day go on to bigger and better things.

After the success of the Industry Show, which prompted the Holga Steel Company to send a glowing report to Miss Snively, Norma Jeane's next job was not as successful and in fact became something of a disaster. The Blue Book girls were known and expected to enter into fashion modelling as much as they could, and Miss Snively wrote about the opportunities in her catalogue:

Learn to have the poise of a model. You study walking, pivots, stairs, hand work, footwork. You learn the difference between wholesale, retail and fashion show technique. Professional make-up and hairstyling make you into the model you hoped to be. You develop your type through your choice of wardrobe, colour and line. Learn to change your type. Opportunity is given [to] students to participate in fashion shows while you are in training. This not only gives you experience but a business reference as well. Photographs are taken at the shows which students may order at a minimum fee. The studio is set up as a wholesale or designers showroom for your benefit. Classes are available for children from four years of age.

For those organisations wishing to put on a fashion show, Miss Snively had everything they needed for a great event: 'Complete show production – commentator, coordinator, music, models, publicity and photographer are available through the agency,' she wrote. However, none of this proved to be very beneficial to Norma Jeane in the weeks after joining the agency. Miss Snively had previously noted that she was unlikely to ever make a good fashion model on account of her full figure and walking style, but she felt compelled to find out for sure. In that regard she sent the young girl to the beach to take part in a job for the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

Sadly, her initial thoughts about Norma Jeane's lack of skill in that area were proved correct when things did not go to plan, and she was sent back to the agency almost immediately. The young model was confused and upset, especially after her last job had gone so well, but Miss Snively noticed a steely determination underneath the sadness. 'Maybe I'll do better next time,' Norma Jeane told her, which impressed the agency boss. 'Those words really typified her spirit, it was upbeat all the way,' she later wrote. Miss Snively encouraged her to perhaps concentrate on photographic work instead. 'Many times she was turned down on a fashion job

because she didn't fit a model size 12. They usually pulled too tight across the front, although they fit perfectly everywhere else. However, she kept trying. Whether she got the job or not she made a friend on every interview.'

One company that did have faith in the young model was Arnolds of Hollywood, which used Norma Jeane to model a rather sombre, conservative suit, on sale at their Hollywood Boulevard store for \$16.98. 'Sensationally new!' screamed the advert. 'Smart styling makes it perfect to wear anywhere. 100% wool Shetland fabric gives it that "always fresh" look. Jacket is fully rayon lined. Gored skirt has taped hems and a metal zipper. Four beautiful pastel shades from which to choose. Jackets have contrasting colour inserts in front. Sizes ten to twenty.' The advert was advertised in the likes of *Movieland* magazine and others, and it promised that if the customer was not completely satisfied 'every cent you have paid will be refunded to you immediately'.



Norma Jeane poses in a conservative 'Star Suit' for Arnolds of Hollywood. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Eric Patry)

Another successful experience came when Norma Jeane was cast to appear in a series of photographs for *Douglas Airview*, a magazine for American Airlines. The photographer for the job was Larry Kronquist, whose speciality was taking colour photos for airline publicity – so he most certainly knew what he was doing. Like several other photographers, Kronquist met Norma Jeane in the gardens of the Ambassador Hotel and was immediately impressed. He approved her for the *Douglas Airview* job and told Miss Snively he liked her so much that he would also like to photograph her 'healthy good looks' in some beach shots with a surfboard. Sadly, the agency boss wrote in her notes that the photographer never did get round to taking them, but he did, however, photograph her for a fashion show later in her modelling career.

The idea of the *Douglas Airview* job was to advertise the plane and show Norma Jeane and other models acting out the role of passengers. Together they were photographed being served by the in-flight assistant and demonstrating how comfortable the flying experience could be. Additionally, there were photos of Norma Jeane applying make-up in the bathroom, while wearing slippers and a robe. Then there were several shots reminiscent of certain scenes in *Some Like It Hot* – a film she made later in her career – showing her sitting on the top bunk of the sleeping quarters. Other photos showed the model reading a magazine with friends and finally being shown to the cloakroom by a flight attendant.

The photographs of the event that were filed away in the Blue Book archive are extremely interesting to see. Not only do they show Norma Jeane in the different poses, but several also provide a behind-the-scenes look at what the shoot was like. On the back of these photographs Miss Snively wrote the names of those involved, which included photographer Larry Kronquist and herself, supervising the models, comparing notes and explaining what they wanted them to do. These photographs demonstrate that not only did Miss Snively take an interest in the careers of her models from within the confines of her office but also found time to go out on jobs with them.



Douglas Airview magazine employed models to advertise its American Airlines flights. Here Norma Jeane shows great interest in the stewardess handing milk to a young mother. Photographer: Larry Kronquist. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Norma Jeane combs her hair for Douglas Airview, wearing slippers brought to the shoot. Photographer: Larry Kronquist. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))





Miss Snively kept many negatives in her archives. Sadly, these two show slight damage, but Norma Jeane's beauty shines through regardless. Photographer: Larry Kronquist. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))





Miss Snively and photographer Larry Kronquist behind the scenes at the Douglas Airview photo shoot. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Out in the countryside, Norma Jeane poses against a fence – the epitome of ‘the girl next door’. Photographer: Andre De Dienes. (Reproduced with permission of Chuck Murphy. One West Publishing, www.onewestpublishing.com)

While they also show Norma Jeane on her first proper photographic job at the agency, the shots give no sign of the grand scale to which her career would one day climb. What one or two of the photos do show, however, is the suit that Miss Snively had hated so much when she first saw it. But while her heart must have sunk when the model lifted it out of her bag, she would surely have to admit that the shoot – blue suit or not – was a massive success and a big push in the right direction for the fledgling model. Later,

the agency boss wrote notes on the back of one of the *Douglas Airview* shots: ‘Marilyn’s first photographic modelling assignment was with twenty five other models for [an] American Airlines booklet. Fees for this job were applied to her modelling school training.’

After studying the resulting photographs, staff at the Blue Book Agency believed that Norma Jeane would have a good future as a photographic model, as later noted in the archive:

Miss Snively recognized Marilyn’s potentials and promoted her toward this field. While magazine cover work is not the highest paid of the photographic modelling jobs (because much of such work is done on speculation, particularly in the west) it does bring the model quickly into the limelight. If she has any theatrical aspirations, magazine cover publicity is her wedge to meet those who can help her on from there.

Marilyn added her own thoughts in 1952, when talking to Liza Wilson: ‘I was no longer Norma Jeane, the Human Bean, the skinny target of playmates’ jibes. I had filled out some. Too full blown, they said, for high-styled fashion modelling. Bathing suits and men’s magazine covers brought in my expenses.’

‘I was no longer Norma Jeane, the Human Bean, the skinny target of playmates’ jibes’

In November 1945, a young Hungarian photographer by the name of Andre De Dienes arrived in Hollywood. He was an extremely talented man, who enjoyed taking photographs of women in the nude and was eager to do a session of that nature while he was in town. Familiar with Miss Snively’s work, Andre telephoned the Blue Book Agency and asked if she had a model he could photograph over the coming days. Miss Snively immediately thought of Norma Jeane, and while the agency boss did not know if she would ever consent to posing nude, she did know that the model was eager for more work and experience. She was sent over to meet De Dienes at his hotel and the two hit it off immediately. Interestingly, while Andre was used to asking his models to disrobe on a somewhat regular basis, he felt rather shy requesting Norma Jeane to do the same thing. Instead, over the course of several photographic sessions, he took some of the most beautiful girl-next-door shots that the model ever posed for in her entire career.

There is no question that Andre De Dienes had a particular style. One can look at his photos of Marilyn today and know instinctively that they are taken by him. There are shots of her on the beach drawing hearts in the sand, wearing slacks and a sweater. Then she is sitting quietly on a deserted highway, wearing a simple T-shirt and skirt, holding her shoes, with her curly hair in plaits. She is seen wearing the same outfit in a field, leaning against a barbed-wire fence.

As well as black and white shots, the photographer took a variety of colour snaps of Norma Jeane, one of which shows her hair in all its unruly glory, held back with a pretty pink ribbon. But while the colour shots are beautifully vibrant, it was a black and white photograph that provided the model with her first cover picture for a national magazine, as described by Miss Snively in her notes:

Marilyn Monroe’s first magazine cover to be published, when she was known as Norma Jeane Dougherty, was the *Family Circle* – holding a little lamb. Andre De Dienes shot a series of this set-up out in the San Fernando Valley. This followed with a *U.S. Camera* cover shared with actresses Linda Christian and Carol Landis. Marilyn was all covered up in checked slacks and sweater, while the other girls wore the swimsuits. All pics by Andre De Dienes.

In December 1960, *This Week* magazine asked Marilyn to comment on a variety of photographs from their archive. One of the shots was the *Family Circle* picture Miss Snively mentions, and Marilyn shared a rather sad story about the background of the shot:

The lamb I was holding had to die – it was a twin and its mother wouldn’t nurse it. It seems a sheep only wants one kid at a time. So I had ambivalent feelings, as you can see. My face looks a little distorted – half smiling, half sad.

In December 1945, much to the disapproval of James Dougherty and his family, the young model embarked on an extended trip with De Dienes, which was lucrative in terms of photos but exhausting, too, and not without incident. ‘She was frail mentally and physically,’ De Dienes later told the *Los Angeles Times*. ‘As soon as she finished her work she would hop back in the car and fall asleep.’

Exhaustion wasn’t the only problem they encountered, however. At one point they were chased in the desert by some would-be robbers; they paid a disastrous visit to Norma Jeane’s estranged mother, Gladys; they lost a host of photographic equipment; they were pulled over by the police; and, sadly for De Dienes, he fell in love. According to his notes, Norma Jeane fell for him too, and the two slept together during the latter part of the journey. While we cannot confirm the young model’s true feelings towards the photographer or the trip itself, we do know that on 15 December she sent a postcard to James Dougherty, calling him Dearest Daddy and expressing how much she missed him. In the card she also showed a desire to one day visit Death Valley – one of the locations of the modelling trip – with her husband, declaring it to be a beautiful place.

Whether or not De Dienes knew about her sending the postcard is unclear, as is the question of whether she sent it to Dougherty out of duty, genuine affection or perhaps even guilt after embarking on the affair. It is true to say that De Dienes fell hard for Norma Jeane over the course of time and even wanted to marry her. Since she was already in an unwanted marriage, however, it is fairly easy to see why she eventually persuaded the photographer that a wedding was not part of her future plans. The model made her feelings clear in a letter she wrote to her friend Jean, almost a year later, in October 1946. In the note Norma Jeane explains that while she likes De Dienes a lot and he does everything he can to help her, she does not wish to get married and, besides, the studio she had just been signed to wished her to remain single until she had built up a career for herself.



A playful Norma Jeane at the beach, drawing on the sand. Photographer: Andre De Dienes. (Reproduced with permission of Chuck Murphy. One West Publishing, www.onewestpublishing.com)

Despite that, the photographer and model forged a very good working relationship, and De Dienes used her on a variety of occasions during the years ahead, including in 1949 when she modelled for him during an East Coast publicity trip. He always thought of his sessions as being the turning point in her career, and he was right. ‘I put her face on magazine covers,’ he said shortly after her death. ‘I made her famous. I loved her ... and she never mentioned me – not in fifteen years.’

‘I made her famous. I loved her ... and she never mentioned me – not in fifteen years’

The fact that the actress did not seem to give him any credit at all in her success as a model tested their working relationship. As a result, De Dienes would write to Marilyn twice in 1960, the second time to berate her sternly for not mentioning him in articles and interviews. She eventually got back in touch, but the relationship was not the same and he never photographed her again. The last time they saw each other was on 1 June 1960, but sadly the meeting ended in cross words and he stormed out of her hotel. The negative outcome of the visit stayed with De Dienes, and he remembered and regretted it for the rest of his life.



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Norma Jeane with the staff of Frank and Joseph, where she had her hair bleached for the first time. Photographer: H Maier Studio. (From the collection of Maria Musikka)

Another photographer who snapped Norma Jeane around this time was Erwin Steinmeyer, who ran the Steinie Photography studio at the Ambassador Hotel. ‘Photography in better taste’ was his motto, but apart from that Erwin Steinmeyer remains an elusive figure, and he does not seem to have made headlines or had any kind of media attention at all. In fact, so lacking is his presence that to this day there are discussions as to whether or not his name was Edwin or Erwin, though historical records confirm it to be the latter. The 1940’s census tells us that he was born in Kansas and, shortly before opening his studio, was working as a commercial artist in Los Angeles, sharing an apartment with his lodger, Jack Angel.

Aside from that, Mr Steinmeyer is something of a mystery; nevertheless, the photographs he took of Norma Jeane are still interesting because at times they almost take on the look of candid family snapshots. Wearing a plain-white dress, and then shorts and a bikini top, he snapped her in the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel, looking happy and relaxed in her surroundings. More formal shots were taken in his studio; during the shoot Norma Jeane posed in a variety of actor-inspired headshots, some of the first ever taken of her in that style.



Norma Jeane in a seductive pose, wearing gloves. Photographer: Edwin ‘Steinie’ Steinmeyer. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)

As we have already established, Miss Snively was a very astute and all-seeing businesswoman who knew when an opportunity was staring her in the face. With Norma Jeane’s new, lighter hair, she saw that the model’s career could be ‘launched’ once again – she actually told several photographers that Norma Jeane had just started out and was looking for her first big break. This was not entirely true, of course, but the new blonde hair made it possible for this white lie to take credence. Miss Snively wrote about this

period, later in her career:

I had many friends among the photographers and illustrators. They are always interested in discovering new models. Naturally both Marilyn and I were interested in her being discovered so I would call and describe her and tell them she was brand new. She was changing so rapidly that she was new all the time.

This quote is particularly true when it comes to her dealings with Joseph Jasgur, a very talented and respected man who had a studio in Hollywood. He was well versed in the art of taking celebrity shots and was known as the 'Demon photographer' because of his knack of getting a photograph out of the most camera-shy of people. He was easy to talk to and an expert at making sure his subjects remained relaxed during the sessions. In 1992 he told the Marilyn Lives Society fan club about how his first meeting with the young model came to be:



A radiant Norma Jeane. Photographer: Edwin 'Steinie' Steinmeyer. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin)



Norma Jeane close-up. Photographer: Edwin 'Steinie' Steinmeyer. (Top: from the collection of Kim Goodwin; Bottom: from the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

In March 1946, my close friend Emmeline Snively of the Blue Book Model School, phoned and asked a favour of me. She told me about the poor young girl who visited her, who wanted to be a model. She had no photos, no money to pay for any, etc. and she didn't know anything about this young girl. I asked a few questions, and then told Ms Snively to send her over and I would shoot some tests at no charge. [I would] give this girl some free prints, and some for herself and also give her a detailed report on Norma Jeane, as to how she photographed: cooperative; how she acted in front of the camera; tense, etc. etc. In simple words, I would evaluate her and tell Ms Snively whether I thought I could do some good photos of her and create a good portfolio to help her out (at no cost to either). Ms Snively liked my idea and sent Norma Jeane over to see me.

When Norma Jeane arrived at his studio, it was getting towards the end of the working day, and at first she was nervous, but became calmer after speaking for a few moments with Jasgur. He was not particularly impressed with the young model and later told Miss Snively that she was too thin to be a glamour girl. However, he kept his feelings to himself in front of Norma Jeane and instead asked if she would like to pose for him in the alley behind his studio, just off North Poinsettia Place. She agreed and he took some beautiful closeups of her, wearing a pale sweater and a beret. An interesting point about this session is that the building where Norma Jeane posed is still in existence today, and almost seventy years later, fans continue to make the pilgrimage to see the spot and have their own photographs taken there too.

'I made four test exposures,' Jasgur said, 'and took the hungry girl out for some food, while my wet negatives were drying. We spoke for quite a while at the restaurant, and then I brought her into my lab where she watched me print the first test photos of her. Norma Jeane was quite impressed with the final prints I gave to her and to Ms Snively. She was so happy, she hugged and kissed me on the cheek.'

Several other sessions were planned with Jasgur, among them a trip to the beach and some fun shots at the top of Don Lee Towers above the Hollywood sign. ‘I told Norma Jeane I could get her to the top of Hollywood,’ he said in 1992. ‘This really impressed her. I did do it four days later. I took her to the roof top of a radio station on top of the Hollywood Hills.’ The comical shots taken at Don Lee were done, he told Miss Snively, because he still believed Norma Jeane was too thin to ever be a fully fledged pin-up. In fact, so concerned was Jasgur that he sent her out for hamburgers in an effort to get her to eat more.

After the sessions, the photographer reported back to the agency boss and told her that he felt the young model’s smile needed some work and her hair should be lightened further. ‘I told Ms Snively I felt that Norma Jeane should definitely become a blonde,’ Jasgur said. ‘We discussed this for a couple of hours, and the end result – Norma Jeane became the blonde.’ These changes were evident in another session Jasgur did with the young model, this time in a job especially for the Blue Book Model Agency.

Miss Snively continued to enjoy using the life ring with the words ‘Blue Book Models Hollywood’ emblazoned on the side to publicise her business. So it was that in 1946 she invited Joe Jasgur to take some shots of her models in the grounds of the hotel, with Norma Jeane as the main feature. Posing alongside several other models, the much-lighter-haired girl was photographed in many positions, including sitting with her back to the life ring and holding it around her waist. Because the photos were taken as a Blue Book publicity gimmick, Jasgur gave Miss Snively a copy of the negatives. Once Norma Jeane became famous, he also signed a release form:

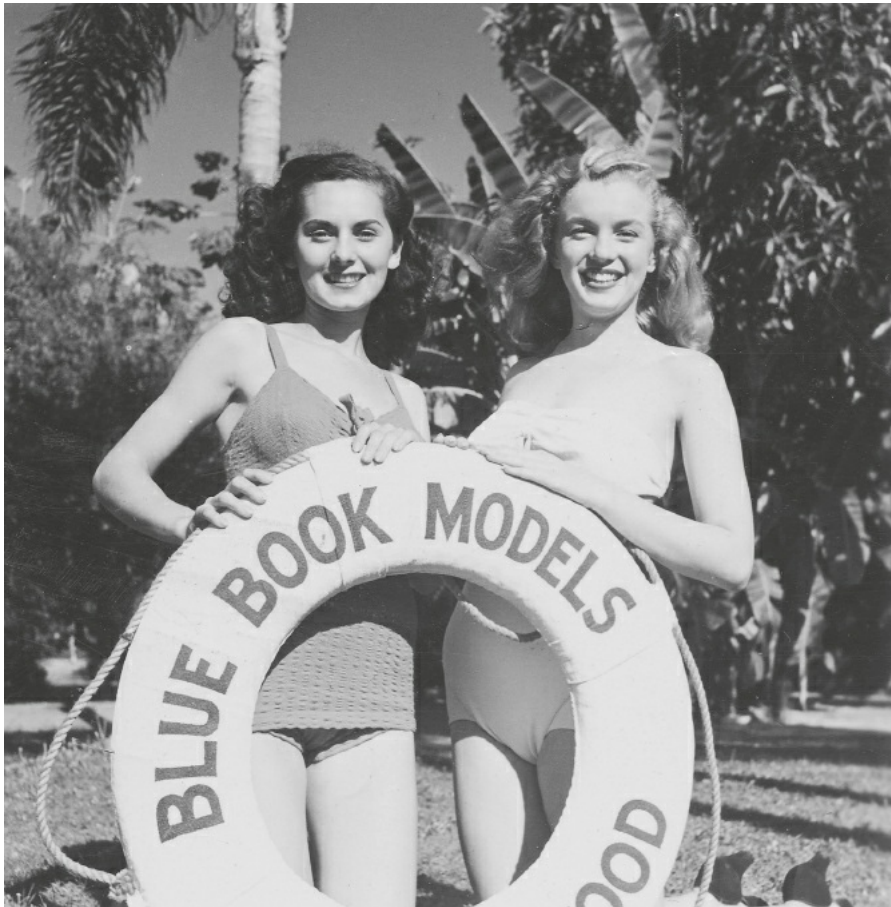
Consent and Release: In consideration for value received I hereby authorize Emmeline Snively to use, publish, sell or otherwise dispose of any pictures taken by me of Norma Jean [sic] Dougherty, also known as Marilyn Monroe, without further compensation. Signed: Joseph Jasgur. Date: Dec 10, 53.



Norma Jeane posing in the gardens of the Ambassador Hotel holding the Blue Book Models life ring. Photographer: Joseph Jasgur. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#), reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate)



Norma Jeane and fellow Blue Book model in swimsuit and heels, holding the Blue Book Models life ring. Photographer: Joseph Jasnur. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse, reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasnur Estate)



Norma Jeane with model Jean Brown and life ring. Photographer: Joseph Jasnur. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse, reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasnur Estate)



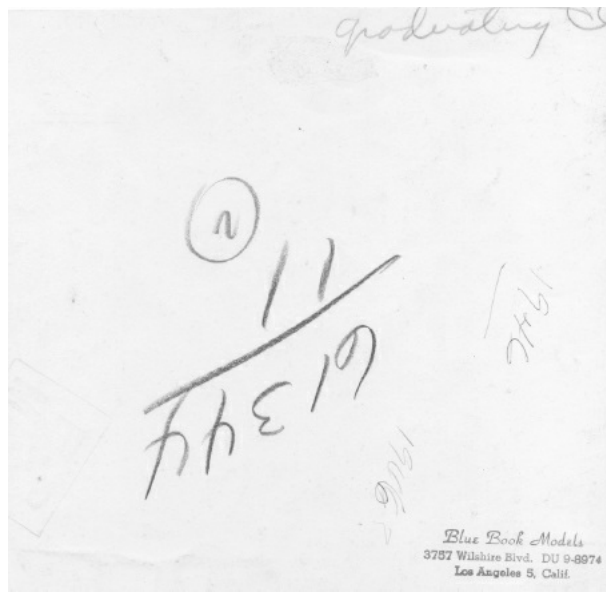
A smiling Norma Jeane holding the Blue Book Models life ring. Photographer: Joseph Jasgur. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#), reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate)



Norma Jeane and another Blue Book model sitting symmetrically either side of the life ring. Photographer: Joseph Jasgur (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#), reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate)



The graduation photos were taken in gardens at the Ambassador Hotel, such as the ones shown in this postcard. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

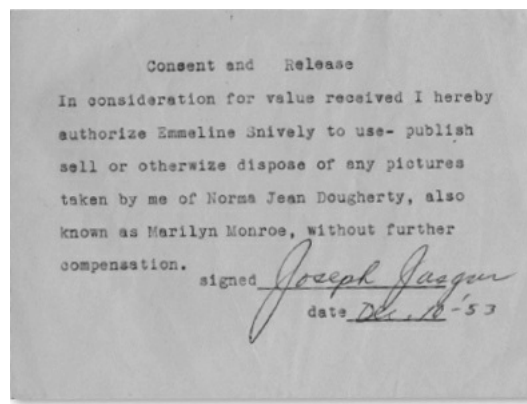


The reverse side of one of the lost photos from the Joseph Jaszur collection. This shows that the images were taken at graduation. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse, reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jaszur Estate)



Photographer Joseph Jaszur, as he looked around the time Norma Jeane knew him. (From the collection of the Joseph Jaszur Estate, reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jaszur Estate)

In his 1991 book, *The Birth of Marilyn*, Jaszur describes how he once loaned several photographs to Norma Jeane, but she did not return them to him. He does not describe what they looked like, but in the book he prophesises that they may be found in a long-lost cardboard box, sometime in the future. ‘Somebody’s in for a big surprise some day,’ he wrote.



Jasgur photo release for Miss Snively. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse, reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate)

‘My heart almost stood still when I read that comment,’ says co-author and archive-keeper [Astrid Franse](#). The reason for her shock is understandable when we hear what she found in the Blue Book files. There were seven photographs that were given to Miss Snively after the life ring session, some of which were later published in Jasgur’s book and have become a part of his life and legend. Others, however, do not appear in his portfolio and could very well be the ones he is referring to in *The Birth of Marilyn*. The changes in style and pose of each picture are subtle but nevertheless unique. ‘I truly believe these are the lost photographs, as they came with six transparencies too,’ Astrid says. ‘I believe that we didn’t find the box, but the box found Ben and me.’

Coming close on the heels of the early Joseph Jasgur photos was an extraordinarily beautiful series with photographer Richard Miller. Miller had come to camera work after moving on from a career in acting. As with Jasgur, it had been Miss Snively who put him in touch with Norma Jeane, telling the man that she was very cute and he just had to meet her. When he did, Miller agreed with the agency boss’s assessment, and he took Norma Jeane on several photography expeditions during the coming months.

The photos taken by Miller are all very different in style and background. While some photographers preferred to shoot Norma Jeane in similar, familiar settings, Miller was very keen to take her photograph with as many different looks and in as many locations as he possibly could. The result was a variety of shots at the beach, a pool, in a studio, beside a fire, on a rock and everywhere in-between. For the sessions the young model wore a variety of outfits, including bikinis, sweaters, checked shirts (complete with hat and binoculars), blouses, skirts and a whole lot more. One photograph was supposed to show her wearing a bikini with a short skirt, but Norma Jeane opted not to include the skirt with the outfit. The result was dynamite, and many young men began to storm the beach where she was posing; Miller and his model had to make a quick getaway.

As a result of the varied settings and looks, Richard Miller was able to show the many different sides of Norma Jeane, transforming her from the girl-next-door she once was to the glamorous starlet she was quickly turning into. Interestingly, several of the photos taken during the sessions show the young model wearing the same wedding dress she had worn whilst tying the knot with James Dougherty. This rather unusual look was later sold as a cover for *Personal Romances* magazine, and it was probably the last time she ever wore the dress. Another unusual shot shows Norma Jeane in a ruffled top with a choker pendant around her neck. Two of these later photographs have become famous and show the model looking towards the camera, one boasting a big, open-mouthed smile, while the other shows her mouth closed in a small grin.

‘transforming her from the girl-next-door she once was to the glamorous starlet she was quickly turning into’

Both photos are in colour with a flowery print background, but another version – this time black and white – was also taken that day, and the negative and print were presented to Miss Snively by Richard Miller. This photo shows Norma Jeane turned slightly away from the camera, but with the same smile as before. On the back of the shot, Miss Snively wrote, ‘Marilyn Monroe, December 1945 – January 1946. She looked like this. Hair was still pretty unmanageable, face a little too round – very wholesome though.’ It should be noted that Miss Snively got the date wrong; the photograph was actually taken between March and April 1946, but this was just a slight oversight on her part.



Miss Snively kept the negative for this Richard C. Miller photo in her archive for the rest of her life. Norma Jeane's beauty shines through. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#), reproduced with permission from Margaret Miller)

Richard Miller loved working with Norma Jeane and told the agency boss that he liked her better than any girl he had ever photographed. He entered one of his photos into a competition in *Cosmopolitan*, entitled 'My Favourite Picture', but while he thought it should win, the editors believed differently. They told the photographer that his model just wasn't cute enough, but that did not alter his opinion of her one iota.

While Norma Jeane was becoming well known to various photographers around Hollywood and beyond, she was always unwilling to pose in the nude. Swimsuits were fine; bikinis were great, but no outfit at all? She was apparently appalled at the thought. However, by the time the model met Earl Moran in spring 1946 this all changed.

Marilyn Monroe
1945 -
Dec. 1945
③ January - 1946 -
she looked like this -
Hair was still
pretty unmanageable,
face a little too
round - very
wholesome, though

Miss Snively offers her thoughts on the photo shown [here](#). (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Moran was a well-respected, if not slightly controversial, artist and photographer. Born in Iowa, he studied his craft in Chicago and New York, before signing to calendar company Brown and Bigelow in the early 1930s. His artwork for them involved pin-up models in a combination of fun and cheeky pictures, along the lines of fellow artist Gil Elvgren. His way of working was impressive: he would first photograph his models in a variety of different poses, then he would use these pictures to build up a portrait of what he wanted to convey on the calendar. Sometimes the art very much resembled the photo, while at other times it was merely inspired by the original piece. But regardless of how the portraits were put together, Moran's work was extremely well done, and his pictures – both original and prints – are very much in demand with collectors today.

‘she was always unwilling to pose in the nude’

When Norma Jeane walked into his Los Angeles studio in spring 1946, he didn't think much of her. 'She was not particularly pretty,' he later said. However, this soon changed when he saw the girl in front of his camera and realised just how much she loved to pose. 'For her it was acting,' Earl said. 'She was better than anyone else. Emotionally she did everything right; she expressed just what I wanted.'

Some of the photos taken of Norma Jeane during her time with Moran show her in fairly regular poses, such as reclining on a chair, winking or wearing a bathing suit. However, some are very different to others taken either at that time or beyond and show the actress in a variety of irregular positions. For instance, there is a photograph of her kneeling in a fruit basket, while another shows her wearing a bolero and holding a mask. Others have Norma Jeane putting on a shoe or attired in a nightshirt while carrying a candle; then she is seen pretending to dive from a board, with the use of sofa cushions and a swimming cap as props. In every one of the photos, there is absolutely no doubt that she was having copious amounts of fun. Earl's observation that the model loved to pose is apparent in every shot he took. She looks happy, playful and full of hope for the future.

‘She looks happy, playful and full of hope for the future’

While Moran often liked Norma Jeane to pose wearing bathing costumes or other scant outfits, he also asked her to pose nude. While she would later say that all requests for such work were turned down, this is actually not true. The model certainly did pose nude for Earl Moran, though perhaps she did not count these as official photograph sessions, as they were eventually turned into artwork rather than released as photographic nudes. Miss Snively remembered:





The small towel Marilyn is holding barely covers her chest as she leans forward in a chair. Photographer: Earl Moran. A glamorous nude shot of Marilyn kneeling in a fruit basket – a far cry from the wholesome images of her earlier days as a model. Photographer: Earl Moran. (Both are from the the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

While Norma Jeane was appearing on many magazines she still needed additional work and Miss Snively sent her to artist Earl Moran. Earl drew calendar pictures at this time and Norma Jeane worked for him both as a life model and posed for photographs to choose the pose best suited to the month he was illustrating. Models received \$5.00 an hour for posing, which was the going rate at the time. Earl kept shoes and dresses to be used for modelling and once gave Norma Jeane a pair of shoes because the ones she was in were coming apart. In addition to the calendars which were done in pastel chalks, Mr Moran did oil paintings of nudes. Marilyn posed for several of the paintings long before the infamous nude calendar pose for photographer Tom Kelley.

Some of the Moran nude photos show Marilyn covering her chest with her arm, while others show her bare breasts very much on display as she bends backwards over a bench. All of the shots are tasteful; sometimes they are cheeky and often quite saucy, but perhaps the most beautiful is one taken for a portrait entitled ‘Lady in the Light’. The light and shadows used on the photo, which was taken to accompany the portrait, makes it hard to have a clear view of the model, but it does appear to show a young Marilyn Monroe in profile, looking up towards the ceiling, with one arm bent up towards her head. She is totally nude, but with the help of the lighting, the photograph keeps her dignity intact. It is interesting to note, however, that when Moran worked on the painting afterwards he gave Marilyn a few more curves than she had in real life and more voluptuous breasts.

During the course of her acting career, Marilyn was to talk about her nude modelling days rather a lot, though it always seemed to focus around the one session she admitted to – a 1949 calendar shot with photographer Tom Kelley. However, much of what she revealed about her feelings towards posing nude seems to have been about the earlier Moran sessions too. She would later tell several reporters, including Ben Hecht, that being naked in front of the camera released any depression or sadness she may be feeling at the time. ‘I was glad I hadn’t eaten much in the past few days because the pictures would show a real washboard stomach,’ she said.



Marilyn poses for artist Earl Moran, who is seen with an ever-present pipe in his mouth. Photographer: Joseph Jasgur. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#)). Reproduced with permission from the Joseph Jasgur Estate.

The relationship between Earl Moran and Marilyn was a good one, and it always remained professional. However, at the time they were working together, the photographer was embroiled in a bitter divorce from his wife, Mura Moran, over an incident with a model in 1944. The story went that Mrs Moran arrived at his New York studio unexpectedly one day to find model Chili Williams running around in the nude, while Earl was only wearing shorts. According to his wife, there was no camera in sight and she was left without any doubt as to what was going on. The scandalous tale was denied by the model herself, who branded the charge as ‘Ridiculous. I, like hundreds of other models in New York, worked for Earl Moran but I never so much as went out with him.’ Furthermore, Williams said that she had only ever seen Mrs Moran once and she most definitely had her clothes on during that occasion. ‘I was not [nude] and I have never worked for any artist or photographer without attire,’ she said.

All this had happened several years before Norma Jeane walked into Moran’s Los Angeles studio, but the custody and alimony issues related to the separation were still very much going on when she was working with him. Eventually, it all went to court and the judge declared that there was ‘no evidence of immorality on the part of Miss Williams’. The court then heard another woman – Bernice Page – describe how she had met Mrs Moran and found her to be ‘constantly angry’, and once told her, ‘so you’re the one who kept Earl out. Well you can have him.’ The incident happened, Page said, after accompanying Moran to a have an innocent drink with some friends. Furthermore, it was also disclosed that Mrs Moran herself had been seen out in the company of someone who was not her husband. The case with his estranged wife was eventually settled, much to Moran’s relief, and he moved on with his career. This of course included photographing and painting Norma Jeane on a fairly regular basis.

Many other cameramen had a chance to photograph Norma Jeane during this time, including Laszlo Willinger, who was a very popular photographer and a big hit with his models. Annabelle Stanford worked with him many times during her own modelling career and described him as ‘a wonderful, charming, decent and delightful man’. Miss Snively later wrote about him in her notes: ‘Laszlo Willinger’s playsuit photo appeared on a *Laff* magazine cover, with the Pacific Ocean as the background. Willinger thought Marilyn was “just what the doctor ordered” in a model and he sold many covers both before and after her first contract with Twentieth Century Fox.’ It would seem that the feeling was mutual, as Norma Jeane specifically asked Miss Snively if he had been in touch during a letter she wrote to her several months later.

Willinger took some interesting photos of the young model, many of which were swimsuit, pin-up-style shots. Others, however,

were more like Earl Moran's in style; they were fairly risqué and showed her topless, though discreetly covering her breasts with her arms, hats or, at one point, a Hawaiian garland. He even took studio publicity headshots a few years later, some of which are the most beautiful publicity shots ever taken of Marilyn Monroe. Some years later, in a documentary entitled *Marilyn: Beyond The Legend*, the photographer described meeting Norma Jeane: 'It was in 1946, Miss Snively had a little agency and she called and said "I have a girl and I think she might be interesting" so I said send her over.' When Norma Jeane walked into his studio, Laszlo did not think a great deal of her, describing her as nice but nothing great. However, he did some tests and liked the results. 'From that time on I used her for years,' he said. 'She had one bad front tooth which I had fixed at my expense, and her hair was kinky which someone else fixed, but she was a very good model.' Laszlo guessed that he must have had her on about a hundred magazine covers, though this could have been an exaggeration. Still, he was right in saying that long before she became Marilyn Monroe, Norma Jeane had already built up quite a following, based on her face and figure alone.

'long before she became Marilyn Monroe, Norma Jeane had already built up quite a following, based on her face and figure alone'

Bruno Bernard (aka Bernard of Hollywood) was another photographer who worked with Norma Jeane before, during and after this time. He was a splendid photographer: a legendary man who snapped many stars over the years, including Clark Gable, Jane Russell and Elvis Presley. His photographs of Norma Jeane run the gamut from swimsuit sessions through to glamorous poses at a charity event, and even some of the famous skirt-blowing scene in 1954. Miss Snively wrote a few lines about Bernard's work with Marilyn in her notes: 'He enjoyed working with her. She was easy to pose and had lots of sparkle. Bernard used her for many magazine covers, both indoors and out.'

Norma Jeane put a lot of time and effort into learning her craft, as Mrs Snively later wrote in the archive: 'Marilyn took direction well. Let's have a big smile – open eyes – moist lips. Her expressions improved. She studied her photographs, criticised positions and expression. She took modelling seriously, as she does her acting now.'

While she was beginning to make something of a splash with some of her photos, Norma Jeane did not make that many magazine covers at first. 'It may seem contradictory,' Miss Snively said, 'but her pictures were hard to sell. New York picture agents weren't too sold on her. Magazine art directors pointed out her bad angles. Nevertheless the photographers themselves, from rank amateur to famous professionals, were confident of her natural appeal. They were sold on her vibrant personality, colouring, and on her clean scrubbed "American Girl" looks. They recognised that she had that certain something that registers on film.'

In 1953 Marilyn surprisingly told reporter Logan Gourlay that she was never too successful as a model. History, however, proves otherwise. Because of the dedication to her craft, coupled with the photographers' belief in her, Norma Jeane eventually began to appear in and on a whole host of magazines. 'Many cover shots came out featuring Marilyn about the same time,' Miss Snively wrote. 'But they all looked decidedly different. If you didn't know her you wouldn't have recognized some of them, although they were posed within an eighteen month period.'

Marilyn later remembered that most of the photos used of her were for 'men's magazines. Magazines with cover girls who are not flat-chested. I was on *See* four or five months in a row. Each time they changed my name. One month I was Norma Jeane Dougherty; the second month I was Jean Norman. I don't know what all [the] names they used [were] but I must have looked different each time. There were different poses – outdoors, indoors, but mostly just sitting, looking over the Pacific. You looked at those pictures and you didn't see much ocean, but you saw a lot of me.'

Over the next decade, Norma Jeane's photograph would appear on magazines all over the world, long after she had changed her name to Marilyn Monroe and achieved major stardom. Back in the mid to late 1940s, her international covers included the likes of *Leader Magazine* in England, *Pour Tous Films* in France, *de Prins reporter* in Holland, *Intimita* in Italy and *Hela Varlden* in Sweden. Once she had enough covers under her belt, Miss Snively thought it would be good publicity for Norma Jeane and the agency if she wrote a press release about her achievement. A copy, complete with handwritten corrections and amendments, was filed in the archive:

'You looked at those pictures and you didn't see much ocean, but you saw a lot of me'

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Blue Book Model: Norma Jeane Dougherty proves to be California Model Extraordinary, by appearing on five National Magazine Covers in one month. Norma Jeane is a healthy product of the San Fernando Valley.

VITAL STATISTICS: Height – 5'6", Weight – 120 lbs, Bust – 36, Waist 24, Hips 34. WHOO! WHOO!

Light hair and blue eyes and a beautiful smile. What more could you want? She is currently gracing the covers of: THE FAMILY CIRCLE, LAFF, U.S. CAMERA with CAROL LANDIS, PAGEANT, SALUTE.

WE SALUTE YOU NORMA JEANE!

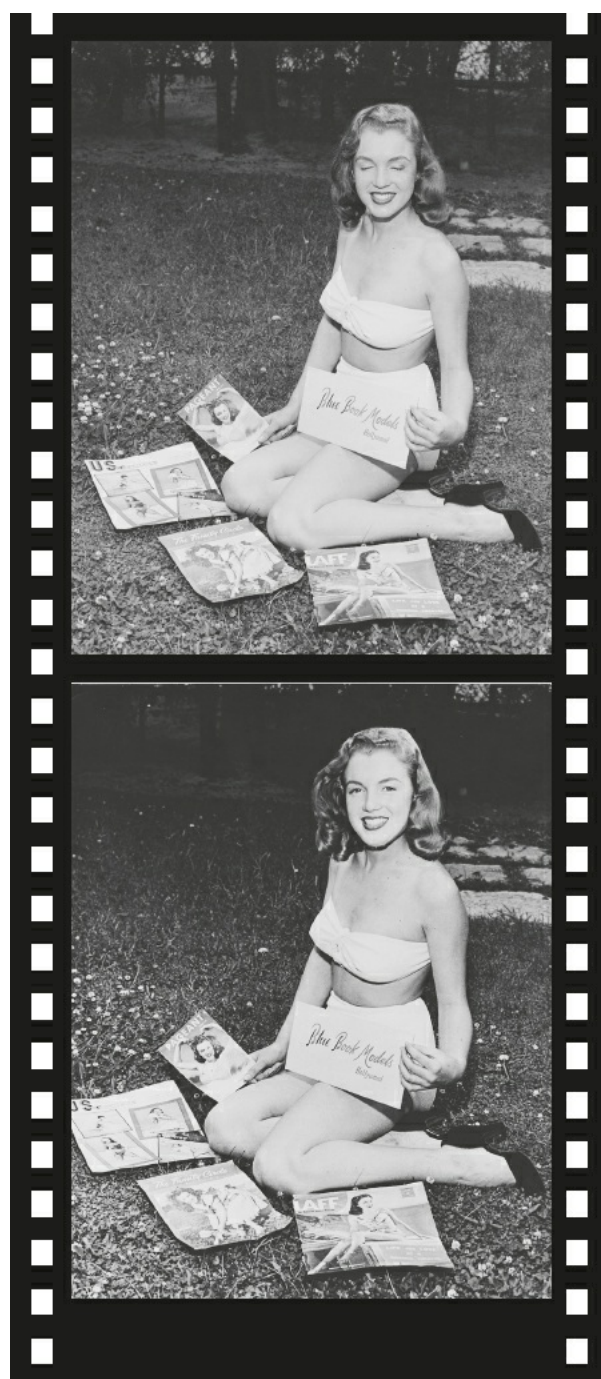
To go with the celebration of being one of the most successful Blue Book models of all time, Miss Snively arranged for photographer Bill Harvey to visit the Ambassador to take snaps of Norma Jeane surrounded by some of her featured magazines. The model sat in the grounds of the hotel wearing a favourite white bikini and holding a card with the words 'Blue Book Models Hollywood' printed on it. Miss Snively then placed a series of magazine covers around the very proud model.



Miss Snively was exceptionally proud of her models. Here, she is seen next to her new car with a board full of her clients' work. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

At least three photographs were taken by Bill Harvey that day – one standing and the others sitting. When developed, however, there was a rather large problem, as the best-seated picture showed Norma Jeane with her eyes firmly closed. Miss Snively had two options: she could use the second-best photograph or chose a more inventive way to rectify the problem. In the end, the more creative solution won. Taking a pair of scissors, the agency boss cut out the head of the second photo, and pasted it on top of the one with closed eyes. Now the better photograph had a beautiful face with open eyes and was ready to be published in magazines around the country.

Miss Snively kept the secret of this photograph hidden from the public for the rest of her life, and it was only discovered when co-author [Astrid Franse](#) found it in the archive many years later. The smiling photograph was framed, and it wasn't until Astrid travelled to a television studio that the truth was revealed. When she arrived for the interview, she was shocked to discover that the fake head had fallen off the photograph and was now residing at the bottom of the frame. A secret of Marilyn's modelling career had been revealed, along with an example of the tricks photographers and agency bosses came up with, years before the Photoshop era.



Norma Jeane poses happily with her early magazine covers. In one photo she accidentally blinked; a problem Miss Snively rectified with the help of scissors and glue. Photographer: Bill Harvey. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Over the next year or so Norma Jeane found her niche in being a cover girl rather than a fashion model. However, during her career she was also used extensively for print advertisements, both as Norma Jeane and as Marilyn. During her modelling years, her photograph appeared on adverts for many different products and stores, such as the aforementioned Arnolds of Hollywood, as well as the following:

- * Argoflex cameras. These print adverts included a photograph of Norma Jeane taken by Andre De Dienes. The model could be seen kneeling next to a tree, wearing a pale sweater and checked trousers, smiling at the camera, while underneath the advert explained that the Argoflex ‘shows you the picture before you take it’.
- * AlbumColor Prints. This tri-color laboratory, situated on North Vermont Avenue in Hollywood, used a Richard Miller snap of Norma Jeane to advertise their photo reproduction in 1946. ‘Your memories will live in color with AlbumColor Prints,’ it said.
- * Pepsodent toothpaste. Another De Dienes print, this time showing a close-up of Norma Jeane, was used to show the ‘sparkling white teeth’ that could be obtained by using Pepsodent. ‘My teeth really are whiter!’ the model appeared to say.
- * Emde Aluminium Protectochrome Mounts. This modelling job saw Norma Jeane wearing a sweater while showing off an album of photographic mounts. The advert came in two forms: one was printed in various magazines, and the other was used as a fold-out pamphlet, designed to sit on a shop counter or be given out to photography students. ‘Try Emde Mounts for a new thrill in mounting pleasure,’ the advert said. ‘A picture worth taking is worth protecting.’
- * Tru-Glo Liquid Make-up. A modelling photograph showing Norma Jeane in a yellow bathing suit was later used in an advertisement for Tru-Glo, calling it ‘Marilyn Monroe’s Glamour Secret!’.
- * Nesbitt’s Orange. What appears to be an Earl Moran portrait of a blonde Norma Jeane was used to advertise the orange drink in

1946. Seen smiling while holding a bottle up towards her face, the picture was used as an advertising calendar for the product.

- * Crème Nivea. The famous moisturiser, still used around the world today, was advertised by Norma Jeane in approximately 1946. The young woman was photographed on a boat with other models, including Annabelle Stanford, during the full-colour campaign.
- * Jantzen Swimwear. Marilyn was photographed enjoying a day at the beach with another model, pretending to fish and holding up her catch. The results were used to advertise the Jantzen Swimwear range in 1947.
- * Dolly Madison Wine. In 1947 Marilyn posed for artist Gordon Provonsha, who painted her as a western-style barmaid to publicise Dolly Madison Wine. She was photographed also holding several bottles on a tray, with her blonde hair tied back from her face.
- * National Postmasters Convention. From 12–16 October 1947 the Postmasters Convention took place, and Marilyn was involved in publicity for the event. The adverts consisted of an ‘Official Souvenir Post Card’ showing Marilyn, starlet Donna Hamilton and host Mike Fanning all standing next to a TWA plane. Between the two models was a photograph of a man’s body with a cut-out head and the words ‘Me’ inserted onto it. The handwritten wording read, ‘Oh Boy, what a wonderful way to be greeted.’
- * B-1 Lemon-Lime Soda. A portrait, fairly similar in style to ones photographer Paul Parry used to advertise Mission Orange Drink, appeared for B-1 Lemon-Lime Soda. The photograph showed Norma Jeane putting the bottle up towards her mouth while a young man, in overcoat and hat, smiles on.
- * So-Rite Fashion Catalogue. Despite never taking to full-time fashion modelling, the young woman was used to advertise suits and overcoats for So-Rite whilst publicising the film *Love Happy* in 1949. The fashion spread featured in the fall catalogue for the company and gave Marilyn a colour cover photo, wearing a leopard-print coat with fur trim. The suits also appeared in *Photoplay* magazine, with the title: ‘On the fashion goal-line: A suit and coat that will score on any occasion.’
- * Kyron. Also during 1949, *Love Happy* publicity, a large print advert, appeared in newspapers to advertise Kyron slimming pills. A bikini-clad Marilyn was used to bolster claims of what customers could look like if they chose to lose weight the Kyron way.



Marilyn models a calf-length coat in *Photoplay* magazine. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Marco van der Munnik)



Marilyn looks like a young businesswoman in this striped jacket and skirt, also in Photoplay. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Marco van der Munnik)

While her modelling career was rising to unprecedented heights, Norma Jeane did not seem to have any ambitions to take her career further. ‘She had no interest in making movies,’ wrote Miss Snively and her secretary Joyce Ryan. ‘She thought of herself as a model.’ This reluctance to go into acting was most certainly a new thing, as Marilyn later said many times that she had wanted to act since she was a very small girl. ‘I always wanted to be an actress,’ she said in 1960. ‘When I was just nine or ten, living with foster parents, I used to shut myself in my little room and act out scenes from the movies I’d seen. I didn’t have any conviction that I’d be a big star, I just wanted to be an actress and hoped. Kept on hoping.’

‘I just wanted to be an actress and hoped. Kept on hoping’

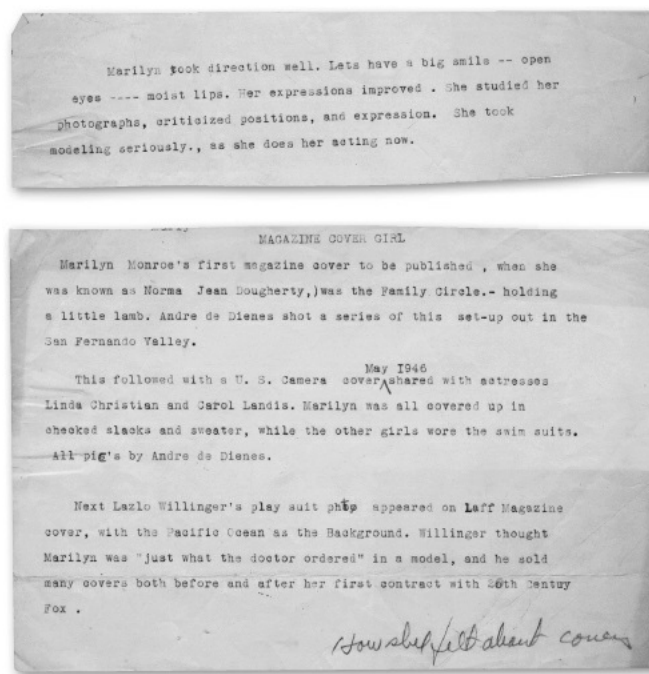
The fact that Norma Jeane took to telling Miss Snively that she had no ambitions of being an actress is intriguing, but it could be because of an incident that happened around this time, which she later wrote about in 1953. Apparently Norma Jeane was walking down the street one day when a man pulled his Cadillac up next to her. He rolled down the window and told the young woman that she was so beautiful she should be in the movies. ‘That was the first time I’d ever heard it,’ she said, ‘so it didn’t sound corny to me.’

The man added that he worked for the Goldwyn Studio and she should come over for an audition. Norma Jeane told him to contact Miss Snively at Blue Book if he wanted to take the matter further, and then went about her day.

‘I was modelling at that time,’ she said. ‘And I asked the people who ran the agency where I got my jobs, what they thought of his offer. The manager called the studio but never was able to get in touch with my would-be benefactor. However, the wolf called the agency and I made an appointment to go to his office on Saturday afternoon.’

Unfortunately, his studio space turned out to be a rented suite and the role he had for her was non-existent. Instead, the ‘executive’ persuaded her to pose in a variety of inappropriate positions, while reading a script. ‘All the poses had to be reclining, although the words I was reading didn’t seem to call for that position. Even as naïve as I was then, I soon figured out that this wasn’t the way to get a job in the movies. He was getting sillier by the minute and I manoeuvred over toward the door and made a hasty exit.’

Another exit was being planned by spring 1946, when Norma Jeane’s marriage to James Dougherty was all but over. He had returned from the service permanently and everything was changing, though not often for the best as far as the young model was concerned. Miss Snively wrote about this episode in her notes:



Two pages of the many notes Miss Snively kept about her star pupil. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

The legend of Marilyn Monroe alleges that Norma Jeane's marriage at sixteen was to get away from the series of foster homes she had been shuttled from. While this was probably true, I could tell that it was a deep love for James Dougherty that caused the floods of tears to burst for Norma Jeane. Jim's return from service was a wonderful time in her life and for a short time the happiest period, but it was short lived. Jim insisted that Norma Jeane quit modelling. I talked with Norma Jeane for hours and told her that she must make her own decisions. I pointed out that a model's career lasted for only a few years and that a wife and mother had a lifetime contract. However, Norma Jeane chose the role of the model. It offered her something she had never known before.

Another development occurred when Norma Jeane told her mentor that perhaps she did want to be an actress after all. This is something that is detailed in the archive:

Miss Snively felt that as she was becoming quite well known she needed a manager to further her career. Norma Jeane was still somewhat naïve in so far as the law of the jungle called Hollywood. Miss Snively took her to meet her friend, Helen Ainsworth. Miss Ainsworth was associated with a group of corporate agents. She looked at Marilyn some and was impressed by the quality she had to photograph in colour.

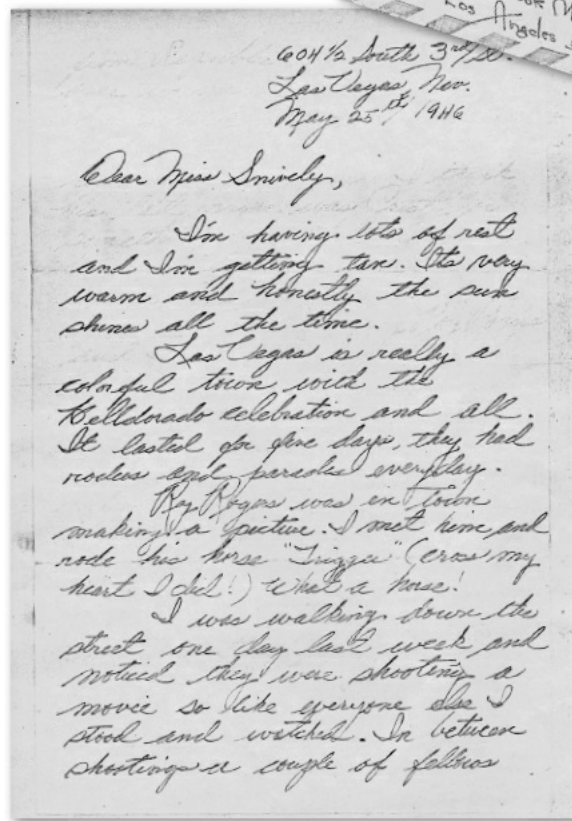
Helen Ainsworth was a legend in her own right. Over the years she had dabbled in acting and then took on a career as a hat maker during the 1930s. It was during this time that she unintentionally became embroiled in the investigation into actress Thelma Todd's death, due to the fact that Todd had visited Ainsworth's hat shop just days before she passed away. That depressing case behind her, the hat maker eventually found her way into work as an agent and talent scout, discovering such actors as Howard Keel and Rhonda Fleming. She had a distinct talent for being able to spot future movie stars, and she definitely saw potential in Norma Jeane. However, before anything further could be done, the young model travelled to Las Vegas to obtain her divorce from Dougherty.

While the trip was the beginning of her future as a single woman, it was also stressful in various ways, due to several bouts of illness, one of which put her in hospital for a time. Miss Snively and Joyce Ryan wrote about the experience in their notes:

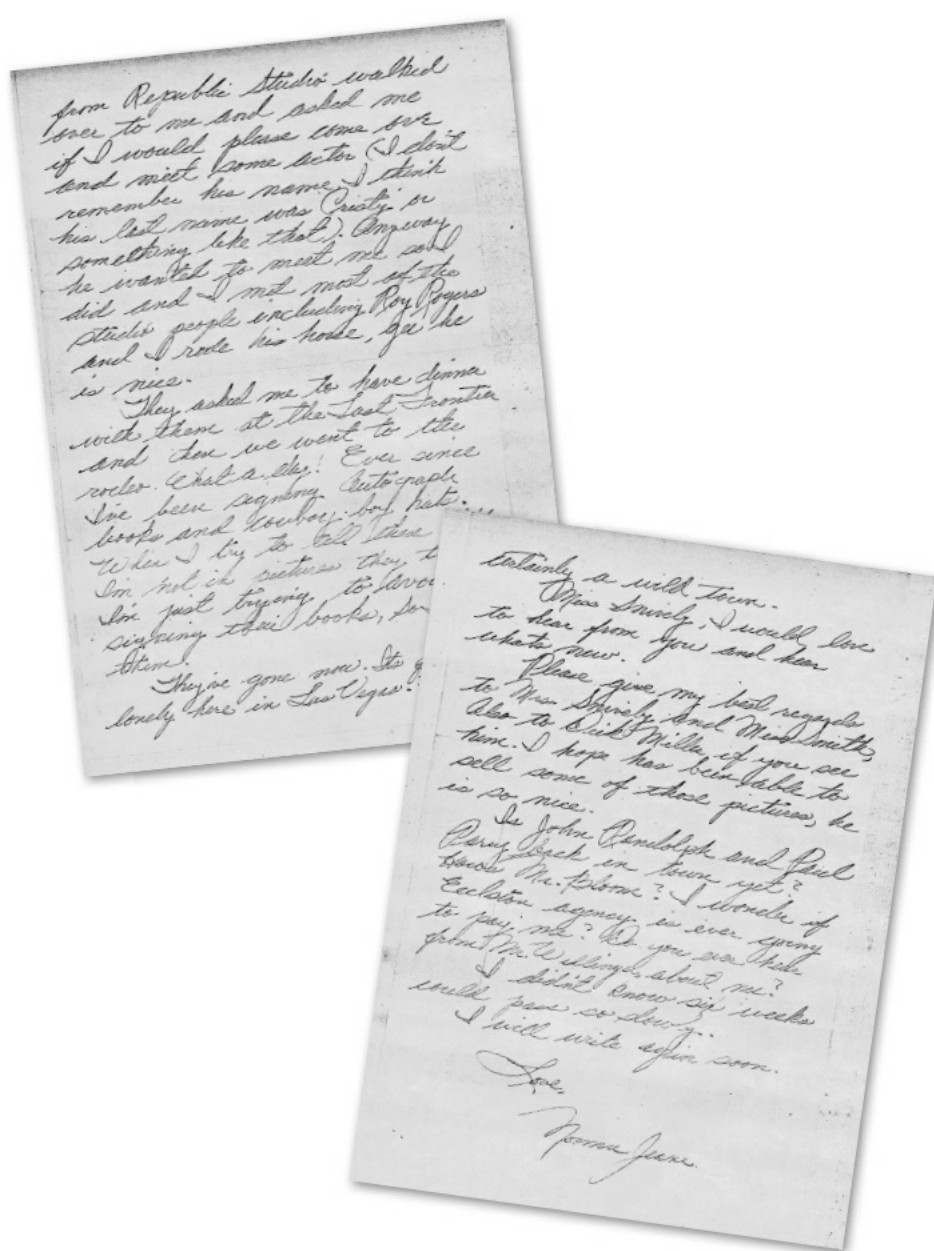
This was a lonely period in her life. Norma Jeane had very few close friends. She was always friendly with the other models and the photographers but she never went out socially with them. Miss Snively became more than an employer – Norma Jeane felt she could trust and confide in her. During the long six weeks waiting period, she received many tear-stained letters. However, the one she remembers best was written during one of the happy times. There was a western movie being made and Norma Jeane had gone to watch the shooting. The crew was as attracted to the beautiful girl as she to them. They invited her to have lunch with them and she met Roy Rogers. Norma Jeane loved horses and was more attracted to Trigger than Roy Rogers. She was allowed to ride Trigger – 'Cross my heart I did' she wrote to Miss Snively. After shooting was completed, she was invited for dinner. As she left with the crew she was asked for her autograph. 'I tried to tell them I wasn't in the movie, but they wouldn't believe me so I signed their books.' I wonder if that fan realizes he has the first autograph of Marilyn Monroe/Norma Jeane.

'the young model travelled to Las Vegas to obtain her divorce from Dougherty'

The letter Miss Snively refers to was written on 25 May 1946. As well as reporting on Roy Rogers, the young model expressed what a colourful town Las Vegas was but explained that she had also felt lonely for home. She asked Miss Snively to write back with news of Los Angeles and gave her regards to Miss Snively's mother, Myrtle, and tutor, Miss Smith. Photographers mentioned in the letter include Paul Parry,



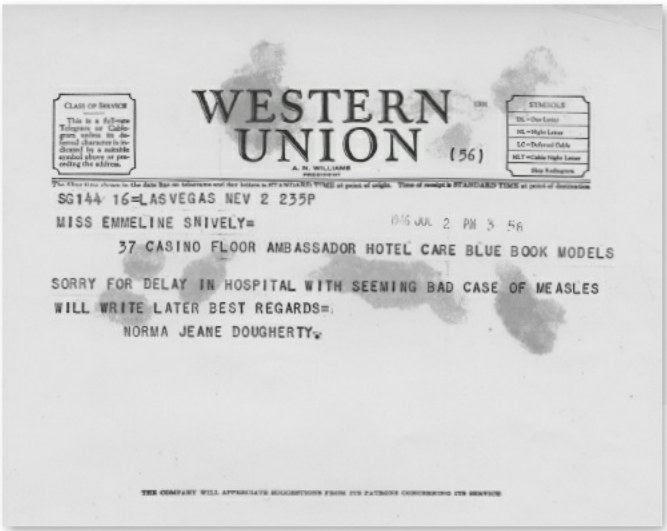
While Norma Jeane was in Las Vegas she wrote a long letter to Miss Snively, sharing all her news. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Marilyn's letter to Miss Snively. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

John Randolph, Hal Bloom and Laszlo Willinger. She wonders if Parry and Randolph are back in town and asks if Willinger ever speaks to Miss Snively about her. Richard Miller is also mentioned – Norma Jeane asks the agency boss to say hello to him and hopes he has been able to sell some of the shots he took of her. ‘He is so nice,’ she wrote in the letter.

The next reported contact between agent and client was on 2 July, when Norma Jeane sent a telegram to tell Miss Snively that she was currently in hospital with measles. She apologised for the delay in writing but promised to be in touch again soon. On the back of the correspondence, the agency boss wrote a note which seems to confirm that, despite the fact that she wasn’t supposed to be working while awaiting the divorce, Norma Jeane did do the odd modelling job: ‘Contrary to the plot of *How To Marry A Millionaire* [a film Marilyn made in 1953] this telegram shows it is Marilyn rather than [co-star] Betty Grable that has the measles ... and on a location modelling job in Las Vegas.’



Marilyn's telegram to Miss Snively. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



WHO IS THE GIRL ON *LAFF*?

Before Norma Jeane finally returned to California in July 1946, Miss Snively was hard at work trying to further both Norma Jeane's acting and modelling career. She had appeared on a copy of *Laff* magazine, and as a result she gained the attention of producer Howard Hughes, who was in hospital recovering from a plane crash. 'I received a phone call from Mr Hughes, asking who the girl was on the cover of *Laff*,' wrote Miss Snively. 'I phoned Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper who picked up the item and gave Norma Jeane her first coast to coast publicity.' By the time she returned to California, Hughes had either lost interest or was not in a position to sign Norma Jeane after all, but she was still eager to continue with her career. The notes in the archive related to this period, say:

[Helen Ainsworth] took Norma Jeane to Twentieth Century Fox, where she arranged a screen test in colour. The results were wonderful and she was signed to a starlet's contract for a salary and training in the studio workshops. Ben Lyon took an interest in Norma Jeane and chose the name Marilyn for her. When he asked if there was a last name she particularly liked, she said yes – her grandmother's last name had been Monroe. 'Mmmmarilyn Mmmmonroe, yes I like the way that sounds,' Marilyn said. And so it was ...

Ben Lyon remembered the historic meeting between himself and the budding actress, and he made mention of it during an interview for an unknown newspaper the day after Marilyn's death. 'She walked into my office in California one day in 1946. She was beautiful. I saw right away that she had the makings of a great star and gave her a contract. She was thrilled to death,' he said.



Marilyn standing on some steps for a Fox publicity photo that was taken at the beginning of her film career. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)

'It must be remembered,' wrote Miss Snively, 'that Marilyn had no dramatic training. All she had with her were clippings from her commercial modelling jobs, her magazine covers and several colour transparencies which photographers had loaned her along with their best wishes ... That story that she was discovered as a babysitter for some director just isn't true. I've heard all kinds of rumours about her start, but they're not true; she's not that kind of girl.'

The babysitting story was revealed soon after the signing of the Twentieth Century Fox contract. It was used by many newspapers as an example of how it is often better to be in the right place at the right time rather than to go to drama school or work on stage. The story was completely false, of course, but that still didn't stop publicity photos being taken of the young starlet in charge of several young babies. Marilyn later revealed that it was the studio that told her to spread the babysitting story to all who would

listen, 'though it strictly wasn't true. You'd think that they would have used a little more imagination and have had me at least a daddy sitter!'



Marilyn poses outside her home in 1946. She later gave this photo to her friend Bill Pursel. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)

While Marilyn was supported in her career choice by her foster mother, Aunt Ana, and several friends, one person who did not approve was her mother, Gladys. She had been in a psychiatric home for quite some time but had returned to California and was currently living with her daughter and Aunt Ana. Gladys had never been a supportive part of Marilyn's life, but now that she was in close proximity, she felt the need to give her opinion on everything she was doing, particularly her new-found acting career.

The older woman was outwardly critical, refusing to take any interest whatsoever in her daughter's screen contract and walking away when the conversation was brought up. When Marilyn started doing voice exercises and studying her reflection in the mirror, Gladys would call the whole thing ridiculous and question why she wasn't doing something more productive with her life. No amount of persuasion from family members would get her to change her mind over what she deemed to be a disgraceful waste of time.

Surprisingly, however, Gladys did give a little attention to the subject of Marilyn's modelling career and actually travelled to the Ambassador Hotel at one point to meet Miss Snively.

The mother thanked the agency boss for what she had done for Marilyn, though unfortunately no more light can be shed on the historic meeting, as, apart from confirming that she met Gladys and Aunt Ana, Miss Snively gives no other details in the archive.



Cars seemed to play a big role when it came to Marilyn's amateur modelling career. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#) and Bill Pursel)

Marilyn's half-sister, Berniece Baker Miracle, wrote about her sibling's modelling career in her book *My Sister Marilyn* and described a day when the two travelled together to the Ambassador Hotel. The idea was that the young actress would introduce

Berniece to Miss Snively and then afterwards the two girls would have lunch in the restaurant. However, while the day was enjoyable, it also turned into something of a confessional.

Whilst sitting in the hotel, Marilyn told her sister that she had something she wanted to speak about and then confessed to having been photographed nude. No mention was made of the photographer, but it was undoubtedly Earl Moran, who had taken the somewhat risqué snaps just a short time before. Marilyn’s biggest fear was that her foster mother, Aunt Ana, would find out about them, but it would seem that her worries were in the end unfounded. The only nude photos that appeared in the years ahead were released several years after her foster mother’s death.



An unusual photo – possibly an early Fox publicity picture – showing Marilyn lying in a haystack with a large hat next to her. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)

Marilyn loved her time at Twentieth Century Fox and would travel every day to the studio to see if there were any castings and to take part in the various classes that were made available to her. Miss Snively believed that the numerous lessons she took were a result of feeling as though the educational side of her life had been somewhat neglected:

She has always believed in work, believed so much in fact that unwittingly she antagonized several of the more jealous girls who were in studio classes with her. They just couldn’t believe that any beginner was willing to work as hard as Marilyn did in order to get ahead. Marilyn did everything she was told to do at the studio. She devoured every crumb of instruction. Usually late to most functions, she was the first to attend classes and the last to leave.

During the course of a year at Fox, Marilyn was cast in two movies: *Dangerous Years* and *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* Sadly, however, she had virtually nothing to do in either of them. In the former she played the small role of a waitress, though when it was released she was barely mentioned in the cast lists and no details of her performance were included in the reviews. That was probably just as well, as it barely raised an eyebrow with most critics. *The Film Daily* described it as ‘minor scale stuff that limps along. It contributes little to the sphere of dramatic entertainment.’ The *Film Bulletin* pulled no punches when it declared *Dangerous Years* to be ‘too incredible and full of obvious hokum for most audiences ... Its direction and writing is strongly reminiscent of a radio soap opera.’



Marilyn posing in a floral bikini, possibly a Fox publicity photo. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)

In *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* Marilyn's role was, for the most part, cut out, though, contrary to popular belief, she was still credited (albeit last) on the cast list. Critical responses were fairly lukewarm by the time of release, though the *Showmen's Trade Review* did say it was 'wholesome entertainment for the entire family and should do good business on the strength of its cast names'. No mention was made of Marilyn's almost non-existent part, but young actress Natalie Wood was described as excellent as June Haver's 'snooping young brat of a sister'.

While *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* and *Dangerous Years* were never going to give Marilyn any acting awards or increase her profile, they did give her a degree of experience in front of a movie camera. Another positive thing to come from the roles was a portfolio of publicity photos designed to raise interest in the young starlet. One such picture, showing Marilyn pretending to play tennis, was sent from Fox to various newspapers around the country. In it she was described as a girl who was once called the 'Oomph Girl' at school and was now known as the 'Mmmmmm Girl' of movies. It was something of an exaggeration, but it did earn valuable exposure for the newly discovered actress.



A scantily dressed Marilyn at the eighteenth hole of a golf course, in what is possibly an early Fox publicity photo. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)

Despite now being a fully fledged starlet, Marilyn was still a down-to-earth girl, as Miss Snively later commented on. ‘Unlike several other girls I know, the screen contract did not go to her head. She was the same sweet, un-assuming girl she had always been.’ With that in mind, she continued to model whenever she could, and Miss Snively kept her in mind for any jobs that came up. Such an opportunity happened in late summer/early autumn of 1946.

‘She was the same sweet, un-assuming girl she had always been’

There was a group of amateur photographers in Los Angeles who would often go out on the road to take photos of their local surroundings. Group 13, as Miss Snively called them, wanted Marilyn to be their model. The agency boss secured her availability, and then they all met at Miss Snively’s house on Wilshire Boulevard, before travelling to Big Tujunga Creek (or Big Tujunga River as Miss Snively called it in the archive) for a photo session. It would seem that the group was well known to the agency boss, who wrote in her notes, ‘Amateur photographers in Group 13 used to start girls on their way to stardom [and supply] free photos.’ In turn they received a great deal of experience photographing the model in various different environments, whilst under the expert instruction of Fred William Carter.

Carter, a well-respected artist and photographer, had been associated with several members of the group for some years. Phillip Sampson, a Group 13 devotee and doctor from Los Angeles, was one of his photographic students and would often invite Carter to speak at various talks and meetings he held in the area. Sampson, it should be noted, was also one of the people invited to photograph Marilyn on the day of the river shoot. As well as giving lectures on the art of photography, Carter also often held photograph exhibitions in the Los Angeles area. Three years before the 1946 trip, he displayed a variety of war photos in the Central library; just a few months after the shoot, pieces of his past work were on show in a Santa Monica exhibition. He was also called upon to judge several modelling competitions over the years, so his experience in the area of photographing people was second-to-none.



Marilyn – casually dressed in a T-shirt and rolled-up jeans – leans across the bonnet of a Cadillac whilst on a field trip, photographer: Richard Whiteman. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Number	Page
DATE after Fox Contact	LOCATION Big Tujunga River Field trip
EVENT Field trip	
OTHER PEOPLE	
PHOTOGRAPHERS <u>Dick Whitman</u> <u>No Release</u> Comments "Miss Snively titled this 'Wishful Thinking' sitting on the hood of W. Gilbert's (the Brumby today) Cadillac. She was newly under contract to 20th & didn't have a car like this of her own yet."	

Miss Snively kept notes about many of Marilyn's modelling jobs. Here she writes about the field trip to Big Tujunga Creek. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

On the day of the Tujunga shoot, one of the photographic students, William Gilbert – an attorney from Los Angeles – drove his Cadillac to the location. One of the first photos taken that day was of Marilyn wearing jeans and a striped T-shirt, sitting happily on the hood of the car. Miss Snively called the shot ‘Wishful Thinking’ and wrote in her notes, ‘She was newly under contract to Twentieth and didn’t have a car like this of her own yet.’

Once the photograph was taken, Marilyn changed into a bathing costume, which Miss Snively said had been bought wholesale for her, and then waded into the creek, where she was photographed by members of the group. Miss Snively’s notes are at times hard to read, but the photographers present on that fateful day appear to be: Richard ‘Dick’ Whitman, artist; William Gilbert, attorney; Phillip Sampson, doctor; Joe Gilbert, gas company president; Dan C. Hickson; and Jack Lanager. They were watched over by a young boy called Ernie, who appears to have come with the group for a fun day out.

The photographs taken during the shoot are incredible, due mainly to the fact that they were taken in a location vary rarely seen in any other Marilyn photographs. There are countless photos of the starlet at the beach, poolside or in fields and general countryside, but to see her knee-deep in a creek or balanced on large river rocks is a rare treat indeed. In her notes, Miss Snively writes that Marilyn was a hit with everyone at the session: ‘She was most cooperative, and kept up the spirits of the expedition with her sunny personality, despite the lack of California sunshine.’ This is certainly apparent when looking at the resulting photos, which show that it didn’t matter where the photographers wanted her to stand, Marilyn was more than willing to do it.



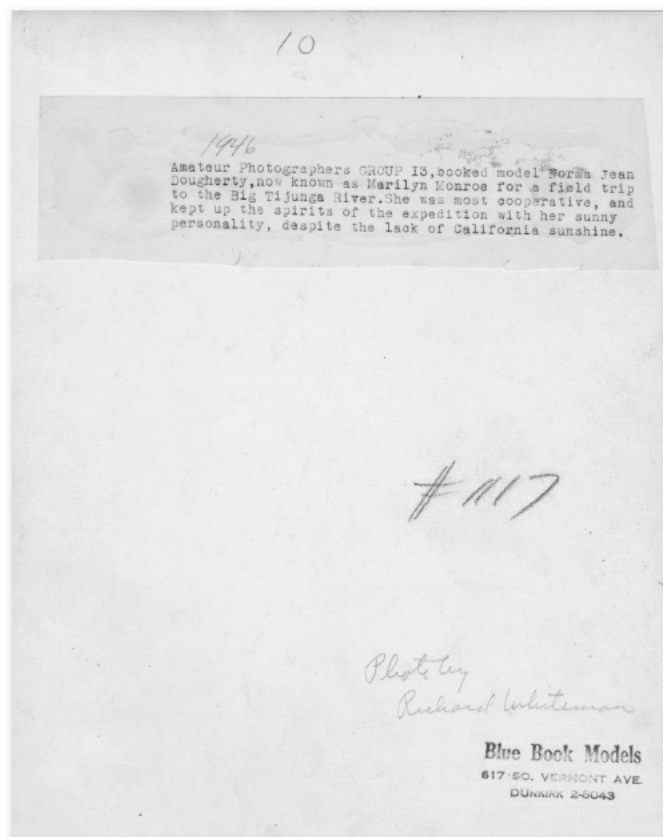
Dressed in a bathing costume, Marilyn poses on some rocks by Big Tujunga Creek during a photo shoot. Photographer: Richard Whiteman. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

‘Marilyn was a hit with everyone at the session’

Until now, it has always been thought that the only photos of Marilyn and Miss Snively together were taken on the set of *There’s No Business Like Show Business*, when she came to see her former student in action. With the discovery of the Blue Book archive, however, we can now see that they were photographed some eight years before that. While Marilyn is perched on a rock, in the distance is the lone figure of Miss Snively, sitting almost un-noticed on the other side of the creek. Holding her knees, and wearing a scarf on her head, the agency boss is not looking in Marilyn’s direction but instead seems lost in her own thoughts. Notes related to this photograph read ‘Miss Snively in background of MM in her two-piece bathing suit ... Pretty steep competition for E Snively.’

Another fascinating shot shows Marilyn looking at the camera of Dick Whiteman, while amateur photographer William Gilbert is snapping her from another angle. Miss Snively liked the unusual aspect of this particular photograph so much that she made two notes about it. The first said the following:

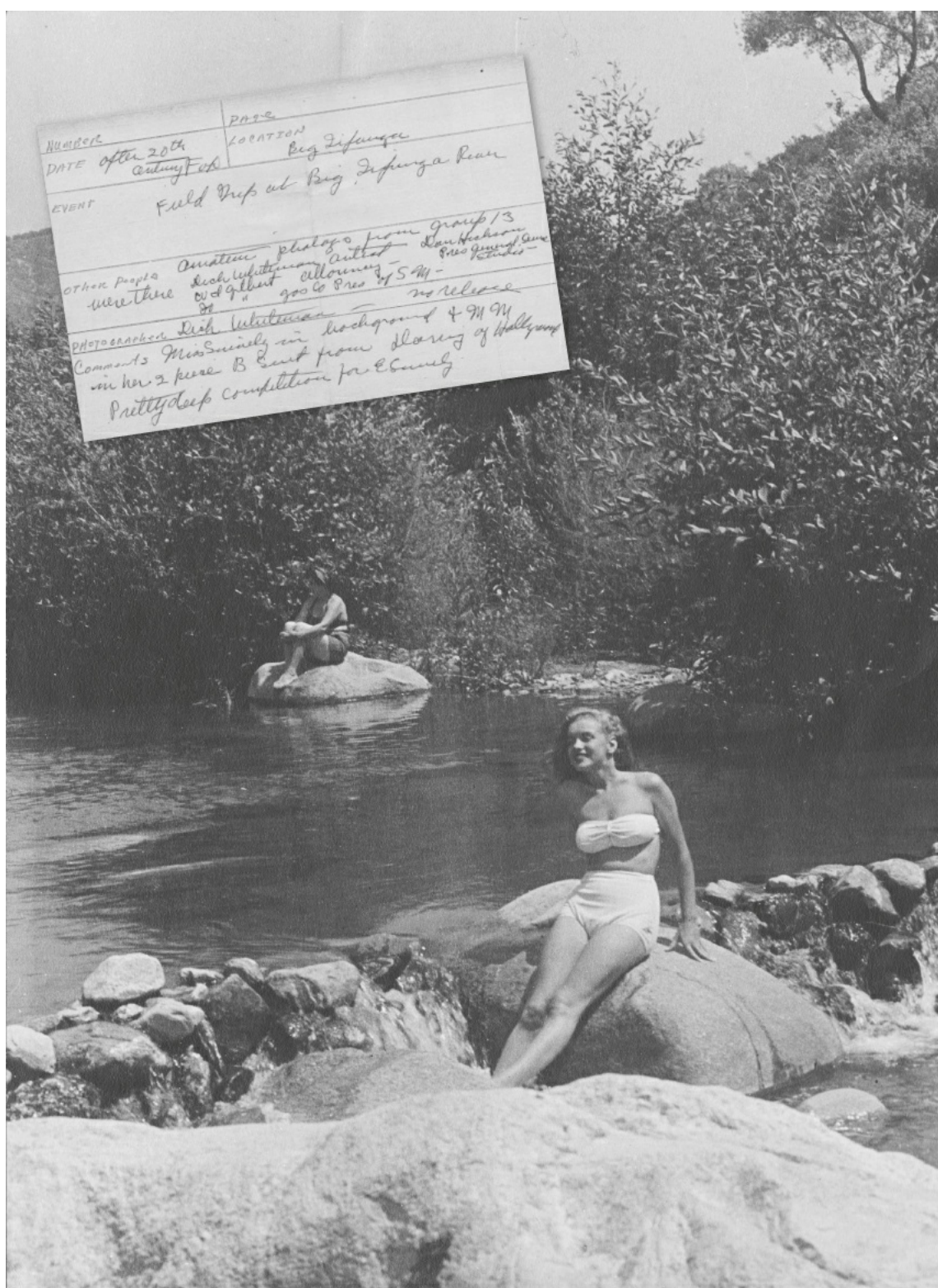
Marilyn was always a good sport and really enjoyed modelling, as can be seen as she tries to pose for two photographers at the same time, and shooting from different directions, too. Posing for several cameras and trying to give them all your best angles is no easy feat and a challenge to the most professional models. Marlene Dietrich stands out as a subject who can handle herself with many photographers shooting from many angles, as well as anyone. Marilyn is taking direction here from members of the Group 13 amateur pictorialists of Los Angeles.



Miss Snively's notes on the back of a field trip photo. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

The second note, written on a worksheet, described the photograph as 'Natural Beauty. Nature and a lovely woman. Build a dam and see the reflections in the water. Marilyn tugs at some growing roots to make a better picture. No wonder deer came down the hill in the background to drink the water – such a secluded spot. Mr Gilbert is wearing trunks of course. He got a close-up this time.'

Two more photos in the archive show Marilyn once again balanced on rocks beside the river. The third one, however, is slightly different and shows the young actress beside a large tree, her head turned slightly away from the camera.



Marilyn perched on a rock, taking centre stage, with the lone figure of Miss Snively in the background. Photographer: Richard Whitman. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Wading through the creek, Marilyn looks into the camera of one photographer, whilst another snaps her from a different angle – a photograph Miss Snively particularly liked. Photographer: Richard Whiteman. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Marilyn was always a good sport and really enjoyed modeling, as can be seen as she tries to pose for two photographers at the same time, and shooting from different directions, too. Posing for several cameras and trying to give them all your best angles is no easy feat and a challenge to the most professional models.

Marlene Dietrich stands out as a subject who can handle herself with many photographers shooting from many angles, as well as anyone.

Marilyn is taking direction here from members of "Group 13" amateur pictorialists of Los Angeles

Richard Whiteman Photo

Miss Snively's notes on the back of a field trip photo. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

NUMBER	PAGE
DATE 1946	LOCATION Big Tujunga canyon,
EVENT Group 13 - amateur photo group -	
OTHER PEOPLE	W. L. Gilbert Junior - Attorney + Photo Student on a field trip
PHOTOGRAPHER	Rich Whiteman Photo
Comments	Natural Beauty - Nature of a lovely woman. Build a dam & see the reflections in the water - Marilyn tugs at some growing roots to make a better picture. No wonder deer come down the hill in the darkness to drink the water - such

Field trip record sheet. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

All of these shots were packed away by Miss Snively and have never been seen again until now.

Although the session may not have been professional in nature, nor taken by a famous photographer or artist, the photos taken that day at Tujunga are unique and important for various reasons. They not only give light to what it must have been like for the photography students and model on the trip, but they also show just how happy Marilyn was to be taking part. At the very beginning of her screen career she was contented and looking forward to the future, and this is clear to see on her face. Although

Miss Snively chose never to release the pictures, she held both the session and Tujunga Creek in great affection. She wrote about it several times in her notes and years later scribbled, ‘This lovely spot is all gone now. Trees and rocks all [washed away] with the 1966 flood.’

‘All of these shots were packed away by Miss Snively and have never been seen again until now’

Another amateur photographer to use Marilyn as a model – this time in a motion picture – was Leo Caloia. Caloia had started to make home movies when he was just 19 and quickly progressed to working for Paramount, where he was employed for a time in the 1930s. Eventually he left the industry altogether but continued his interest, taking motion pictures of many film stars on the red carpet, including Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Gary Cooper. In 1946, however, he was given the chance of filming an up-and-coming star, though, of course, he did not know this at the time.



More smiles for the camera as Marilyn leans against the rocks of Big Tujunga Creek during the field trip. Photographer: Richard Whiteman. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

The opportunity came when Caloia took part in the KFI Radio Station Camera Clinic program in 1946. These kinds of workshops were something that happened every week at the Ambassador Hotel, and were similar in style to the Group 13 photography trips

that Miss Snively helped to arrange. The only difference was that this time the girls would move around the pool area and various other parts of the hotel while amateur and budding film-makers used their motion-picture cameras to record the activities.

Travelling to the hotel with his wife Frances, Caloia was introduced to Marilyn and six other models, who were all posing on stage. He then began filming while the audience discussed the various techniques involved. Footage of his time with Marilyn shows the model in the same swimsuit she had worn for the Group 13 photographs, moving slowly in a circle while occasionally flicking her hair, crossing her legs and talking to the camera. This natural awareness was something that impressed Caloia to a great degree, especially as there had been no rehearsal or practice run before shooting began.

While he enjoyed filming Marilyn, Caloia could be forgiven for thinking the event was nothing out of the ordinary. It wasn't until some years later that he realised how much history had been made that day. Caloia later discussed the experience of working with the Blue Book Agency in a rare interview, telling the journalist that if a girl had talent in the entertainment business then Miss Snively was able to draw it out. He also revealed his first thoughts on meeting Marilyn: 'One girl was particularly very cooperative, and just wanted to do anything I said, like I was a big-time director, but I was a nobody ... She was a very pleasant, nice, warm-hearted girl.'



Marilyn balances on a rock during the Big Tujunga Creek field trip. Photographer: Richard Whiteman. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Close-up of Norma Jeane. Photographer: Leo Caloia. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Although Caloia never went into professional film-making, he was always well respected for his movies of Marilyn and other stars. He was a member of the Los Angeles Cinema club and in the 1970s became a charter member of the Orange County Cinematographers. There he wowed fellow members with his camera skills and his tales of Hollywood and, of course, Marilyn. He would remain wonderfully proud of the footage of her, until his death in 2001.

While Miss Snively never believed in Marilyn's ability to make it in fashion modelling, the young actress occasionally took on jobs anyway and actually took part in a full-blown show at the Ambassador in the summer of 1946. Miss Snively wrote about the experience in her notes: 'She came back to our studio and we gave her some free brush-up advice in fashion modelling. I saw that fashion show, and do you know something? She was still a lousy fashion model.'



Top: Norma Jeane in a bikini. Photographer: Leo Caloia. Bottom: Leo Caloia filming Norma Jeane. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

While she was never going to be a catwalk sensation, perhaps calling Marilyn lousy was a tad unfair. Amateur moviemaker Leo Caloia was at the Ambassador that day and actually filmed the young woman modelling clothes around the pool area, and photographer Larry Kronquist took photographs. Caloia's video footage can now be viewed freely online and shows Marilyn wearing a blue dress and cork-heeled shoes, walking around the pool area with several other models. She is filmed talking, sitting, posing and smiling. The video demonstrates that the other models were no better or worse than she was, and at times she actually seems much more assured than some of the women with her.



Marilyn proves that she is just as self-assured as the other fashion models in this shot taken for a fashion show held at the Ambassador Hotel. Photographer: Larry Kronquist. (Both images, the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Marilyn modelling a dress for a fashion show. Photographer: Larry Kronquist.

The same applies to the photographs taken by Larry Kronquist, where Marilyn again stands out as one of the better-poised young women. On the back of one photograph showing five models, Miss Snively wrote the following note: ‘Fashion show line up at Ambassador pool includes Marilyn second from the left. She wore a ten skirt and a size twelve top.’ Another shot by Kronquist shows Marilyn alone, still modelling the same dress, and standing next to a wall. The photos confirm that while she may not have been the height of a professional fashion model, the young woman could certainly pose successfully in a dress. Interestingly, while Miss Snively did not think much of Marilyn’s talent in that direction, her dedication to the young model meant that she forever kept her fashion photographs neatly tucked away in her archive.

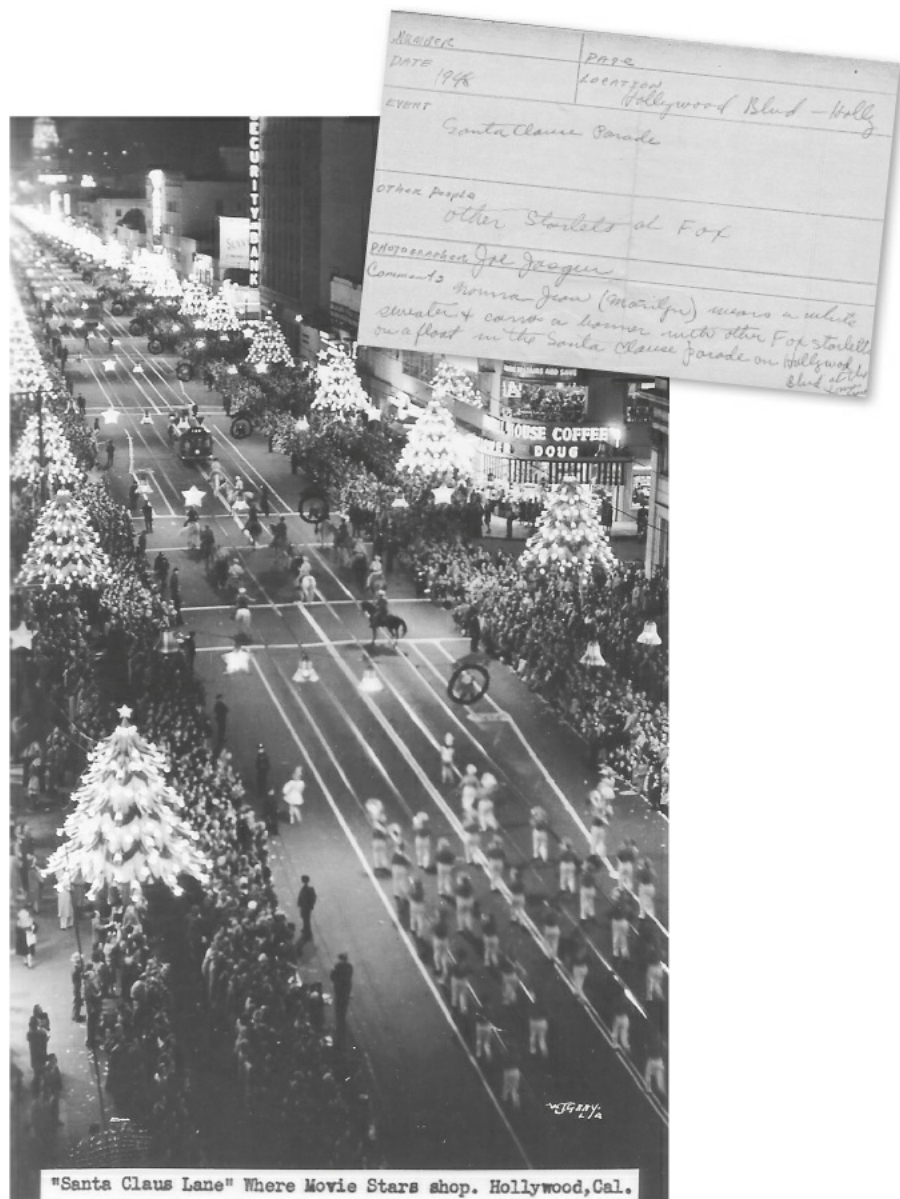
‘Marilyn again stands out as one of the better poised young women’

A Christmas Parade was held in December 1946, and Marilyn was asked to appear on the Alan Young float. Mr Young was a radio star turned actor, who later became popular in his role as Wilbur Post in the television show *Mister Ed*. For now, however, he was famous for his radio work, and it was in that capacity that he came to be introduced to Marilyn. Working as a starlet at Fox, the

actress was still eager to take part not only in modelling jobs but also publicity appearances, so when she was approached by Ben Lyon to appear on the float, she was very happy to comply.

Joe Jasgur came back into Marilyn's life briefly on the evening of the parade by taking a photograph of the float, complete with everyone on board. Miss Snively added the photograph to her file and on the back noted the following: 'Norma Jeane (Marilyn) wears a white sweater and carries a banner with other Fox starlets on a float in the Santa Clause Parade on Hollywood Boulevard.'

In the 2012 book *Marilyn Monroe: Private and Undisclosed*, Alan Young recalled his memories of the evening with author [Michelle Morgan](#):



Marilyn took part in the annual Hollywood Santa Claus parade in 1946. This photo shows an aerial view of a typical parade, taken in the mid- to late 1940s. Unknown photographer. (Photograph from the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#), worksheet from the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#)).

After the parade we went to the Brown Derby, but I didn't drink and neither did Norma Jeane, so we decided instead to go and get some cocoa together ... She seemed like a frightened rabbit at first, and I didn't realize she had been raised without parents. I really liked her.

The idea of the Fox contract providing Marilyn with a whole host of acting jobs was thwarted in 1947, as Marilyn later explained to reporter Liza Wilson, saying, 'I did pin-ups and cheesecake at the studio after [*Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*], but I never had another go at acting.' Instead, they continued to use her in a whole host of publicity photos, including modelling a bustle swimsuit, named after the gathering of material on the bottom area.

'This outfit is not recommended for energetic swimming'

Made from ivory silk and boasting red roses and green leaves, some articles came with a warning that, 'This outfit is not recommended for energetic swimming.' Various versions of the photograph were distributed, each one showing Marilyn posing happily with the ruffles firmly on display. One newspaper even described the clothing as something that had been specifically designed for the actress by studio wardrobe director Charles LeMaire, after she had surprised everyone by receiving a huge amount of fan mail. Other photographs released around this time showed the actress playing and posing on the beach with a rather talented

spaniel named Ruffles. Newspapers described the dog as being ‘guest of honour at a beach picnic staged by Marilyn Monroe, a youthful newcomer to the ranks of film players’. Yet another set showed her in a series of rather eccentric but fun poses, dressed in a bikini, wearing skis in a beach-like setting.



A fun picture of Marilyn with skis for a Fox publicity photo. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)



Marilyn lying happily on a beach with Ruffles the dog beside her, taken for a Fox publicity photo shoot. The shadow of the photographer can be seen in the foreground. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)

As well as pictures, a great many appearances were planned to bring publicity for both herself and Twentieth Century Fox. One such event was held in April 1947, and saw her travelling to the Hollywood Legion Stadium with seventeen other starlets so she could take part in the Annual Ceremony and Presentation of Honorary Colonels. The event did not raise her profile much, but she did apparently receive a badge of honour, as did the other actresses in attendance.

She also visited a store in Salinas for a publicity appearance and found herself so popular that the shop owner ran out of photographs and had to order more as quickly as possible. Her journey to the event was not in any way glamorous or even comfortable. In the 2010 book *Fragments*, by Bernard Comment and Stanley Buchthal, Marilyn’s thoughts were revealed through her private notebook. In the text she writes about the uncomfortable journey to the venue, travelling for hours on a crowded bus, falling asleep and hoping she wasn’t about to lean on the young man next to her. Her notes also covered various other passengers on the bus and show that no matter how successful her modelling career was, at that point in time Twentieth Century Fox thought of her as nothing but yet another starlet.



Marilyn with friends at the Las Vegas Flamingo Hotel. She was employed for the weekend as a model, and to entice punters to the gambling tables. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)

Another appearance Marilyn was asked to take part in meant going even further afield, this time to the newly opened Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. The hotel was so glamorous that it had even flown in palm trees from Australia, rather than use ones available from California. It was a talking point with guests and media alike, and columnist Erskine Johnson described the complex as looking just like an MGM movie set. It came equipped with specially designed wallpaper, handmade leather wastepaper baskets and four \$12 designer ashtrays in each room. Celebrities flocked there on a regular basis, and, within weeks of opening, the hotel had played host to The Andrews Sisters and Abbott and Costello. ‘It’s all so swanky’ Johnson told his readers in March 1947.

Eager to make their own mark on the hotel, in summer 1947 Twentieth Century Fox sent some of their starlets – including Marilyn – to make publicity appearances in the ballroom and pose for photographs. Once there, the young woman was also required to play at the various gambling tables (with casino money) so as to entice and encourage punters to try their hands at the games themselves. The job wasn’t the most thrilling or glamorous, but she took it in her stride. Only one photograph exists of the event and shows Marilyn standing next to the famed Australian palm trees, with some actors and other starlets.

At the Brentwood Country Club on 20 July, Marilyn made an appearance in support of the annual Fox golf tournament, and then on 17 August she was chosen to be a golf caddy for another competition, this time at Cheviot Hills. There does not appear to have been much press done for the event, but another celebrity tournament was held just a few weeks earlier at the California Country Club, which gives an idea of the kind of occasion it was. No articles mention that Marilyn was in attendance on that particular day, but she may well have been, as a number of starlets were there to act as scorers for the celebrities playing golf. Famous faces included Marilyn’s idol Clark Gable, along with Bob Hope, Jack Benny, John Carroll and Benny Goodman.

The mention of actor John Carroll is interesting because Marilyn was to meet him at the Cheviot Hills event just weeks later. At that particular tournament, she was assigned to look after him and his golfing partners, and Carroll immediately took a great interest in the actress and her career. Away from the publicity appearance, the two struck up a friendship, and very quickly she became an acting client of his wife, Lucille Ryman.



Marilyn playing golf. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Bill Pursel)

While there is no doubt that publicity appearances and photo shoots kept Marilyn busy during her time at Twentieth Century Fox, unfortunately neither were enough to ensure she be kept under contract. ‘When option time came I was dropped,’ she said. Later the actress described how she immediately went to see Studio Head Darryl F. Zanuck, who Marilyn said had not introduced himself to her the whole time she was at the studio. Her intention was to ask why she had been dropped, but his secretary fobbed her off by explaining he had left the office and gone to Sun Valley. His refusal to see anything worthwhile in the actress was not a temporary thing. Even when she returned to the studio in the years ahead, Zanuck would never understand the attention Marilyn received – the two were never destined to become friends.



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Marilyn looks ecstatic in this beautiful publicity head shot. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)



Marilyn is looking demure but radiant in this publicity shot. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)

The studio sent out short articles to various newspapers across the country, telling reporters that Marilyn was a happy starlet who had just won a contract to make pictures. Whereas Fox had previously told the media that she had been discovered while babysitting, Columbia went one better and announced that she had been a top model working in New York before they had discovered her. The fact that she was really working for a smaller agency in the heart of Hollywood was not glamorous enough for the studio, it would seem.

Around this time, Marilyn was sent to pose for various headshots and publicity photos, just as she had done while working at Fox. Some of these shots are easy to spot and are in the same vein as many other star shots of the 1940s, but several rather mysterious photos were also taken by a gentleman called John Miehle. Miehle had worked as a still photographer and assistant cameraman since the 1920s, and in about 1948 he took two beautiful colour shots of Marilyn, showing her wearing a yellow sweater and dark-pink scarf.

Because the photos were not taken in a standard black and white studio style, they have prompted various discussions over the years as to when and where they were taken and for what purpose. Later they would appear on the cover of several magazines, but it remains a mystery as to whether or not they were taken as part of the Columbia contract. This does seem the most likely scenario, however, especially when we note that Miehle does not appear to have worked with Marilyn after that.

While the Twentieth Century Fox contract mainly revolved around a series of publicity appearances and not much else, Columbia's seemed to be more positive. Marilyn was cast in *Ladies of the Chorus*, which started production on 22 April 1948 and ended on 3 May 1948, giving her the opportunity of acting for the first time in a leading role. The film itself may have been considered a B-movie, but Marilyn was so excited she immediately telephoned columnist Louella Parsons to tell her the news.

Gushing about the contract, the young actress told Parsons that she felt her support was responsible for helping the actress to win the role. The journalist had previously given Marilyn some rather favourable mentions in her column and was happy to hear about the part, but she assured the starlet that it was her own beauty and talent that had won the role. After the call, Parsons took the opportunity of mentioning Marilyn and the call in her column, describing her as 'such a pretty girl'.

Marilyn put everything she had into making sure she was prepared for her part in *Ladies of the Chorus* and worked with drama coach Natasha Lytess to learn her lines. In the hour-long film, she plays a burlesque dancer who works with her mother (Adele Jergens) in a chorus line. The storyline meant that not only was Marilyn able to show off her acting skills but, in the numbers *Every*

Baby Needs a Da Da Daddy and *Anyone Can See I Love You*, her dance and singing styles too. She was also able to act as a love interest to Randy Carroll (played by Rand Brooks) and show a variety of different emotions on screen.

After shooting, Marilyn was under the impression that her performance had been top-notch and that she would soon be cast in an important Columbia movie. The studio continued to send out publicity photos to the press, including some of her practising yoga, one modelling a new metallic swimsuit and another wearing a smart suit. She was also taken to the Town House Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard, where she posed in another set of swimsuit shots, this time leaning on the diving board and pool steps. After that, the unnamed photographer took her to the tennis court of the hotel, where she was snapped once again.

Everything looked positive, until one day in September 1948 when she was called to a meeting with one of the Columbia studio executives. 'I was happy as I entered the office,' she said, 'and waited patiently until the man in charge spoke. He looked at me for a long moment and then said, "Miss Monroe we believe in you, and think you'll go far. But at the moment we have nothing for you at this studio." Then he added that my option had been dropped, and the meeting came to a sudden end ... Everything crashed in a heap.'

'Miss Monroe we believe in you, and think you'll go far'

The Columbia contract was not a success, but *Ladies of the Chorus* did give Marilyn a great deal of experience and some much-needed confidence to head further down the acting path. It also gave her a career first when her name appeared on a cinema billboard, advertising the movie. 'I kept driving past the theatre with my name on the marquee,' she said. 'Was I excited! I wished they were using Norma Jeane though, so that all the kids at the home and schools who never noticed me could see it.'



B-Movie *Ladies of the Chorus* was Marilyn's first leading role. In this publicity photo, she is happy to receive a corsage from an admirer. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))



Marilyn visited the Town House hotel in order to have a variety of publicity photos taken using locations such as the tennis courts and pool. (Top photo from the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#), bottom photo from the collection of Dionne Abraham)

While the film itself did not win any awards, some critics were kind to the story and especially to the ‘talented blonde newcomer Marilyn Monroe’, as *Medicine Hat Daily News* described her. They also said it was a ‘sparkling backstage story of the burlesque world’. *The Showmen’s Trade Review* was less kind, however, and declared *Ladies of the Chorus* to have ‘entertaining musical numbers to compensate for poor performances and a trite story’. Marilyn, the reviewer said, ‘shows promise of bigger things in her rendition of vocal numbers, but her acting will have to improve’.

‘I wished they were using Norma Jeane, so that all the kids at the home and schools who never noticed me could see it’

At the very moment she was dropped from Columbia, Marilyn was taking part in a play called *Stage Door*, which ran at the Bliss-Hayden Theatre from 15 August to 12 September 1948. Still, the play may have given her experience but it did not pay for rent or drama lessons, so in that regard she went back to posing for pin-ups. ‘Modelling was a hard grind,’ she said, ‘even when I got the jobs. My lessons took every cent I could make. Some days I didn’t eat so much ... At the same time I started doing some serious thinking. You’re not fired twice without good reason I thought, and if all this kept up, it could get to be a demoralizing habit ... I studied very hard whenever I had free time during the day and in the evenings. My social life, as a result, became practically non-existent, but I felt that the progress I was making was worth it.’

During the next phase of her modelling career, many swimsuit pictures of Marilyn were taken and appeared in a variety of magazines and newspapers. In October 1948 her picture was used to demonstrate good posture, while in November she provided

photographs to go with an article on adopting a healthy skin-care routine. In the pictures the model was seen applying lipstick, while the caption declared she was a 'pretty girl [with] pretty lips'. Her photos were also used in a 1949 article to advise on the benefits of swimming and keeping fit: 'A daily swim, indoors or out, helps starlet Marilyn Monroe keep her figure trimmed for the camera's revealing lens.'

May 1949 saw her return to the Pan Pacific Auditorium, where the Pacific Coast Antiques Show was taking place. There, wearing shorts and a sweater, the actress was photographed sitting on vintage furniture that was to be on display during the show. 'Marilyn Monroe takes years off a Victorian miniature chair,' the *Los Angeles Times* told their readers. Before the day was over, she posed alongside another tiny chair, as well as a bowling ball. Then Marilyn managed to look extremely at ease riding a huge penny-farthing bicycle. Miss Snively later mentioned the latter photograph in her list of Blue Book photographs, and since she had connections at the Pan Pacific, it is very possible that this job came as a result of the actress's still occasional association with the agency. From the confidence shown by the model that day it is also clear that she had come a long way since the Holga Steel photos of 1945, and Miss Snively most certainly played a big hand in that positive development.

While the Antiques Show photographs did not raise the slightest hint of an eyebrow, others that she posed for in 1949 were to come back to haunt her later in her career. Probably the toughest year in terms of money, 1949 saw the model/actress have a variety of cash-flow problems, and there were times when she wondered which way to turn. One day, a man called to offer money and other luxuries in exchange for certain favours:

'A daily swim, indoors or out, helps starlet Marilyn Monroe keep her figure trimmed for the camera's revealing lens'

For a dizzy moment I had visions of being able to pay my rent but as he went on giving the details of what I would be expected to do, my visions vanished. He was brutally frank and all I could think of to say was that he shouldn't talk that way over a public telephone. I didn't realise how silly that sounded until I hung up and then I started to laugh.



A publicity head shot from around 1948. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

At the time of the call, she was late with her rent at the Hollywood Studio Club and threatened with eviction. Marilyn knew she did not wish to have anything to do with the perverse caller, but, still, something had to be done about her situation. She picked up the telephone and called Tom Kelley, who had used her in the past for a beer advert. He had asked her several times to pose nude and she always refused, but this time it was her home on the line and she felt she may not have much choice. However, if the session was

going to go ahead, Marilyn did have a particular requirement – she would only take her clothes off for him if accompanied by his wife, Natalie.

One model who worked for Kelley at the time remembers Natalie as a stern woman who seemed rather jealous of the scantily clad women who frequented his studio. The two women did not get along, and one day the model was suddenly dropped and told she would never work for the photographer again. The reason given was that Kelley did not want to work with women who had children, but the model – who had posed for him as a mother since the beginning of their working relationship – always believed this to be untrue. Instead, she blamed her tense relationship with Natalie as the real reason she was asked to leave.



Marilyn at the Pacific Coast Antiques Show, kneeling on a small chair. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))

Marilyn, however, did not seem to have any problems at all in that direction, and in May 1949 she posed nude for the photographer while lying on a blanket of red velvet. ‘I decided I’d be safer with [Kelley] than with some rich old guy who might catch me in a weak moment when I was hungry and didn’t have enough to buy a square meal,’ Marilyn explained. ‘Kelley told me he’d camouflage my face, but it turned out everybody recognized me.’ When later asked what it felt like to be photographed in such a way, she wittily answered, ‘It was drafty,’ and added that the only thing she had on that day was the radio. ‘When I see the photos now,’ she said years later, ‘I feel like I’m dressing in a room without window shades.’



Marilyn at the Pacific Coast Antiques Show, riding a penny-farthing bike. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)

Kelley later told biographer Maurice Zolotow that he paid Marilyn \$50 for her services and then sold the rights to a calendar maker for \$500. 'He made a fortune on it,' Kelley said. 'Sold close to 8,000,000 calendars.' The calendar maker, John Baumgarth, spoke about the deal himself: 'I'd only printed a few of these calendars and had even forgotten the girl's name when one day my secretary shoved the calendar under my nose and said, "Know who this is? It's Marilyn Monroe." "You're crazy" I answered, but it was.' The nude photographs would eventually hit the headlines in 1952, but instead of destroying her career, as the studio thought it would, the scandal actually won the actress much sympathy after she announced that the reason she had posed in the first place was because without the money she would have been evicted from her apartment. Fans appreciated her candour and Marilyn's fame continued to rise.

'I feel like I'm dressing in a room without window shades'





Two gorgeous publicity head shots. Marilyn gave these to her friend, Bill Pursel (From the collection of Bill Pursel)



Love Happy gave Marilyn the opportunity of touring the country on a publicity trip. It also gave her some beautiful head shots, such as this one. (From the collection of Livia Vidicki)

Back in the 1940s, her film career limped on until she was offered a part in the Marx Brothers movie *Love Happy*, playing a client of Grunion (played by Groucho Marx). This small but significant role made sure her career turned a corner, and she found herself off on a big promotional tour in support of the movie. The trip took in Detroit, Chicago and New York, where they happened to be in the middle of a heat wave. Marilyn, however, arrived in a woollen suit:

I had never been to New York; I thought it was always cold there, so I came in all wool – in the middle of summer! It was so hot that I spent all the rest of my visit in a cotton dress. I bought a beret since I'd heard that in the east people wore hats. It was my first trip east and my first hat.

During the trip, Marilyn made various publicity appearances, including the opening of a *Photoplay Dream House*, which required her to travel to Warrensburg on 21 June 1949. While there, she took part in a radio broadcast and posed with the various high-tech items in the home. She also did her first interview with celebrated columnist Earl Wilson, and although he would later become a staunch supporter and friend of the actress, at this particular time he seemed to have no interest in her at all. Together they talked about her nickname of the Mmmm Girl, and the reporter asked what she thought of the tag given to her. 'I'm sure none of the girls ever got hurt by being called such names,' she told Wilson, who remained – for now – totally unimpressed by her star quality.



This press photo was taken during the Love Happy tour. Note how the publication has whitened the background in preparation for the photo being placed into an article. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Livia Vidicki)

Away from the press calls and publicity appearances, Marilyn took some time off from her schedule to pose once again for Andre De Dienes, this time on a beach, playing with a large, polka-dot umbrella. Another photographer captured her poolside whilst wearing several different swimsuits. The latter pictures are some of the prettiest taken during this period, but the circumstances surrounding their creation remains something of a mystery. Over the years it has been reported that the man who took the shots was Arthur Weegee, who later became famous for distorting black and white shots of various celebrities, including Marilyn herself. However, after some investigation, including talking to the Weegee estate, it still cannot be established for sure if he was the photographer or not.

Further confusion comes on the location of the session. It certainly seems to have taken place on the East Coast, and some believe it to have been at Jones Beach pool in Long Island. A newspaper article published in May 1953 seems to suggest otherwise. In the piece, columnist Earl Wilson explains that several years before Marilyn became famous she posed for poolside pictures in the Bronx. However, in some of the shots, her pink costume was considered too ‘flesh-coloured’ and the *New York Daily News* refused to print it. This article certainly seems to be referring to one of the colour shots from the session, but it does not mention a photographer.



Marilyn posing on a diving board at a New York pool. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin)

Another article, this time from 1949, is no more informative. It shows Marilyn modelling a different swimsuit but seemingly from the same session, and it includes a rather questionable caption, describing her as emerging out of the pool and almost out of her suit. Because no trace can be found of the photographs or negatives in the Weegee archive, it would seem that it shall forever remain a mystery as to whether or not the famed photographer took the beautiful shots.

After the success of the publicity tour, Marilyn continued her ambitions to finally hit the big time. ‘There were some difficult days and some pleasant ones,’ she recalled. ‘I went to school, held down a number of jobs, looked for opening in pictures all the time, had many disappointments which were very crushing and finally reached some small measure of success.’ These new accomplishments had rather a lot to do with her acting agent, Johnny Hyde, who was determined to push her career forward and make sure doors opened up for Marilyn. Through all her hard work, she was cast in a variety of parts, including a small role in *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, which called upon her dance and singing skills for several scenes. The experience wasn’t an altogether positive one, however, as, during location shooting in Colorado, Marilyn became extremely ill and was sick for most of her scenes. Columnist Jimmie Fidler told readers that the illness was the result of a reaction to the high altitudes, and that as far as the actress was concerned, the film should be re-titled *The Girl with the Green Face* instead of *A Ticket to Tomahawk*.



Marilyn at a New York pool. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin)

Her biggest break came in *The Asphalt Jungle*, and the first person to hear the news of her casting was old friend and supporter Louella Parsons. Marilyn phoned the columnist and told her all about ‘the biggest part of my life’, declaring that she was grateful to agent Johnny Hyde, director John Huston and executive and friend Joseph Schenck. ‘I am grateful to everyone,’ she gushed to the newspaper columnist, who wrote all about it in an October 1949 column. Ultimately, the success of these small but important roles would win Marilyn another contract with Twentieth Century Fox and lead her closer and closer to Hollywood stardom. Sadly, it also led her further and further away from the Blue Book Agency and, of course, Miss Snively.

In the archive, the agency boss does not go into any detail about what it was like when Marilyn finally told her she was leaving modelling for good. Perhaps this was because there was never any official ‘goodbye’ talk. The model had been going back and forth to the agency for the past five years, though her appearances there were becoming more and more irregular. It is easy to imagine that Miss Snively most likely thought she would be back again when things got tough. Sadly for her, however, this time Marilyn really was headed to pastures new, and it would take her a long time to get back in touch.



Marilyn poses in her bikini at a New York pool. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin)



Marilyn publicity photo. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))



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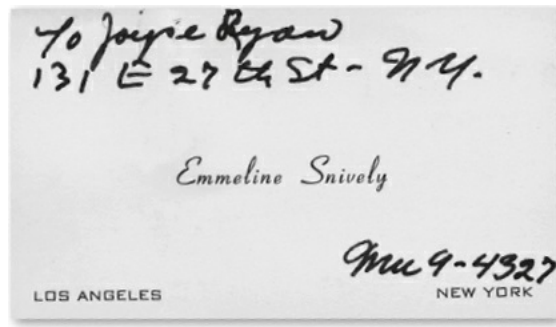
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A confident, sleek-looking Marilyn posing for a publicity photo. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham)

The magazine mentioned in her notes was the 7 April 1952 edition of *Life*, featuring a photograph of Marilyn by celebrated photographer Philippe Halsman. Wearing a white, off-the-shoulder dress, Marilyn posed with her hair short and eyes half-closed. Halsman had photographed her before – during 1949 for another *Life* photo spread. The young actress had acted out a variety of acting situations for him, and he was so impressed that he told her she should move to New York and pursue an acting career. Marilyn was grateful for his encouragement, but moving to the East Coast was not in her plans at that time.



New York business card to Miss Snively's secretary, Joyce Ryan. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

By the early 1950s, one person who was interested in moving there was Miss Snively herself. ‘Most of the magazines were located in New York,’ she wrote. ‘So [I] moved the headquarters to be closer to the action.’ She still maintained an office in Los Angeles, though her association with the actress was all but lost. ‘Several years slipped by and Marilyn and Miss Snively were out of contact,’ the notes say. ‘Marilyn’s star shined brilliantly and each went their own ways.’

It was during Miss Snively’s time in New York that a young woman by the name of Jayne Mansfield walked into the West Coast office. Jayne was a huge Marilyn fan and so it probably shouldn’t come as much of a surprise to discover that she rather liked the idea of joining her old agency. Miss Snively’s colleague Maria Smith took one look at the blonde and knew her boss would be interested. Meanwhile, Miss Snively was quickly realising that not much was different in New York after all, and the only real time the agency hit the headlines was when one of their girls was involved in a car accident and threatened to sue the person responsible. Aside from that, there wasn’t much in New York that couldn’t be done at home, so she packed up the agency files and headed back west.



As a model, Mansfield posed with fellow starlets, just as Marilyn had done before her. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Jayne Mansfield and her husband, Mickey Hargitay, greet Miss Snively. Mansfield always held her former boss in high regard. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Once there, Miss Snively was introduced to Jayne Mansfield and liked what she saw. The model was signed to the agency and sent to see photographers immediately. ‘She wasn’t with me too long,’ Miss Snively later said. ‘Because she was moving fast. She stepped into pictures the next year. Now she’s a Broadway star and signed to a new long-term Fox contract.’

‘Marilyn’s career was on the up, but it came at a price’

The two women became friends and kept in touch even after the model had left Blue Book. In the agency archive there are several photographs of the blonde bombshell: one with Miss Snively herself and one showing Jayne with other models. However, there is also another, more personal, photograph of the actress, this time showing off her newborn baby, Miklos, just days before Christmas 1958. On the back of the photograph the actress has written a loving note, telling Miss Snively that her baby weighed almost 10lb and was born healthy. She also tells her friend and former boss that in order to give thanks for the safe arrival, both she and her husband would be donating money to the Children’s Asthma and Research Institute, and then encourages her to do the same.

Spelling of Pictures		
20	Fred Butcher	from North to South
21	Robert Chase	Ed. Henry
22	Joe Brown	Ed. Henry
23	Sammy J. S.	Brown
24	Sammy J. S.	Brown
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Miss Snively made many notes and lists about the photographers her models worked with. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

While Miss Snively continued with business matters, Marilyn's career was on the up, but it came at a price. Whereas photographers had always built her up during her modelling career, now it seemed that critics and detractors were just as eager to knock her down. She became lonely and in 1952 told reporter Sid Ross that the publicity she was receiving was making her rather shy and afraid. 'I'm beginning to feel like a piece of statuary that people are inspecting with a magnifying glass,' she said. '[They are] looking for imperfections – taking apart my dress, my voice, my figure, my acting – everything about me.'

Meanwhile, Miss Snively was still eager to publicise her business with photographs of Marilyn, either in articles, literature or the Blue Book catalogue itself. She wrote down copious amounts of notes about the photos Marilyn had posed in and kept lists of the photographers and descriptions of their work. She also began writing to various magazines, offering her photos and expert information for their articles. On 28 November 1953 she sent a letter to Gordon Manning, Managing Editor at *Colliers* magazine, and copied in *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post*:

Dear Mr Manning

Enclosed please find three photographs of Norma Jeane Dougherty, now known as Marilyn Monroe. I have what is probably considered the most complete file on this girl, dating back to 1945, when she did her first modelling job under my direction.

This file consists of approximately sixty photographs made by fifteen amateur and professional photographers from the start of her career in 1945, up to and including her first \$75.00 a week contract at Twentieth Century Fox. These pictures with full and complete captions and story are being offered for sale to you at this time. I would appreciate your early consideration of this matter.

Very truly yours

Emmeline Snively.

Similar letters were sent to other publications including *Pageant*, who turned down the offer, just as *The Saturday Evening Post* did too, but *People Today* published an article entitled 'I taught Marilyn how' in their April 1954 issue. In return, Miss Snively received a hefty sum of \$150 for her services, and she wrote to the magazine to share her feelings on 3 April: 'I want to thank you for sticking exactly to the truth on my story of Marilyn Monroe,' she wrote. 'So many stories on her have been twisted around to make them have more sensational news value.'

November 28, 1953

Mr. Gordon Manning
Managing Editor
Collier's Magazine
640 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

Dear Mr. Manning:

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These pictures with full and complete captions and story are being offered for sale to you at this time.

I would appreciate your early consideration of this matter.

Very Truly Yours

Emmeline Snively

cc: Life Magazine
Saturday Evening Post

Very sincerely yours,
Emeline Bailey

Very truly yours,
Melina Melvly

Letters from Miss Snively to Art Photography magazine. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

How I developed Marilyn Monroe from a rookie model to her first screen test at Fox Studios.

The head of a famous school tells what it takes to go from model training to pictures.

Sketch signed by E. S.

After twelve years of running a model school and agency in Hollywood I've worked with lots of girls and "developed" some of the successful names in movies and fashion, but the biggest and one of the most satisfying discoveries was the finding of a raw little cornfed, would-be model named Norma Jean Dougherty and grooming her into the first film test -- from which she blossomed into the lustrous star now known as Marilyn Monroe.

How it happened is in a way a typical story. Not so much one of the immediate jumps that film aspirants dream of, as the real life job filled with ups and downs -- plenty of hard work and determination on Norma Jean's part and good solid work on my part to analyze and develop her best points (no pun intended) to where they would be recognized.

People are apt to think the glamorous star they see was always that way or just as glamorous. Or that she was a poorly dressed beauty that changed overnight from moth to butterfly. Actually such careers are just as much a process of change and struggle as in nine out of ten other careers.

When I met Norma Jean Dougherty in 1945 she was just 18 (describe appearance and circumstances) working as _____. Even then she always had an eager smile. I was running as I am now the Blue Book Model Agency and had a model school where I took girls I felt had _____ and taught them, just as the

John R. Powers School does in New York. I also acted as agent for girls from my school and freelance models and actresses who wanted to work in movies and fashion shows.

Hollywood, being the kind of spot it is, there were hundreds of girls that wanted and needed this kind of help. They came from all over the country or grew up right there.

At the time Norma Jean walked in I had 30 girls in a school. I was doing fashion shows, promoting photographic models for fashion-illustration and cover work, as well as publicity assignments for the range Show. I had handled many girls who ultimately made the grade in motion pictures including Mela Powers, so I knew my business. I signed her up -- analyzed her -- she had figure, clothes were wrong and didn't do justice to her figure. Her hair was wrong -- blonde mass and too curly -- didn't bring out her features. She had no make-up at all but had good skin, eyes and teeth. For the next year I did a lot of changing and thinking on Norma Jean Dougherty or Marilyn Monroe to you.

I did this.....

I got her a job. She was scared to death. When the photographs came in we studied them, asked the photographer for tips and hints in order to help her and groom her fast. She was open to suggestion and criticism -- ate it up in fact. Was more than eager to please. Voice -- deep breath -- liked people. Then came period of depression -- accident -- conscientious -- reliable. I got her work ...

She earned \$5.00 per hour -- artists and calendars -- sketching. Earl Moran. She bleached hair for ad -- popularity affected.

Acceptance by photographers and illustrators.

Wasn't interested in movies.

Married and couldn't enter contests.

Attitude toward other cover girls in agency and school.

All along we'd been planning -- She didn't want to test.

Miss Snively's article notes. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

An article also appeared in *Modern Screen* in July 1954, *Art Photography* in October, and other magazines and newspapers after that. *Life* magazine was eager to hear more about Miss Snively's collection but in the end decided that the photos were not suited to their immediate needs. However, all the attention her articles did receive threatened to saturate the market. The editor of *Art Photography* wrote to say that it was 'unfortunate' that *Modern Screen* was using much of the same material as they were planning to but hoped that it wouldn't conflict with their story. Still, the thought of duplication did not seem to worry Miss Snively too much, and she continued to talk about Marilyn in the years ahead, both in print, television and film.

One article was typed out by Miss Snively and filed away in the archive, complete with notes to herself, prompts, random words and blank spaces:

How I developed Marilyn Monroe from a rookie model to her first screen test at Fox Studios. The head of a famous school tells what it takes to go from model training to pictures.

Sketch signed by E.S.

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How it happened is in a way a typical story. Not so much one of the immediate jumps that film aspirants dream of, as the real

life job [was] filled with ups and downs – plenty of hard work and determination on Norma Jeane's part and good solid work on my part to analyse and develop her best points (no pun intended) to where they would be recognised.

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Voice – deep breath – liked people.

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She earned \$5.00 per hour – artists and calendars – sketching, Earl Moran. She bleached hair for ad – popularity affected.

Acceptance by photographers and illustrators.

Wasn't interested in movies.

Married and couldn't enter contests.

Attitude toward other cover girls in agency and school.

All along we'd been planning – She didn't want to test.

The John R. Powers mentioned in Miss Snively's notes was the founder of a model school and agency in New York, which taught perspective starlets to make the most of themselves and break into the business. Powers was often quoted in the newspapers as saying that he believed any woman could be attractive given the right skills. This philosophy made him one of the most popular and powerful of all the agency directors, and it is easy to see why Miss Snively was greatly inspired by his work.

Interestingly, while she strived to be just like him, the two agencies were actually already alike in many ways, and both saw at least several women move from modelling into acting over the years. Of course, no model was ever more successful at that than Marilyn, and in 1946 it would seem that Powers actually wanted her to go out to New York and sign with his agency. She said no in favour of concentrating on modelling and acting in Los Angeles, which meant that, at that moment at least, Miss Snively had eclipsed the very agency she was trying to live up to.

As 1954 progressed, the Blue Book director was happy to discover that Marilyn was currently making *There's No Business Like Show Business* at Twentieth Century Fox. Miss Snively decided to contact her old client again, as notes in the archive reveal:

She called the studio to see if Marilyn would pose for some publicity pictures for Blue Book Models. Marilyn quickly agreed and was excited about seeing Miss Snively. Miss Snively showed up [at the studio] with a cap and gown but Marilyn's hair was in curlers, so the pictures were made of Marilyn's measurements being taken by Miss Snively. She had brought along a picture to be autographed but Marilyn had just had new publicity pictures made and insisted that Miss Snively have one of those. This was the favourite picture she was to have.



Marilyn signed and presented this publicity photo to Miss Snively, when they were reunited on the set of *There's No Business Like Show Business*. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

The pictures taken on the set that day show Marilyn in the costume she wore to perform a song and dance number called *Heat Wave*. The actress wasn't a huge fan of the song, and her new husband, baseball star Joe DiMaggio, wasn't an admirer of the outfit, considering it too revealing for his wife to wear. However, neither seemed to bother Miss Snively, and photos show there is no doubt that Marilyn enjoyed meeting up with her old mentor once again. Her joy is there for all to see, as the agency boss measures her hips and bust, while comparing the statistics to those in her famous Blue Book. Miss Snively did not send her bust measurement photographs out for publication, thinking it too risqué. The hips photograph was considered a much safer option, and that quickly became the better known of the two shots.

'there is no doubt that Marilyn enjoyed meeting up with her old mentor once again'

The visit to the set wasn't all happiness it would seem, as Miss Snively later recalled having a private word with Marilyn off set. During the quiet talk, the actress confessed that she felt inadequate in her career:

She didn't really feel she was a qualified actress, [but] how could she have felt any different? She'd signed her first contract before she had her first acting lesson. God I wanted to cry for her then. This can be the loneliest town in the world and it's even lonelier for you if you're on top of the heap.

Incidentally, another old friend she encountered during this time was artist and photographer Earl Moran. While it is not known if he visited on the same day as Miss Snively, he later recalled that Marilyn hugged him on the set and thanked him for making her

legs look wonderful in the portraits he did of her. Moran later explained that the actress thought her ankles were too thin and loved what he did to make them look good.

Once contact between Miss Snively and Marilyn had been established again, the actress suddenly began phoning her old mentor. It does not seem to have been on a regular basis, but it was certainly enough to give the agency boss hope that she had not been forgotten during her protégé's rise to the top. Several months after the meeting on *There's No Business Like Show Business*, she decided once again that it would be nice to use a photo of the star in Blue Book Agency literature. She wrote to Sonya Wolfson in the Twentieth Century Fox publicity department to ask for permission:



Miss Snively and Marilyn together once again, on the set of There's No Business Like Show Business. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Dear Miss Wolfson,

You were kind enough to arrange an interview and picture session for me with Marilyn Monroe last fall, during the shooting of 'No Business Like Show Business.' – Enclosed find 4 x 5 shot of same.

You may remember Marilyn graduated from my school – Blue Book Models – and did her photographic modelling through my agency.

I would like permission to use her photograph in my Model School Brochure and classified telephone book advertisement. I would use either a recent picture or one of my early ones ...

May 18, 1956

Paul Guillumette
475 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Paul:

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time--wondering if you are keeping up with your photography of Famous Shots and envying your life of travel and no deadline!

Hope you saw my nice paragraph in *Time* magazine last week, May 14--on Marilyn Monroe. Whenever I am interviewed about her they always pick out the things that were wrong or impossible or problems she had to overcome. Of course that makes news--but if Marilyn would read what I have been given credit for writing she would have an inferiority complex for sure. She wouldn't even believe I am on her side.

Now here is where you come in! Remember how sold I was on that girl from the very beginning? How I used to write you pages and pages wondering why her color covers didn't sell? Begging you people to push her? I told you how wonderful she was in person and how I wished you could meet her yourself? Then you would write back saying the editors didn't like her unruly hair--that they objected to her smile because it broadened her nose, etc.

I am constantly being interviewed about Marilyn and I need a way to show that I am and always have been more than gold on her

Could I ask a favor of you? Could you write me a letter bringing back those early days--you might say "I saw your nice paragraph in *Time* magazine on Marilyn Monroe and it brought to my mind the way you had written concerning her covers--etc" as I said above.

I would appreciate this so much Paul--Dick Miller--Andre Dienes--any of the photographers that you had at the time had material on her and we were somewhat successful--Eh Wat? Long hand is okay for the letter and make that signature legible--I want to reprint it.

Love,

Emeline

Letter from Miss Snively to Paul Guillumette. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Dear Sir:

Your Lovely July Cover of Marilyn Monroe takes me back to July 1947. One of my photographic model students, Jean Brown, was the first Western girl ever to appear as a RED BOOK COVER GIRL. New York photographer Ruzzie Green shot her while he was here on location. Later we received a wire for Richard Miller to use her again, and the resulting station wagon shot was used the next month on the August cover.

Enclosed please find photos of two students of the BLUE BOOK School of Photographic Modelling, graduates of the same class 1946. On the left Jean Brown ... On the right, Norma Jeane Dougherty. Oh Yes, Norma Jeane is now known as Marilyn Monroe

...

EMMELINE SNIVELY, Director, Blue Book School of Modelling, Hollywood, Calif.

It had now been over ten years since Norma Jeane Dougherty walked into the Blue Book Agency. When Marilyn appeared on the cover of *Time*, on 14 May 1956, Miss Snively was interviewed about her memories of the actress. However, when the article was published, she was not particularly pleased with it and put her thoughts down on paper to an old friend. Miss Snively had known New York photographer Paul Guillumette for many years, as he worked in a photo agency and often tried to place the Blue Book models with East Coast photographers and magazines. She knew that he would remember how hard she pushed for Marilyn's success, and this is obvious in the letter she wrote to him on 18 May 1956:

Dear Paul:

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time -- wondering if you are keeping up with your photography of Famous Shots and envying your life of travel and no deadline!

Hope you saw my nice paragraph in *Time* magazine last week, May 14th, on Marilyn Monroe. Whenever I am interviewed about her they always pick out the things that were wrong or impossible or problems she had to overcome. Of course that makes news -- but if Marilyn would read what I have been given credit for writing she would have an inferiority complex for sure. She wouldn't even believe I am on her side.

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want to reprint it.

Love

Emmeline.

Several days later, on 21 May 1956, Guillumette wrote a short letter to Miss Snively, saying that he was pleased to read about her in *Time* magazine and that it brought back memories of when they used to correspond about Marilyn. At the very end he wrote that Miss Snively always did her very best to push the young woman, then signed off and posted the letter back to the West Coast.

On the same day Guillumette was writing to her, Miss Snively was working out details of a modelling competition she wished to run to find 'a Marilyn Monroe type, to promote magazine covers, advertising and illustrations'. The proposed press release is located in the archive and reads:

In 1946-1947 [sic] BLUE BOOK started Marilyn Monroe. She studied at Blue Book Model's School and became a favourite with photographers as a cover girl and photographic model.

Then Fox signed her--For several years photographers kept calling for the Marilyn Monroe type and Blue Book started several who have since given up modelling for home life.

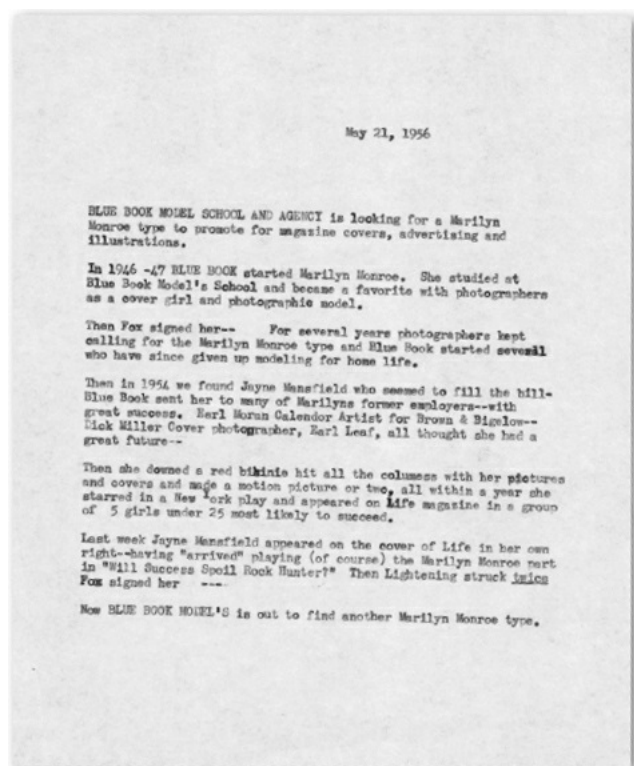
Then in 1954 we found Jayne Mansfield who seemed to fill the bill - Blue Book sent her to many of Marilyn's former employers - with great success. Earl Moran calendar artist for Brown & Bigelow - Dick Miller cover photographer, Earl Leaf, all thought she had a great future -

Then she donned a red bikini, hit all the columns with her pictures and covers, and made a motion picture or two. All within a year she starred in a New York play and appeared on *Life* magazine in a group of five girls under twenty-five most likely to succeed.

Last week Jayne Mansfield appeared on the cover of *Life* in her own right - having 'arrived' playing (of course) the Marilyn Monroe part in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Then lightning struck twice. Fox signed her.

Now BLUE BOOK MODELS is out to find another Marilyn Monroe type.

This literature is interesting and shows Miss Snively's frame of mind at the time. During the years since Marilyn's discovery, she had known her fair share of triumphs and sadness, and her frustration of her two most famous models leaving her is quite clear in the advert. Actor Steve Hayes remembers that at this point she was still a witty, fun lady but had become somewhat cynical and 'short' with people she did not trust. She once told Hayes that she had been burned too often by people coming into her agency for representation, only to leave her the moment they were offered a bigger and better opportunity elsewhere. Hayes felt that while she still treated her clients very well, there was a part of her that felt she shouldn't treat them too well, just in case they also bolted to another agency.



Details of the 'Marilyn Monroe type'. From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Nearly a week after typing up her notes related to finding another Marilyn, Miss Snively wrote a much longer proposal of what she wanted to achieve from the competition and what would be expected of the models. She noted that the event was in response to 'popular demand by photographers' and prophesised that it would be called Look Alike, Cinderella Girl or Modern Cinderella. The object of the exercise: 'To look like Marilyn Monroe (gimmick) silver lame dress formerly owned by Marilyn Monroe.' She then urged amateur models to check their credentials. 'How do you look like Marilyn?' she asked, before listing a number of different ways: face, smile, eyes, hair, figure, walk, personality and colouring.

'her frustration of her two most famous models leaving her is quite clear in the advert'

The judges of the competition were to be Norma Jeane-related people: Earl Moran, Earl Leaf, Helen Ainsworth, Richard Miller and Hal Bloom. Directly underneath this, Miss Snively detailed what Blue Book wanted to achieve by doing the competition:

- 1 – to interview all girls entering contest (could take a Polaroid photo of each)
- 2 – coupons to bear name and address of Blue Book Model School.
- 3 – the contest in with current magazine articles and newspaper publicity on Marilyn and Jayne Mansfield.

The prize for the winner would be 'the full Marilyn Monroe treatment – full length courses in the Blue Book School of Modelling Promotion Agency'. This would be accompanied by several other opportunities too, such as posing for Earl Moran, magazine photograph coverage and a picture story with Earl Leaf.



Miss Snively's notes relating to the Blue Book Marilyn contest. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Congratulations – I see you made *Time* this week.

It was a most interesting and heart-warming story I thought. The cover is a lovely portrait and the story should endear you to readers all over the world. You should be proud of the honour as this space is usually reserved for Presidents, Statesmen and Industrialists.

I read somewhere that you always wanted to be on the cover of the *Ladies Home Journal*. Unfortunately when you were modelling through me those covers were all situated on the East Coast, as were most of the others.

It would mean a great deal to me if I could use your name as a graduate student. In order to be able to do so I need a letter of clearance from you. I have no big advertising places, but I would appreciate permission.

Sometimes I might like to use a little picture [such] as the glamour photo you autographed for me at Fox Studios (enclosed.) In order to make it easy for you, I have enclosed a form. You may be sure that I would use all discretion in this matter and have your greatest interest at heart.



Marilyn talking to a reporter on her return to Hollywood to make *Bus Stop* in 1956. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

While there is no indication as to whether or not Miss Snively received a reply to the letter, it would be safe to say that she probably did not. No details of the reply can be found in the archive, though it would seem that the agency boss did continue with the competition as mention was later made in a local newspaper, complete with a photograph of two lookalike twins.

By the time the letter was sent, the actress was in the midst of shooting *Bus Stop* for Twentieth Century Fox, supporting future husband Arthur Miller through various personal and professional upsets and making plans to travel to London so she could make *The Prince and the Showgirl* with Laurence Olivier. If she had received the letter, it is doubtful that Marilyn would have had the time or inclination at that point to reply to it.

Several years later, on 31 July 1958, Miss Snively wrote to Marilyn again, care of Twentieth Century Fox. Delivered by courier on 2 August, the note was a heartfelt declaration of the agency boss's happiness for what the actress had achieved. The letter Marilyn ultimately received was found in her filing cabinets at the time of her death. An earlier draft was retained by Miss Snively in her own archive. It reads as follows:

Dear Marilyn

Mother and I are so happy to hear that you are back in California making a picture. We have been following your steady progress over the years, and are so proud of your accomplishments.

Our students at BLUE BOOK MODELS regard your constant development and success as an inspiration. I would so like to see you. Would that be possible? I have an idea to discuss with you that I think you will like.

You may reach me at Dunkirk 8-3545 or 617 South Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles 5.

On the copy of the letter, stored carefully for so many years, Miss Snively scribbled the words 'No Answer'.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL BUSINESS		PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300	
INSTRUCTIONS.—Show name, address and number of article below. Complete "Instructions To Delivering Employee" on other side, when applicable. Moisten gummed ends and securely attach to back of article. Endorse front of article. RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED		POSTMARK OF DELIVERING OFFICE AUG 1958 VILLAGE STA.	
		RETURN TO	
REGISTERED NO. 33220	NAME OF SENDER Carmeluis Snively	INSTRUCTIONS TO DELIVERING EMPLOYEE ☐ DELIVER ONLY TO ADDRESSEE (20¢ additional) ☐ SHOW ADDRESS WHERE DELIVERED IN ITEM 4 BELOW (31¢ additional) RECEIPT Received from the Postmaster the Registered, Certified, or Insured Article, the number of which appears on the face of this return receipt. 1. SIGNATURE OR NAME OF ADDRESSEE X 2. SIGNATURE OF ADDRESSEE'S AGENT (Agent should enter addressee's name in item 1 above) 3. DELIVERY DATE Miss Marilyn Monroe 8.2-58 Tom Lobbau	
CERTIFIED NO.	STREET AND NO. OR P.O. BOX 617 S. Vermont Ave		
INSURED NO.	CITY, ZONE, AND STATE Los Angeles, Calif. 5		

POD Form 3811, Dec. 1955

Delivery note for letter sent from Miss Snively to Marilyn in 1958. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Dear Marilyn,

Mother and I are so happy to hear that you are back in California making a picture. We have been following your steady progress over the years , and are so proud of your accomplishments. Our students at BLUE BOOK MODELS regard you constant development and success as an inspiration. I I would so like to see you. Would this be possible? I have an idea to discuss with you that I think you will like.

You may reach me at DUnkirk 8-3545 or 617 South Vermont Ave, L.A .5,

No Answer

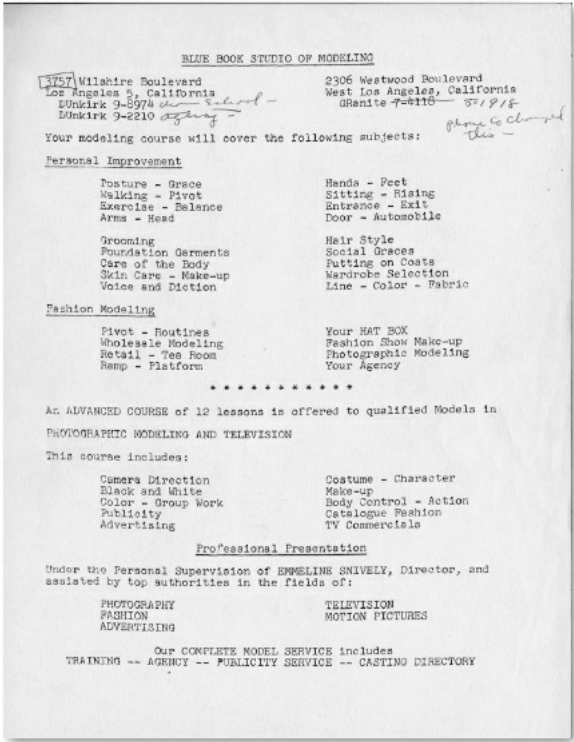
Letter from Miss Snively to Marilyn with the words 'No answer' scrawled underneath. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

While Marilyn (or at least her personal secretary) received and filed the letter away, it is easy to see why the actress did not reply. At the time she was in the midst of a very stressful shoot, making *Some Like It Hot* with Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon. The trip to Hollywood was the first in two years, since she was now living in New York with her husband Arthur Miller. Her arrival in early July should have been a happy one, but unfortunately she was greeted by a group of very rude newspapermen, who seemed intent on punishing her for leaving California.

One journalist took the rather unsatisfactory decision to ask Marilyn why she had become overweight, which was bizarre, as photos of the event show her to be extremely slim. She smiled sweetly and replied as politely as she could. ‘My weight goes up and down like anybody else’s but I’ll be in good shape in two weeks because I intend to do lots of walking and exercising ... I know I have gained a little weight, but I’ll work that off rehearsing for the new film.’ The next day the *Mirror News* reported on the arrival and returned the verdict that Marilyn was ‘chubby’.

During the making of *Some Like It Hot*, Marilyn became pregnant with Miller’s child, and she was terrified that the running around she had to do would lead to a miscarriage. The whole experience of making the film was a negative one for all concerned, though thankfully it did go onto become one of the most successful of her career. For Marilyn, however, it had been exceptionally hard work.

After filming had ended, the actress very sadly suffered a miscarriage, just before Christmas 1958. This was to be her second failed attempt at having a child, and the experience was a depressing and heartbreaking one. The letter from Miss Snively was likely forgotten while Marilyn recovered from the loss, so at that point she did not learn why her former boss wanted to contact her. While the final version of the letter was finally released several years ago, the reason for Miss Snively expressing that ‘I have an idea to discuss with you’ has never been made clear. However, she did reveal what the idea was, shortly after Marilyn’s death. ‘I thought of getting her interested in working around hospitals where she could come in contact with sick kids who needed someone to love them,’ she said. ‘I thought maybe that might help. But we never got together again any place where we could talk, so it never happened.’



Modelling course notes. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

At the same time Marilyn was mourning the loss of her unborn child and trying to move on with her future, Miss Snively was doing everything she could to keep herself and her school in the limelight. She experimented with several different names, including The Central Model Agency and Who’s Who, and moved premises several times. Records show that by 1960 her main office was located at 3757 Wilshire Boulevard, while another studio was kept at 2307 Westwood Boulevard. Her modelling courses had adapted to the changing market and now covered additional classes teaching camera direction, TV commercials, catalogue fashion, advertising and motion pictures: ‘Our complete model service includes training, agency, publicity service and casting directory,’ she wrote in advertising literature:

The Blue Book School of Charm and Modelling offers classes in personal improvement, fashion modelling, photographic modelling, and television commercial training. First impressions are enhanced by correcting posture and weight problems by diet, exercise and rhythm. Make the most of yourself. Stress your good points. Minimize faults and problems. Grooming, wardrobe selection, posture, walking, sitting, make-up, hair care, styling, graceful hands. Favourable lasting impressions are achieved by classes in: etiquette, introductions, tips on interviews, speech.



Miss Snively leads a course on television skills. Note the mock TV screen with model sitting behind it. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



Models go through their paces during one of Miss Snively's Blue Book classes. Unknown photographer. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

In the 1960 Blue Book brochure published by the agency, Miss Snively illustrates many of the things that were going on at the time, both in her own career as agency boss and with her clients: 'Miss Snively designed, cast and rehearsed a series of television commercials for an international show account ... She appeared on the Harry Babbit show offering tips on charm and personality development. The models demonstrated.' Photographs of the events show the women exhibiting their skills, under the close supervision of Miss Snively. Another picture shows a second generation model by the name of Lonnie England, who had followed in the footsteps of her mother by signing to the Blue Book Agency.

While they were moving forward into the new decade, some things did not change. There was still a close relationship with Earl Moran, for instance, and when some of the Blue Book girls took part in a hosting event for a glamorous Christmas party, Moran was there with his beautiful wife, Gloria. Showing a photograph of the couple sitting with Miss Snively, text in the advertising literature reads, 'Mr and Mrs Earl Moran enjoyed the punch at the party. Earl is internationally known for his magazine covers and calendars of beauties. Now he is adding photography to his talents. Gloria too paints, specializing in children.'



PACKAGE OF BENEFITS

MEMBERSHIP TO SHOW BUSINESS ARE. CAN BEHOLDERS.

WE PROVIDE YOU WITH THE TOOLS TO GET IN AND STAY IN SHOW BUS.

AND HELP YOU ABOUT THE WAY UP.

YOU ARE RECOGNIZED IN YOUR FIELD.

OFF STAFFED NOW, THIS IS A YOUNG BUSINESS.

WE PROVIDE MEMBERSHIP CARDS TO HELP YOU WITH THE TOOLS OF YOUR TRADE.

PREPARATION IS ESSENTIAL.

FROM: CONTROL OF BEHAVIOR.

LITTLE TRAINED EXPERIENCE.

ONLY WHEN HE TRAINED.

SUBMIT RECORD OF WORK DONE.

SAVE SCRAP BOOKS AND CLIPPING.

U.V. CONGRATULATIONS FREQUENTLY.

FROM: FROM OTTAWA PHOTOGRAPHIC.

MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS.

APPLICANTS MUST PHOTOGRAPH.

CONSIDERING, OF LIVING, FOR THEIR.

AIMED TO REPRESENT THEM.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE.

AMERICAN AND MODEL CLUB.

400 South Western Ave., Los Angeles,

California 90005. DN 9-2210

A SERVICE.....

DECIDED WITH THE

ACTORS AND MODEL CLUB

WE REPRESENT YOU AS AN ARTIST.

MANAGER.

PROVIDE A COLOR PHOTO FOR OUR FILE.

*INCLUDE YOUR PHOTO ON A HEAD SHOT. (SMILE AND WINK).

THIS WE MAIL TO OUR CLIENTS.

(PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ADVERTISING AGENCIES)

WE PROVIDE YOU WITH A LOCAL TELEPHONE ADVERTISING SERVICE.

(A SERVICE)

CENTRAL WEST AGENCY SPECIALIZES IN PHOTOGRAPHED MODELS, AND REPRESENTS THE CLIENTS ON A NON-EXCLUSIVE BASIS. CALLS ARE USUALLY CHARGED BY THE HOUR.

CENTRAL WEST AGENCY ESTABLISHED IN 1959.

STAFF LICENSED AND BONDED

LOCATED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE IN THE WILSHIRE CENTER AREA

SMOKELINE SERVICE, DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL WEST AGENCY OFFERED NATIONAL RECOGNITION FOR DISCOVERING AND PROMOTING NEWCOMERS IN THE MODELING AND TALENT FIELDS.

SHE RECEIVED HER DEGREE IN ART AND RESEARCH AT U.C.L.A. AND CONTINUED GRADUATE WORK IN ART AT BERKELEY.

MISS SNIVELY IS CONNECTED WITH STARTING THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANTS) WALTER MARRS, JAYNE MANSFIELD, MALA POWERS AT THE AGE OF 16.

JACKIE O'DONNELL, AGE 17, DWAYNE HICKMAN, AGE 17, AND FRANCES ANN RAFFERTY, AGE 17, SPEC PLANNING OF LATTER PART ALSO TRAINED WITH A NOTION PICTURE GAVE BY MISS SNIVELY.

IT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO CALL YOUR ASSISTANT SPECIFIC DAILY AND TO INFORM THEM AT WHAT TIME YOU CALL IS.



THIS MAY BE YOUR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . .

Package of benefits for the Blue Book agency and school. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

Marilyn the Model - Calendar -
Shop of Calendars in color

Bullfighter - Calendar + sketch
Espresso - sketch Black Panther
Farmerette - sketch
Diving - 4 nude Poses - color with a ribbon
Sailor Girl -
Espresso 1947-48
Silver Dress - (Love Happy) -
Farmerette -
Towel
Towel + Espresso -
Billy Gilbert
Jackie Robinson
Unpublished
Photographs

Figure 100
James Puh Co
8150 1/2 Central Park
Shelbyville -

A BIT ABOUT THE CONTEST DIRECTOR



Many famous actresses received their start with Miss Snively. She gave Jayne Mansfield her first job; as a result of the training and promotion at Blue Book Models Marilyn Monroe appeared on countless national magazine covers. Marilyn started with Models Blue Book in 1947.

Miss Emmeline Snively has gained National Recognition for Discovering, Training and Promoting newcomers in the Modeling and Talent Fields.

She received her B.E. degree in Art and Education at U.C.L.A. and continued her graduate work in Art on the Berkeley campus.

A few others who have benefited by the deft touch of Miss Snively are Mala Powers, Motion Picture Star and TV; Jackie O'Donnell, Ed Wynn series, TV; Dwayne Hickman, Bob Cummings show, Loves of Doby Gillis; Ernadine Walters, Song of Bernadette; Frances Ann Rafferty, lead in December Bride, TV; Mary Jane Saunders, Motion Pictures; Elaine Williams, Robert Young Show; Betty Meade, Ken Murray Show; Virginia Hewett, Star of Space Patrol, TV series; Chris Saunders, lead in The Drunkard.

'Marilyn the Model Calendar' notes; 'A Bit About the Contest Director'. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

At some point it would seem that the two old friends even planned to put together some kind of Marilyn-related calendar. In the archive there is a sheet of Moran's headed notepaper, on the back of which the couple has scrawled a variety of notes under the heading, 'Marilyn the Model Calendar: List of calendars in colour'. The names of various Earl Moran photos appear on the paper including, 'Bullfighter, Farmerette, Diving, Sailor Girl, Towel and Expression'.

As well as that, they mention Moran's nude photographs, a *Love Happy* publicity picture and the amateur photos from the 1946 Group 13 outing. The name of a New York distributor – Jones Publishing Company – is written towards the bottom of the document, as well as what appears to be a projected price of \$1. Whether or not this sheet is solid evidence that the pair were planning a calendar cannot be confirmed. However, it most certainly wouldn't be the last time Miss Snively and Earl Moran planned a Marilyn project together, as shown later in the archive.

While the agency was continuing successfully, Marilyn's life was in turmoil. The year of 1960 was exceptionally tiring, with two movies – *Let's Make Love* and *The Misfits* – taking their toll. A host of personal problems, including a marriage breakdown and various other disasters, was making it a year she was quite keen to forget. Although it had been only fifteen years since the actress had walked into the Blue Book Agency, it could have been a lifetime, and her fabulous modelling days seemed a very long time ago.

'A host of personal problems, including a marriage breakdown and various other disasters, was making it a year she was quite keen to forget'

Back at the agency, Miss Snively remained busy and occasionally became involved as a judge in modelling competitions and other activities. However, her next big project was what she hoped would be a textbook with three possible titles: *How to be a Part-time Model*, *Be a Teen Age Model*, or *Modelling as a Stepping Stone*. She wrote an impassioned letter about the project to a prospective publisher on 13 January 1961:

Since I have conducted a model school here in Los Angeles for many years, the book could be slanted in several ways. My daily

activities result in a life which is a cross between *You Can't Take It With You*, and *My Sister Eileen*, PLUS. The book could be based on my modelling course, telling girls all over the country how to break into the business. I plan to use illustrations [and] photos of course. Would your organization be interested in a book on this subject? Any suggestions appreciated ...

As with several of her ideas and aspirations, Miss Snively was unable to get anyone interested in the modelling book, so instead she began to do something totally different: she decided to write a play with secretary Joyce Ryan.

Hidden away for over fifty years, a script entitled *Just Once More, Please* has been found in the Blue Book archive. The document, totalling 132 pages, was written in the early 1960s and was finally finished in 1962. The story revolves around a model agency and the many models and clients that come through its doors. It was, of course, based very much on day-to-day life at Blue Book, both past and present. The script describes how the agency looked during the early days when it was known as The Village School:

Dear Editor:
I have ~~been~~ conducted a Model School, training Fashion and
Photographic Models (WEST COAST STYLE) for the last 20 years
here in Los Angeles. We also have an Agency. Some of the
Graduates have become famous as Motion Picture Stars,
using modeling as a stepping stone. One of these is Marilyn
Monroe. Perhaps you have read Maurice Zolotow on the subject

Having Conducted a Modeling School, here in Los Angeles
for many years I am interested in writing a book on the subject.
The title could be HOW TO BE A MODEL, BE A PART TIME MODEL or TEEN AGE MODEL.
It could be slanted many ways.....could be based on my
modeling course.
Is a book on this subject of interest to you?
One of my famous Graduates is Marilyn Monroe.
I plan photographic illustrations

Jan. 13, 1961

Dear Mr. Muller,

I am planning to write a book (isn't every-
one?) on the subject of modeling.
The title might be 'How to be a Part Time
Model' ... 'Be a Teen Age Model' ...
"Modeling as a Stepping Stone" to
T.V. Movies..... etc.
Since I have conducted a Model School here
in Los Angeles for many years the book
could be slanted many ways. Several
My daily activities result in a life which
is a cross between "You Can't Take It With
You" and "My Sister Eileen" PLUS.
The book could be based on my Modeling Course,
telling girls all over the country how to
break in to the business.
I plan to use illustrations, Photos, of course.
Would your organization be interested in a
book on this subject? Any suggestions
appreciated....

Sincerely yours,
Emmeline Snively

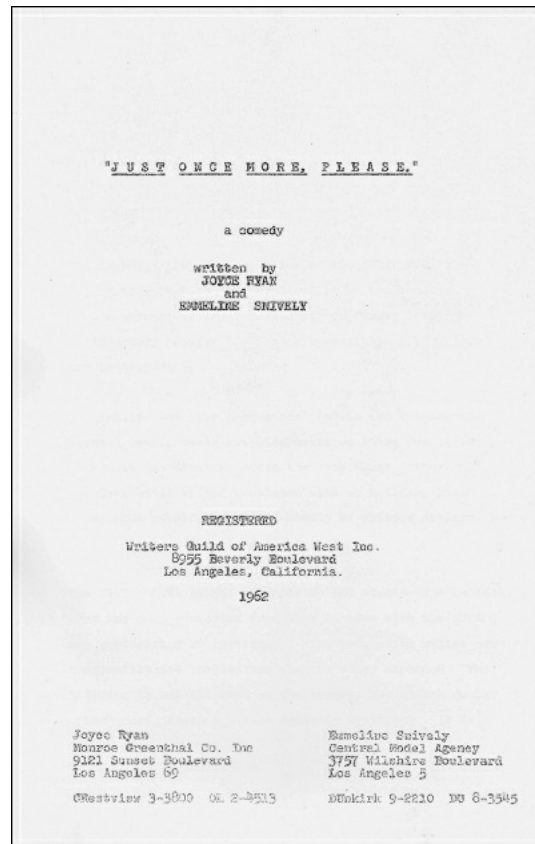
Letters to several editors, describing how Miss Snively wishes to write a book about being a model. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

The curtain rises on the office of the STRIP MODEL AGENCY in Hollywood. 'Strip' refers to the location of the agency, on the Sunset Strip or County Strip, as it is known, between the glamour communities of Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

Originally, the 'ten percenters' (movie and theatrical agents) set up their establishment on these few blocks of county territory to avoid the city taxes. Thus, it has been built up and developed with no building restrictions, a law unto itself, inhabited mostly

by antique dealers, body conditioners, night clubs and agents.

The STRIP MODEL AGENCY occupies an old studio-type building that has been converted from time to time with the adding and subtracting of partitions. The decoration relies more on originality and imagination than on money expended. The building is not situated on the street, but with a number of other shops, faces a little drive-in courtyard. It is popularly known as the HUNGARIAN VILLAGE. Two large plate glass windows, almost to the floor are separated by the door and look out on the drive way. Through the left window can be seen the gay entrance of the Bali Café next door where the landlord of the unit holds forth as proprietor of the restaurant.

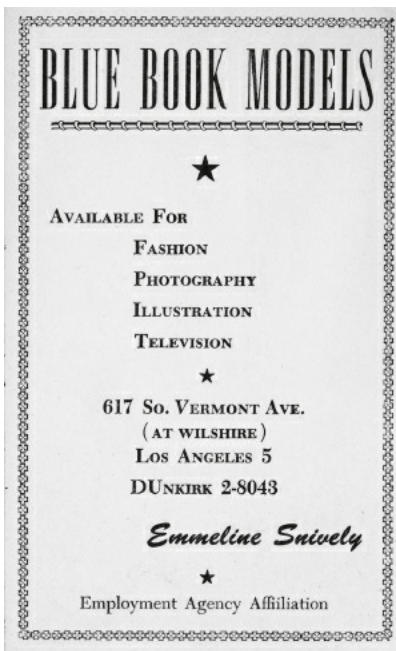


Front cover of the script for Miss Snively and Joyce Ryan's play Just Once More, Please. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

In the office, thumbtacked to the celotex board on the wall, are numerous photographs of girls, costumed, partially costumed and un-costumed. A bulletin board displays magazine covers, advertising pictures, clippings from newspapers and theatre programs, revealing the talent and beauty of the agency's members. The furniture consists of two desks, each bearing a telephone, a circular seat (centre stage), a large wall mirror with a six inch high platform before it, a four drawer letter file and several canvas collapsible officer's chairs.

Down front, on the stage, is a trap door which leads to the dark room in the basement. The photographic studio is indicated off stage by spotlights protruding over the top of the partition. The set may be termed artistic but a little home-made.

In the script, mention is made of many of the people Miss Snively and Joyce had worked with during their careers, and they are also given roles in the story. Earl Moran became Albert Weston: 'I had Albert Weston, the artist on the phone,' says Gale. 'He wants a new model for a series of calendars he is painting.' Two models then begin a conversation, which ends with one of them worrying she doesn't have a bathing suit to pose in. 'You don't need a bathing suit,' replies her friend, 'he paints them on.' Members of the amateur Group 13 photographers club also inspired characters in the script, including Dr Phil Sampson, who became Dr Lampson. Dan Hickson became Sam Dickson, William Gilbert became Billy Gilberts and Richard Whiteman became merely Whiteman.



Blue Book advert. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Miss Snively and Joyce were exceptionally proud of their achievements with the story and wanted to make it into a fully fledged play. Not only that but they wished for Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield to take on the main roles of Gale Roberts and Jane Smith. ‘Both of these girls have similarities,’ Miss Snively later wrote. ‘Each has great enthusiasm, a sunny, open disposition and the same great interest in people. They also have something else that many a beautiful girl who has come to me lacked and therefore fell by the wayside – persistence. They never gave up.’

The part of Gale Roberts was described in the script as ‘formerly a model, [she] inherited a little money and decided to open a model agency’. Jane, meanwhile, is a woman who ‘invested some of her savings collected by teaching art in high school for a few years’. It is easy to see that Jane is based on Miss Snively, while Gale must be Joyce Ryan. In the script, the agency boss describes herself as ‘medium height and colouring, brisk and business-like. She prefers suits although is definitely feminine. All her time and effort is devoted to making the business successful.’

‘She prefers suits although is definitely feminine’

Together the women are labelled as: ‘ambitious and hard working. They realize the time it takes to build a business handling people and contacts and are trying to establish themselves before their money gives out. They realize the responsibility of guiding and helping young people who are trying to launch themselves in the photographic and motion picture world. Although they are serious about their work, they have a sense of humour which saves them from many a near catastrophe.’

Miss Snively wrote to Marilyn again, and while she had been unable to elicit a response from her back in 1958, this time she was in luck. The actress was looking forward to taking a new direction after finishing her latest movie for Twentieth Century Fox, and, after reading the letter, she surprised everyone by contacting the Blue Book office. When the two women spoke, Miss Snively was thrilled to hear that the actress really wanted to see the play. The agency boss wrote about this time in the archive: ‘The play was about a struggling model and Marilyn was interested in reading and possibly doing it on the stage. The calls increased during the summer of 1962. Marilyn liked the play. She wanted to [interest] a studio and [thought] maybe the stage had something to offer.’



'Marilyn's Final Pose', an article by Louis Sobel from the New York Journal American, 16 August 1962. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

In an article from *Screen Stories* during 1962, the project received a small mention in the gossip section. It read: 'Marilyn Monroe's old friend, Emmeline Snively of the Blue Book Modelling Agency, is writing a play about Marilyn, in collaboration with Joyce Ryan. It's called *Just Once More, Please!* And if that sounds familiar, it's what photographers are always telling their models.'

Shortly after Marilyn's death, journalist Louis Sobel mentioned it in his 16 August 1962 column for the New York Journal America newspaper: 'Miss Snively and Joyce Ryan wrote a play with Marilyn in mind for the lead and actually were discussing it with Miss Monroe not more than three weeks before her death. The play was labelled *Just Once More, Please* – the photographic term used by amateurs and professionals alike.'

By summer 1962, Marilyn was at a professional standstill, thanks in part to being fired from the set of *Something's Got To Give*. She had lost many days due to illness, and travelling to New York to sing for President John F. Kennedy was the last straw for the studio. While she had already cleared it with them to go, by the time the date came they refused to let her leave because of the amount of time needed to get her movie back on track. Marilyn went anyway and then called in sick shortly afterwards, which just added to the executives' anger. On the day of her 36th birthday she left the studio for the last time and appeared at a charity baseball game at Dodger Stadium. It was to be the last official public appearance she ever gave.



Marilyn takes part in a charity event at Dodger Stadium on her 36th birthday. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Melinda Mason)

With no studio work to do, Marilyn dove headlong into a variety of interviews and photo shoots. Perhaps the most famous of which were the sessions with photographer George Barris, during which he took some beautiful shots of her on the beach, wearing a Mexican cardigan. Bert Stern also photographed her, this time in a studio setting, modelling numerous items of clothing; he also took some discreet nudes. However, several other photo sessions have remained a secret, until now.

'It was to be the last official public appearance she ever gave'

The Blue Book Agency was still involved with amateur photographers, who would call on their models to pose in exchange for photos and experience. Extraordinarily, just as she had done during the river session in 1946, it would seem that Marilyn made herself available to pose for the group.

Miss Snively noted in her files that the former model sat for the club members during early summer 1962, though unfortunately she does not elaborate on any other details. However, in amongst all the papers and clippings in the archive is an article by Louis Sobel, who reported on the amateur photo session in his 16 August 1962 column:

Perhaps out of gratitude – perhaps because of some more prodding impulse, Marilyn had returned several times in recent months to the Emmeline Snively model studio which claims to be the real discoverer of her potentialities, and actually posed for the classes. Some of the photos taken by the members may eventually become collector’s items. Most of the class members were prominent businessmen.

The columnist then described the move as being ‘unexpected graciousness’ on Marilyn’s part.

Unfortunately, despite numerous attempts to find these rare and ‘new’ photographs, the authors have been unable to make contact with any of the businessmen who could have worked with Marilyn during her last summer. Nonetheless, it is hoped that after reading this book, someone, somewhere will recognise the session, check their attics and a new portfolio of photographs will be revealed.



AND SO IT WAS

During the summer of 1962, Marilyn was very much in contact with Miss Snively and Joyce Ryan. All three women were keen to take the play further, and the actress gave some clear indications that she would be more than willing to act in it. The script was not a masterpiece, it should be said, and certainly reading it today shows it to be frightfully dated. However, it is easy to see why Marilyn would be interested in working on it during 1962. Firstly, because the story was based on the life and times of her old model agency, it probably gave her a certain kind of nostalgic feeling. Secondly, if it had been produced for the stage, the project would have given her the opportunity of treading the boards for the first time as a fully fledged star. Aside from that, Marilyn also enjoyed the experience of visiting Blue Book once again, and notes in the archive show that her calls definitely increased during the last summer of her life.

Things had come full circle for Marilyn. Seventeen years after first walking into the Blue Book Agency, she had reacquainted herself with Miss Snively and the two were quietly working together again. The actress had bought a Spanish-style home in the heart of Brentwood, and things seemed more positive and exciting than they had been of late. Sadly this happy time was brief and ended as quickly as it began. On 5 August 1962 Marilyn was found dead in her bedroom, the victim of an apparent overdose. The world mourned the passing of an actress, while many others – including Miss Snively – grieved for the loss of a dear friend. The agency boss wrote about the days that followed in the archive:

An early morning phone call brings news of Marilyn's death. The next seventy-two hours are a series of phone calls and intrusions, all searching for the same answer, 'Why at thirty-six would Marilyn Monroe take her own life?' At the time of her death Marilyn had no contract with a studio, no husband to call, no home to call so Miss Snively rushed and got Joyce Ryan to help her answer the phones, and dictated to newsmen all over the country.

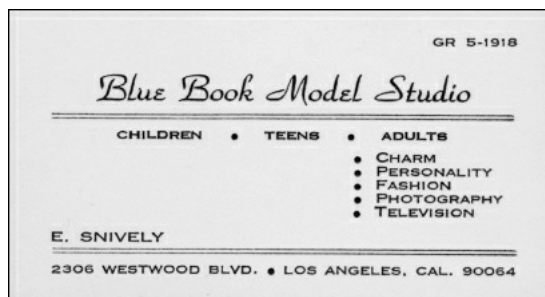
When Miss Snively heard that Marilyn's room had been found to contain items such as letters, documents and scripts, she immediately began to wonder. She revealed in her notes her belief that the script was one of the items that littered the floor on the night of Marilyn's death. The actress had been found with a telephone in her hand, and, in common with many of Marilyn's friends, Miss Snively prophesised that the unanswered call could have been to her. She was never to find out the answer.

The day after Marilyn's death, journalist Ted Thackrey paid Miss Snively a visit at her office, in order to write an article for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* 7 August 1962 edition. The agency boss pulled out the file she kept on Marilyn's career and showed the reporter the name – Norma Jeane – printed on the front, stating that this is what she had always called her. 'But maybe she was really Marilyn Monroe – inside – all that time. I don't know.'

'maybe she was really Marilyn Monroe – inside – all that time'

On reading her quotes today, it becomes apparent that it was just too soon for Miss Snively to talk about Marilyn, and her shock is scattered throughout the article. She rambled her way through the interview and seemed to forget her train of thought several times. At one point she even told Thackrey that Norma Jeane dyed her hair as soon as she was asked to, which went against everything that she had said prior to and after the interview.

When talking about how hard the model had worked during her time with the agency, Miss Snively sadly stated that everyone should have known just how much Norma Jeane was looking for love, 'not just a job'. Remembering what it was like after Marilyn left Blue Book, the agency boss added that it was only then she realised how scared Norma Jeane had been, and by that point it was too late. 'It was always a little too late for her. A little too late.'



Business card for the Blue Book Model Studio. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

An interesting part of the article was when Thackrey asked Miss Snively about the last time she had seen her former student. The agency boss replied that it had been on the set of *There's No Business Like Show Business*. This was not true, of course, as she would later document in her own notes and letters. Perhaps the reason behind not telling the interviewer about the script and renewed friendship was two-fold: it was too soon to get into a big discussion about recent events and, more importantly, she wanted to

document the meetings in her own words and in her own projects.

‘It was always a little too late for her. A little too late’

One thing Miss Snively did admit to, however, was exactly how she felt about the heartbreak of Marilyn’s passing. ‘Norma Jeane Dougherty is dead and there are a lot of words and they don’t mean anything ... So there’s nothing to say ... Nothing to do except look at the pictures and remember a scared, pretty, lonely little kid.’ Thackrey asked if she had cried for her former pupil.

‘No,’ replied Miss Snively. ‘It hurts too bad for that.’

There is some debate over whether or not Miss Snively went to Marilyn’s funeral, which was a strictly invitation-only event, organised by the actress’s ex-husband and great love, Joe DiMaggio. Her name does not appear on the guest list, but on some of the photos there is a lady which some say could be the agency boss, paying her last respects. In the archive, there is no mention of Miss Snively being at the funeral at all. However, in a note made about an interview she gave to host Charles Collingwood it seems to imply that she was not in attendance:

Miss Snively wore a wool long-sleeved dress knowing the T.V. would be shown in the winter. It was sweltering under the hot lights and in the summer. Other girls that attended Blue Book because of it having started Marilyn Monroe, came walking in, in their posh dresses and shoes, and stocking footed, having been to the funeral (not invited).

It is not entirely clear as to whether or not Miss Snively was talking about the girls not being invited or herself. However, since she was being interviewed for a television show when the young women returned from observing the funeral, it would seem it is the latter. She continued talking about the television appearance in several other notes:

Miss Snively put on a cooler dress and her glasses to read a ‘cute’ letter from MM (when she was getting her divorce from Dougherty), to Mr Collingwood. It was about meeting a movie troupe including Roy Rogers and Trigger, and outsiders thought she was in movies too.

During the interview, the agency boss talked about what it was like to meet Marilyn for the first time and the work she did during her time as a Blue Book model. She then organised photographs to be taken for her files – one of which shows Miss Snively talking to Charles Collingwood, looking at a photograph of Marilyn in her Blue Book directory, with the signed photograph of the star displayed proudly behind her. A cameraman is nearby and a rather glamorous reporter makes notes while sitting on the sofa.

NUMBER	PAGE
DATE Aug 4 - 1962	LOCATION Blue Book Studios - Blue Book Model School
EVENT Marilyn's Funeral in Westwood Person to Person a flexible show on Channel 42	
OTHER PEOPLE Charles Collingwood - for TV talk he called many - Marilyn Manning (Model) Brumette - to keep record of shots	
PHOTOGRAPHER Bob Carle Photo no Release	
Comments Miss Snively wore a wool - long sleeved dress knowing that it would be shown in the window. It was smothering under the hot lights + in the summer. Other girls that attended Blue Book because of it being	

in morning started M.M. came walking in - dressed in herself
shots in hand - + stocking posted having been to the funeral - (not invited) 10 long blocks away.
One had come and on the bus from Ohio (her home town) + was the first one to call Miss Snively + break the bad news - clocks being several hours earlier there in Ohio.
after that first call the phones never stopped ringing.
at the time of her death Marilyn had no
 ① contact with a studio
 ② husband to call
 ③ home to call
 So Miss Snively pushed + got Joyce Ryan to help her answer the phones - + dictated to 4 newsmen all over the country.

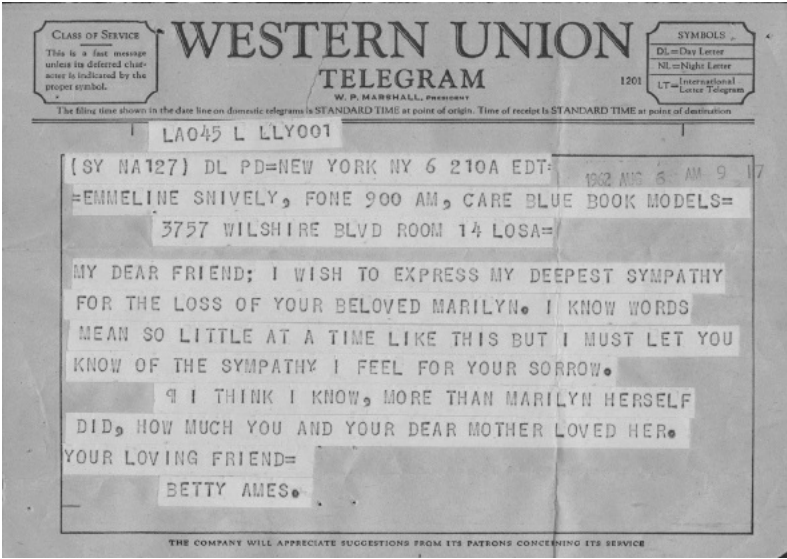
NUMBER	PAGE
DATE 1962 Aug 4	LOCATION Blue Book Model School
EVENT Date of funeral of M.M. in Westwood - She lived not far from the studio	
OTHER PEOPLE Charles Collingwood	
PHOTOGRAPHER Bob Carle (gr 53324) Release	
Comments Miss Snively put on a cooler dress + her glasses to read a "cute" letter from M.M. (when she was getting her divorce in New York) to Mr Collingwood. It was about meeting a movie troop including Ray Rogers + Zigger + outsiders thought she was in movies too.	

Miss Snively's notes about her television appearance, which she made after Marilyn passed away. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)



Miss Snively being interviewed by television host Charles Collingwood. Her statue of Nefertiti can be seen in the background. Photographer: Bob Earle. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

A more informal shot shows Miss Snively chatting to Collingwood while the female journalist smokes a cigarette. Yet another has the agency boss with a rather shocked look on her face while being questioned by a blonde reporter. Perhaps the most interesting shot taken that day, was the one of Miss Snively reading the letter from Norma Jeane. Tucked away behind Collingwood, but just in view, is the statue of Nefertiti that she had kept on her desk since the days when Norma Jeane was signed to the agency. The model must have seen this ornament many times when she skipped happily into Miss Snively's office, and it surely brought back memories for the agency director.

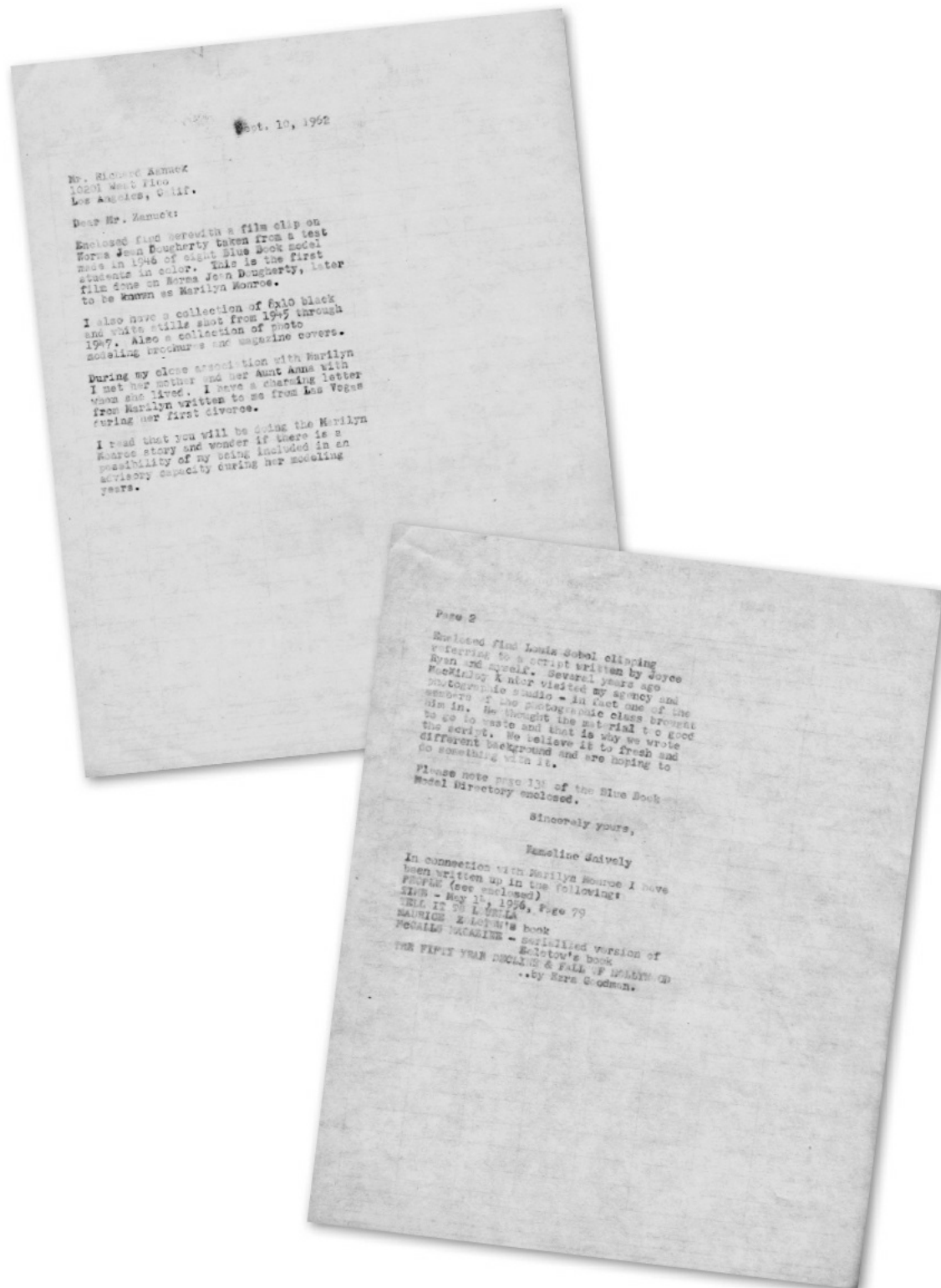


Telegram to Miss Snively from her friend Betty Ames. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

In the days and weeks following Marilyn's death, friends began phoning and visiting the agency to offer their commiserations for the loss of Miss Snively's protégée. Among the correspondence kept over the years was a heart-felt telegram from her friend Betty Ames:

My dear friend, I wish to express my deepest sympathy for the loss of your beloved Marilyn. I know words mean so little at a time like this but I must let you know of the sympathy I feel for your sorrow. I think I know, more than Marilyn herself did, how much you and your dear mother loved her. Your loving friend, Betty Ames.

Despite Marilyn's death, Miss Snively was determined that her quest to make *Just Once More, Please* should not be abandoned. The actress had expressed her view that it might actually make a good film, and she had offered to show it to several of her contacts. With that in mind, on 10 September 1962, Miss Snively sat down to write a letter to Richard Zanuck of 20th Century Fox, the son of



Miss Snively's letter to Richard Zanuck at Twentieth Century Fox. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Dear Mr Zanuck

Please find herewith a film clip on Norma Jeane Dougherty taken from a test made in 1946 of eight Blue Book model students in colour. This is the first film done on Norma Jeane Dougherty, later known as Marilyn Monroe.

I also have a collection of 8 x 10 black and white stills shot from 1945 through 1947. Also a collection of photo modelling brochures and magazine covers.

During my close association with Marilyn I met her mother and her Aunt Ana with whom she lived. I have a charming letter from Marilyn written to me from Las Vegas during her first divorce. I read that you will be doing the Marilyn Monroe story and wonder if there is a possibility of me being included in an advisory capacity during her modelling years.

Enclosed find a Louis Sobel clipping referring to a script written by Joyce Ryan and myself. Several years ago MacKinley Kanter visited my agency and photographic studio - in fact one of the members of the photographic class brought him in. He thought the material too good to go to waste and that is why we wrote the script. We believe it to be fresh and [gives a] different background and are hoping to do something with it.

Please note page 138 of the Blue Book Model Directory enclosed.
Sincerely yours, Emmeline Snively.

Four days later the agency boss received a reply from Mr Zanuck, though it wasn't quite what she expected. Limited to just two sentences, he thanked her for sending the letter but gave assurance that at that moment in time they had no need for the material. Shortly afterwards Miss Snively and Joyce wrote to author and director Abe Burrows, who said the project sounded 'most interesting' but he was not able to commit to working on it. Next was columnist Mike Connolly, who told them that he too was busy, though he did put them in touch with Jule Stein, a songwriter who had worked with Marilyn on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. He was interested in seeing the script, but the women were not so sure, as Joyce later wrote to friend Leon Lance: 'Perhaps we made a mistake, we don't know, but we didn't do it. We felt he was so busy on so many things that the script might lie on the bottom of the pile.'

3757 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles 5, California
December 29, 1962

Mr. Leon Lance
8820 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles 69, California.

Dear Leon:

Emmeline and I were happy to talk to you recently when you returned from New York -- hope your cold is better by now -- I guess it makes you appreciate California more than ever.

To save us a lot of talking when we get together and so that you may know the background and steps that have been taken so far on our play, "JUST ONCE MORE PLEASE," I am enclosing a copy of a letter we sent to Abe Burrows -- you know he has "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING" -- the biggest smash on Broadway in which your friend and mine, Rudy Vallee has a hit part. As I heard from him recently, I am enclosing a current letter he sent me which is self-explanatory. I told Rudy you thought well of his book, "MY TIME IS YOUR TIME", by the way, and it was interesting reading.

Abe Burrows wrote us a charming letter saying the material sounded most interesting, but he was so busy in his own projects he couldn't contemplate anything else.

I saw and talked to Mike Connolly in October and he would be interested in working with us. He was swamped grinding out his daily column but he loved the title and could catch the story very readily. He phoned Jule Styne and made an appointment to see him for "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" and made an appointment to see him for "MY TIME IS YOUR TIME".

Leon Lance

- 2 -

Leon Lance

for that very afternoon. We hot footed it out to the Beverly Hills Hotel -- and we told him approximately what is contained in the Abe Burrows letter -- and what incidents (he had worked with Marilyn Monroe added incidents) he had worked with Marilyn Monroe in "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES". Anyway out "short" interview went into one and a half hours -- he was interested and wanted us to send him a script. Perhaps we made a mistake, we don't know, but we didn't do it -- we felt he was so busy on so many things that the script might lie on the bottom of the pile.

I told Mike I would like to meet Ross Hunter at Universal (he has had such comedy hits as "Pillow Talk" etc.) -- Mike said he would introduce us -- so far it has not happened -- I feel he would be good for us, but who knows?

Now it has occurred to us too, that Jerry Lewis who has his restaurant on our old location might like the material -- the part of the photographer could be built up for his talents. It is a thought.

Incidentally, Leon, our real life landlord at that time was Bernard Glendon of the Bank of America. In our next door, "Bubichai" -- you probably remember the rotund owner from days of old.

Mackinley Kantor we are currently corresponding with -- he is going to go "Andersonville" for the screenplay busy at his home in Sarasota, Florida.

It sounds as if the script has been shopped around actually, this is not true, we have talked about it mentioned here but have been cautious about it into the right hands. If you like our material you would be good for us as you have the proper connection and know the field.

Leon Lance

- 3 -

Leon Lance

It would be one for the books if after all the years we have known each other something profitable and beneficial could emerge for all of us.

On the other hand, just because we have known each other for years, should not make any difference if you find this type of thing is not up your alley. Everyone has told us it is timely and "it isn't what you know but who you know" -- of course, there is something to this -- and we all know more than the average person who just comes to Hollywood -- we hope so, anyway.

Please Leon, go over this enclosed material and let us know when we may see you.

Sincerely,

Joyce Ryan
Home: OLIVIA 2-4513

Emmeline Snively
DUNBAR 9 - Rk 2210.

The only thing I would really like returned to me is the current letter from Rudy. You can write me at 3757 Wilshire -- I have been working part time with Emmy.

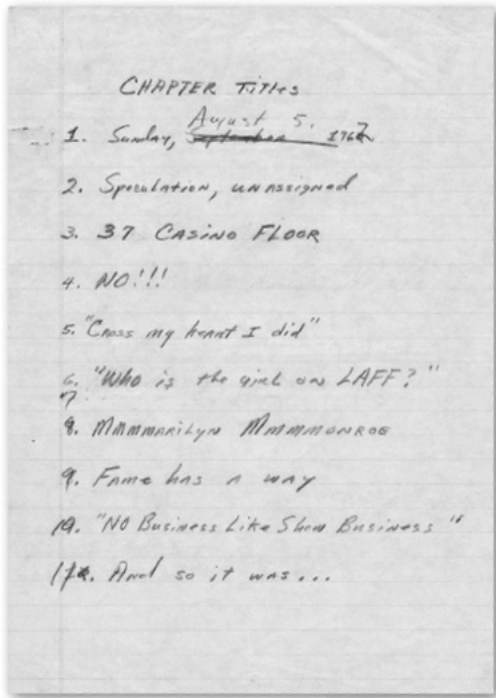
Joyce and Emmeline's letter to friend Leon Lance, describing their play, Just Once More, Please. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

The search for a suitable partner did not stop there. The women decided that actor Jerry Lewis would be good for the role of a photographer in the play, and they thought it was a great coincidence that he now owned a restaurant in the old location of the

agency. As luck would have it, a charity Lewis was working for asked the agency for a model to pose with him. Joyce later wrote about what happened next, in a letter to Mike Connolly:

Emmeline went to the photographic studio at Paramount the day of the shooting, hoping to meet Jerry Lewis. He was two hours late so she had to leave. In the meantime she met Hal Bell who works with Lewis, who promised to put our letter on Lewis' desk. So there you are! You can see we can't handle this in the proper way!

Eventually, despite all the efforts of both Miss Snively and Joyce to get the script into the right hands, their plans fell through. While people were positive about the project, nobody was able or interested enough to get involved. The two women still believed in the script, but with Marilyn gone, and nobody else prepared to commit, they knew it was hopeless. The project was shelved and the two turned their attentions to another plan, which would turn into the last thing Miss Snively would ever do in connection with Marilyn and her agency.



Chapter titles for the book Miss Snively and Joyce wanted to write about Marilyn (many of which have been incorporated into this book). (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Miss Snively and Joyce created lists of pictures, photographers, phone numbers, notes, memories and much more, all related to Blue Book's most famous model. Finally they felt ready and in 1969 Miss Snively asked Joyce to write a passionate letter to prospective publishers:

Dear Sir

I am currently in the process of writing a book on the career of Marilyn Monroe between 1946 and 1950. As my associates in this effort I have two people closely connected with her during this period: Emmeline Snively, agent, modelling instructor and close friend of Norma Jeane Dougherty (Marilyn Monroe) and Earl Moran, calendar artist and prior employer of Norma Jeane from 1946–1949. Mr Moran used Marilyn as a model for many of his calendars in oil. In addition to these memories we are including letters, telegrams and over three hundred (mostly unpublished) photographs from this same time span. (In addition to the photographs we plan to use, there are about twenty unpublished nude photographs of Marilyn. A decision on whether or not to use these photographs will be made when we have a publisher – based on the publisher's policies and views).

Due to the large number of photographs I am attempting to hold the story at under 40,000 words. However, I am willing to expand or contract the story to suit the publisher.

Attached is an outline of the story. At this time four chapters are complete and I will forward you copies if you are interested. If you would like to see part or all of the photographs I will bring them to New York at your request, if a definite appointment is made with one of your representatives. I will take care of my own expenses but I will not mail or leave the photographs without a definite contract. We have releases on all of the photographs we plan to include in the publication. Our present selection for a title is *And so it was* but we are willing to discuss changes.

While the book is an effort on the part of Miss Snively, Mr Moran and myself, I will handle all contract negotiations. Even though Marilyn has been dead for over seven years I believe that a book on this span in her career is marketable. Some sources state that Marilyn has more fans today than she did at the time of her death. The publication by _____ Norma Jeane by _____ seems to indicate that the subject is still saleable. The collections of photographs alone should make this book a must for all Marilyn Monroe followers.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I hope to hear from you in the near future.

Sincerely
Joyce Ryan

Dear Sir,
I am currently in the process of writing a book on the career of Marilyn Monroe between 1946 and 1950. As my assistant in this effort I have two people closely connected with her during that period: Emdin Smully, agent, modeling instructor and close friend of Monroe from 1946-1949 and Earl Moran, calendar artist and pin-up

photographer. Some time from 1946-1949 we have added to these names are including letters, telegrams and over 300 (mostly unprinted) photographs from this same time period. In addition to the photographs we plan to use there are about 20 unpublished nude photographs of Marilyn. A decision on whether or not to use these photographs will be made when we have a publisher based on the publication and value.

Due to the large number of photographs I am attempting to hold the story at under \$6,000. However, I am willing to accept a contract the story to suit a publisher.

2) Attached is an outline of the story. At this time four chapters are complete and I will forward you copies if you are interested. If you would like to see part or all of the photographs I will bring them to you at your request. If a definite appointment is made with one of my own approval I will tell you but I will not mail or leave the photographs without a definite contract. We have no plan to include in the publication. Our present selection for a title is "And So It Was" but we are willing to discuss changes.

While the book is an effort on the part of Miss Smully, Mr. Moran and myself I will handle all contract negotiations.

3) Emdin Moran has been dead for over 7 years. I believe that a book on this span in her career is marketable. Some sources state that Marilyn has more fame today than she did at the time of her death. The publication of some years ago seems to indicate that the subject is still salable. The collector's photographs alone should make this a must for all Marilyn Monroe followers.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I hope to hear from you in the near future.

Sincerely,
Joyce

Joyce's letter to prospective publishers outlining her and Miss Snively's book about Marilyn. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

In the end, despite her enthusiasm and commitment, none of Miss Snively's plans came to fruition. She and Joyce sent the sample chapters to various publishers but nobody wanted to produce the book. It was still a relatively short time since Marilyn died, and companies felt there was no call for a volume about her modelling career. The 1960s reached out towards the 1970s, and Miss Snively knew that time was running out. Her health was beginning to fail, and the rejection of the Marilyn book was the last straw. She took the difficult decision to retire from the modelling business and sold many of her photographs to magazines around the country. Eventually she gathered up the remainder of her photos, along with the Marilyn files, and put them all in a box, where no doubt she thought they would remain forever. One of the last things she ever wrote is reproduced here:

The days of the glamour girl are fading and many of the magazines Marilyn appeared on have ceased to exist. The Spanish house still stands – acquired by a pleasant middle aged couple. They are haunted by the curious who still come to see where the legend had died. The cemetery hidden a few feet from busy Wilshire Boulevard is visited only occasionally nowadays. Joe DiMaggio visits once in a while and the red roses he sends always are on the crypt.

The Casino floor office at the Ambassador is now part of the post office. The back lots of Twentieth Century Fox are now a development. Earl Moran lives quietly and continues to paint nudes in oil. The trees on the Tujunga River were washed away in

the floods a few years ago and as one looks at the changes today, you can still look back to the girl who became a legend.
And so it was ...

Chapter 1 - Sunday, August 5, 1962 - An early
morning phone call from news of Marilyn's
death. The next 72 hours are a series of
phone calls and interviews all searching
for the same answer "Why at 34 years old?
Marilyn Monroe told her own life?
Some Marilyn was at this time not
assigned to any studio many of the
news men and friends of Marilyn contacted
Miss Smith for the answer to
these questions.

Notes for Chapter One of Emmeline's book. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

Chapter 5 - "Cross my heart I did"
Honor Jean went to Reno to
obtain her divorce. This was a
long time in her life. ~~Honor~~
Jean had very few friends. She
was always friendly with the older
models and the photographers
but she never went out socially
with them. Miss Smith ~~and~~
~~her mother~~ became more than
an employer - Honor Jean felt she
could trust and confide in her.
During the long six week waiting
period Miss Smith received many
love letters. However, the
one she remembers best was
written by one of the puppy
lovers. There was a woman
named Be made and Honor
Jean had gone to watch the
shooting. The crew was as
attracted to the beautiful girl
as she to them. He invited
her to have lunch with them
and she met Ray Puzan. Honor
Jean loved him and was sure
attracted to him more than Ray Puzan.
She was allowed to visit

Notes for Chapter 5. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))

With the agency no longer active, Miss Snively moved to Huntingdon beach, where she occasionally spent time with friends Joyce Ryan and Joyce Black. Her days of power and fame were behind her, but she tried to lead an active life, until one day in the early 1970s when she collapsed and fell down the stairs. Doctors diagnosed a stroke, and the previously independent woman was suddenly unable to care for herself any more. Life was never the same again for Miss Snively, and she was forced to move in with friends for a time, before it was discovered that she had cancer and needed more specialist care.

Moving into the Huntingdon Valley Convalescent Hospital, Miss Snively withdrew into herself. At the height of her career she had always dressed immaculately, spoke passionately to guests and wore a classy hat on her head. Now, within the confines of the hospital, she covered her grey hair with a scarf and received few visitors.

Two of the last people to see Miss Snively alive were distant cousins Beverly and Paul. Paul had been represented by the Blue Book Agency for a time, and it would be easy to imagine that much of what he spoke about revolved around the days he had spent there. Miss Snively sat quietly, lost it seems in her own foggy recollections. The woman who had reigned over one of the busiest West Coast agencies was now incredibly lonely. Her memories – once as bright as the beaming illuminations on Hollywood Boulevard – were now tiny shards of light, dimming quietly and fading away into the darkness of the night.

On 17 September 1975, Miss Snively suffered a last stroke, which sadly claimed her life at the age of just 66. Morna Flick, a distant relative, informed the necessary authorities and ordered the death certificate. The funeral took place at Loma Vista Memorial Park just two days later, on 19 September 1975.

In life she had discovered many models and launched the careers of Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. From the 1930s onwards, her office was inundated with thousands of amateur starlets, all wishing to get their big break in Hollywood. Called upon frequently to talk about Marilyn in print and on television, Miss Snively was a popular woman, but on that sad day in mid September, it was as though she had never existed at all.

Not one person attended her memorial service.

Not one.

Nobody stood in the chapel and spoke animatedly about her days in Hollywood. Nobody declared their love or expressed how much Miss Snively had changed their lives. Nobody laid flowers or wept at her passing. Instead she was quietly cremated without fanfare or flourish, and no one claimed the expense bill or picked up her ashes from the memorial park. Her distant cousins were not told of her death until months later, and by that time it was too late to attend the funeral or pay their respects.

Miss Snively, the ambitious manager of the Blue Book Model Agency, died a deserted woman, her days of glamour and beauty long behind her. Like Marilyn, she lived a busy life and made history several times over, but in the end – just like her pupil – she died alone. However, Marilyn had former husband Joe DiMaggio to claim her body and organise her funeral; Miss Snively, on the other hand, had no one.



(From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)

As a result of this deeply sad ending, her ashes are now kept in a plastic container within a special storage facility. They have remained unclaimed and seemingly unwanted for the past forty years. In tribute to her, therefore, it seems fitting that the last words in this book be hers:

Students who know that Marilyn Monroe is my prize graduate occasionally ask me if there is any possibility of their ‘getting the same breaks Marilyn Monroe got.’ My answer to that one is, ‘What breaks?’ Marilyn Monroe, I tell them, is a self-made success. Of course, she’s endowed with charm, personality and a provocative figure, but thousands of girls are similarly endowed. What most of them lack Marilyn has in spades – persistence and fortitude. These are two requisites for any person who wants to crash Hollywood. This is no town for the weak, the weary or the easily-defeated.

Emmeline Snively, 1954

For Twenty-three years Blue Book Models have been known around the world. The high degree of success enjoyed by Blue Book Models has been due to the keen touch of Miss Emmeline Snively. Miss Snively has gained National Recognition for discovering, training and promoting new comers in the Modeling and Talent Fields. Jayne Mansfield was given her first job by Miss Snively and as a result of the training and promotion at Blue Book Models Marilyn Monroe appeared on countless national magazine covers. Marilyn started with Blue Book Models in 1947.

Miss Snively received her B.E. degree in Art and Education at UCLA and continued her graduate work in Art on the Bankly Campus.

Blue Book Model studios are located at 2307 West Nord Blvd in West Hollywood. All training is conducted under the close supervision of Miss Snively, who teaches certain courses herself. Miss Snively

was the Central Model Agency Manager at 422 South Western in Los Angeles. It is through Blue Book Model that many of the Blue Book Model received their first jobs and the promotion necessary for success in this highly competitive field.

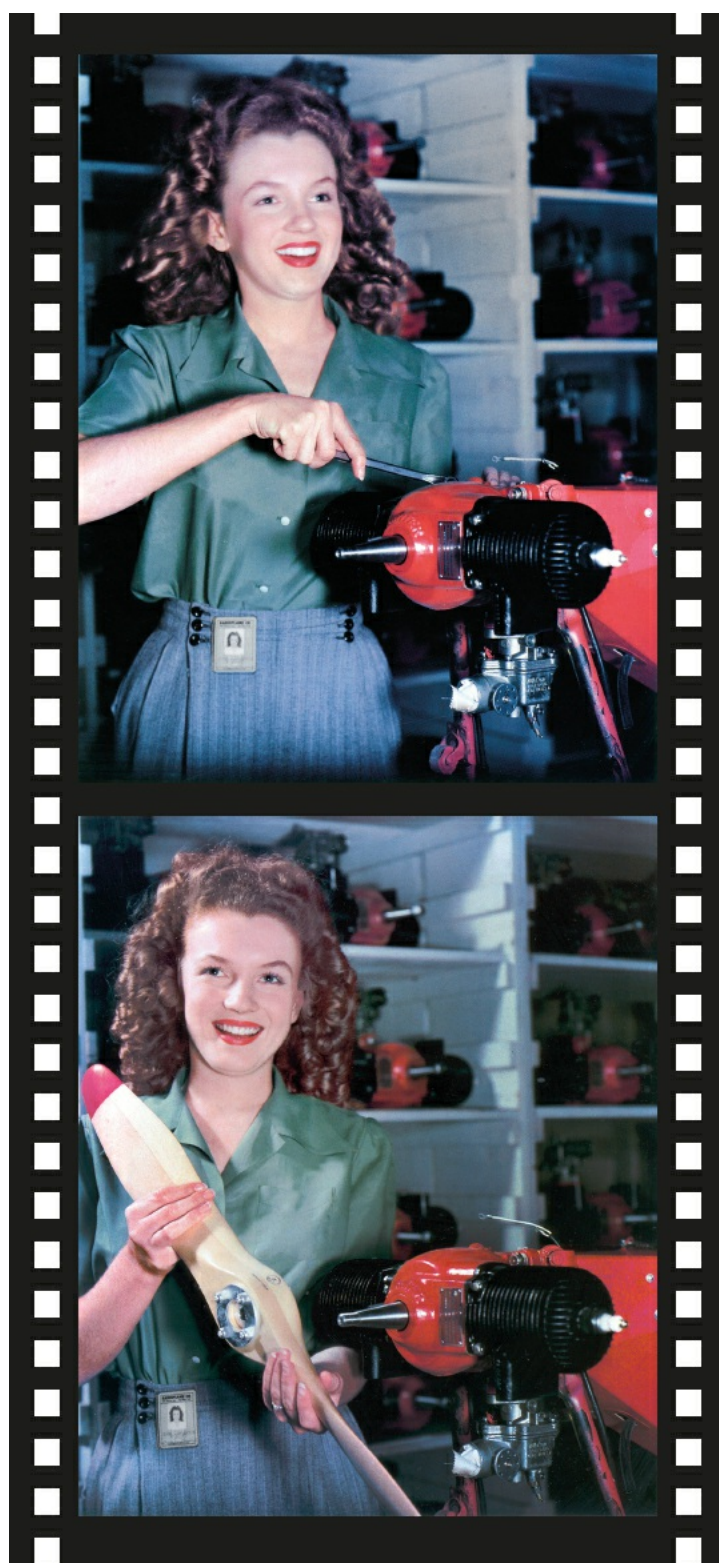
Miss Snively is the publisher of the Models Blue Book which has become known as the "who's who" of Hollywood Models. In early 1949 Miss Snively will enter the publishing field with her new quarterly publication "How to Catch Hollywood", which will be a directory not only for the industry but for the public.

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1. Norma Jeane outside the factory she worked at before her modelling days. Photographer: David Conover. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin. Permission granted by David Conover Jnr)



2. Norma Jeane at the factory. Photographer: David Conover. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin. Permission granted by David Conover Jnr)



3. Norma Jeane becomes a 'sweater girl'. Photographer: David Conover. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin. Permission granted by David Conover Jnr)



4. Norma Jeane with a Great Dane. Photographer: Potter Hueth. (From the collection of Dionne Abraham. Used with permission from Roland Hueth)



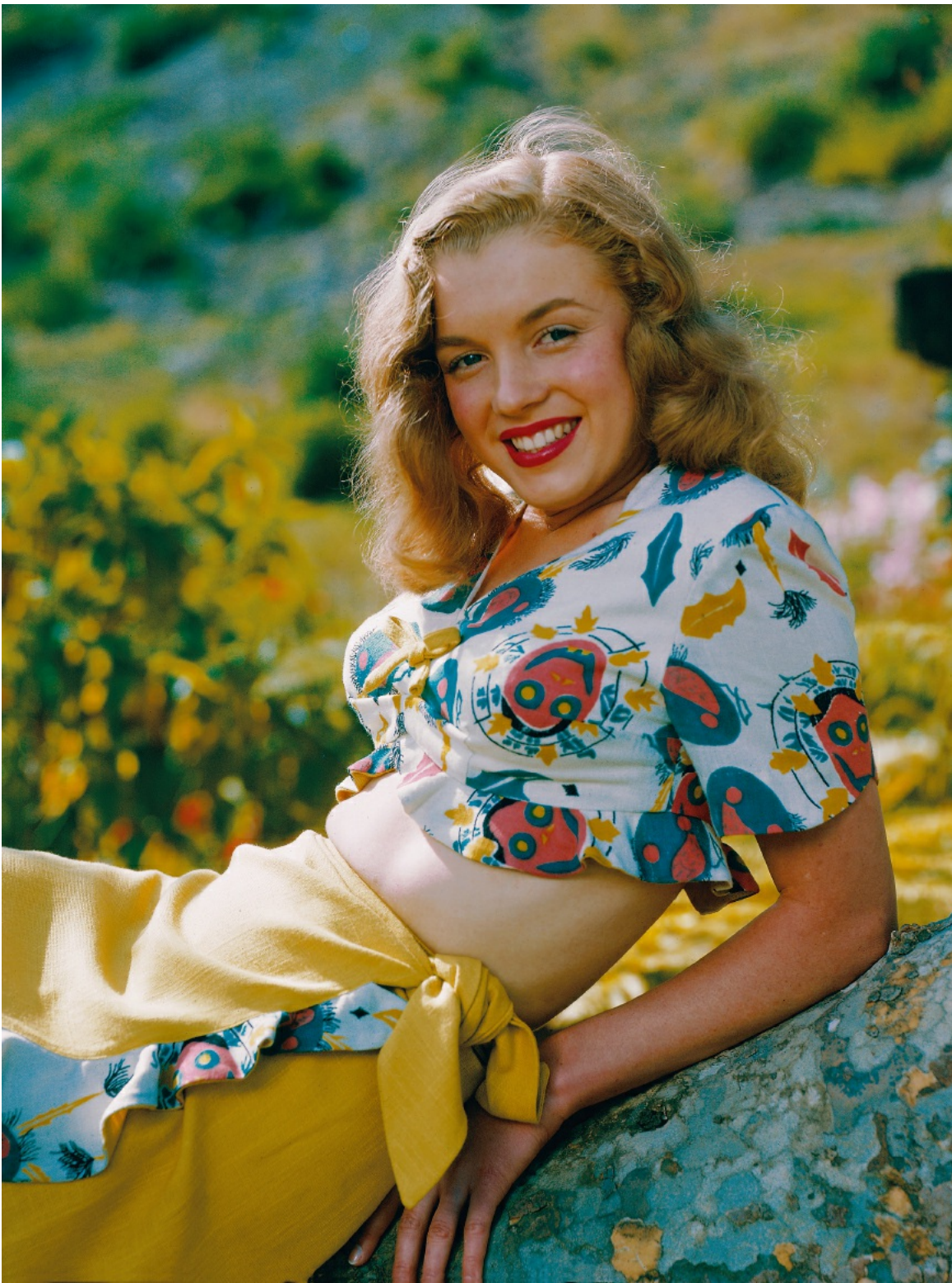
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6. Norma Jeane on location with Andre De Dienes. Photographer: Andre De Dienes. (Reproduced with permission of Chuck Murphy. One West Publishing, www.onewestpublishing.com)



7. Norma Jeane at the pool. Photographer: Richard C. Miller. (Reproduced with permission of Margaret Miller)



8. Norma Jeane with yellow skirt. Photographer: Richard C. Miller. (Reproduced with the permission of Margaret Miller)



9. Marilyn with Mexican hats. Photographer: Laszlo Willinger. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



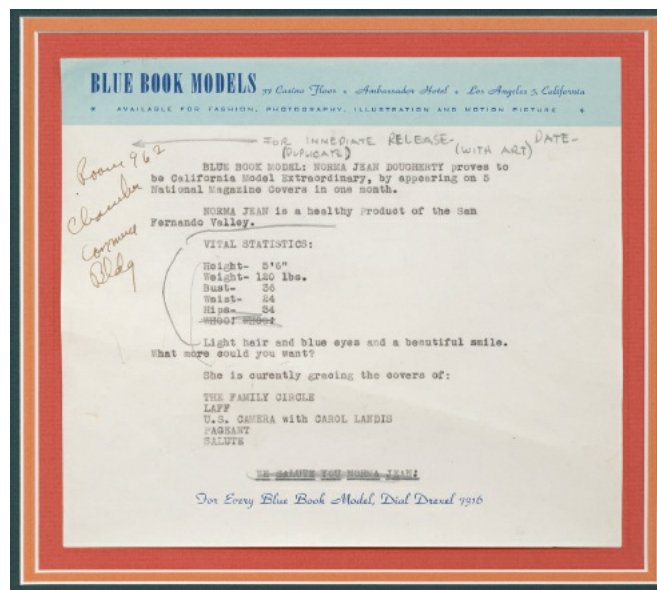
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11. Marilyn sitting on the beach. Photographer: Laszlo Willinger. (From the archive of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



12. Marilyn in red bathing suit. Photographer: possibly Laszlo Willinger. (From the collection of Kim Goodwin)



13. Blue Book press release about Marilyn's covers. (From the archive of Ben and Astrid Franse)



14. Holiday Magazine advert with bikinis. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Ben and Astrid Franse, and also Eric Patry)



15. Marilyn at a New York pool. Unknown photographer. (From the collection of Ben and [Astrid Franse](#))



16. Publicity photo showing Marilyn in a yellow sweater and pink scarf. Photographer: John Miehle. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))



17. This publicity photo shows Norma Jeane's complete transformation into superstar Marilyn Monroe. (From the collection of [Michelle Morgan](#))



About the Authors

[Astrid Franse](#) began her career as a model, teacher and actress and has been the owner of Bennies Fifties USA collectables shop for the past thirtyfive years. Fifty years after Marilyn's death, Astrid discovered that she owned a box containing Marilyn Monroe's Blue Book Model Agency Archive whilst buying items for Bennies Fifties. She bought the box without any knowledge of the contents. Two decades later, because of interest in the Marilyn collectibles, Astrid started organising the box and was stunned to discover that it once belonged to Miss Emmeline Snively, the president of the model agency. The announcement made world news and she was interviewed for television, radio, newspapers and the Internet. You can sign up for Astrid Franse updates [here](#).

[Michelle Morgan](#) is the author of *Marilyn's Addresses* (Smith Gryphon, 1995), *Marilyn Monroe: Private and Undisclosed* (Robinson, 2012), *The Mammoth Book of Hollywood Scandals* (Robinson, 2013), *The Ice Cream Blonde: The Whirlwind Life and Mysterious Death of Screwball Comedienne Thelma Todd* (Chicago Review Press, 2015) and *Madonna* (Robinson/Little, Brown, 2015). Michelle has written frequently for magazines, and wrote a weekly newspaper column from 2007 to 2014. She has been interviewed on radio and television on numerous occasions, with appearances including *The Alan Titchmarsh Show*, *The One Show*, *BBC National News*, *Sky News*, and *Collector's Lot*. You can sign up for Michelle Morgan updates [here](#).



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THE MURDER OF MARILYN MONROE

CASE CLOSED



JAY MARGOLIS AND
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR RICHARD BUSKIN

**THE MURDER
OF MARILYN
MONROE:
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RICHARD BUSKIN**



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People say I am ruthless. I am not ruthless. And if I find the man who is calling me ruthless, I shall destroy him.

—Robert Francis Kennedy

Jack Kennedy could have been a movie star himself. He had the charisma, the charm, that come-hither quality that can never be duplicated. Is it any wonder he got elected president?

—Marilyn Monroe to Lawrence Quirk

It's not what you are. It's what people think you are.

—Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr.

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Jay Margolis, Los Angeles, March 2014

PRIVATE DETECTIVE FRED OTASH'S SOUNDMAN THE NIGHT MARILYN MONROE DIED TO JAY MARGOLIS: "What happened to the story that they were taking Marilyn to the hospital, where she was in the ambulance and Bobby Kennedy was in the ambulance with her? I remember that story from forty years ago! It's bullshit. Total bullshit. Eunice Murray has told probably a dozen fucking stories from the night that it happened."

SYLVIA LEIB, WIDOW OF AMBULANCE DRIVER MURRAY LEIB, TO JAY MARGOLIS (04/25/2012): "Marilyn had called Bobby and she was so hysterical and she was threatening to tell a lot of stuff to the *Enquirer*. And he came down to talk to her. Bobby Kennedy had been there."

SUICIDE PREVENTION TEAM MEMBER DR. ROBERT LITMAN (08/18/1962): "At least in 1960, when I went through the medical literature on this very subject (because we were encountering this problem when consulting for Dr. Curphey back then), there was no case in the medical records where it could be authenticated that someone had died of barbiturate poisoning under the circumstances that they had become so drugged that they did not know what they were doing, and they took a lethal dose."

MARILYN MONROE'S CLOSE FRIEND AND MASSEUR RALPH ROBERTS: "That last weekend, I think she was in better shape than all those years I'd been around. And she was very excited about having her own house after all. I remember her saying, 'It's so good, laughing again.' I called her at 6 o'clock [to confirm a dinner engagement with Marilyn at her house that night] and Greenson answered. He said, 'She's not here.' It could have been so easy that she was busy, which I would have accepted . . . It would be easier to believe that she committed suicide but I don't. I think somebody done her in."

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT JAMES HALL TO JAMES SPADA (06/03/1990): "Marilyn was in another room—not her own—when I arrived. Pat Newcomb was there . . . Bobby was there earlier. That's been corroborated. That's when they gave her knockout drops, I believe. That didn't kill her and she made it through until I got there . . . I know Dr. Greenson killed her . . . He stuck a needle into her chest. One minute later, she was gone . . . If we had taken her away, she'd be alive today and Bobby Kennedy would be in jail."

MARILYN MONROE
Norma Jeane Mortenson
June 1, 1926–August 4, 1962

HOW DID MARILYN MONROE REALLY DIE?

In 1983, Peter Lawford discussed his friend Marilyn Monroe at length with biographer C. David Heymann for the latter's biography on Jackie Kennedy. Apparently, out of deep guilt (he had always held himself responsible for her death), Lawford conceded to having been part of a conspiracy to murder Marilyn Monroe, labeling himself a co-conspirator along with his brother-in-law Bobby Kennedy and Marilyn's psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson. The secret was kept all these years and the public was deceived into believing that Monroe's death was accidental.

Natalie Trundy, Jacobs' twenty-one-year-old girlfriend at the time, told biographer Anthony Summers that shortly after 10:30 p.m., Arthur "went to Marilyn's house, and I don't think I saw him for two days. He had to fudge the press." Marilyn's close friend and former publicist, Rupert Allan, told biographers Peter Harry Brown and Patte Barham, "It was carefully done and beautifully executed . . . It was decided to play up the 'accidental death' scenario but none of us believed it."

Referring to August 4, 1962, Marilyn's friend, reporter George Carpozi, Jr., said, "Bobby then calls Peter Lawford and says to him, 'Okay, this time she's getting out of hand.' Peter calls up Dr. Greenson—this was all organized beforehand—and says, 'Look, doc, let's get the show on the road,' and right after that afternoon call, Greenson goes to Marilyn's." As for the months leading to her death, Peter Lawford told Heymann:

Marilyn realized the affair [between her and Jack Kennedy] was over but couldn't accept it. She began writing these rather pathetic letters to Jack and continued calling. She threatened to go to the press. He finally sent Bobby Kennedy out to California to cool her off . . .

He tried to explain to her that the President was an extremely busy

man, that running the country was an imposing task, that while Jack cared a great deal for her, he was already married and couldn't very well simply sneak off and see a divorce lawyer.

Although it probably wasn't easy for her, she would have to accept this decision and stop calling the President. She took it pretty hard. Bobby felt for her. They met again the following day and passed the afternoon walking along the beach.

It wasn't Bobby's intention, but that evening they became lovers and spent the night in our guest bedroom. Almost immediately the affair got very heavy, and they began seeing a lot of each other. Now Marilyn was calling the Department of Justice instead of the White House . . .

Pretty soon Marilyn announced that she was in love with Bobby and that *he* had promised to marry her. It was as if she could no longer tell the difference between Bobby and Jack . . .

According to Lawford, he told Marilyn to get her act together before it messed up her career, but she couldn't accept how she'd been used by the Kennedy brothers.

Intriguingly, Norman Mailer wrote in *Marilyn* (Warner Books updated paperback edition, March 1975) how "through the generosity of Pat Newcomb, he had the opportunity to hear Marilyn talking casually on tape." Furthermore, the British actor himself claimed to have heard the tapes she recorded for her psychiatrist Dr. Ralph Greenson, in which she freely spoke her daily thoughts, and Lawford stated that these revealed her love for the Attorney General and her desire to marry him despite he and his brother "passing her around like a football."

When neither brother would any longer accept her calls, she then began calling the First Lady at the White House and Bobby's wife Ethel at their home in Hickory Hill. Talking with Heymann, Lawford mentioned something even more disturbing that he learned when listening to Marilyn's private recordings following her death:

I suppose the most surprising revelation in Marilyn's own tapes was the fact that not only did Marilyn have an affair with both Kennedys, she was also sleeping with Dr. Greenson, who appeared to be deeply in love with her.

Marilyn was a frequent houseguest in the home of Greenson and his wife, who presumably knew nothing about the affair . . . I also got hold of portions of the [Mafia-Teamster] tapes, and heard what seemed to be sounds of their lovemaking . . .

Marilyn's house was being bugged by everyone—Jimmy Hoffa, the FBI, the Mafia, even Twentieth Century-Fox. Jimmy Hoffa wanted to gather information on Monroe and the Kennedys for personal use; the FBI wanted to ascertain what Marilyn knew about Frank Sinatra's connections to the Mafia; the Mafia was curious as to what she knew about the FBI. As for Twentieth Century-Fox—her former studio [sic—] who knows what they wanted . . . ?

MM's affair with Greenson took on a far greater meaning at the time of her death. Marilyn, as everyone later discovered, had threatened Bobby with the prospect of holding a press conference at which she planned to announce her assignations with both the President and the Attorney General. Such an admission would no doubt have resulted in a major scandal.

Bobby, on hearing of Marilyn's plans—and somehow knowing of her concomitant relationship with Greenson, called the good doctor and convinced him that his star patient also intended to disclose her romantic dealings with the psychiatrist.

This would not only have terminated Greenson's career but very likely would have landed him in prison. "Marilyn has got to be silenced," Bobby told Greenson—or something to that effect. Greenson had thus been set up by Bobby to "take care" of Marilyn . . .

I certainly think Marilyn would have held a press conference. She was determined to gain back her self-esteem. She was unbalanced at the time—and Bobby was determined to shut her up, regardless of the

consequences. It was the craziest thing he ever did—and I was crazy enough to let it happen.

Best friend and occasional lover, Frank Sinatra, was more than a little suspicious after learning a crucial detail from the autopsy. Sinatra's valet, George Jacobs, stated, "When the cops said it was an overdose, he had no doubt about it, nor did I . . . It was only later when the autopsy revealed no residue of pills in her system that we got curious. Mr. S began to suspect Lawford and his brothers-in-law of possible foul play."

Pat Newcomb countered to biographer Donald Spoto, "There's no way they could've done this. I resent it so much . . . I'd like to see Bobby exonerated from this. He would never do it . . . He wouldn't hurt her . . . He was in San Francisco." Former Police Chief Daryl F. Gates conceded in his autobiography, "The truth is, we knew Robert Kennedy was in town on August 4. We always knew when he was here. He was the Attorney General, so we were interested in him, the same way we were interested when other important figures came to Los Angeles." On Marilyn and Bobby, Gates continued, "Frankly, I never bought into the theory that she killed herself because he dumped her—if he did. My feelings were that she was emotional over many things; a relationship gone sour would be just one of many problems she had."

Michael Selsman, a twenty-four-year-old press agent in 1962, held a job alongside Pat Newcomb within the Arthur P. Jacobs Company. Selsman relayed to biographer Jay Margolis, "After Marilyn died, I worked at Fox and Paramount as an executive. I'm from New York. Back in the sixties, I knew of [Marilyn's acting coaches] the Strasbergs, and knew [their actress-daughter] Susan. The Strasbergs were horrible people, and Susan was, in my mind, destroyed by her mother. The parents were attention-seekers, users, preyed on weak-minded actors, and never came up with anything original. They copied Stanislavski and feasted on the notoriety of the few successful actors that happened to come up in New York at that time. There were thousands more who never amounted to anything. Those who can act, act. Those who

can't, they become coaches."

Describing what it was like working with Marilyn day-to-day, Selsman relayed, "I never saw her happy. I never saw her laugh. Never heard any jokes from her. It was strictly business. All actors are shy and lonely people. That's why they are actors . . . Marilyn's concerns in the office were mainly about interviews and photo sessions. Pat was her main contact, so whatever she thought was threatening was discussed in private with Pat and sometimes Arthur . . . It was part of my job to be at the funeral. I attempted to coordinate with the reporters, photographers from around the world, and the press agents from Fox. It was a circus." Selsman was queried as to what he knew about August 4, 1962:

Did Arthur Jacobs tell you Bobby Kennedy was at
MARGOLIS: Marilyn's home the day she died either in the afternoon
or in the evening?

SELSMAN: Yes.

MARGOLIS: Was it afternoon or evening?

SELSMAN: It was the afternoon.

Regarding Peter Lawford's last full-length interview, Dean Martin's ex-wife Jeanne remarked to Margolis, "Somebody would've said something years ago. The mystery of her death, people have let up on that one ages ago." Informed that the autopsy revealed how Marilyn's stomach was empty, Mrs. Martin replied, "I never read that. I never heard that. Don't bother telling me because I wouldn't *want* to know that."

When told that many now agree Bobby Kennedy was in Los Angeles on August 4 *before* Marilyn died and *after* she died, Mrs. Martin said, "I don't care where he was. He didn't kill Marilyn. Bobby Kennedy would not kill anybody. He would *kill* somebody? It's impossible. It's such yellow journalism." After bringing to her attention that biographer Heymann had actual interview tapes of Lawford's own voice mentioning the conspiracy to

murder Marilyn, Mrs. Martin responded, “I knew the Kennedys very well. I knew Peter very well. If anybody took pills, it was Peter.”¹

As for the bugging tapes he heard, Lawford told Heymann:

You could apparently hear [on Mafia-Teamster tapes] the voices of Marilyn and JFK as well as Marilyn and RFK, in addition to MM and Dr. Ralph Greenson. In each case, you could hear the muted sounds of bedsprings and the cries of ecstasy. Marilyn, after all, was a master of her craft.

It is certainly possible that Peter Lawford obtained Mafia-Teamster recordings. In fact, as noted by Anthony Summers, Lawford tried to obtain Mafia tapes in at least one other instance, regarding gangster Mickey Cohen’s female associate Juanita Dale Slusher (a.k.a. Candy Barr). This information is supported by a D.A.’s investigation into Lawford’s activities in 1961.

Fred Otash recalled to biographer James Spada, “Something strange happened with Lawford one day. He came to me and said, ‘Fred, have you got some means for me to make secret recordings?’ I said, ‘Yes, what do you need?’ He would never tell me what they were. So my vibration is that he was possibly wiring up Jack Kennedy and Bobby.”

Jayne Mansfield’s press secretary, Raymond Strait, who knew Otash for twenty years, agreed: “I’ve listened to tapes in which Jayne and the President were the principal players. Lawford had copies of the tapes and once, during a bong-sharing session with Jayne in the Pink Palace, played them back for her. Later on, she prevailed upon Peter to play them for one of her lovers but he declined. Peter apparently owned quite a library of audio tapes of his famous brothers-in-law and their trysts with famous Hollywood sex symbols.”

Strait told Margolis: “Otash knew conversations between me and Jayne before I even met him! He taped Jayne because, after all, she slept with both of them [Jack and Bobby Kennedy]. Wherever they were at, Otash was there a little bit ahead of them . . . The only thing that worried Fred at all was the Johnny Stompanato case [in which actress Lana Turner’s brutal lover was purportedly murdered by her daughter Cheryl]. Fred was very complicit as an

accessory after the fact because he removed the knife, put Cheryl's fingerprints on it and put it back in! Lana Turner killed Johnny Stompanato. Lana caught him and Cheryl in bed together. He went after her daughter, and Lana jumped in the middle and he got it. Mother and daughter love each other. 'Save my career,' so Cheryl saves Lana's career, and that's what Cheryl did."

When Jay Margolis interviewed Joe Naar, Joe said he was not only Lawford's best friend, but also a friend of the Kennedy family. According to Naar, he and Lawford repeatedly went over Marilyn's last night and Lawford blamed himself for the movie star's death.

Peter Lawford was a close friend of Marilyn Monroe for more than a decade. Never a man to make decisions on his own, as confirmed by his lawyer Milt Ebbins, the English actor was an unwilling participant in her murder. By all accounts, feeling extremely guilty for years following his friend's death, and aware of what the Kennedy brothers had done both to him and to Marilyn, Lawford confided as much to biographer C. David Heymann. A year later, Peter Lawford was dead.²

MARILYN'S CLOSE FRIENDS GET SUSPICIOUS

At around 7:30 in the evening of Friday, July 13, 1962, George Barris captured the final professional photograph of Marilyn Monroe during her lifetime. A freelancer for *Cosmopolitan* magazine, Barris recalled, “I said, ‘Marilyn, this is the last picture I’m going to take of you.’ She was sitting on the sand and we had this Scandinavian heavy sweater she was wearing. She bundled up and she had covered her knees with the blanket. She leaned forward and said, ‘Alright, George, this is just for you.’ She puckered her lips and threw a kiss to me. She said, ‘This is for you and the world and this is the picture I want to be remembered by.’”

Now fast-forward to August 3 of that same year. “When I was in New York after I left Los Angeles and Marilyn Monroe, I was putting together the story for *Cosmopolitan*, which was to be about twelve pages and a cover,” Barris remembered. “She called and asked, ‘How is everything going?’ ‘Fine.’ ‘George, you must come back. I have some very important things we have to talk about. It’s very important.’ ‘Marilyn, it’s Friday. I’ll try to come out by Monday if it’s alright.’ ‘Please, promise me.’ I said, ‘I promise.’”

Barris told Jay Margolis he regretted not going back to California on August 4, the very next day. Margolis asked him, “Marilyn never let on that she was going to hold a press conference, right? She just said she had to talk to you about something important?” Barris confirmed, “That’s all she said.”

Barris reflected in his 1995 book: “She never seemed happier . . . I was very happy for her . . . She said she’d probably just relax, go out to dinner, and then maybe go over to the Lawfords’ for their regular Saturday night party. Then she said, ‘Love you—see you Monday.’ I said I loved her, too.”

During her final interview before her untimely death, Marilyn told George Barris, “The happiest time of my life is now . . . There’s a future and I can’t wait to get to it—it should be interesting! I feel I’m just getting started; I want

to do comedy, tragedy, interspersed . . . I have no regrets, because if I made any mistakes, I was responsible . . . I like to stay here (in California) but every once in awhile I get that feeling for New York. Here all I have to do is lock the [front and back] doors and go. I like ground to stand on.”

“Why would she take her life?” George Barris asked Jay Margolis. “We did photographs at Santa Monica beach near Peter Lawford’s. Marilyn bought a new house in Brentwood but it wasn’t furnished. She had gone to Mexico to furnish it Mexican style. She was waiting for the furniture to arrive. Marilyn said to me, ‘How can we photograph there if it doesn’t look right? What can we do?’ ‘If you want to go back where you lived with your first husband in Catalina, I’ll try.’ ‘No, I don’t want to go back.’ ‘My friend’s home in the Hollywood Hills would be perfect. When I brought it up, he said all he wants is a picture of you and him as a souvenir. You don’t have to do it if you don’t want to.’ ‘No, it’s okay.’ I took a picture of him with Marilyn. All the other photos are at his home.”

In 1995, using those pictures taken at Santa Monica Beach and in North Hollywood at his friend Tim Leimert’s house, George Barris created a touching and tender book about Marilyn Monroe, with her own words guiding the narrative. It was a project they planned to do sometime in the future just days after they became friends in September 1954. Back then, Marilyn was making *The Seven Year Itch* in New York and Barris was photographing her. That film became his favorite Marilyn Monroe movie. “What I particularly liked about Marilyn was that she didn’t act like a movie star,” he wrote. “She was down to earth . . . Sure, she was beautiful and sexy, but there was an almost childlike innocence about her . . . Marilyn was always polite and friendly to everyone on the set.”

Evelyn Moriarty was Marilyn’s stand-in for her final three movies: *Let’s Make Love* (1960), *The Misfits* (1961), and the unfinished *Something’s Got to Give* (1962). Moriarty relayed to biographer Richard Buskin, “Buck Hall was the assistant director on *Something’s Got to Give* and, like the rest of the production office, he hated her. He was a bastard. According to what I was

told by the camera operator and Bunny Gardel, who did her body makeup, when they were working on *Bus Stop* [in 1956], Buck Hall would ogle Marilyn. She called him a Peeping Tom and he never forgave her for that. Well, by the time of *Something's Got to Give*, the Fox executives were fed up with Marilyn. You could feel the tension when she walked on the set. Although the crew adored her, she was a piece of meat as far as those execs were concerned and they treated her like one.

“June 1 [1962] was Marilyn’s thirty-sixth birthday. So, that morning I bought her a cake with candles, but [director] George Cukor and the Fox executives wouldn’t let me give it to her until they got a full day’s work out of her. Late in the afternoon, George finally said I could wheel out the cake and he joined in our little celebration, but the smiles were fake. Afterwards, as Marilyn was leaving, I was with her, Bunny Gardel, and [hairstylist] Agnes Flanagan, and I said, ‘She’s not going to be here Monday because of the way that Buck Hall and the others just treated her on the set.’ Still, I didn’t know she was never going to be in again.”

That same Friday of Marilyn’s final birthday, having worked briefly with Elizabeth Taylor in Rome, Italy, for a *Cosmo* report on the filming of *Cleopatra*, George Barris approached Marilyn on the set of *Something's Got to Give*. As he later told Jay Margolis, “When I arrived, she said, ‘What are you doing here?! I heard you were in Rome with Elizabeth Taylor! So, you found a new girl, huh?’ ‘No, we were just doing the story. She’s impossible to work with.’ ‘Can you imagine they’re paying her a million dollars for that picture?’ They later brought out the cake and we all sang ‘Happy Birthday’ with me at her side.

“I was supposed to meet her at the studio Monday to start on our story. She wasn’t there when I got there. She called in. She was a very frail person. They sent their own studio doctor [Dr. Lee Siegel] to investigate if she was really sick. He confirmed she was *really* sick. The studio was desperate. They had all these technicians, cameramen, and actors and actresses on salary. They’re paying them and they were going broke. They had paid Elizabeth Taylor on

Cleopatra a million dollars. The studio was in bad shape financially.”

Marilyn was fired from *Something's Got to Give* on June 8. She and Barris began their joint projects the following day through July 18. “I don’t think anyone was ever more determined,” he’d remember, “and I never encountered a model who worked as hard as she did.”

“I will never believe that she took her own life,” Barris wrote. “It will always be my conviction that she was murdered.”

To Jay Margolis he stated, “I’ll never forget her because she was kind and she was honest and she was lovable, and she was a girl who became what she was because she was determined and she had been through her whole life making everyone happy. She was always a caring person. She was a timid person but also a very lonely person. Unfortunately, her marriages were not very successful. Only if Marilyn had a child, I think that would have saved her life.”

Learning of the tragic news of her passing, Barris relayed to Margolis, “When I was in the country, I was with my brother-in-law. We went to a local grocery to get some milk and bagels. I sat in the car and he went in to buy it and he came running out. And he looked at me, ‘It just came over the radio.’ I said, ‘What are you talking about?’ ‘Marilyn is dead.’ ‘You shouldn’t make jokes like that. It’s not nice.’ ‘No, it’s true. Honestly.’ I couldn’t believe it. I was just in a shock. I dropped him off then I drove all the way back to New York where I lived at Sutton Place. It was about a hundred miles. Luckily, I didn’t get a ticket or in an accident, I was driving so fast. When I got back, the doorman told me that there was a bunch of press and photographers and reporters looking for me. ‘If they come back, tell them I’m not here.’ I went upstairs. I put on the television and radio. All that came over was ‘Marilyn is dead. Marilyn is dead.’ It was too much. I shut everything off. I couldn’t take it.”

Actress Jane Russell was also suspicious of the circumstances surrounding Marilyn’s death. When interviewed on November 29, 2010, by Jay Margolis, Jane Russell confirmed a story about an unpleasant run-in with Robert

Kennedy: “I met him one time after his brother had been killed. I was working with this organization. We called it WAIF to get kids adopted. You couldn’t get them from the United States but you could from other countries. The kids would come in with the parents that had all been picked, and he happened to be there one of these times. He met other people, and he was very friendly and nice. Then he was introduced to me, and the face just went *huh!* It was not friendly at all. I thought, well boy, something’s funny there. So I guess he thought I knew all about whatever went on . . . I just think there was something very strange. When the Lord gets here, we’ll know exactly what happened . . . There were things that she looked forward to. The studio had said okay. There were so many things that were happening that she wanted to happen.”

An intriguing article by author Wendy Leigh appeared in the United Kingdom on March 3, 2007. After interviewing Jane Russell, Leigh discovered the actress believed her friend had been murdered: “I don’t think she killed herself,” Russell stated. “Someone did it for her. There were dirty tricks somewhere.”

“I suggest that Jack and Bobby Kennedy—both Marilyn’s lovers—may have been involved, and Jane nods darkly,” Leigh wrote while adding that Russell told her, “Soon after Marilyn died, I met Bobby Kennedy and he looked at me as if to say: ‘I am your enemy.’”

On August 1, 1962, three days before her death, Marilyn Monroe was rehired by Twentieth Century-Fox to complete shooting on *Something’s Got to Give* and signed a one-million-dollar, two-picture deal. Just over three decades later, in July 1993, her stand-in, Evelyn Moriarty, told Richard Buskin, “There’s no way she killed herself. I spoke with her the Wednesday before she died and she was so excited about going back to work. She told me they’d be shooting Dean Martin’s close-ups first and then placing Dean for her close-ups—she was really up. She had to finish this picture at Fox because she was going to film *I Love Louisa* at United Artists with Frank Sinatra, produced by her publicist Arthur Jacobs. She also talked about having three

pictures to do in Europe; two of them with Brigitte Bardot. It was all ‘We’re going to do this’ and ‘We’re going to do that’—she had battled the studio, she had won, and she was really looking forward to all of those projects.”

George Erengis, a Twentieth Century-Fox security guard, relayed to Richard Buskin, “On the Monday following her death, I went into Marilyn’s dressing room on the Fox lot and it had been cleared out. Nothing, not a trace of her had been left. I was shocked. She had earned that studio a fortune but they didn’t waste any time trying to erase her memory.”

For her part, actress Debbie Reynolds relayed to Britain’s *Daily Express* newspaper how she told Marilyn to watch herself when dating the Kennedy brothers: “I saw her two days before she died and warned her to be careful. She was such a sweet and innocent girl but she was used by men. I believe she was murdered because too many people were afraid the truth would come out.”

In an earlier interview, Reynolds remembered, “Her life was very sad. And the ending was very sad indeed. And those of us who knew Marilyn, always were kind of dreaming for that great white knight to arrive and really love her and not take advantage of her.”

Joe DiMaggio was that great white knight. As for Marilyn’s second marriage on January 14, 1954, former FBI agent Monte Hall revealed to Jay Margolis, “I was at the wedding. Marilyn was married by a judge in a San Francisco courthouse. I happened to be there at the time. I knew Joe quite well. A lot of us in the San Francisco office knew Joe DiMaggio.”

Morris Engelberg (no relation to Marilyn’s physician Dr. Hyman Engelberg) was one of DiMaggio’s best friends and the executor of his estate. According to him, “Joe DiMaggio was in love with Marilyn Monroe until the moment he died . . . ‘I’ll finally get to see Marilyn,’ were his last words . . . He ached at the thought of how close they had come to remarrying . . . The date of their second marriage was set: August 8, 1962.”

When Engelberg asked Joe Jr. if he concurred with his father’s conviction that the Kennedys were responsible for Marilyn Monroe’s death, the younger

DiMaggio replied, “She didn’t die of natural causes, and she wasn’t going to kill herself, not when she was about to remarry my father.”

Jane Russell told Jay Margolis, “I think she was going to remarry Joe DiMaggio.” Russell explained how she learned of the marriage plans from mutual friends shortly before Marilyn’s death.

Marilyn’s niece Mona Rae Miracle revealed, “Berniece’s heartbreak at handling Marilyn’s funeral was ameliorated by the help Joe gave her with arrangements. ‘They were going to remarry,’ says Berniece. ‘Marilyn was thinking ahead to that.’”³

BOBBY KENNEDY BROUGHT ALONG ONE OF HIS TWO LONG- TIME PERSONAL BODYGUARDS TO SEDATE MARILYN IN THE AFTERNOON

Peter Lawford recalled how, at approximately two o'clock on the afternoon of August 4, 1962, he and Bobby Kennedy arrived at Marilyn Monroe's home. Lawford told biographer C. David Heymann she had set aside some Mexican food, which suggested she was expecting Bobby's visit. Heymann wrote that the buffet included "guacamole, stuffed mushrooms, spicy meatballs . . . plus a chilled magnum of her favorite beverage, champagne. Lawford poured himself a glass and went out to the swimming pool so Marilyn and Bobby could talk." An existing receipt proves she purchased this food from Briggs Delicatessen the day before in the amount of \$49.07. Regarding Bobby and Marilyn, Lawford informed Heymann:

They argued back and forth for maybe ten minutes, Marilyn becoming more and more hysterical. At the height of her anger she allowed how first thing Monday morning she was going to call a press conference and tell the world about the treatment she had suffered at the hands of the Kennedy brothers. At this point Bobby became livid. In no uncertain terms he told her she would have to leave both Jack and him alone—no more telephone calls, no letters, nothing. They didn't want to hear from her anymore. Marilyn presently lost it, screaming obscenities and flailing wildly away at Bobby with her fists. In her fury she picked up a small kitchen knife and lunged at him. I was with them at this time, so I tried to grab Marilyn's arm. We finally knocked her down and managed to

wrestle the knife away. Bobby thought we ought to call Dr. Greenson and tell him to come over. The psychiatrist arrived at Marilyn's home within the hour.

To Donald Spoto, Pat Newcomb confirmed Peter Lawford's account: "I was at her house that afternoon until three and that's when Greenson came and told me to leave. He wanted to deal with her . . . She was very upset . . . Greenson told Mrs. Murray to take her out for a walk on the beach in the car . . . And that's the last I saw of her."

When interviewed by biographer Maurice Zolotow in October 1973, Greenson stated that, when he arrived at Marilyn's in the early afternoon, "It was clear she had taken some sleeping pills during the day."

Attempting to mask why she was *really* upset, Dr. Greenson and housekeeper Eunice Murray claimed that Marilyn was mad at Pat Newcomb—who had slept over on August 3—because Pat had enjoyed a good night's sleep whereas Marilyn, typically, hadn't. "Pat had stayed overnight, and apparently had taken sleeping pills, perhaps some of Marilyn's Nembutal," Murray relayed to Rose Shade, her coauthor on the 1975 book *Marilyn: The Last Months*. "Pat was still asleep, and would sleep serenely until noon—the way Marilyn longed to sleep. Marilyn was not pleased. To sleep twelve hours in her house was like feasting in front of a starving person."

"She resented the fact that Pat Newcomb had taken some pills . . . and slept twelve hours and Marilyn had also taken pills and slept only six hours." Ralph Greenson told Maurice Zolotow. "I said that instead of Pat staying overnight, Pat should go home and Mrs. Murray remain the night. I didn't want Marilyn to be alone."

This contradicted Greenson's earlier recollection, in a letter sent to his colleague Dr. Marianne Kris just weeks after Marilyn died, that it was actually *Marilyn* who had wanted Pat to leave: "I finally asked the girlfriend to leave because this was Marilyn's request, and I asked the housekeeper to stay overnight, which she did not ordinarily do on Saturday nights."

According to that housekeeper, "Dr. Greenson asked me if I had planned

on staying that night. He asked this in a rather offhand way, without any special reason for my staying at her home, for Marilyn felt secure. She often told me that staying alone was no problem with her.”

What Greenson, Murray, and Newcomb didn’t want to admit was that Marilyn had been really upset over her row with Bobby Kennedy. Years later, Mrs. Murray would concede to Anthony Summers that the argument was indeed over Bobby’s earlier visit. In the 1985 *Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, Murray and Summers shared the following exchange regarding Marilyn’s last day on August 4:

MRS.	Well, over a period of time, I was not at all surprised that
MURRAY:	the Kennedys were a very important part of Marilyn’s
	life. I was not included in this information but I was a
	witness to what was happening.
SUMMERS:	And you believe that he was here?
MRS.	At Marilyn’s house?
MURRAY:	
SUMMERS:	Yes.
MRS.	Oh, sure.
MURRAY:	
SUMMERS:	That afternoon?
MRS.	Yes.
MURRAY:	
SUMMERS:	And you think <i>that</i> is the reason she was so upset?
MRS.	Yes.
MURRAY:	

When Summers asked Mrs. Murray why she lied to the police, she conceded, “I told whatever I thought was good to tell.”

As for Pat Newcomb, she told Donald Spoto, “Marilyn seemed angry that I

had been able to sleep and she hadn't—but something else was behind it all.”⁴

Robert Kennedy testified in a sworn deposition to Captain Edward Michael Davis that he arrived at Marilyn's home in the afternoon. Later, Davis became LAPD chief during the years 1969–1978.

In 1978, former OCID (Organized Crime Intelligence Division) detective Mike Rothmiller actually saw the statement made by Bobby Kennedy about Marilyn Monroe and his secret trip to her home on the afternoon of August 4. Additionally, Rothmiller saw a copy of Marilyn's diary, located in the OCID file rooms. Pertaining to Bobby Kennedy's statement, Rothmiller told biographers Peter Harry Brown and Patte Barham that Bobby Kennedy “said he was involved with Monroe—but he wasn't, implying a friendly relationship. He also said he had met with her several times during the summer.”

On August 4, 1962, Marilyn's female next-door neighbor to the east and her friend Elizabeth Pollard were busy playing bridge with two other ladies as they did every Saturday afternoon. According to Dr. Greenson's daughter Joan, “Marilyn found out that the neighbor who you could see from her property was a professor at the university.” This was UCLA professor Ralph Mosser Barnes (born October 17, 1900) from the Engineering and Production Management department. He taught at UCLA from July 1, 1949, until July 1, 1968. It was his wife Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes (born October 25, 1904) who played hostess to that Saturday afternoon bridge party at 12304 Fifth Helena Drive the day Marilyn died. At the time, Mrs. Barnes refused to identify herself to Sgt. Clemmons, and because she passed away on March 12, 1964, her eyewitness account seemingly disappeared into the wind—until now. As for her UCLA professor husband Mr. Barnes, he died on November 5, 1984.

The four card-playing ladies, including hostess Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes and guest Elizabeth Pollard, earlier witnessed Bobby Kennedy go into Marilyn's house and subsequently saw him leave and, shortly thereafter, reenter with one of his two long-time personal bodyguards from the LAPD,

Archie Case or James Ahern. Case or Ahern gave Marilyn an intramuscular pentobarbital (Nembutal) shot in the armpit to calm her down, shortly after Lawford and Kennedy had confiscated the knife from her.

“[Pathologist Thomas] Noguchi admitted there was a needle mark under one of her armpits,” says funeral director Allan Abbott, who was one of the pallbearers when Marilyn was laid to rest. “Of course, with a star like Marilyn Monroe who was taking prescription drugs—the doctors agreed to give her those injections so it wouldn’t show on camera. It was very common to have shots given in the armpit.”

When asked if Noguchi admitted there was a needle mark in Marilyn’s armpit, Abbott replied, “That was the word I got from one of his deputies,” confirming this relates to the Nembutal injection that Case or Ahern gave Marilyn during the last afternoon of her life.

A confidential source revealed, “Bobby said in his deposition that he and Peter Lawford went to Marilyn’s house late in the afternoon of August 4. There was a violent argument, and Marilyn was grabbed by Bobby and thrown to the floor . . . Then she was given an injection of pentobarbital in her armpit, which settled her down . . . RFK said in his statement that the doctor [Case or Ahern] gave Marilyn the shot under her left arm. He even named the artery on the tape. He said the shot that went into her was pentobarbital.”

Talking with Jay Margolis about an event that took place in 1986, George Barris recalled, “Gloria Steinem and I were signing the book we did together in Brentwood in a big book store, and a woman came up to me. She was elderly. She wanted me to autograph a book. She said, ‘Mr. Barris, I was a neighbor to Marilyn. I was playing bridge with my friends, and there were people coming and going. That afternoon was Saturday. I saw someone who I believed was Bobby Kennedy and another man go into Marilyn’s home and they came out a short while later.’ She could see people who came and went. She didn’t know who the other man was but she assumed he was a doctor and he had a little black case. Doctors carry it . . . It probably was not Greenson because the psychiatrist came later to her house.”

Since the bridge party hostess Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes and guest Elizabeth Pollard were not the only two ladies at the bridge party, there must be another neighbor of Marilyn's who spoke with George Barris in 1986. This third woman only identified herself to Mr. Barris as Marilyn Monroe's neighbor. All that is known about her is that she was a guest at the bridge party at 12304 Fifth Helena Drive that last Saturday. In addition, there must have been a fourth person as a guest or an additional neighbor because including the hostess Mrs. Barnes, it takes four people to play bridge. The names of the third and fourth guest may never be known.

It was in 1974 when Elizabeth Pollard's daughter Betty relayed her mother's story about the Saturday afternoon card party and the sighting of Bobby Kennedy. Biographers Brown and Barham wrote: "The Attorney General and another well-dressed man [Case or Ahern] came to the house sometime late in the afternoon. Women at a card party were able to see the man from an upstairs window. One of them, referring to Kennedy, said, 'Look, girls, there he is *again*.'"

Mrs. Murray explains how an author "related sensational rumors about Bobby Kennedy's arriving at the house that afternoon with a physician, reportedly to sedate a hysterical Marilyn." Mrs. Murray continues to comment how the "story stems from reports of a card party on Fifth Helena that afternoon at which the ladies were supposed to have looked out the window and seen Kennedy walking through Marilyn's gate with a man carrying a doctor's black bag."

Anthony Summers wrote, "I tracked that story to its source, a woman called Betty Pollard. She says her mother [Elizabeth Pollard] was playing bridge at a neighbor's home that day, when her hostess drew the players' attention to a car parking outside. Kennedy, immediately recognizable, emerged from the car and went into Marilyn's house."

That afternoon, the card-playing friends saw Kennedy bring Case or Ahern. They did not see Greenson. Importantly, Greenson was not qualified to give intramuscular injections. The ladies witnessed Bobby Kennedy leave

Marilyn's, then quickly return again with "another well-dressed man" [Case or Ahern] carrying a black bag. Furthermore, the unidentified neighbor who spoke with Mr. Barris said she saw "Bobby Kennedy and another man go into Marilyn's home and they came out a short while later." In fact, since Greenson arrived nearly an hour later, it simply couldn't have been him. Logistically, what the four ladies saw was Bobby retrieve Case or Ahern from the white Lincoln convertible parked out front. Bobby Kennedy borrowed the car from FBI agent William Simon whenever he visited Marilyn.

From the window of Mary W. Goodykoontz's home on 12304 Fifth Helena Drive, looking over the gates, a person could easily see cars parked up the driveway and anyone who entered or left Marilyn's house.

Kennedy instructed Case or Ahern to give Marilyn the Nembutal shot in order to stun her, while he and Lawford searched the house for her little red diary. *Goddess* author Anthony Summers wrote that a confidential source heard tapes capturing the August 4 afternoon visit by Kennedy and Lawford to Marilyn's home:

The source says both Marilyn's and Kennedy's voices were easily recognizable. Like Otash—and it is worth noting that the source and Otash do not know each other—the source says there was a heated argument.

According to Summers' confidential source, the voices of Marilyn and Bobby Kennedy increased in volume as she challenged him to explain why he was reneging on his promise to marry her while Bobby several times demanded to know where "it" was located. Following the sound of a door being slammed, Kennedy could then be heard returning with Peter Lawford. "We have to know," the highly agitated Attorney General screeched at the actress. "It's important to the family. We can make any arrangements you want, but we must find it." As Kennedy searched for "it," Lawford tried to calm him down. Meanwhile, Marilyn screamed at the men to leave. Next, there were "thumping, bumping noises, then muffled, calming sounds. It sounded as

though she was being put on the bed.”

“Bobby came back with Peter,” Marilyn wrote in her little red diary. “Shook me until I was dizzy and threw me on the bed. Should call the doctor.”

As noted earlier, it was Lawford who called Dr. Greenson to the home. However, Kennedy was looking for Monroe’s diary. It was the diary that Bobby could make “arrangements” for and which would be “important to the family.”

In the documentary *Marilyn: The Last Word*, Anthony Summers stated: “Robert Kennedy is demanding for her to give him something. He keeps demanding, ‘Where is it? Where is it, Marilyn? You’ve got to tell me where it is! We’ll come to some arrangement but the family must have it.’ Perhaps he was asking about the diary.”

This was confirmed by Marilyn herself, who wrote in that diary, “Bobby was really mad. Acted crazy and searched all my stuff. Told him it’s mine. I’ll never let him have it.”⁵

Norman Jefferies, Marilyn’s handyman who also happened to be Eunice Murray’s son-in-law, gave a chilling account of that last afternoon to biographer Donald Wolfe. Murray and Jefferies both recalled that Marilyn, not dressed when Bobby and Peter arrived, was still wearing her white terry-cloth robe. “Mr. Lawford made it very clear that he wanted Eunice and I [sic] out of there” Jefferies stated. “When we came back—maybe it was an hour later—their car was gone . . . Marilyn was hysterical and looked awful . . . She was scared and at the same time she was terribly angry.”

It was in light of Joe DiMaggio recently asking her to remarry him that Marilyn wanted to bitterly remind Bobby Kennedy about his pledge to marry her. By now, Marilyn had come to terms with the fact that Bobby was not going to divorce his wife Ethel. However, infuriated by his desire to still sleep with Marilyn, she wanted to nail him about his broken promise and total disregard for toying with her emotions. Indeed, the only thing he cared about—and the only reason for him showing up—was for her red diary. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have bothered.

“Marilyn had done a turnabout,” noted one of private eye Fred Otash’s employees. “Lawford said Marilyn had called the White House, trying to reach the President, saying, ‘Get your brother away from me—he’s just using me.’”

John Miner, the Los Angeles County deputy district attorney who was an investigator into Marilyn’s death, claimed to have heard something similar on one of the free-association tapes she recorded for Dr. Greenson: “I want someone else to tell him it’s over. I tried to get the President to do it, but I couldn’t reach him.”

That afternoon, she felt very upset, used, and betrayed after Bobby had been the one to tell *her*, “It’s over.” Marilyn shot back, “But you promised to divorce Ethel and marry me.” According to Fred Otash’s recollection of what he heard on the covert recording set up by wiretapper Bernie Spindel, Marilyn said, “I feel passed around—like a piece of meat. You’ve lied to me. Get out of here. I’m tired. Leave me alone.”

Later, when Bobby tried to persuade Marilyn to visit Peter Lawford’s house, she told him over the phone, “Stop bothering me. Stay away from me.”

“She was convinced that not Jack but Bobby would leave Ethel and all their kids,” remarked Michael Selsman from the Arthur P. Jacobs public relations firm when asked by Jay Margolis whether one of the brothers had promised to marry Marilyn. “And they were heavily Catholic. She was under the impression that Bobby would marry her.”

Marilyn phoned hairstylist and trusted friend, Sydney Guilaroff, twice on that final Saturday. The first call was immediately after Bobby Kennedy’s departure. Guilaroff told Wolfe, “She was in tears, and I had difficulty understanding her.” In his own book, Guilaroff detailed their exchange as follows:

GUILAROFF: What’s the matter, dear?

MARILYN: Robert Kennedy was here, threatening me, yelling at me.

GUILAROFF: Why was Bobby Kennedy at your house?

MARILYN: I'm having an affair with him.

GUILAROFF: Marilyn.

MARILYN: I never told you. I never told anyone. But I had an affair with JFK as well.

GUILAROFF: Both of them?

MARILYN: Both . . . I warned him [Bobby] that I could go public.

Marilyn relayed to Guilaroff that Bobby had then responded, "If you threaten me, Marilyn, there's more than one way to keep you quiet."

Asking if Bobby was still there, Marilyn told Guilaroff, "He left—with Peter Lawford." Guilaroff recommended that Marilyn get some rest and they would discuss this further in a few hours. As Peter Lawford's friend, producer George "Bullets" Durgom, told Fred Otash in 1985, "Bobby was very worried about Monroe getting spaced out and shooting her mouth off."

According to Anthony Summers (who didn't know about that first phone conversation), Marilyn's last call to Guilaroff was at 9:30 p.m. Guilaroff told Wolfe this final call was between "eight and eight-thirty" and that "she was feeling much better and had met with her psychiatrist, Dr. Greenson." Guilaroff informed Wolfe that they ended the call with the following exchange:

MARILYN: You know, Sydney, I know a lot of secrets about the Kennedys.

GUILAROFF: What kind of secrets?

MARILYN: Dangerous ones.

After that, Marilyn hung up. According to Morris Engelberg, Joe DiMaggio told his son Joe Jr., "The Kennedys killed her." In his book, *DiMaggio: Setting the Record Straight*, Engelberg recalled Joltin' Joe telling him he'd given his son a manilla envelope containing a statement regarding Marilyn's death, to be opened after the Yankee Clipper's own death. "Something the world

should know about is in there,” the elder DiMaggio had announced. Engelberg subsequently wrote:

After his father’s funeral, I asked him about that envelope. He had given me an opening by volunteering that he had talked with Marilyn the night she died—he said “murdered.” He claimed he hadn’t opened the envelope because he already knew the message his father had left behind

... ⁶

A SURPRISE EVENING VISIT FROM BOBBY KENNEDY AND GANGSTER SQUAD LAPD PARTNERS ARCHIE CASE AND JAMES AHERN

Norman Jefferies, who witnessed Bobby Kennedy and Peter Lawford earlier in the afternoon, said he watched television with his mother-in-law Eunice Murray later that night. Jefferies was surprised when, “between 9:30 and 10:00 p.m.,” the Attorney General and two men dressed in suits ordered him and Mrs. Murray out of the house. In the documentary *Say Goodbye to the President*, Mrs. Murray revealed more than she had previously claimed to have known about that tragic night, when she eerily recalled, “It became so sticky that the protectors of Robert Kennedy, you know, had to step in there and protect *him*. Doesn’t that sound logical?”

The men with Bobby Kennedy were identified as veteran LAPD partners Archie Case and James Ahern, members of Chief William Parker’s notorious Gangster Squad. The Squad performed illegal activities for the LAPD, strictly off the books. Other Gangster Squad members included its leader Lieutenant William Burns, Sgt. Conwell Keller, Sgt. John O’Mara, Officer Donald Ward, Officer Loren K. Waggoner, and Detective J. Jones.

Fred Otash: “I worked undercover in Hollywood. I worked Vice. I first met Peter Lawford when I was on the LAPD in 1949 when I worked the Gangster Squad.”

Former Police Chief Daryl Gates added, “I think Bobby always had an affection for LAPD because of the help we gave him.”

Jefferies corroborated Mrs. Murray’s recollection to Donald Wolfe: “They made it clear we were to be gone . . . I had no idea what was going on. I mean, this was the Attorney General of the United States. I didn’t know who the two men were with him . . . We waited at the neighbor’s house for them to leave.”

This was at 12304 Fifth Helena Drive, the home of Mrs. Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes.

What's more, within days of Marilyn's death, it was Mrs. Barnes who spoke to Sgt. Jack Clemmons about her first sighting of Bobby Kennedy with Case or Ahern in the afternoon. She also mentioned a second sighting of Kennedy in the evening but this time with *both* Archie Case and James Ahern. After interviewing Sgt. Clemmons in 1993 and 1997, Donald Wolfe wrote, "Three men [Kennedy with Case and Ahern] walked down Fifth Helena Drive. One [Case or Ahern] was carrying a small black satchel similar to a medical bag."

Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes relayed to Sgt. Jack Clemmons, "I've seen Bobby Kennedy go into that house a dozen times. That definitely was him. I don't know who the other two men were." This was the same house Mrs. Murray and her son-in-law Norman Jefferies stayed in while they waited for Kennedy, Case, and Ahern to leave.

A confidential source revealed to Jay Margolis, "Two of my brothers were FBI agents . . . I had heard that my brother John Anderson had seen Robert Kennedy and two men enter Marilyn Monroe's home. Hours later it was reported that Marilyn Monroe had died."

Anthony Summers asserted that, after 9:30 p.m., Marilyn happily chatted with her friend and sometimes lover José Bolaños, on the private line in her main bedroom. She may well have been reading from her red diary when, according to Bolaños, Marilyn told him "something that will one day shock the whole world."

Then there was a crash. Informing Bolaños she would be right back, Marilyn went to investigate a noise she heard coming from the guest cottage. Summers: "Marilyn ended the conversation by simply laying down the phone—she did not hang up while he was on the line." After arriving at the guest cottage, she found Bobby Kennedy with long-time personal LAPD bodyguards, Archie Case and James Ahern, rifling through one of her two filing cabinets in the guest cottage that they'd forcibly opened in search of the hallowed red diary. This was now in her main bedroom, but Marilyn's privacy

had been violated and she therefore screamed at the trio of would-be thieves to get out of her house.

Later, frightened for his life when in possession of the secret audiotapes capturing these events, Fred Otash provided biographer Ted Schwarz with a sanitized transcript that convinced Schwarz Marilyn committed suicide. Nevertheless, Jayne Mansfield's press secretary, Raymond Strait, was certain that the eleven hours of tapes he actually listened to prove that Marilyn Monroe was murdered.

"[Pathologist Thomas] Noguchi never believed it was suicide, but they shut him up real quick," Strait told Jay Margolis. "I knew Tom Noguchi. He said he never believed for a minute that she committed suicide. He wanted to blow the whole thing on Marilyn Monroe but [his superiors] weren't having it . . . I had all those tapes in my garage in a sealed-up box for ten years . . . I never opened them. Fred called me one night in Palm Springs and he says, 'You still have that box?' 'Well, of course!' 'You bring it down to the Springs. I want to show you something.'"

Interviewed by Peter Harry Brown and Patte Barham, Strait said, "Fred was afraid of the tapes. And he was so afraid that he planned to release a far less graphic version in his upcoming autobiography." Strait also asserted that Marilyn had been murdered: "It was obvious that she was subdued—probably with a pillow—while the drugs were administered."

In his personal notes, Fred Otash himself wrote, "I listened to Marilyn Monroe die," while adding that he taped an angry confrontation between Marilyn and Bobby Kennedy in the hours before her death. "She said she was passed around like a piece of meat," Otash recalled. "It was a violent argument about their relationship and the commitment and promises he made to her. She was really screaming and they were trying to quiet her down. She's in the [guest] bedroom and Bobby gets the pillow and he muffles her on the bed to keep the neighbors from hearing. She finally quieted down and then he was looking to get out of there."

Therefore, after Marilyn entered the guest cottage to see what was going on, Case and Ahern threw her on the bed. Then, per wiretapper Bernie

Spindel and Fred Otash, Robert Kennedy covered her face with a pillow to keep her from screaming before ordering Archie Case and James Ahern to give Marilyn Monroe injections of Nembutal in an attempt to relax her hysterical state. Deputy Coroner's Aide Lionel Grandison wrote in his memoirs what he learned from a wiretap conversation that night: Bobby Kennedy had instructed Archie Case and James Ahern to "Give her something to calm her down."

In 1986, Fred Otash had allowed Raymond Strait to hear eleven hours of tapes that were rolling before, during, and after Marilyn Monroe's murder. On the January 7, 1993, episode of Joan Rivers' Fox TV talk show, Raymond Strait informed the host and her viewers, "It was horrible. You could hear the two men [Case and Ahern] talking to each other, saying, 'Give her another one. Don't give it to her too quickly,' and awful smothering sounds." A confidential source states regarding the Nembutal injections, "I don't know if she was injected merely to subdue her or if it was meant to kill her."

Lionel Grandison wrote in his memoirs, "Miner and Noguchi were looking at some bruises on her leg. I could clearly see a bruise just below the knee. Dr. Noguchi was explaining that this was common because many people fall or the body is bruised when being handled after death."

Actually, dead bodies don't bruise. Grandison continued, "My first thought was needle mark, but obviously Dr. Noguchi didn't concur . . . When the final physical diagram and autopsy report were completed, no mention of these details, or the bruise marks on her body, were reported."

Corroborating Grandison's claims, a confidential source told Jay Margolis about a bizarre turn of events just days after Marilyn died: "My friend Marty George was a Los Angeles photographer. He had a job where, once a year, he would go down to the Coroner's Office and take pictures of everybody. I guess they had some sort of shindig where they had to have all their pictures taken for this. And Marty was the kind of guy who was very innocuous. If he was the only person in the room, you could sometimes ignore him and miss him. He really blended in better than anyone I've ever known.

"He was in the file room taking pictures of somebody and that somebody

got called out of the room. So, Marty George said, 'Okay, fine.' He was a big fan of Marilyn's and he decided to see if he could find the coroner's report. So, he went over to the files and he opened them up because they were papers in this day. And there it was but it was sealed. He decided that sealed coroner's reports are not legal so he just broke the seal and opened it and read it. He did not take a picture of it because he was so stunned. So, he called me up when he got home and he said, 'What does this mean? No contents in the stomach.' I told him, 'It means she could not have died by barbiturates from the mouth.'

"In the coroner's report, he saw there were needle marks behind her knees, the jugular vein in her neck, and bruises on her arms and her back. He said as far as he was concerned, that doesn't seem very much like suicide. I said, 'It doesn't to me either, and certainly not by barbiturate overdose by mouth with pills, because that leaves some residue in the stomach.' There was nothing because she hadn't eaten or consumed anything for hours before she died. Marty George also said there is an actual reel somewhere unlike coroner's reports, and that there's apparently been cover-up ones made since. I wish he would've taken a picture of it but he didn't think to do that because he was in shock. He very carefully put it back together and put the seal back and put it in the file, but it exists. It's *somewhere*."

In October 1997, Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall relayed to biographer Michelle Morgan, "On the autopsy report, Noguchi wrote, 'No needle mark.' A question that has never come up is, did Dr. Noguchi always write, 'No needle mark' on all of the previous autopsy reports or was this a 'special' case?"

As it turned out, the Nembutal injections weren't enough to subdue Marilyn. So, using one of the enema bags already in the guest cottage bathroom, the two LAPD Gangster Squad partners held her down, stripped her clothes off, and gave her an enema filled with broken-down pills containing anywhere from thirteen to nineteen Nembutals and seventeen chloral hydrates. Rendering her unconscious, this criminal act against

Marilyn's will accounted for the purplish discoloration of her colon as noted in the official autopsy report. In fact, Lawford's third wife Deborah Gould told Anthony Summers how Lawford stated, "Marilyn took her last big enema."

Funeral director Allan Abbott said to Jay Margolis, "The pathologist never signs the death certificate. He comes out of the lab, and he goes up to the front desk where the deputies work and I knew all of them very well. He tells them the cause of death. And then they fill out the death certificate and put on the cause of death. There was a black guy working at the Coroner's Office named Lionel Grandison. They went to him and said, 'You've got to sign Marilyn Monroe's death certificate' and the Coroner had put on there 'suicide.' Grandison said, 'I read Dr. Noguchi's report about the inflammation of the colon. I don't think we really know what she died of. I'm not going to sign it as "suicide." They threatened him with his job. He still wouldn't sign it 'suicide.' So they said, 'Okay, how about "probable suicide?"' and he said, 'Okay, I'll put that on it.'"

Negating oral ingestion of the pills, a drug-laced enema is the only way that such high levels of chloral hydrate could have been detected in her blood along with the high levels of Nembutal. Incidentally, chloral hydrate injections are not medically practiced. Per the 1982 District Attorney's Report, "The results of the blood and liver toxicological examination show that there were 8 mg. percent chloral hydrate [seventeen 500-mg pills] and 4.5 mg. percent of barbiturates in the blood [forty-fifty 100-mg Nembutals] and 13.0 mg. percent pentobarbital in the liver."

Donald Spoto's Marilyn Monroe biography noted that Marilyn had many receipts for enema paraphernalia (most likely located in more than one of her bathrooms). When the police officially discovered her body, only ten of fifty 500-mg chloral hydrate pills were still in the prescription bottle. According to Gary Vitacco-Robles, "The guest bedroom near the pool shares a bath (at left) with the third bedroom. The middle door accesses a closet. The door to the far right leads to a hallway and a linen closet." Therefore, the water for the enema had been easily accessible and so were the linens later used to dry

Marilyn's body once the enema had been expelled. During the struggle, Marilyn received an injury on her upper back—a bruise not documented in Thomas Noguchi's official autopsy report, but one that is clearly visible in a police photo that captures Marilyn face-down on the bed.



Because the drug-laced enema only rendered her unconscious, Marilyn was still alive when Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall arrived with his driver, Murray Liebowitz. Had Marilyn been injected instead with massive amounts of Nembutal and chloral hydrate in one injection, she would have died before Hall and Liebowitz came on the scene.

Less than a minute after they gave Marilyn a drug-laced enema, Kennedy, Case, and Ahern were once again preoccupied with a frantic search for the red diary. At the same time, Marilyn grabbed the only phone, the public line from the guest cottage, to call her masseur friend Ralph Roberts, yet she only reached his answering service. It was 10:00 p.m. The woman at the other end noted that Marilyn asked for Ralph in a “slurred voice,” only to be told he was out for the evening. Then she hung up, en route to losing consciousness as a result of the sleep-inducing chloral hydrate coursing through her body; a body that would be leaning on the phone when discovered a short while later

by Norman Jefferies and Eunice Murray.

Why would Bobby Kennedy risk destroying his skyrocketing career by becoming directly involved in such a dark turn of events? The fact that he was in Los Angeles from at least 11:00 that morning—when he was spotted on Stage 18 of the Fox lot by studio publicist Frank Neill—until after midnight proves he was willing to take that risk.

Jefferies noted that Kennedy, Case, and Ahern departed Marilyn's home at 10:30 p.m. Thereafter, it was due to the incessant barking of her dog Maf—so named because the white maltese terrier (not French poodle) was a gift from mob-connected Frank Sinatra—that Marilyn was discovered in the guest cottage by Jefferies and Mrs. Murray who stated, "I saw that the telephone was under her. She was lying on it." Jefferies told Donald Wolfe, "I thought she was dead. She was facedown, her hand kind of holding the phone. It didn't look to me like she was breathing, and her color was awful—like she was dead."

Nobody expected what the housekeeper would do next. Jefferies continued to Wolfe, "Eunice took the phone and called an ambulance. Then she put through an emergency call to Dr. Greenson, who was someplace nearby and said he would be right over. He told Eunice to call Dr. Engelberg."

Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall, Mrs. Murray, and Norman Jefferies all stated that Marilyn Monroe was still alive when Dr. Ralph Greenson arrived at the scene.

Mrs. Murray told Anthony Summers, "Why, at my age, do I still have to cover this thing up? . . . When he [Dr. Greenson] arrived, she was not dead because I was there then in the living room." Summers asked, "Marilyn was not dead when the first doctor arrived, is that what you're saying?" Mrs. Murray replied, "That's what I'm saying."

Jefferies relayed to Wolfe, "I went to the gates to wait for the ambulance, but before the ambulance got there Peter Lawford and Pat Newcomb arrived. Pat became hysterical and started screaming at Eunice. I had to take Eunice into the house. She [Pat] was a basket case. I think the ambulance arrived before Dr. Greenson."

Norman Jefferies took Mrs. Murray away from the guest cottage, into the living room. Detective Sgt. Robert Byron, who wrote the official police report, informed Anthony Summers: “Engelberg told me he’d had a call from the housekeeper who said Marilyn was either dead or unconscious. He came over and found Marilyn dead.”

Matthew Smith interviewed Tom Reddin, who was William Parker’s deputy chief. Smith concluded that Chief Parker most likely protected Robert Kennedy from being implicated in any controversy surrounding Marilyn’s death simply by association. In other words, being present at the scene. Parker’s wife Helen told Anthony Summers that her husband relayed to her days later, “This thing has to be straightened out in more ways than one.”

Parker saw to it that Kennedy was shielded from anything that would damage his career. After all, the LAPD chief had his own agenda. For *The Marilyn Files* documentary, Sgt. Jack Clemmons relayed that Parker “was a very ambitious man and he wanted to be head of the FBI . . . He went to the point of trying to plant false stories about J. Edgar Hoover.” In the same documentary, former Mayor Sam Yorty concurred: “I know that he would have liked to take the head of the FBI and he certainly would’ve been good at that. And of course to get that job you have to have Bobby Kennedy.”

This seemed within reach considering Kennedy and Parker were close friends since first fighting organized crime together in 1956, alongside Captain James Hamilton. Although Parker could have overheard events via his own bug in Marilyn’s home during the time she died, he evidently didn’t know all the details. Summers wrote, “Weeks later, when his wife asked how the Monroe case was going, Parker was uncharacteristically vague. ‘It seemed to be a big question mark,’ Helen Parker recalls. ‘I remember him just doing this’—and she draws a big question mark in the air.”

Marilyn’s first husband Jim Dougherty, himself an LAPD detective, wrote in his second book about her: “Did someone know she was in trouble? Robert Kennedy? Peter Lawford? . . . And were they so terrified about losing their careers, their reputations that they did nothing? If this is true, then they are

accountable.”

Biographer Ted Schwarz believed Marilyn committed suicide. However, he told fellow biographers Brown and Barham what he heard from Fred Otash: “Otash thought Bobby and Lawford knew what was happening and let her die . . . Otash viewed the death as a ‘case of negligent homicide’ and confided that ‘the Kennedy brothers had already murdered her emotionally.’”

During the autopsy, Dr. Thomas Noguchi became distracted by the findings of the Suicide Prevention Team. He stated in a February 1976 article for *Oui* magazine: “Our physical examination was coupled with what we call a psychological autopsy. In the case of Miss Monroe, there had been previous suicide attempts. In fact, her whole lifestyle, as we reconstructed it, pointed toward suicide rather than an accident.”

Funeral director Allan Abbott told Jay Margolis, “They had this first-time autopsy called the ‘psychological autopsy’ and they called in all these people that knew her, what kind of mood she was in, and so forth. That became a first but they knew it was such a big case that they had to do something over and above procedure to try and convince people of what happened.

“I’m sure Noguchi was under a lot of pressure to consider ‘suicide’ over ‘murder,’ which would take the lid off the case. They knew who wanted her out of the way. Therefore, what makes the case so important is who wants the case to go away. If she had taken all the drugs orally, she would’ve died well before the time she did . . .

“Noguchi seemed to be very cooperative with everyone involved and seemed to come to different decisions at different times, changing his mind about what he claimed were the circumstances. The best way for them to ever convince him to not talk would be to offer him the job as permanent coroner. He was certainly qualified to do the job, but I think he thought he would be the best coroner they ever had. He tried to stay as neutral as possible when he made statements on Marilyn Monroe, but I think he knew an awful lot more than he talked about.”

As it turned out, Noguchi curiously replaced Theodore Curphey as LA’s

chief medical examiner in 1967, an impressive promotion for a man who had been a deputy coroner just five years earlier.

The Suicide Prevention Team investigating Marilyn's "suicide" was comprised of Robert Elkon Litman, M.D., Norman Donald Tabachnick, M.D., and Norman Louis Farberow, Ph.D. Since Marilyn's psychoanalyst Dr. Ralph Greenson was at the death scene when the police were called, they each consulted with Greenson over what happened to Marilyn. Spoto interviewed Dr. Litman, who had been a former student of Greenson's. Litman told Spoto that the Team "didn't consider the murder hypothesis" yet "Greenson wasn't at all sure if she committed suicide. Greenson felt very much undecided in his own mind . . . All I heard from Greenson was that she was involved with men at the very highest level of government. The name Kennedy was not mentioned specifically . . ." Oddly, Litman next said to Spoto that, in 1962, at the time of the Marilyn Monroe investigation, "I didn't see any record of no drugs in the stomach."

In addition, Litman said Curphey told the Team it was suicide and that their function was to determine Marilyn's state of mind: did she or did she not intend to kill herself? Curphey instructed them not to determine *how* she died but only to determine whether she accidentally or intentionally killed herself according to her past history of suicide attempts. Anthony Summers noted, "The head of the Team, Dr. Norman Farberow, said neither Kennedy brother was questioned. He added, 'I'm sure discretion entered into it.'" Farberow attempted to interview Marilyn's last publicist and long-time Kennedy confidant Pat Newcomb, but "she stone-walled me, was uncommunicative."

Dr. Farberow told Jay Margolis that Marilyn's housekeeper Mrs. Murray was also interviewed and that she believed Marilyn accidentally took her life. Farberow relayed, "She said she didn't realize how many pills she had taken." Regarding Marilyn, he explained, "The general pattern that we had found common among women of her age was that she was unhappy and it [suicide] was not a very difficult possibility," yet he conceded, "I have no idea now, at

this time, what her intention was in taking so many.”

In his own book, *Coroner to the Stars*, Noguchi wrote that, back in 1962, he had asked Dr. Robert Litman, a member of the Suicide Prevention Team who’d participated in the psychological autopsy, “Any chance of murder?” Litman’s reply: “The door to the bedroom was locked from the inside. They had to break a window to enter the room. And Mrs. Murray was in her room all evening only a little way down the hall from Monroe’s.” Noguchi remained skeptical. Yet, with no further evidence at his disposal, he eventually agreed with Dr. Curphey’s official conclusion: “probable suicide.”

In the early 1980s, Noguchi had more details, including John Miner’s memorandum that emphatically discredited the suicide theory. Noguchi would write that, regarding Marilyn’s alleged ingestion of 64 pills, “An accidental overdose of that magnitude was extremely unlikely. From my forensic experience with suicide victims, I believe that the sheer number of pills Monroe ingested was too many to swallow ‘accidentally.’ Thus, if Miner’s evaluation in 1962 was correct, the only conceivable cause of Monroe’s death was murder.” Thomas Noguchi further noted, “I found absolutely no visual evidence of pills in the stomach or the small intestine. No residue. No refractile crystals. And yet the evidence of the pill bottles showed that Monroe had swallowed forty to fifty Nembutals and a large number of chloral hydrate pills.”⁷

SCHAEFER AMBULANCE ATTENDANT JAMES EDWIN HALL TOLD THE TRUTH

In his 1983 book, Dr. Thomas Noguchi wrote, “The most prevalent of [the theories] called Monroe’s death murder, done to silence her and prevent her from destroying Robert Kennedy’s political career. I called her death suicide—both twenty years ago and today—but I admit there are many disturbing questions that have remained unanswered . . .”

As Noguchi himself noted, the assorted murder theories had one thing in common: they all asserted that Marilyn had died from a lethal injection, not by oral overdose of sleeping pills. When, in 1982, he was driving near her home and heard a news announcer on the car radio state that ambulance attendant James Hall was claiming to have witnessed her murder at the hands of a doctor who’d injected a mysterious fluid directly into her heart, the pathologist almost expected to hear that he had been the culprit. He subsequently relaxed when learning that, in a *Globe* newspaper report, Hall had described the killer doctor as having had “a mustache, longish sideburns, and a pockmarked face. Not me.”

Based on rigor mortis, Westwood Village Mortuary employee Guy Hockett estimated Marilyn’s death to have occurred somewhere between 9:30 and 11:30 p.m. on August 4, 1962. Sgt. Jack Clemmons and Dr. J. DeWitt Fox agreed the two drugs that killed Marilyn hadn’t been taken orally. As Deputy Medical Examiner Dr. Thomas Noguchi noted in his official autopsy report on Marilyn Monroe, “The stomach is almost completely empty. The contents is [sic] brownish mucoid fluid. The volume is estimated to be no more than 20 cc. No residue of the pills is noted. A smear made from gastric contents and examined under the polarized microscope shows no refractile crystals . . . The contents of the duodenum is [sic] also examined under polarized

microscope and shows no refractile crystals . . . The colon shows marked congestion and purplish discoloration.”

In the documentary *Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder*, former New York coroner Dr. Sidney Weinberg discussed discrepancies in the autopsy report that bothered him:

WEINBERG: Let me tell you about the doubts that were raised in my mind. The most pressing thing in the whole report was the lack of finding of barbiturates in the stomach.

INTERVIEWER: As an expert, what does it tell you that there was no residue in her stomach?

WEINBERG: It tells me that the barbiturates that were analyzed in the liver and blood had entered her body in some other manner. Now what other manner could they possibly have entered? One would be by injection.

Another would be via enema. In October 1985, on ABC’s *Eyewitness News*, Noguchi said the possibility of foul play shouldn’t be ruled out:

NOGUCHI: She had a bruise on her back or near the hip that has never been fully explained. There is no explanation for it, and it is a sign of violence.

INTERVIEWER: Murder?

NOGUCHI: Could be.

Lawford’s close friend Milt Ebbins may have known more about Marilyn’s last night than he ever told when he relayed to Donald Spoto, “When there’s an overdose of drugs, the first thing the doctor would give her was a shot of adrenaline.”

This brings us to the story of Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Edwin Hall who, concerned that his testimony might make him a target, first phoned

the LA District Attorney's office on August 11, 1982, under the name "Rick Stone." Refusing to divulge his own phone number, Hall/Stone said *he* would be the one to always call the District Attorney's office. There, he first talked to Deputy District Attorney Ronald "Mike" Carroll:

CARROLL: One of the things I'm concerned about. You mentioned the man in the business suit used a needle in the heart.

HALL: That's correct.

CARROLL: That must have left a mark, right?

HALL: I'm sure it left a mark in the flesh.

CARROLL: Because as I look over the autopsy report, I don't see a needle mark.

HALL: Yeah, well, he put a needle in her heart. I guarantee it. I was looking right at it . . . He was wearing a business suit and a tie.

CARROLL: And you were there how many minutes approximately?
Oh, maybe fifteen . . . I know this woman [Pat Newcomb] was hysterical when I got there. She was standing outside screaming, "She's dead! She's dead! I think she's dead!" In my opinion, she was either a heck of an actress or it was quite a shock to her.

CARROLL: How was Monroe dressed?

HALL: She was nude.

CARROLL: Was there any phone around her?

HALL: There was a telephone on a nightstand or a little table alongside the bed. The phone was *on* the hook. It was not off.

CARROLL: When did you next hear about the case?

I heard it on the radio and the TV and they said pills were scattered all over the floor and the phone was off

HALL: the hook like she was trying to call somebody. That's not how that room was. Those pills were all in the bottles. All lined up perfectly on the nightstand and the phone was on the hook.

CARROLL: What was the time to the best of your twenty-year memory?

HALL: I'm gonna say between four and six in the morning but that's a long time ago. I know I'd seen the pictures when they carted the body out. It was daylight. When they took her out, it was the morning. I might be wrong on the time. I don't know.

CARROLL: Is there any way you'd be willing to come forward and talk to one of our investigators?

HALL: I'm gonna be very candid with you. I'm very afraid because of people getting shot. I'm not doing this as a good Samaritan. Quite frankly, on a financial basis, it would require expense money.

CARROLL: What kind of expense money?

HALL: I don't know, pal. I'm starving to death and my family is, too. That's the only reason we've been doing this.

CARROLL: Is there anybody working for the ambulance company that would remember you?

HALL: Absolutely. Let me give you a few names. There was a man by the name of Joe Tarnowski and a guy named Tom Fears.

CARROLL: Was that bought out by some other company?

HALL: Well, California Ambulance Service was at that time owned by Walt Schaefer.

When interviewed by Donald Wolfe, James Hall said that, back in 1962, he

worked a twenty-four-hour shift, which is why he probably couldn't remember the time of his arrival at the Monroe home. Hall's childhood best friend Mike Carlson explained, "Jim was working nearly twenty-four hours a day. They had a lot of people and a lot of drivers . . . People come. People go. You have multiple ambulances. It was like a firehouse."

What's more, the principals at the scene had waited more than four-and-a-half hours to call the police. When Anthony Summers interviewed the two Schaefer employees mentioned by Hall to Mike Carroll—Joe Tarnowski and Tom Fears—they both confirmed that an ambulance from their company had been dispatched to the Monroe residence that night. Now, when Hall called the District Attorney's Office a second time, Carroll put him in touch with his investigator Alan B. Tomich. Hall subsequently told Tomich what he had witnessed following his arrival at the Monroe residence:

HALL: You go in and you turn to the left and the bed was facing longways as you're looking at it. To the left of the bed was the table that had all the pills on it. She was laying across the bed with her head hanging over the edge of the bed. I threw her on the floor and proceeded to give close-chest heart massage.

TOMICH: She's on her back or on her stomach?

HALL: When she was laying on the bed, she was laying on her back.

TOMICH: Who else was present at the time you arrived?

HALL: A woman [Pat Newcomb].

TOMICH: Then someone else arrived sometime after that?

HALL: The person with me [Murray Liebowitz] went out to get the resuscitation equipment and walked back in the door. Right behind him in walked the gentleman in the brown business suit [Ralph Greenson].

TOMICH: And what did he do?

HALL: He said he was her doctor. He said, "Give her positive pressure," which we did. Then he proceeded to open up his little bag and pulled out a loaded hypodermic syringe and injected the fluid into her heart.

TOMICH: And then what did he do?

HALL: He gave more closed-chest heart massage then said, "I'm releasing you. She's dead."

As James Hall explained to Tomich, in exchange for his testimony there would be "no financial transaction until I take your polygraph to prove what I'm saying is true. At that time, you would pay right there on the spot when it's proved to be true . . . That thing happened twenty years ago. It's a long time. Now I gave you information on the phone that nobody has that you can check out and prove. I'm not just doing it because I'm Joe Goodguy. I'm doing it because of the economy and what's happened financially." When Tomich told Hall he wouldn't pay him beyond the initial expenses, Hall said that was fine. He would simply go to the tabloids, allowing them to give him their own polygraph tests. Tomich chuckled, "Well, then, we'd be getting our information for free, wouldn't we?"

On November 23, 1982, just weeks before the District Attorney's Office concluded its renewed investigation into Marilyn Monroe's death, John Blackburn, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald of the *Globe* newspaper publicly released James Hall's account for the first time. *Globe* had paid Hall \$40,000 after hypnosis by a professional experienced in police investigations had enabled the former ambulance attendant to recall more details about Marilyn Monroe's murder at the hands of Dr. Ralph Greenson.

In the *Globe* article, Blackburn wrote, "Private investigator John Harrison . . . had been conducting polygraph examinations for 40 years." Harrison told the *Globe*, "When I was first brought into this, I thought the whole thing was a fairytale, but now I'm thoroughly convinced Hall is telling a true story. He was given a total of six polygraph tests, including control tests, and there was

no evidence of any deception.”

Blackburn continued, “Hall was interviewed while under hypnosis by Henry Koder, a professional forensic hypnotist with more than 20 years of law-enforcement experience and veteran of hundreds of major crime investigations.” Koder told the *Globe*, “Hall was a good subject. I was able to take him back to the night of Marilyn Monroe’s death under hypnosis and listened to his step-by-step description of his involvement. He was able to vividly recall that night and pointed out details to me that he hadn’t even remembered in earlier questioning. When awakened, Hall was able to give us a very thorough description of the injection doctor for our Identikit composite. Also, I implanted a post-hypnotic suggestion that Hall must be truthful. It would have been impossible for him to lie during the next polygraph without the machine showing a reaction.”

The doctor Hall identified in his Identikit composite looked like Marilyn’s psychiatrist and Greenson did have a mustache. Hall said the man referred to himself as “her doctor.” Engelberg, Marilyn’s other doctor, certainly didn’t have a mustache.

In addition, Donald Wolfe interviewed polygraph examiner Donald E. Fraser, who subjected James Hall to further tests on August 10, 1992. “There’s no question that James Hall is telling the truth,” Fraser concluded. “His story regarding the scene and circumstances of Miss Monroe’s death is absolutely true. He passed every question in several exhaustive polygraph examinations.”

The October 1993 issue of fan newspaper *Runnin’ Wild: All About Marilyn* featured a Donald Wolfe article titled “The Ambulance Chase.” Fraser told Wolfe that one of the questions posed to Hall was, “Did you witness a man who claimed to be Marilyn Monroe’s doctor give her an injection into the left side of her chest?” Wolfe wrote, “Lack of line movement indicates Hall was being truthful.” In fact, the fan newspaper reproduced the actual polygraph test given to James Hall by Don Fraser in 1992. “His story and the conversation produced during the polygraph examination would hold up in

court,” Fraser asserted.

Dr. Greenson’s son Danny relayed to James Spada, “I hate all this speculation and especially that guy who says he saw my father plunge a needle into Marilyn’s heart. That’s ridiculous and I’ve got to say that it hurts me.” Greenson’s wife Hildi told Cathy Griffin, “I sometimes have a feeling that this ambulance driver went on a call that night somewhere else and kind of managed to get these things into a different order.”

In August, September, and October 1997, James Hall told biographer Michelle Morgan in detail his account of what took place at the Monroe home while he was there. She asked, “The day after Marilyn’s death, did you tell anyone what you had seen? If so, what was their reaction?” Hall replied, “I told everyone I knew and everyone who showed even a casual curiosity. Their reaction was mostly one of shock and they all asked, ‘What happened?’” Importantly, Hall was asked, “At this point, did you believe that you had seen Marilyn being murdered or did you think that the doctor had tried to help her?” Hall said, “At that time, I believed that Dr. Greenson was trying to help her with an injection of adrenaline.”

“Was it definitely Dr. Greenson at Marilyn’s house that night? Could it have possibly been someone else?”

“It was definitely Dr. Greenson at Marilyn’s house.”

In 1986, James Hall stated, “I thought that a doctor had futilely given her adrenaline, a standard procedure, and that she simply expired. So until 1982 I believed that Marilyn Monroe had OD’d . . . The hysterical woman [Pat Newcomb] said it was a possible overdose. A guy [Ralph Greenson] injected her in the heart; I figured it was adrenaline.”

On December 19, 2011, and February 3, 2012, Jay Margolis interviewed Mike Carlson who had been James Hall’s best friend since he was twelve years old. Asked when Hall had told him about Dr. Greenson and the heart needle, Carlson replied, “Days or weeks right after it happened. Jim always talked about the injustice of it all . . . He had no reason to tell me a story. As time went on, he’d say, ‘Nobody’ll listen to me.’ Then the whole attitude changed. They said pills were laying everywhere. He said there were no pills scattered

anywhere when he was there. Jim was in a different room [the guest cottage].

“Another thing he said was that his father Dr. George Hall would go around to the home of celebrities but he would never ever, ever carry a needle with a syringe attached to it ever. That’s just not practiced. But this doctor [Ralph Greenson] pulled his syringe out of his caché case with a needle attached and plunged it into her. You just don’t do that unless you have some preconceived notion. Jim talked to his father about it. They went back and forth about it and his father said there’s no way that anyone would ever, ever do that. It’s against protocol.”

When queried whether Hall had informed him the solution in Greenson’s syringe had been brown, Carlson said, “That’s what he told me. Jim could tell you in volumes about it . . . His father was a very famous surgeon—Dr. George Hall practiced in the Los Angeles area. He was a very talented surgeon and he had a prominent position. He at one time worked for County General Hospital and had a private practice as well. . . .

“Dr. Hall said to me on one occasion, ‘I’m a surgeon. People come up to me and say, “I’ve got a headache.” I say, “Where does it hurt?” “Right there.” So I took a grease marker and marked where it hurt him. I say, “If you want me to find out where the problem is, I’ll do it.”’ And the way Dr. Hall does it is he fires up a little electric wheel and runs it up against your scalp. He says, ‘I’m not a shrink. I don’t make any money for counseling. You come to me, we cut . . .’

“Dr. Hall and Walt Schaefer were very good friends. Schaefer Ambulance wanted to have a doctor on staff and Walt Schaefer knew Dr. Hall. Schaefer wanted to go into business with him and Dr. Hall declined. Years later, Jim’s father kicked himself and had wished he’d gone with Schaefer because Schaefer had done so well. Schaefer Ambulance had become the predominant ambulance company in Los Angeles.”⁸

HALL, LIEBOWITZ, LAWFORD, NEWCOMB, AND IANNONE WITNESSED A MURDER NOT AN ADRENALINE SHOT

There were five witnesses to Marilyn Monroe's murder. Three of the five state that Ralph Greenson was responsible. Two of those witnesses, Kennedy loyalists Pat Newcomb and Sgt. Marvin Iannone have consistently refused to go into accurate detail about that night's events. Before Dr. Greenson interrupted Hall and Liebowitz's attempts to revive Marilyn, James Hall observed, "She was naked. She had no sheet, no blanket . . . There was no water glass. No alcohol . . . We ascertained that her breathing was very shallow, her pulse was very weak and rapid and she was unconscious at that time."

When James Hall arrived in the guest cottage, he saw the same bedside table that was delivered just hours earlier in the morning. Mrs. Murray wrote in her book, "Sometime during the earlier part of the day, the bedside table [for the guest cottage] was delivered and Marilyn wrote a check for it."

Intriguingly, when Hall looked at Marilyn's stomach when he arrived on the scene, he said, "I remember noticing she had a fairly fresh scar there." In fact, on June 29, 1961, Marilyn had her gall bladder removed and the scar that remained was clearly captured in photographs by Bert Stern the last year of her life.

James Hall relayed to Michelle Morgan in September 1997, "No one ever said that Marilyn was in the guest bedroom except myself until now. Just recently, Murray Liebowitz in an interview with the author [Donald Wolfe] of a forthcoming book [*The Last Days of Marilyn Monroe*] admitted that he was with me at Marilyn's house that night and that everything I had said was the truth as to what happened.

“I believe Marilyn was moved [from the guest cottage to her main bedroom] as to fit their story of suicide. Also, she was found facedown on her bed. After death the blood in the body goes to the lowest point by gravity. In this position, the pooling of the blood would cover up any marks (needle or otherwise) on the front of the body . . . As some of my credentials, I would like to offer the following. I have had 14 polygraphs done by the best in the world to include six charts—two sessions—by John Harrison. He said that he had administered at least 200,000 tests up to that time. All of the various polygraph experts say the same thing, that I am telling the truth.

“When I was interviewed by Anthony Summers, author of *Goddess*, I told him that I entered Marilyn’s house and turned left into a small bedroom. He said, ‘No, you turned right.’ I said, ‘I know that I turned left.’ He asked, ‘Did you see the pool?’ I answered, ‘No.’ If you go into the house by way of the front door, you must turn right to access Marilyn’s bedroom and, if coming in from the pool, you must turn left to access Marilyn’s bedroom. Tony thought the house was the same as it was in 1962. The new owners of the house, after Marilyn, remodeled it. They added a door from the guest house into the kitchen and gutted the guest bedroom and made it a photographic studio.” James Hall continued to Michelle Morgan:

I am a big fan of Marilyn. I have been a fan since I was a young man—just after I first saw her in the film *The Seven Year Itch*. I was an ambulance driver for Schaefer’s Ambulance Service stationed in Santa Monica, California. This office serviced the West Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Westwood, Brentwood, and Santa Monica areas primarily. But we covered all of the Los Angeles basin as needed.

We were just coming in from a run when we got the call. My partner that night was Murray Liebowitz. “Car 82, 12305 5th Helena. Possible overdose. Private emergency. Handle your call, Code Three,” the radio blurted out. The address took us to Brentwood. When we got the call, we were close and able to respond in under two minutes.

Just in the short drive I could see a woman running around a little

patch of grass before a bungalow. She wore a white nightgown with some kind of robe over it. Her arms flailed the air with frantic signals as she spotted my lights. "She's dead! She's dead!" she started screaming. That woman was Pat Newcomb, Marilyn's publicist and friend.

We went into the house. Through the foyer was an open door with light spilling out into the hall. "In there! She's dead! She's dead!" she said. I don't think she even knew she was screaming.

Countering Hall's recollection, a remarkably defensive Pat Newcomb told biographer Donald Spoto, "Whoever the writer was who said I leaned over the body screaming, 'She's dead! She's dead!' I never saw the body. So what is he talking about, this ambulance driver? . . . How can he say he saw me? I never saw an ambulance."

If so, then what about Norman Jefferies' statements earlier in this book, asserting Mrs. Murray called for an ambulance shortly before Newcomb arrived at the scene? From the time she first opened up to biographer Fred Lawrence Guiles in 1969, Newcomb consistently claimed she didn't learn of Marilyn's death until 4:00 a.m. the next morning, courtesy of a phone call from the actress's attorney Mickey Rudin. Later, we will learn about Newcomb's rather weak alibi. For now, however, let's return to James Hall's 1997 recollection to Michelle Morgan and Hall's first sighting of the person at the center of the unfolding drama . . .

"Oh my God, it's Marilyn Monroe," I said. She lay unconscious, her head hanging off the edge of the bed at an unnatural angle. Her color looked bad and I could see as I got closer that she was barely breathing. She was totally naked and her beautiful body made the scene surreal.

We had to get her off of the bed and onto a hard surface so we could work on her. "Let's get her on the floor," I said as I grabbed her by the arms and pulled her onto the floor. I know I bruised her, but seconds counted when you were saving a life; not bruises. I scanned the room for immediate signs of what happened. A small lamp burned on a bedside

table. There was also a bunch of pill bottles grouped neatly around the base of the lamp. They were all capped. There was no sign of a water glass or any alcohol. "Someone is sure over-prescribing here," I said. My father was the kind of physician who doled out drugs with exaggerated caution, so I really noticed all the pill bottles.

"Let's take her out into the foyer so we can work on her," I said. "There's no room in here." We dragged Marilyn into the hallway. As I bent over her, it hit me—there was no vomit, unusual with an overdose which is what the woman managed to tell us that she thought was wrong. When I bent over Marilyn, there was no odor of drugs from her mouth. Another classic symptom.

I began external heart massage. "I've got to get her breathing. Get me an airway!" I yelled at Liebowitz. An airway is a clear plastic tube, curved slightly and about six inches long. I worked the airway down her throat. This would clear anything that might be blocking her throat. Liebowitz ran to the ambulance for the resuscitator, a small apparatus which would pump oxygen into her lungs. I attached it to the airway and it started working. It was pumping the oxygen in and sucking it back out perfectly.

Liebowitz turned as he said, "I'll get the stretcher," then froze. A man had suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"I'm her doctor," he said, moving quickly toward her. "Give her positive pressure." I was astonished. "Where did you come from?" I thought, "How did you get here so fast?" I stared at him. He was wearing a suit. A somewhat big man with darkish hair and a rough complexion. He was clearly agitated and this time he shouted, "I said, 'Give her positive pressure!'" "Jesus Christ," I thought, "What's wrong with you? I've got a machine here that's doing a great job of that. Why take her off it?"

I removed the resuscitator and attached another short length of tube to the airway. The doctor knelt down and began to push on Marilyn's abdomen. I started blowing into the airway. But the doctor was pushing in the wrong place. He was too low on her stomach. I was pinching her

nose tight so the air would go into the lungs and not back out through her nostrils.

Every time he pushed, a black line of bile from the stomach rose up the clear tube. I thought, "I'm going to eat it." When he would push, I would stick the end of my tongue over the opening of the tube to stop the stuff from going into my mouth. When he would let up, I would blow again.

"Hey, Doc," I finally said, "you blow and I'll push." I know some doctors aren't used to emergencies but this guy was all thumbs. That's when he muttered, "I've got to make a show of this." I never forgot that remark. "Christ, let's move," I said. "You can work on her in the back of the ambulance." Time was running out and I wanted to save her.

The doctor opened his bag and took out a hypodermic syringe with a heart needle already on it. That needle looked about a foot long. He drew up a liquid from a bottle with a rubber seal and filled the syringe. He mumbled under his breath like he was reading from a medical book, "Insert between the 'blank' and 'blank' rib." I don't remember the numbers. He felt his way down her ribs like an amateur. Then he thrust the needle into her chest. But it didn't go in right. It hung up on the bone, on one of her ribs.

Instead of trying again, he just leaned into it, his cheeks quivered with the effort. He pushed hard and he drove it all the way through the rib, making a loud snap as the bone broke. I know he scarred that rib bone. I had watched a lot of medical procedures and this guy was downright brutal.

As for Peter Lawford and Sgt. Marvin Iannone, James Hall relayed to James Spada, "They walked in at the time he [Ralph Greenson] was injecting her." In 1992, to Beverly Hills Detective Lynn Franklin, Hall identified the police officer with Lawford as Sgt. Marvin Iannone, and in 1993, Hall identified him to Donald Wolfe. Hall continued to Michelle Morgan:

At that time, two men who I assumed were Los Angeles Police officers came in. One wore a Los Angeles Police blue suit and the other wore a jumpsuit. I have identified the man in the jumpsuit from a photo lineup as Peter Lawford who was married to Pat. Pat Lawford was Bobby Kennedy's sister. I have also identified the blue suit. I will only say at this time he is presently the Chief of Police of a major affluent California city [Sgt. Marvin D. Iannone of Beverly Hills].

Dr. Greenson finally removed the needle and put a stethoscope to her heart. "She's dead," he said. "I'm pronouncing her dead." He stood up. It took me a minute to be sure I had heard him right. We could have saved her. I felt sick.

"You can go now," he said. It was obvious we were in the way. I have identified that doctor as Ralph Greenson, Marilyn's psychiatrist. Mrs. Murray was not present in the guest house area. She must have been in the other part of the home.

Outside the house, also pulled down Fifth Helena, was the first call car from the mortuary. "What the hell are they doing here already?" I asked Liebowitz. You don't send for a first call car until you have a dead body. Marilyn had been pronounced dead only minutes before.

In the 1982 *Globe* article, James Hall described Dr. Greenson injecting his patient with a "brownish fluid" out of a pharmaceutical bottle. Said fluid therefore wasn't colorless adrenaline, which only becomes pale red and, eventually, brown on exposure to air and light. Instead, the brown liquid James Hall saw had to be Nembutal, which was the only other drug found in Marilyn's body besides chloral hydrate. This does not mean, however, that the high level of Nembutal came from Greenson's shot, but from the afternoon Nembutal injection, more evening Nembutal injections, and the drug-laced enema containing both chloral hydrate and Nembutal.

There are, indeed, two types of Nembutal: a clear, thin liquid and a dark brown, syrupy elixir. Furthermore, Nembutal must be diluted with water before being administered, yet James Hall was certain that Dr. Greenson

didn't dilute the brown solution he injected into Marilyn's heart. Accordingly, it traveled up the brain stem and paralyzed her respiratory center. The doctor would surely have been aware of this, and so, just as surely, he was guilty of murder.

In his May 1986 interview with *Hustler* magazine, Hall remarked that Dr. Thomas Noguchi possibly didn't notice the puncture caused by the needle because the hole was in the crease of one of Marilyn's breasts.

"He said he looked over the whole body with a magnifying glass and didn't find any needle marks, including under the tongue," Hall noted. "But that sounds like a junkie shooting up, not like a reason to look at her heart. You wouldn't put a needle into your own heart, would you?"

Meanwhile, Dr. Thomas Noguchi told biographers Brown and Barham about bruises not documented in the official autopsy report: "I did find evidence which indicated violence. There were bruises on her lower back area—a very fresh bruise—and bruises on the arms."

In 1982, investigator Al Tomich from the District Attorney's Office asked Dr. Hyman Engelberg, "Would you have noticed any fresh needle marks on her at that time if there were any in the chest area?"

"I would have noticed any gross things," came the reply. "I didn't notice any such thing."

Donald Wolfe confirmed that Marilyn's body displayed indicators of cyanosis, consistent with a needle injection. An actual witness to the cyanosis was *Life* magazine photojournalist Leigh Wiener, who said he saw strange blue markings all over her when he photographed Marilyn Monroe hours after her death. "They'll look like a frozen cube of ice," Leigh Wiener explained in a 1987 documentary. "You'll see little streaks of blue running through the body . . . That's how Monroe looked to me when I saw her."

Wiener may have unwittingly held the key to the more than fifty-year-old mystery. This was thanks to his bribing county morgue staff with a bottle of whiskey shortly before midnight on August 5 and capturing frontal images of Marilyn just hours after her death that might reveal a needle mark in the chest

area.

“I took a picture of her toe with a tag on it, covered by a sheet,” Wiener recalled in the same documentary. “Then they took the sheet off and I took more pictures but it was at eye-level. I couldn’t see the face. The pictures were obviously never used. I have them and I’ve been interrogated by the District Attorney in Los Angeles about them.”

Wiener’s son Devik told Jay Margolis, “In 1982, a couple of deputy D.A.s knocked on the door during one of the numerous times they reopened the investigation into her death. They wanted to see any photographs and Dad basically said, ‘Look, they were black-and-white images, so you could tell nothing about flesh-tones from them. Good day. Good bye.’ They were interested in color images. Dad said she was so disfigured that it would have done a disservice to her and a service to no one. He basically died with the mystery of where those images were.

“My dad claimed to have put those negatives in some safety-deposit box. I truly think he might have destroyed the negatives. From the bungalow to the mortuary, there were a total of a hundred and thirty-three images combined. And at the funeral he shot about a hundred and eighty images. Dad only pressed five hundred copies of the *Marilyn: A Hollywood Farewell* book. With all the celebrities he photographed, he left behind such an incredible body of work. It’s almost half-a-million images.”

Devik Wiener told Margolis that his father never believed Marilyn Monroe committed suicide: “There was so much surrounding her death with the Kennedys, the odds of her overdosing on her own—and I think he would say the same thing—were very slim.”

Marilyn’s friend, Hollywood reporter James Bacon, remembered, “I stayed there long enough to get a good view of the body before the real coroner’s staff arrived—then I made a quick exit . . . She was lying facedown on the bed, face slightly turned to the left on a pillow. Her legs were straight . . . I noticed that her fingernails were dingy and unkempt.” The fact is, her nails had changed color because of the cyanosis.

In the documentary *Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder*, John Miner recalled Thomas Noguchi's autopsy: "Her body was examined minutely by both of us under magnification to see if we could find any needle mark of any kind anywhere on her body. And her body was observed and there were no needle marks."

Following actor John Belushi's drug-related death, Noguchi conceded in his book that he almost missed a needle mark on Belushi's left arm. "The very fact that the fresh punctures had been so difficult to discover worried me," the pathologist wrote. "Apparently a tiny medically clean needle had been used, and the injection had been made right into the vein, so that only drops of blood revealed them."

In Marilyn's case, according to pathologist J. DeWitt Fox, "The blue post-mortem lividity occurred over the front part of the body. This might have masked or covered up any injection which she might have had in her chest." In Fox's expert opinion, had Marilyn been moved, in this case facedown on the bed, then "the bruise-like discolorations of post-mortem lividity" would conceal an injection mark on her chest caused by the needle Hall saw Greenson putting into her heart.

To quote the 1982 District Attorney's Report on the re-investigation of Marilyn Monroe's death, "Lividity, as described to our investigators, is a process by which blood drains to the lowest point in a deceased person after death due to the joint effect of the pull of gravity and the cessation of the blood pumping mechanism of the body . . . In addition to the rigor mortis observed in Miss Monroe's body, Noguchi and others observed a pattern of lividity on her face and chest."

Sgt. Jack Clemmons, the first policeman officially at the scene, agreed with Dr. Fox's explanation of postmortem lividity and believed James Hall's account. "It was obvious to me, apparent to me, I should say, that Marilyn had been placed in that position," Clemmons remarked. "I felt at the time that the position of the body had to do with post-mortem lividity. When a person dies, their heart stops beating; the gravity will pull the blood to the lowest part

of the body. Marilyn being facedown, all the blood came forward. As a matter of fact, the coroner's report particularly noted lividity, reddishness around the face and the chest area. I felt at the time that she was placed in that position to disguise needle marks."

For his part, John Miner conceded to biographers Brown and Barham, "A cursory examination of Monroe's kidneys found them to be clear of drugs. This should have indicated that the stomach may have been bypassed. And the only way that could have happened was by injection."

The 1982 District Attorney's Report attempted to discredit James Hall's testimony by stating: "According to Hall, the doctor ultimately plunged a giant syringe filled with a brownish fluid into her heart, after which she quickly died while on her back on the floor . . . Minor streaks of lividity were . . . found on her back. These minor traces disappeared upon touch. This finding is consistent with the normal practice of transporting bodies from the death scene to the mortuary or Coroner's Office . . . If the mysterious 'doctor' had given Miss Monroe a fatal shot of pentobarbital, leading to her rapid death as described by Hall, the level in her liver would not have been as high as it in fact was because her body would not have had time to metabolize the 'hot shot.'"

Marilyn Monroe died shortly before midnight and Thomas Noguchi began the autopsy after 9:00 a.m., leaving plenty of time for postmortem lividity to hide the needle mark. Still, this doesn't mean Noguchi discovered no needle marks. Testimonies for this book by the likes of Raymond Strait, Allan Abbott, and a confidential source lead to the conclusion that Noguchi inexplicably disregarded his own findings when he wrote the statement: "No needle mark." An admirer of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, as expressed in his 1983 book and in magazine articles, Noguchi did initially note needle marks on other areas of Marilyn Monroe's body before omitting this one on the official autopsy report. Could it be because he knew a needle mark in the heart might implicate Kennedy? In fact, Anthony Summers reported that Noguchi "said he could not be positive the actress was not murdered by injection."

Marilyn died on her back. Regarding the drugs found in her body, the district attorney's report did not consider the possibility that the high Nembutal concentration in the liver was due to several factors: some oral intake throughout the day, the pentobarbital shot in the afternoon, evening pentobarbital injections, and an enema containing thirteen to nineteen Nembutals (as well as seventeen chloral hydrates). This combination would in a matter of hours travel from the blood to the liver to detoxify the substance. Over this period of time, the liver was allowed to reach that very high Nembutal concentration. It could only reach higher levels while she was still alive. John Miner explained the 13 mg. percent of Nembutal in the liver is a "high concentration" and said, "It indicates that however the drugs were administered, hours and not minutes were involved before she died."

Suicide Team member Dr. Robert Litman agreed and explained, "High content in the liver just means she died slowly, the chance to be absorbed." In contrast to the 13 mg. percent of Nembutal, the chloral hydrate in the liver was not tested since it would reveal a much smaller amount, incongruent with a suicide.

John Miner told Donald Spoto, "Dr. Curphey in one of his more exuberant moments said, 'Oh, she gobbled 40 pills all at one time.' That's not possible . . . Why in the hell under these circumstances would the housekeeper be doing laundry at midnight makes zero sense unless the bed clothing had become soiled as a result of the administration of these drugs? . . . Contact with a noxious substance such as the barbiturates, which is an organic acid would account for the discoloration in the large intestine we saw at the autopsy."

Indeed, it took several hours for the liver to absorb a lethal amount of pentobarbital whereas Dr. Greenson's undiluted Nembutal shot to the heart would have killed Marilyn Monroe regardless of the amount injected. "That's murder," Elias Amador, M.D., told Jay Margolis regarding the undiluted heart injection. "That is point-blank murder. That's never done for any reason except to kill."

Sgt. Clemmons said that, when he arrived on the scene at 4:45 a.m. and saw Marilyn's lifeless body in the master bedroom (to where it had been moved

following the departure of ambulance attendants Hall and Liebowitz), Greenson was “cocky, almost challenging me to accuse him of something.” Clemmons’ suspicions were on target as Greenson’s guilt was immediately apparent.

Peter Lawford explained how Robert Kennedy had instructed Greenson, “Marilyn has got to be silenced.” Lawford relayed, “Greenson had thus been set up by Bobby to ‘take care’ of Marilyn.” The psychiatrist achieved this by an undiluted Nembutal injection to the heart. After all, what better way for any witnesses to assume it couldn’t have been anything but an adrenaline shot? This was a common method used to save patients from an overdose.

While one may question whether Peter Lawford’s account was second-hand therefore hearsay, James Hall insists Lawford himself saw the heart injection by Greenson. Because Lawford was Kennedy’s brother-in-law, that makes Lawford a primary witness. Hall’s partner Murray Liebowitz also assured Donald Wolfe that Hall’s account of Greenson and the heart needle was accurate.

Thus, there have been three eyewitness accounts detailing Marilyn Monroe’s death as a murder at the hands of her own psychiatrist. Not surprisingly, the other two eyewitnesses Pat Newcomb and Sgt. Marvin Iannone have refused to discuss their observations to protect the Kennedy family. In fact, in 1986, James Hall stated regarding Ralph Greenson’s shot to the heart: “I say, ‘Yes, I saw her get that injection.’ So did Pat Newcomb. She was there too. Will she come forward?”

In the documentary *Say Goodbye to the President*, photographer William Woodfield shared his recorded 1964 telephone conversation with Ralph Greenson in which the doctor discussed only what he said he could about Marilyn’s last night. Oddly, two years after her death, he was still deferring all inquiries to the Attorney General: “I can’t explain myself or defend myself without revealing things that I don’t want to reveal. I feel I—I can’t, you know—you can’t draw a line and say well I’ll tell you this but I won’t tell you that. It’s a terrible position to be in to have to say I can’t talk about it because I

can't tell the whole story . . . Listen, you know, talk to Bobby Kennedy."

According to James Hall, while watching Greenson administer the shot to the heart it was immediately obvious to him that the psychiatrist had never done this before. His line of work hardly necessitated him to carry a medical bag containing a large syringe with a heart needle already attached. Bobby Kennedy provided the syringe courtesy of one of his two long-time personal bodyguards James Ahern or Archie Case, who had accompanied him and Peter Lawford to Marilyn's home earlier that afternoon and later that night.

Dr. Sidney Weinberg concluded, "Knowing the results of the toxicology examination and the negative findings in the stomach, one must seriously consider the possibility of an injection. If I had handled the case, I would have been remiss in my duties if I did not refer it to the district attorney for investigation."

Donald Wolfe wrote that, later in the evening, with Bobby Kennedy present, Marilyn "was injected with enough barbiturate to kill fifteen people." Wolfe, however, is wrong. As John Miner stated, "The amount of drugs found in Marilyn's body was so large that, had it been administered by one injection [containing high dosages of Nembutal and chloral hydrate], the star would have died almost immediately. The body would have only had minutes in which to begin absorbing all those drugs."

Rather, in front of Bobby Kennedy, LAPD partners Archie Case and James Ahern subdued Marilyn by throwing her onto the guest cottage bed. According to private detective Fred Otash and wiretapper Bernie Spindel, Kennedy then placed a pillow over her mouth to keep her from yelling while instructing Case and Ahern to give her Nembutal injections by stating, "Give her something to calm her down."

When that didn't work, the men then forcibly administered an enema containing broken-down Nembutal and chloral hydrate pills. Even though this didn't kill Marilyn within minutes, as a lethal injection containing the same drugs would have done, it at least rendered her unconscious.

The last thing the president's brother wanted was the most famous woman in the world fighting him to get out of her house and away from her two filing

cabinets in the guest cottage. Bobby had been obsessively looking for Marilyn's little red diary. So, later on, after the three men left, as James Hall attempted to revive her, in walked Ralph Greenson with a black medical bag from which he "pulled out a syringe with a long heart needle . . . filled it with a brownish fluid and injected it into Miss Monroe's heart."⁹

THE SOUNDMAN

Jay Margolis is so far the only biographer to have interviewed the soundman who accompanied Fred Otash the night Marilyn Monroe died. In this case, a soundman is defined as a person who installs or removes surveillance equipment. On August 4, 1962, said soundman arrived on the scene with Otash *after* Bobby Kennedy had left 12305 Fifth Helena Drive with Case and Ahern and *before* Dr. Ralph Greenson injected Marilyn in the heart with the undiluted pentobarbital injection.

The soundman asked Margolis, “Do you really believe that Bobby Kennedy, who at that time was the Attorney General of the United States of America, would be there, putting a pillow over her face and involved in murdering Marilyn Monroe with all these people around? With Eunice there? Didn’t she have a nephew [son-in-law] or somebody there? Otash there? Security people there? Ambulance attendants there? You really think that Bobby Kennedy would stay there? You think he was *that* stupid?”

“Bobby Kennedy was stupid because he was horny and so was his brother. They couldn’t resist the temptation of attractive women. Many guys in history, their weakness is sex. We all know that and they will do indiscreet and dumb things. The President did. Bobby did. But to be involved in *murder*? I don’t personally think that Bobby Kennedy was *that* stupid . . .

“There will never be closure to this. Marilyn was such a famous person admired by millions all over the planet . . . Do you know the connection between Greenson, the housekeeper, and Mickey Rudin? They’re all tied to the Kennedys. All the people surrounding Marilyn were all tied to the Kennedys. Their allegiance was all to the Kennedys, not to Marilyn. It was pathetic. Regardless of who did what the night of August 4, 1962, none of those people were on the scene on behalf of Marilyn. They weren’t working for Marilyn. They weren’t concerned with Marilyn. The Kennedys, her psychiatrist, her doctor, her lawyer, her housekeeper, Peter Lawford, his wife

who was a Kennedy, they were all concerned with the political aspects of it.”

Jayne Mansfield’s former press secretary Raymond Strait assured Margolis that the soundman knew more than he was telling about Marilyn’s last night. “The soundman listened to the tapes and heard the whole damn thing,” Strait asserted. “So, he knows what was going on back there. But Fred [Otash] never wanted to mention his name out loud. He would just use his initials. After Marilyn’s death, the soundman went to work for the CIA in Washington for years. And that’s why I knew he would never talk about it. He doesn’t want anything to do with it. If he were to ever write a book, it would be an immediate bestseller but he wouldn’t do that because he’d feel his family would be in danger . . .

“I knew Otash better than anybody that’s living. Of course, the soundman knew him pretty well but not completely because he left him to go work in Washington. He doesn’t want his part to come to life because there would just be too many people that would be attracted to him that he wouldn’t want to be attracted to him, including certain members of a very prominent family. And he doesn’t wanna have his name come up in court.

“He was the soundman and he helped Fred take the bugs out. But Fred had all the files. The soundman didn’t have any of those, although he did listen to the tapes because he was the soundman on the damn thing, and for him to deny that he ever did any of that is another way of not being involved. He had nothing to do with anything to do with [moving] Marilyn’s body, only to do with the bugs. He listened to those tapes, so he knows what happened . . .

“I knew Peter [Lawford] was there because Fred told me . . . Peter was drunk and hysterical. Fred slapped the shit out of him because of the way he was so hysterical at Marilyn’s house. He was just like a hysterical woman, crying and carrying on. Fred didn’t have much patience with that . . .

“Fred was there in the house as she was dying . . . He told me in great detail everything that happened that day . . . Fred’s job was to clean the mess up . . . Peter got scared and hysterical so he called Fred . . . Fred says, ‘You meet me at Marilyn’s house.’ And Fred showed up with his sound man and Peter met him there and the sergeant I interviewed told me that Fred was leaving the

house when he arrived on the scene.”¹⁰

WALT SCHAEFER'S INVOLVEMENT

As far as James Hall was concerned, his employer, Walter Schaefer, was involved in the cover-up, and he cited Schaefer's denial of ever having employed him as indicative of this.

"In 1985, I was contacted by the Flynt Distributing Co.," Hall said with regard to the noted men's magazine publisher. "They wanted to do an article on my story but they were not able to confirm my employment at Schaefer's. Walter Schaefer told them that he had never heard of James E. Hall. I sent Flynt a copy of my Social Security Administration Statement of Earnings for the year 1962. They went back to Schaefer, showed it to him and he said, 'I have never heard of James E. Hall.' The earnings statement shows one employer for the year—Schaefer's Ambulance.

"I then told Flynt that I was at a court hearing and Schaefer testified, 'I am Walter Schaefer, owner of Schaefer's Ambulance Service, and James E. Hall works for me.' When they showed him the trial transcript he again said, 'I do not know James E. Hall.'

"When Schaefer first started his ambulance service, it was a requirement of the state that a doctor of medicine ride in the back. Schaefer went to his family doctor and offered half of the business if he would be the doctor for the ambulance. Schaefer's personal physician refused the offer. That physician was George E. Hall, M.D., my father! Dad went on to become the Retired Chief of Staff of the City of Los Angeles Receiving (emergency) Hospital System. Schaefer again said, 'I have never heard of James E. Hall or this Dr. Hall.' [Larry] Flynt then told Schaefer, 'Up yours, you lying asshole,' and printed my story."

"It's been a long time, but Hall wasn't simply another set of hands at the wheel," Larry Flynt himself wrote in the May 1986 issue of *Hustler* magazine. "Hall's father had been the doctor Schaefer first asked to ride with him when he began his ambulance business . . . In a court case, Schaefer testified that Hall

drove an ambulance for him, and Hall was photographed in uniform by a newspaper, hauling a body from a crime scene [on October 4, 1962].” Refer to fan newspaper *Runnin’ Wild: All About Marilyn* in the October 1993 issue, Number 12, to see this picture of James Hall.

In 1992, on *The Marilyn Files* live TV special, James Hall explained why Murray Liebowitz was paired with him on the call to Marilyn’s house: “Back in 1962, I rented an apartment, my wife and I, and my regular partner Rick [Charles Greider] and his wife rented the apartment next door to us. The apartment house manager was Murray Liebowitz and we all worked together at Schaefer’s Ambulance. Rick wanted that night off and had Murray fill in for him.”¹¹

WHO THE HELL IS KEN HUNTER?

In December 1982, weeks after James Hall's story appeared in the *Globe*, a man by the name of Ken Hunter claimed to the District Attorney's Office that *he*, not James Hall, had accompanied *his* partner Murray Liebowitz to Marilyn Monroe's home during "the early morning hours of August 5, 1962." This is odd since Marilyn died *before* midnight. Nevertheless, Hunter claimed to the District Attorney's Office they were in and out within minutes after observing that Marilyn appeared to be dead before they arrived on the scene.

Anthony Summers wrote, "In 1985, I talked on several occasions to the late Walter Schaefer, who was then still running the ambulance company he founded. He confirmed, with utter certainty, that a Schaefer ambulance was called to Marilyn's home. Asked whether Murray Liebowitz was one of the crew, he said, 'I know he was.'" On December 14, 1982, the District Attorney's Office conducted the following tape-recorded interview with an unconvincing Ken Hunter:

TOMICH: What happened?

HUNTER: What do you mean?

TOMICH: Well, I mean, what occurred?

HUNTER: Well, I don't know. Nothing really occurred. She was dead and they wouldn't let us take her.

TOMICH: Well—

HUNTER: The coroner came and took her.

TOMICH: Did you go into the house?

HUNTER: Yeah, I believe so.

TOMICH: Did you see Monroe's body?

HUNTER: Yeah.

TOMICH: Where was it at the time?

HUNTER: She was on the bed, hanging off the bed or something.

TOMICH: Do you recall whether she was on her back or her stomach?

HUNTER: Side.

TOMICH: She was on her side?

HUNTER: Yeah, I believe she was on her side. Let's see, yeah, it seems to me she was on her side.

TOMICH: Did either one of you touch her body?

HUNTER: No, I didn't. I don't know if he did.

TOMICH: Did you know if your partner did?

HUNTER: Seems to me he did.

TOMICH: Do you know what he did?

HUNTER: Checked her just to see if—dead or what not. I think she was. I think she was pretty cold at that time. Well, she was blue, the throat, you know, like she had settled, like she had been laying there a while. You know what I mean?

TOMICH: She was blue in any particular portion of her body?

HUNTER: I think—I don't really remember if it was her neck or her side that she was laying on or what. It was—But it seemed to me like—Well, let's put it this way. I could stand across the room and tell that she was dead.

TOMICH: Let me relate a story to you that we've received information from a person that an ambulance attendant was summoned to the residence. That when the ambulance attendant [James Hall] and his partner [Murray Liebowitz] arrived the only person there was a female [Pat Newcomb] standing outside screaming. And that the attendant [Hall] went in and found Marilyn Monroe on the bed, removed her from the bed and

began CPR or closed-chest massage. And that in the process of doing this that she started to come around, you know, to regain consciousness and the doctor [Ralph Greenson] came in and plunged a needle into the area of her heart and thereafter pronounced her dead. Does that sound familiar at all?

HUNTER: That's bullshit.

As recorded on page 16 of the district attorney's report, Ken Hunter stated that, upon arriving at Marilyn's home, he and Murray Liebowitz noticed she was already dead and left a few minutes later. This scenario, if it were to be believed, makes it nearly impossible for Marilyn's next-door neighbors to the west, Abe Charles Landau and his wife Ruby Landau, to claim to have seen an ambulance when they arrived home around midnight. After all, they would have had to see it within the few minutes Hunter said he was on the scene, which is highly unlikely. That gives the Landaus approximately five minutes to spot the ambulance before it's gone.

As for Ken Hunter's December 14, 1982, interview, during an early part of the recording, Hunter volunteered to Tomich, "I know that Hall wasn't there. Period." When Tomich asked Hunter if he could remember the name of his partner, Hunter told him, "I'm almost positive it was Liebowitz." As for Hall's story, Hunter was adamant: "The doctor wasn't even in the room!" he asserted before concluding, "It just looked like an accidental suicide." Talking with Tomich about the extent of his employment with Schaefer Ambulance, Hunter's recollection was, at best vague and sketchy:

TOMICH: When did you start with Walt Schaefer?

HUNTER: I don't know. I don't remember.

TOMICH: How long would you say you've been on this job before Monroe's death?

HUNTER: Not long.

TOMICH: Months.
HUNTER: Months. Maybe two months.
TOMICH: Have you been with an ambulance service prior to that time?
HUNTER: I was in Long Beach.
TOMICH: And how long did you work there?
HUNTER: Four or five months.

From the evidence presented, we can safely conclude that James Hall and Murray Liebowitz were the Schaefer Ambulance attendants who went to Marilyn's home, *not* Ken Hunter.

On September 11, 1993, Donald Wolfe interviewed former Schaefer Vice President Carl Bellonzi. He stated that Ken Hunter only started working for Schaefer in the mid-1970s. Bellonzi also assured Wolfe and Margolis that Ken Hunter couldn't have gone to Marilyn's house the night she died because Hunter didn't work for Schaefer Ambulance until the mid-1970s, years *after* Marilyn's died and, even then, never in the Los Angeles area but in Orange County.

"Hunter wore glasses and he was kind of heavyset," Bellonzi recalled to Jay Margolis. "He wasn't really fat. He was just big and heavy. Hunter used to tell a lot of tall stories, lies about things that are not possible. Like an old-time Seder telling stories. Things he says he's done but nobody ever did believe him."

James Hall's Social Security number and his January–December 1962 employment records, shown clearly in *The Marilyn Files* documentary, confirm that he did, in fact, work for Schaefer in August 1962. What's more, Donald Wolfe tracked down a *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* photo of James Hall in his Schaefer Ambulance uniform dated October 4, 1962, and the *Runnin' Wild: All About Marilyn* fan newspaper displayed the same photograph. See Donald Wolfe's article in the October 1993 issue, Number 12, entitled, "The Ambulance Chase." So, who was Ken Hunter, a man who

took it upon himself to lie to the D.A.'s Office? Quite simply, the Kennedys hired Hunter to discredit James Hall's account.¹²

FAMOUS CLIENTS WERE COMMONPLACE AT SCHAEFER AMBULANCE

Walt Schaefer was the president of Schaefer Ambulance Service. In Culver City and Santa Monica, it was called California Ambulance Service. Funeral Director Allan Abbott informed Jay Margolis, "I knew Schaefer. We both bought our cars from the same place. The same company that built hearses also built ambulances, at least in those days." Born Schaeffer (German), he later changed his name to Schaefer (Jewish). Schaefer Ambulance treated innumerable famous clients throughout the years. In fact, according to former ambulance attendant Edgardo Villalobos, Schaefer even had a famous cousin who was none other than Mae West.

Villalobos explained to Jay Margolis, "Mr. Schaefer was involved with all these people, including celebrities. He had a lot of connections. I used to be a fighter so I acted as a bodyguard for Mr. Schaefer. He always took me places with him. He went to all these big events. I got to meet Governor Jerry Brown. The President at the time once gave him an award, which said: 'The most successful businessman in the country.' Mr. Schaefer hung it up in his office.

"Schaefer is dead but the plate is still there. He used to take me and my wife on a couple of trips to have fun. One time when we were flying to Mexico, Bob Neuman was the pilot and Mr. Schaefer took over the control and he made jokes like 'Let the plane go down' with my first wife acting worried. I was just a regular ambulance driver but he took to me and I got close to him. I liked Schaefer a lot. We had drinks with our families and it never stopped. I worked for Mr. Schaefer for forty years."

Former Schaefer Vice President Carl Bellonzi informed Jay Margolis, "Villalobos was one I trained. I was there at Schaefer for forty-five years." If his memory is correct, Bellonzi said he became vice president in 1985.

Bellonzi stated, "I remember there was a Hall." Bellonzi says he also remembers Murray Liebowitz and Villalobos's regular partner the late Larry Telling.

Carl Bellonzi said even he transported celebrities. "I picked up Marie McDonald," Bellonzi recalled to Jay Margolis. "She was having trouble with her back. Marie was called 'The Body' because she had some body. She was a real beauty." Schaefer Ambulance attendant Edgardo Villalobos relayed to Margolis, "In Santa Monica, everybody used to get all the celebrities. We did too [at the main station on Beverly and Western] but not as much as they did. I transported a lot of movie stars. Mr. Schaefer made a beautiful stretch limo for the VIPs. I was wearing a very elegant suit. We used to take celebrities and ambassadors in the VIP car which we called 'The Diplomat.'

"I took George Burns's wife [Gracie Allen] when she was having a fatal heart attack [on August 27, 1964] and she was struggling for her life. I was the attendant and George Burns was sitting right there in front. I'm watching her, facing her, giving her oxygen, and she was struggling. We took her to Cedars of Lebanon where she died the same night.

"I also transported Ward Bond. He and John Wayne were very good friends. Ward was a big guy and in *3 Godfathers* (1948) and all those westerns. He had a ranch in Texas. Before Ward died, me and my partner Larry Telling picked him up from his house over in Coldwater Canyon and he was there on a bridge. He had a heart attack. He saw us and he was a big guy so he said, 'No, no, boys. I don't want you to hurt your back.' He said to walk him to the ambulance and then he'll get in the stretcher. So he walked to the ambulance and we said, 'Now we have to put you in the stretcher.' When we finally got the stretcher ready for him, he says to us, 'It's a big load of shit that you're picking up!' We took him to Saint John's Hospital. Two or three days later, the news said he died in his ranch in [Dallas] Texas [on November 5, 1960].

"I used to pick up Betty White's husband [Allen Ludden] all the time. She wouldn't allow anybody else but me. She said, 'Where's Edgardo? I'm not going if you don't send Edgardo out! My husband will not want to go to the

hospital!’ I used to be there ready for her in the air ambulance to take him to the hospital. They were very nice good-hearted people and they loved me and I loved them. She was very pretty and young so it had to be a long time ago.

“I picked up Lou Costello [on March 3, 1959] when he was having a heart attack. He was still talking and laughing. I thought maybe he was living in a big mansion but actually he lived in a little common apartment in the Valley and he died at the hospital. I met his daughter and she looks just like him!

“I transported the singer Betty Hutton two or three times to the hospital in an ambulance to Cedars of Lebanon in 1962 . . . Barbara Hutton, I used to transport a lot. She was married to a prince [Pierre Raymond Doan Vinh na Champassak from 1964 to 1966]. I used to pick her up at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, nobody else, only me and another guy. She had bodyguards and a lot of princes from the Middle East with her there. I always picked up Barbara at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel at the penthouse with her prince because she was married to a guy that was a prince so she became a princess.

“Barbara was a very generous person. She was always giving everybody money and presents. Every time we transported her from the penthouse at the Beverly Wilshire, we take her to the airport and she flew to the Middle East. She was an angel of a person and she loved everybody. I transported her a great number of times. They said something to do with her bones. She could not walk. Before we would take her, they would have us wait outside, and then we would go inside with the stretcher. Every time, Hutton wanted to request me. She always gave me and my partner a \$500 tip. The guys I worked with kept saying, ‘You’re going to get Barbie!’”

Murray Leib’s widow Sylvia told Jay Margolis, “Murray knew an awful lot of movie people like Peter Graves. While he did not know any of the Kennedys, he did know the one who was married to one of the Kennedy girls who lived in Malibu. He was very well-known and acted as mediator for them. Peter Lawford. Murray knew him well. He had been in his house to either pick up patients or to take care of a patient. . . .

“Murray knew Howard Hughes because every time Howard Hughes had a party, somebody got hurt and Murray did all of those calls because he did

keep his mouth shut. You never could get anything out of him. In fact, Howard Hughes wanted him to quit Schaefer and come work with him but it was like Schaefer pointed out to Murray, 'You'll become a slave if you do that' and Murray said, 'That is true.' So he knew Howard Hughes because he had been called to that house so often. And he knew a lot of them mostly because he had made calls to their house . . . And that's how he knew these people but Murray said he never knew Marilyn until he was on that call . . .

"One time, there was one truck in front of the house and one truck right around the corner, and I think a couple of cars behind that. This woman, the one that rang the bell, she introduced herself as a reporter for *20/20* and she had this huge bag over her shoulder like an oversized purse, and she just said that they were doing something about Marilyn Monroe.

"She said she wanted to interview Murray, and that was about the twentieth anniversary of her death. Murray said, 'I don't have anything to say to you and I want you to take your equipment and get off of my property, and if you don't, I'm going to call the police.' Murray never took a dime from them or from anybody else for any story.

"That was not his thing. He absolutely totally refused them. They offered Murray all the money in the world if he would be interviewed, but he refused them. That's not what he did. No matter what they asked him about Marilyn, Murray said, 'If you wanna know what I know, just read the police report. That's all I know.'

"That's why he did all the celebrity calls that came to Schaefer, if they could get a hold of Murray, unless he was away or something. Because this all happened before I met him. Those were always Murray's calls because he would never ever tell anybody anything. He never spoke about them because he felt the job he had was very confidential.

"Murray was also an attendant to Clara Bow. He also knew Elizabeth Taylor's husband Nicky Hilton. Schaefer ran that place and he used Murray for celebrities because he knew that nobody was going to get anything out of Murray and that he wasn't going to take any money for anything. Murray said

[regarding Marilyn Monroe], 'Everybody made money on this story except me.' He never believed that he should take anything or that he should betray any of these people that trusted him. He was like that . . .

"Murray was very well known in the industry because they all trusted him because they knew that their secrets were safe with him. You could never get anything out of him. He was very proud of his reputation with the celebrities. Marilyn has so much publicity and so many people were there and saw all of this, you couldn't keep that a secret . . .

"It was not until a few years before he died that he told me about Marilyn but he always said that she was dead when they got there. She was gone . . . Murray said, 'Nobody murdered her. Nobody killed her. It was just an overdose. There was an empty bottle and the place reeked of alcohol. I don't know how much she drank.' It was just a matter of routine what to do with her because she was a celebrity and he knew they had to tread carefully. The Kennedys were involved in it, too. She was in the middle of a real trauma then because the Kennedys had kicked her out that day. That particular coroner [Noguchi], you could get him to say anything. I remember him well.

"Murray said it was around midnight, I do know that. Eleven o'clock to them. You know, well, if you're working, you don't know if it's eleven or twelve o'clock. He wasn't a clock-watcher. I have an idea she was murdered because this girl had everything to live for but she had the Kennedys in her pocket and those people thought nothing of doing something like that. You know that by their history. But nobody should have influence enough to take over the press and take over the hospitals and doctors but to my knowledge, I never met this attendant [James Hall]."

Over the years, James Hall told of his run-ins with celebrities or those related to celebrities as an attendant for Schaefer Ambulance while he was working in the Santa Monica office. These included actor-comedian Ernie Kovacs, MGM's costume designer Irene Gibbons, Sammy Davis, Jr.'s mother Elvera Sanchez, and even Barbara Burns, the daughter of comedian Bob Burns.

"Dr. George E. Hall, was a Beverly Hills surgeon and former chief of staff of

Los Angeles receiving hospitals, the city's emergency system," Hall relayed. "My mother was a surgical nurse. A prominent member of my family was my uncle John Nance Garner, Vice President for two terms under Franklin D. Roosevelt." Hall's impressive family background is augmented by the fact that Dr. George E. Hall and Walt Schaefer were very good friends despite Schaefer later unconvincingly claiming in the 1980s that he knew neither James Hall nor his father.

"When Jim was fourteen-years-old, he was swinging on rings doing doubles and triples, you know, gymnastics, and he fell and broke his neck," recalled Hall's childhood best friend Mike Carlson. "Right from the back of his head right where your neck is all the way to the center of his back. They attached all these wires to his back and all. After that, he was walking kind of stiff. He was in the hospital for three years so he was very familiar with the practices associated with his family like his dad and what the process was. I would say he was very into his job."

"In 1961 I started with Walt Schaefer's California Ambulance Service," James Hall explained. "Dad called Schaefer and got me the job. My dad would show and tell us a lot of little moves . . . like when you're delivering a baby . . . how to push and all that type of stuff. It helped a lot."

In fact, Dr. Hall's advice would prove very useful the following year when Hall took the ambulance call for a famous actress-singer. "I picked up Betty Hutton," Hall remembered. "When we entered her house, we were facing the couch, and her bedroom was down the hallway to the right. We took her from her home, and at that time she had a real long Italian name like a producer or something."

James Hall is absolutely correct even down to the Italian last name. Hall said, "We took her to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, to the Pavilion. The only cases that went to the Pavilion were obstetrics or babies. They thought she was miscarrying, but she wasn't. From what I understand, she later had a baby."

On June 20, 1962, in the *El Paso Herald*, a story ran in Hollywood through

the *United Press International* called “Betty Hutton Has Baby Girl.” It read: “Singer Betty Hutton yesterday gave birth to a seven-pound girl at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Attendants said both mother and daughter were ‘doing fine.’ It was the first child for Miss Hutton by her marriage to Musician Pete Candoli.” Indeed, Carolyn Candoli was born on June 19, 1962, less than two months before James Edwin Hall witnessed the murder of Marilyn Monroe by Dr. Ralph Greenson.¹³



Photographed by David Conover in 1947. (Getty Images)



Photographed on the set of *The Asphalt Jungle* in 1950. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Ed Clark in 1950. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Don Ornitz in 1951. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Earl Theisen in 1951. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Phil Burchman in 1951. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Nickolas Muray in 1952. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Frank Powolny in 1952. (Getty Images)



Photographed by Frank Powolny in 1953. (Getty Images)



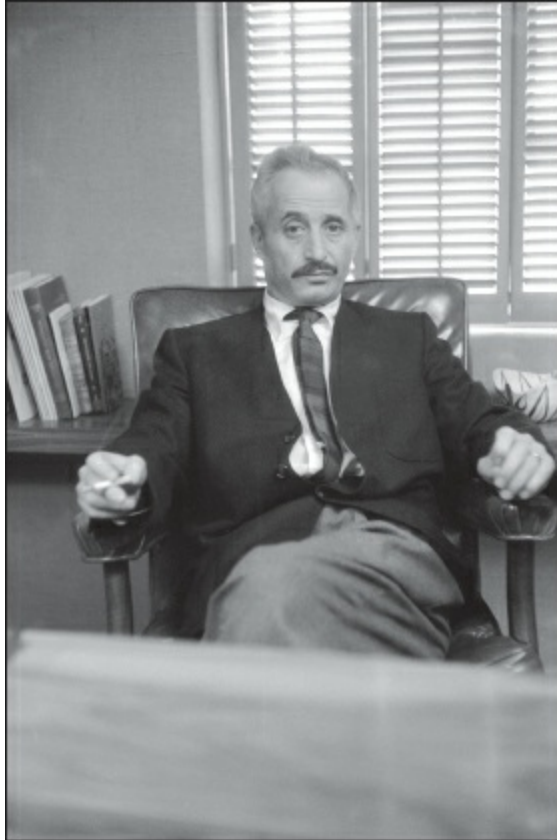
January 14, 1954—MM marries Joe DiMaggio. (Popperfoto/Getty Images)



April 24, 1954—Peter Lawford marries Pat Kennedy. (United Photo Press)



Photographed by Milton Greene in 1955. (Getty Images)



December 1956—Portrait of American psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Dr. Ralph Greenson (a.k.a. Romeo Samuel Greenschpoon, 1911–1979). (Photo by J. R. Eyerman/Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images)



March 1, 1957—Fred Meade (L), LA distributor of *Confidential* magazine, talks with private investigator Fred Otash who, the previous day, testified before a State Senate committee about the operational methods of investigators working for the magazine. (United Photo Press)



January 11, 1961—President-elect John F. Kennedy with brother-in-law Peter Lawford, after flying to West Palm Beach, Florida, from Washington, DC. Nine days later, JFK would deliver his inaugural address. (Associated Press)



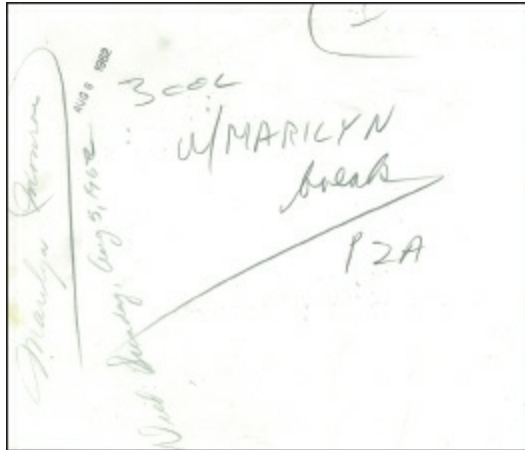
May 19, 1962—Cecil Stoughton captures (L-R) Robert Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. at the birthday party thrown for the President at Arthur Krim's New York apartment. (Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images)



August 5, 1962—Police photo of MM's bedroom following her death. (Associated Press)



August 5, 1962—Police photo captures a smudge on the wall of MM's bedroom (possibly blood) that was subsequently airbrushed out of the version released to the general public. (Confidential source)



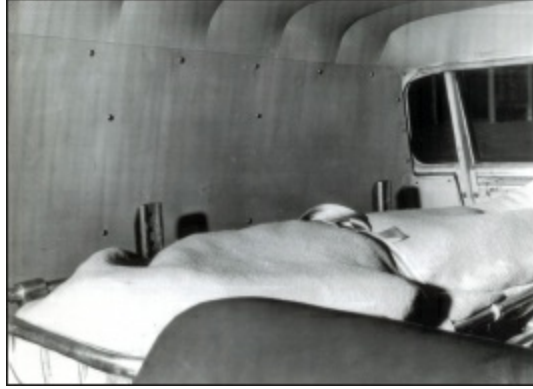
August 5, 1962—Reverse side of the same, un-retouched police photo, bearing the pencil inscription: “3 COL W/MARILYN break, P2A.” (Confidential source)



August 5, 1962—Deputy Coroners Cletus Pace and Robert Dambacher remove MM's body from the Westwood Village Mortuary in order to transport her back to the Coroner's Office. (Keystone-France/Gamma-Keystone/Getty Images)



August 5, 1962—MM lies on a stretcher inside a hearse following the removal of her body from 12305 Fifth Helena Drive. (Associated Press)



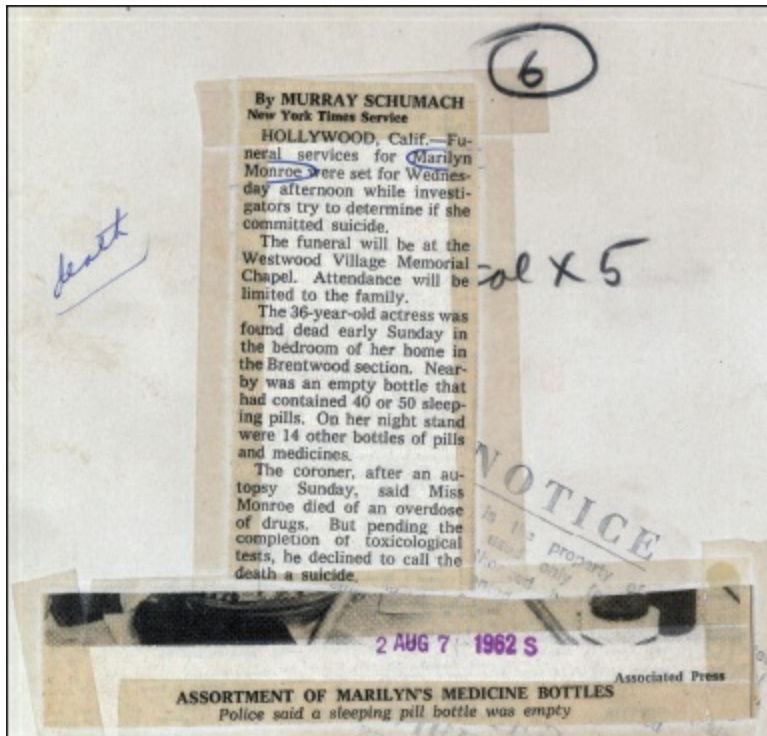
August 5, 1962—MM's body arrives at the Westwood Village Mortuary. (United Press International)



August 5, 1962—MM's housekeeper, Eunice Murray, is helped into the driver's seat of her green Dodge by son-in-law Norman Jefferies, MM's handyman, as she leaves the Monroe home following the movie star's death. (Associated Press)



August 5, 1962—A police officer points to an assortment of medicine bottles on MM's bedside table. Police said a sleeping pill bottle was empty. (Associated Press)



(Associated Press)



August 5, 1962—Gene Anthony photographed his wife outside MM's house. A couple of dog toys belonging to Maltese terrier Maf—a gift from Frank Sinatra—can be seen near the edge of the swimming pool at right. (Associated Press)



August 5, 1962—MM publicist Pat Newcomb is intercepted by a reporter as she departs 12305 Fifth Helena Drive in Mrs. Murray's green Dodge following the movie star's death. (United Press International)



On August 7, 1962, it was announced that MM's funeral service would take place at Westwood Village Memorial Chapel the following day and that, due to limited space, no celebrities were to be invited. The exception was MM's second husband Joe DiMaggio, who'd attend alongside relatives and close friends.
(United Press International)



August 7, 1962—The mausoleum at LA's Westwood Village Memorial Park where MM's body would be interred on the following afternoon. (Associated Press)



August 8, 1962—Curious members of the public take a look at MM's crypt. (Associated Press)



August 8, 1962—MM's former business manager, Inez Melson, arrives at the funeral service.
(Associated Press)



August 8, 1962—Four pallbearers hold MM's casket (L-R): hairstylist Sydney Guilaroff, makeup man Allan "Whitey" Snyder, funeral director Allan Abbott, and Abbott's business partner Ron Hast.
(Keystone-France/Gamma-Keystone/Getty Images)



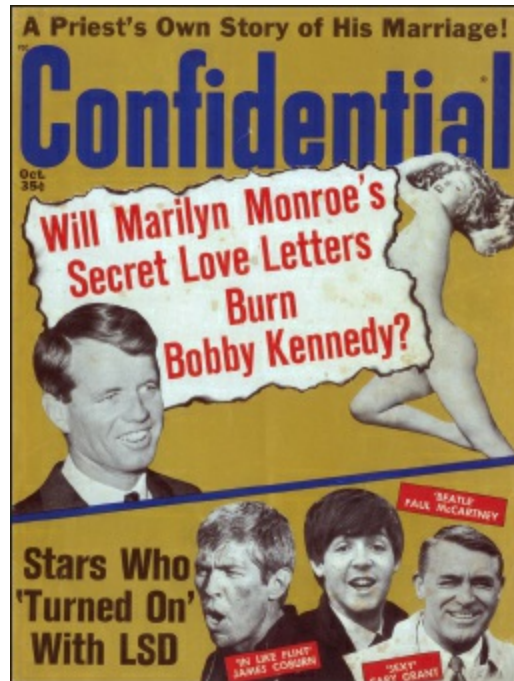
August 1, 1963—People pay their respects to MM as the first anniversary of her death approaches. Twice a week fresh red roses would be placed beside her crypt as a perpetual remembrance from Joe DiMaggio. (United Press International)



September 9, 1964—Peter Lawford “representing the family” at the opening of the John F. Kennedy library exhibit in Miami, Florida. (*Miami Herald* staff photographer Albert Coya)



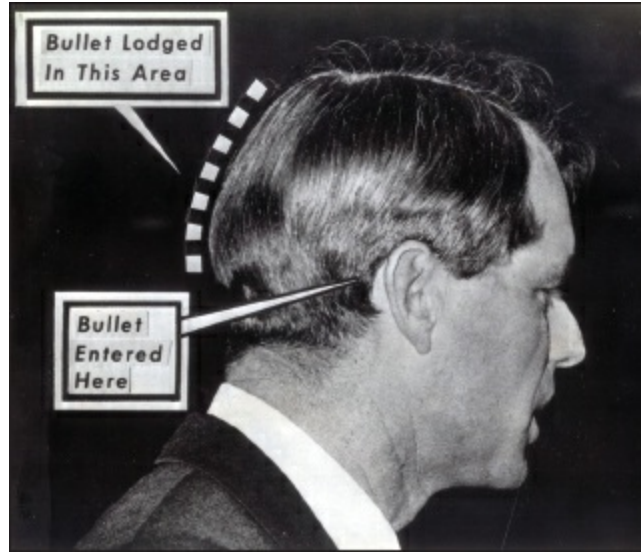
October 5, 1964—Peter Lawford arrives for work at Paramount Studios after taking an eight-minute helicopter flight from his LA home. Pilot Hal Conners, seated inside, used this same helicopter to transport Robert Kennedy from Lawford's beach house to Los Angeles International Airport during the early morning hours of August 5, 1962. (Associated Press)



Confidential magazine, October 1967. (Steven Williams and George Ramos)



June 5, 1968—Sen. Robert F. Kennedy arrives at Central Receiving Hospital shortly after being shot three times at the Ambassador Hotel while talking to campaign workers. He was taken immediately to surgery, where a team of neurosurgeons began efforts to remove the bullet from his brain. (Associated Press)



June 5, 1968—Photo diagram locates the spot behind Sen. Robert Kennedy's ear where the fatal bullet of the third shooter entered the Senator's head, as well as the approximate area of the head where a large part of the bullet was lodged after fragmenting. (Associated Press)



June 5, 1968—Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was shot at the near end of the steel counter being inspected by police officers in a kitchen corridor of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. He staggered backwards and fell at a spot where an “X” is chalked on the floor. Ceiling tiles were removed by LAPD to inspect for bullet holes. (Associated Press)



1970s—Schaefer Ambulance driver Edgardo Villalobos with attendant Gilbert Venagas standing in front of a Schaefer Ambulance VIP car known as “The Diplomat.” (Edgardo Villalobos)



1970s—"The Diplomat." (Edgardo Villalobos)



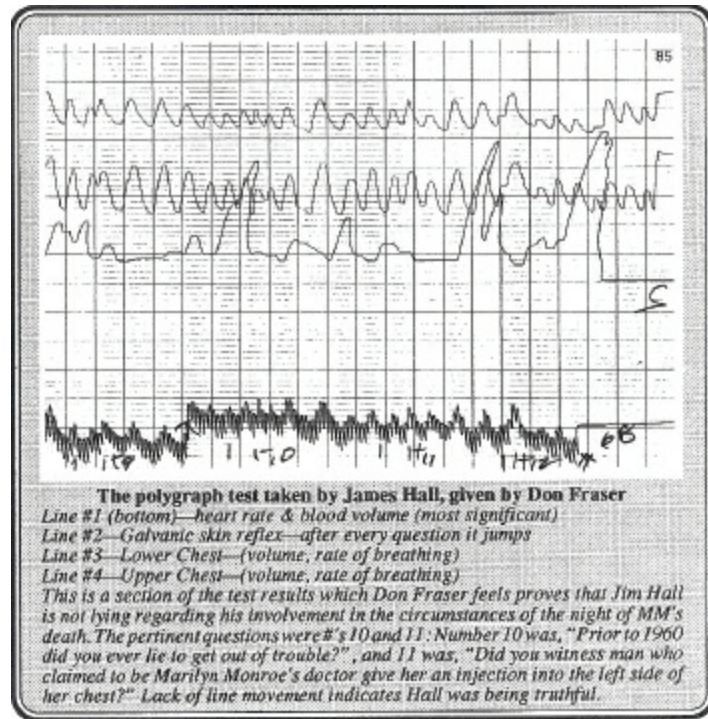
(From the collection of Edgardo Villalobos)



1970s—Edgardo Villalobos inside his Schaefer Ambulance vehicle. (Edgardo Villalobos)



1970s—Schaefer Ambulance vehicle. (Edgardo Villalobos)



Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Edwin Hall's 1992 polygraph results, conducted by Donald E. Fraser, a state-licensed polygraphist and graduate of the University of Southern California. (© 2014 Michelle Justice. Reprinted with permission from fan newspaper *Runnin' Wild: All About Marilyn*, October 1993.)

BOB HOPE

October 19, 2000

Dear Edgardo,

I'm glad to know that you and your buddies got a chance to see my show in Korea.

Some of my fondest memories are of the men and women I entertained during the wars. And, knowing what sacrifices you and the others were making to protect our way of life, made anything I went through to get there seem like a walk in the park.

My thanks to you.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Bob Hope', with a stylized flourish at the end.

October 19, 2000: Letter from comedian Bob Hope to Schaefer Ambulance driver Edgardo Villalobos.
(From the collection of Edgardo Villalobos)

THE MEN AT BEVERLY AND WESTERN

Schaefer's main office is still located at 4627 Beverly Boulevard in Los Angeles. This is where Schaefer Ambulance attendant Edgardo Villalobos and his driver Larry Telling received the first call to Marilyn Monroe's home. Anthony Summers, author of *Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe*, interviewed seven Schaefer attendants who remembered the ambulance call from Marilyn's house on the night of August 4, 1962: Joe Zielinski (not Zilinski), Carl Bellonzi (later a company vice president), Thomas "Tom" Jesse Fears, Hugh "Lucky" Patrick O'Bligh (not Sean, and company vice president before Bellonzi), Joe Tarnowski (later Tarno but his widow goes by Tarnowski), Edgardo Villalobos, and Murray Liebowitz (later Leib). Other attendants who remember the ambulance call to Marilyn's home are Ruth Tarnowski (who worked as a Schaefer attendant especially when it was necessary to pick up female psych patients and as a Schaefer nurse all the rest of the time), the late Richard "Dick" Williams, Donald Altrock, Rick Staffer, James Hall's regular partner Rick Charles Greider (a.k.a. Rick Summers), and Villalobos' partner Larry Telling.

In August 1962, during the time that James Hall responded to the ambulance call to Marilyn Monroe's home, Edgardo Villalobos relayed, "Hugh Patrick O'Bligh was the Vice President of Schaefer. They called him Lucky. He was much older than me. He was working for the studios in Burbank the last time I saw him. We loved the guy. Carl Bellonzi stepped in after Lucky but Carl didn't have the knowledge that Lucky had. Lucky was there way before Carl and was a good man but unfortunately Lucky was a very heavy drinker . . . Mr. Schaefer called him Irish. He never called him Lucky . . . Because Carl was like a son to Mr. Schaefer, they made him the Vice President."

Out of these thirteen attendants/drivers (not including James Hall) who

remember the ambulance call to Marilyn Monroe's home, only three are still alive: Carl Bellonzi, Ruth Tarnowski, and Edgardo Villalobos. The latter clearly remembers what happened at the Schaefer Ambulance main office on Beverly and Western on that fateful evening. He has never been quoted regarding Marilyn Monroe until now.

"The other guy was Larry Telling, my partner," Villalobos told Jay Margolis. "We got the call first, but there was an ambulance closer in the area, so they canceled us and Hall got the call from Santa Monica. I didn't get to go because I didn't respond to the call. I was at Beverly Boulevard and Western, the main station. The dispatcher wrote three slips: one they threw in the trash, another they kept for so many years, and the other they gave to us. But they kept our slip there and that's why reporters kept bothering me. The dispatcher never wrote a new slip. On the old slip, it had the driver, attendant, and call number. If I had transported Marilyn, I would have told it exactly how it was, but I didn't transport her.

"One day, I pulled into the driveway coming in after a call and the media was there. They questioned me. They questioned Mr. Schaefer, too. They were always bugging me, asking, 'Did you transport Marilyn Monroe?' They kept insisting, and it was because of the slip. They never changed the slip after I got the first call. The dispatcher, when he canceled us, he forgot to write the other guy's slip!

"If you call a private ambulance to any city in the LA area to pick up a patient, it should be a very, very short time, normally three minutes, four minutes, five minutes . . . Hall is the one who got the call. He was in that area. I didn't respond to the call, but later on, when there was all this investigation, they kept coming to me because according to them I got the call . . . I do remember exactly everything that went on. Reporters came up to me and said I took her and I said, 'I didn't take her.' They told me, 'We know you did. We know you're lying.' But we did get the call. They canceled me and then they continued to give him the call. So Hall got the call. His partner's name was Murray. A real nice guy. I knew the guy very well . . . Murray was a very nice person. I really liked him."

Villalobos heard Hall's account of Greenson administering the needle to Marilyn's heart. "The psychiatrist is not supposed to inject," he confirmed. "He has no business doing that . . . We are qualified to know the difference if they're still alive or not breathing. If they're alive we transport, but if they're not alive we don't pick up the patient. You're not allowed to pronounce them dead. The city comes in . . . The only time you stick a long needle into people's hearts is after you give them mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and, if that doesn't work, the doctor has to be there with the long needle and he shoves it into the heart, but *not* a psychiatrist! There was a murder there because he was not the doctor. He might be her psychiatrist, but not her medical doctor, so he can't go sticking no needle into her heart . . .

"Many times, we witness [an adrenaline shot] when the doctor comes in and we have a patient, and they get the needle and the doctor shoves it right here [in the heart]. That's how they do it, but not brown liquid. A lot of people in Los Angeles, they all say Marilyn Monroe got murdered. Right after Marilyn died, there were all kinds of people asking me questions. I couldn't convince them that I did not transport Marilyn Monroe.

"At Schaefer, they used to change me around. One time [about a year after Marilyn's death], I was in an ambulance in one of the intensive care units and there was a strange nurse who I've never seen before. We know most of our nurses because we have a nurse riding in the critical care units. This nurse was a very nice and pretty girl. All of a sudden she started asking me questions so I suspected she was hired to try to find out information from me . . . Sometimes, a police officer would be in the back of the ambulance as a new attendant because private ambulances have a little problem sometimes because attendants would steal so they had somebody undercover. So that's why I got suspicious of the nurse who I thought was undercover trying to get information about me on Marilyn Monroe. I could've been wrong but I don't think I was wrong . . . That girl was sizing me up a lot. She said, 'Tell me, how about Marilyn Monroe?' I said, 'What about Marilyn Monroe?' 'Tell me how it was.' 'I know already what you're trying to find out. I did not transport

Marilyn Monroe.’

“She *was* a nurse, but somebody—probably a writer or reporter—sent her to see if she could get information from me. There were so many people who tried to get information because they all knew it was murder. I’m not one of those guys who believes things that don’t exist. My belief was if I was the one who transported Marilyn Monroe in those days, in the beginning of all that investigation, I wouldn’t be here because they could not afford to have me running around when I know everything. I bet you they would have bumped me off.”

Oddly enough, Edgardo Villalobos said Murray Liebowitz’s regular partner disappeared shortly after Marilyn’s death. Villalobos told Margolis, “Look what happened to Murray’s partner Ryan. He was Murray’s permanent attendant. And they were always together. After Marilyn died, nobody heard from him. He completely disappeared out of the sky. Very weird. Very mysterious. We all knew Ryan was an attendant, but nobody found Ryan. We never saw him anymore. His last name I don’t know. They would’ve made *me* disappear somehow because they wouldn’t want me to give out the information. The big people cannot afford to be exposed, so they would try to take care of that guy somehow. I said to the people asking me questions, ‘You guys are going to get me killed.’”

After learning that Hall had yielded to the man in the business suit identifying himself as Monroe’s doctor, Villalobos explained, “You have to listen to a doctor. The doctor calls the shots. We cannot intervene . . . I knew there was something going on because reporters were really hard after me. I kept telling them I knew nothing because, as I told you, they just canceled us, but my name and my partner’s name remained there on the slip. It was a Code Three. During all the excitement, the dispatcher didn’t write a new slip for them. That’s why they were bothering me a lot, because they put on it our name and location and everything else.”

Edgardo Villalobos was interviewed before Former Schaefer Vice President Carl Bellonzi. Villalobos told Jay Margolis which Schaefer employee

dispatched the ambulance call on the night of August 4, 1962, “Joe Tarnowski was a driver but then he became a dispatcher. By the way, he was the dispatcher! . . . Joe Tarnowski was the dispatcher.”

Without being prompted, Bellonzi said to Margolis that Joe Tarnowski was indeed the dispatcher for the call coming from Marilyn Monroe’s home: “I know who the dispatcher was at that time, and that was Tarnowski. Joe Tarnowski. He was the dispatcher at that time. I remember that call and I remember him being the dispatcher on that call.”

Villalobos told Margolis, “Ruth Tarnowski was a nurse for Schaefer in the Santa Monica area and used to ride with the ambulances because they needed female attendants. She also worked at Culver City Memorial and then worked in a lot of convalescents.”

Schaefer nurse and sometimes-attendant Ruth Tarnowski, confirmed that her late husband Joe was the dispatcher on August 4, 1962, “At the time Marilyn died, Joe and I were married and living in West LA. I worked 11 to 7 as a nurse at Schaefer’s and when I got home at 7, he had already left for work. Later, I called him and he told me he dispatched the call to Marilyn Monroe’s house. When he came home, he said it was really weird because everybody [at Schaefer Ambulance] was talking about it and that Robert Kennedy was one of the last ones to see her alive. It was funny the way they found her. It wasn’t like she OD’d. Joe thought Marilyn was mixed up with the Kennedys. It was murder and that was covered up by the FBI.”

Mrs. Tarnowski added, “Marilyn went to University High when I was going there. She was a nice girl. Later on, they made her up from head to toe. I almost didn’t recognize her. When she was at Uni, she was Norma Jeane.”

Villalobos relayed to Margolis, “I used to fight. Amateur boxing. There were five of us and the car dealer in Oxnard used to sponsor us. And they took us to the Hollywood Legion Stadium to fight there where all the movie stars used to go. Marilyn Monroe was at the fight. She came into the ring to give us all a kiss. We lined up and three guys were ahead of me. Something happened while we were standing there but I almost got a kiss from her.

Three more guys and I would've gotten a kiss.”¹⁴

THE SANTA MONICA HOSPITAL “STORY”

“We took Marilyn Monroe in on an overdose and of course she succumbed at the hospital,” Walt Schaefer stated in a 1985 interview. “She was alive when she was picked up, yes.”

Schaefer told a similar story to another reporter: “I came in the next morning and found on the log sheet we had transported Marilyn Monroe. I understood that she had overdosed. She was under the influence of barbiturates. They took her on a Code Three, an emergency, into Santa Monica Hospital, where she terminated.”

Asked how Marilyn could possibly have been brought back to her home in Brentwood, Schaefer replied, “Anything can happen in Hollywood.”

Years later, Hall’s partner Murray Liebowitz would change his last name to Leib. When Jay Margolis interviewed Murray Leib’s now ninety-six-year-old widow, Sylvia, she stated that, throughout the years, her husband told her Marilyn Monroe was taken to the hospital and then returned home after she was dead.

Since Murray Leib finally admitted to biographer Donald Wolfe that James Hall’s account was accurate, and because Mrs. Leib stated in a previous chapter of this book that Murray only told her about Marilyn Monroe during the last few years of their forty-year marriage, it is our conclusion that Murray was simply protecting his wife Sylvia by continuing to echo Walt Schaefer’s original testimony:

MARGOLIS: Were Murray Leib along with James Hall the ambulance drivers the night that Marilyn died?

Murray was the ambulance driver. He was always the driver when he worked for Schaefer. Generally, when there were celebrity problems, they always called on him

... She was dead when he got there but they still had to take her to the hospital. That's the law. They can't do anything until an M.D. pronounces them dead. I think they took her to St. John's Hospital. Murray was always of the opinion that she took the pills herself. They took her to the hospital. When they got there, the doctor came out and said she was gone. Murray says to him, "Well, what do you want me to do with her?" because the hospital won't take a body ... Then they took her back.

LEIB:

MARGOLIS: It was James Hall who was his partner?

LEIB: When we saw it on television, Murray did approve that he was there. That he was with him.

MARGOLIS: That James Hall was with him?

LEIB: Yes. He was with him but he wasn't the driver.

MARGOLIS: James Hall was given grueling polygraph tests in which he was proven to not be lying about the guest cottage.

LEIB: Murray always referred to her as "at home" so I can't say whether "at home" was a guest cottage.

MARGOLIS: The autopsy report said that there were no pills in Marilyn's stomach, which means she did not swallow the 64 pills they said she swallowed.

LEIB: That the table next to her was loaded with pills.

MARGOLIS: That is correct, but they were all "neatly-capped," just like James Hall said. This was not someone who was "hellbent to overdose," to put it in his own words.

LEIB: What are they trying to do now, to prove that she was murdered?

MARGOLIS: She made her last call at 10:00 p.m. and died before midnight. Why are there no pills in her stomach? James Hall's account correlates with the fact that she was killed.

LEIB: I don't think the Mafia was involved with this . . . There was a lot going on. She was involved with the Kennedys. They passed her down from one brother to the next. I do believe they had to get rid of her and she was really in the way . . . If she was really murdered, somebody needs to pay for that.

A 1992 *Hard Copy* documentary featuring Anthony Summers surprisingly endorsed Walt Schaefer's and Murray Leib's original testimony via a key player the night she died. American writer John Sherlock relayed what his friend Dr. Greenson had told him. "She died in the ambulance going to St. John's or St. Joseph's or wherever in Santa Monica," Sherlock stated. "And they turned around and took her back."

In its October 1993 issue, *Runnin' Wild: All About Marilyn* printed Walt Schaefer's retraction of his original hospital statement. It had been soon before his death that Schaefer explained why he lied about Marilyn Monroe being taken to the hospital: "Eighty percent of my business came from the County and government agencies."

In his 1992 book *The Marilyn Files*, author Robert Slatzer wrote: "Schaefer admitted he'd lied to [LAPD Sgt. Jack] Clemmons the first time and confirmed his story to me . . . The Kennedys were involved and he knew his business would be ruined if he talked."

Sylvia Leib volunteered to Margolis, "Murray didn't like the owner who owned the ambulance. Schaefer lied. Later on, he admitted he lied, didn't he? They asked him why he lied and he said, well, most of his business was the movie industry and they trusted him. But Murray wouldn't have said anything that wasn't true."

Taking Schaefer's retraction into consideration, we can conclude that Marilyn Monroe was never at any time transported to Santa Monica Hospital. Sylvia Leib, the late Walt Schaefer, and the District Attorney's Office all agree that Murray Leib went to Marilyn's house that night under the name Murray

Liebowitz. “I don’t want to be involved in this,” a frantic Murray Leib told Anthony Summers over the phone in 1985. “I wasn’t on duty that night. I heard about it when I came to work next morning . . . I’m not worried about anything, there’s nothing to worry about. Don’t bother to call me anymore.”

Publicly, for over thirty years, Murray Leib never rocked the boat but simply followed Walt Schaefer’s initial story: Hall was not there that night, Marilyn was taken to the hospital, she died there, and was then transported back to her home in Brentwood. The important point to note here is how Sylvia Leib remembered her husband Murray admitting that James Hall *was* his partner when they both saw Hall on television. Mrs. Leib could not have mistaken Hall for Ken Hunter because Hunter was never on television and his photograph was never circulated in the media.¹⁵

MURRAY LEIB AND THE MYSTERIOUS CAR WASHES

Edgardo Villalobos volunteered to Jay Margolis, “Murray bought himself a car wash on Pico Boulevard.” Meanwhile, Leib’s widow Sylvia denied the stories about the Kennedys bribing Murray with enough money to buy car washes following Marilyn’s death. Importantly, Mrs. Leib has assumed all these years that the genesis of the bribery allegations involving car washes began and ended with one man: James Hall.

Hall said in 1992 that Murray Liebowitz has “been interviewed by numerous people and he won’t talk. On a radio talk show, an attendant who later rode with Liebowitz called in and said that everyday Liebowitz would stop at six different car washes.”

According to Hall, Murray Liebowitz volunteered to his fellow Schaefer Ambulance attendant, “Well, you remember I told you I’d tell you what happened to Marilyn that night? Well, I’m not going to tell you that, but I will tell you this . . .”

Liebowitz then admitted that the Kennedys did in fact bribe him, “After her funeral, I came into a very large sum of what you would call hush money and I bought these car washes. I own them. And the only reason that I’m still working at Schaefer’s is to keep up appearances.”

“When we were watching that television program, Murray was laughing,” Mrs. Leib told Jay Margolis. “He was hysterical at what this man [James Hall] was saying. He thought it was funny. It was just a regular routine ambulance call . . . He [James Hall] *was* there. He was with Murray when they took her to St. John’s. When he got there, Murray said, ‘She was dead’ and I believe him because he wasn’t one to lie about it. He had to take her and have her declared dead. The ambulance driver is not allowed to declare her dead. As many years as he was on the ambulance, he certainly knew a dead person when he met one. When he got there, apparently someone had called the hospital because

they knew he was bringing Marilyn in and they would not let him bring her into the hospital.

“The only doctor Murray spoke to was the doctor at St. John’s who came out to declare her dead. A doctor came out and examined her and signed the death certificate. And Murray said to the doctor, ‘Well, what am I supposed to do with her if I can’t leave her here?’ They would not let him leave her there. The doctor said, ‘Just take her back to her house,’ and that’s what they did. By the time he got her back home, the cops were there and the place was surrounded with police and he never pretended to know anymore.”

Mrs. Leib repeatedly told Jay Margolis over the course of three comprehensive interviews that, even though she disputes Hall’s account, her husband did relay how Hall was in fact Murray’s partner on the night of August 4, 1962. Murray and Sylvia Leib had watched James Hall on television. In fact, Mrs. Leib still refers to James Hall as “the man on television.”

“He did nothing but tell lies,” she asserts. “I saw him on television once interviewed. He told them whatever it was they paid him for. One of the questions they asked him on television was ‘What did Murray do with all this money?’ and he said, ‘Well, he bought a car wash.’

“My husband Harry Siegel and I built that car wash on Venice and Sepulveda . . . He died after about seven years. Then I was alone with it for about three-and-a-half years before I met Murray. I owned that car wash for about ten years before I met him . . . That’s how I met Murray; he was a customer at my car wash for a lot of years. There were three managers and we worked hard. Our car wash was between three studios and all of those people were our customers, so we had our share of celebrities . . . The car wash is still there and fully in business. All the years we owned it, it was called Double Wash Car Wash because every car was washed twice.”

Mrs. Leib said she first met Murray in 1967, five years after Marilyn died. At this time, Mrs. Leib claims that she retained total and complete ownership of the car wash and that Murray never had any interest in the property. “HLW Corporation is not owned by Sylvia Siegel and HLW Corporation wasn’t listed as the owner of the car wash,” asserted HLW Corporation Vice

President John Watkins. "It was listed as the owner of the land . . . Today, it would require a huge investment about four million dollars or so to buy a car wash.

"Back then you might have been able to get into something like that for fifty-thousand or a hundred thousand dollars . . . Now HLW owns the car wash also but they didn't back in 1967; they just owned the land . . . There was another name Sylvia Leib . . . She had leased it from 1957. The lease officiated in 1957. She constructed the improvements and they were marginal . . . If they really had money from hush-up money, they would have been able to buy the land too and put up something much more significant than a car wash that was operating on marginal improvements. They were just leasing the land."

In fact, Mr. Watkins is correct. A court document stated: "HLW Corporation has owned the property at 11166 Venice Boulevard, in Culver City (the subject site) since July 6, 1955 . . . HLW Corporation has leased the subject site to various tenants for use as an automobile washrack and gasoline sales station since February 22, 1957." Sylvia Leib told Jay Margolis that she owned the car wash with her first husband Harry Siegel from 1957 until his death seven years later then she became the sole owner. Mrs. Leib stated, "Harry was born in 1913 and died at fifty-one years old on July 19, 1964." After her first husband passed away, Murray became an employee of Mrs. Leib, befriending her. "No one else ever owned it," continued Sylvia Leib. "But Murray did work there. He was an employee, a sort of helper but as far as owning it, no. Never . . .

"Murray was in the service and was in two wars. He was in World War II and in Korea. He was 89 when he died on January 24, 2009. He was born November 14, 1919. We were married exactly 40 years. We were not married when Marilyn died, but very shortly after. He was briefly married before and locally. His ex-wife, I think, was a customer, too, a couple of years before I met him. I remember that woman. She was a beautiful woman with long black hair. Beautiful, beautiful woman. I don't even remember what her name was. They weren't married very long because she was an alcoholic. I think she went somewhere on a trip or something, came back sick, and died . . . I

married Murray on October 5, 1968. We were married in a Jewish Temple but in Las Vegas by a rabbi not in the court or anything. At that age, I definitely didn't want a wedding . . . I sold the car wash I would say in 1975 or 1976. I moved into this house in 1980 . . .

"I had full ownership of that car wash," Mrs. Leib asserted. "After Harry died, I'm the only one that owned it. No one else ever owned it . . . You can go down to City Hall to see who owned the car wash. Not only did we own it, we built it. Murray never owned it . . . That driver [James Hall] that he had with him the night Marilyn died, well, he somehow got the idea that Murray bought that car wash with money that the Kennedys gave him but that's not true. I owned that car wash for at least ten years before I even met him."

To his knowledge, Edgardo Villalobos said Murray bought two car washes, one within a year of Marilyn's death located on 3131 West Pico Boulevard in Los Angeles, today called Pico Car Wash. The second car wash was allegedly purchased by Murray in 1967 on 11166 Venice Boulevard in Culver City, presently Shine & Brite Hand Car Wash.

Villalobos relayed, "Murray bought car washes, two of them that I know. The one I found out about first was the one on Manhattan and Pico, and years later, the one in West LA . . . Dick Williams was an ambulance driver and he told me about the one on Pico. He knew Murray and he's the one that said, 'That's Murray's car wash.' He told me it was his. I keep hearing that Murray got some money from somebody, and there's a scandal there, and he bought hot car washes. Somebody gave him money because that's the next thing that happened. He took a lot of money. The reporters kept bugging me, saying I transported her, and I said, 'No, I didn't transport her.' That's when I start hearing that Murray took the money but it was quite a while after Marilyn's death. Not immediately . . . I don't believe she committed suicide. I have a feeling somebody took care of business there . . .

"The one in West LA they said was Murray's, too. Sepulveda and Venice was probably right because I heard Murray had a car wash near the Culver City station, which was in that area. I knew Murray really well. He didn't have anything. He didn't own it before. He was poor. He was no wealthy person.

Where did he get the money to buy the car washes? It's a very expensive thing.

"The guys were out of hand in Santa Monica and not doing their job, so Mr. Schaefer said, 'I want you to go work over there and manage the place,' and that was seven or eight years after Marilyn died. So, I left the main house [on Beverly] to work at the Santa Monica station as a manager. That's when I learned about the other car wash in West LA, over lunch. When I was working there in the Santa Monica station, the guys would get around, and that's when I found out Murray wasn't even working there anymore. I remember clearly, he stopped working on an ambulance. He completely left the ambulance service. It makes sense because of the car washes. I stayed there in Santa Monica for two years then came back to the main station."

Mrs. Leib curiously added, "All the people that worked on the ambulance with Murray came to the car wash [on Sepulveda and Venice]. Murray spoke to them and I know he knew them."

Although Mrs. Leib denies that her late husband Murray received bribes from the Kennedys, she nonetheless believes the Kennedys were directly responsible for Marilyn Monroe's death. "The only thing that upsets me about the whole thing is that the Kennedys would get away with this," Mrs. Leib said to Jay Margolis. "I don't care about anything else. Somebody sat down and figured out how they were going to get away with this. I can't see why the Kennedys shouldn't be held more accountable than if I had done this. I think it's terrible for one family to have this kind of influence. I do. The idea of passing her around like that from the President to Bobby Kennedy with a wife and kids and respectability is terrible. It's awful. They used her like a dirty dishrag and she certainly was no match for the Kennedys. She knew a lot of things that they didn't want her to know but that's why she's dead. If one of them did do it, I'd like to see them held responsible."¹⁶

DETECTIVE LYNN FRANKLIN PULLS OVER A VERY DRUNK PETER LAWFORD

In the *Say Goodbye to the President* BBC TV documentary, former LA Mayor Sam Yorty recalled, “Chief Parker told me confidentially that Bobby Kennedy was supposed to be north of Los Angeles. Some say he was making a speech. But that actually, he said he was seen at the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles . . . on the very night that she died.” Detective Thad Brown’s brother Finis, also a detective, relayed to Anthony Summers, “I talked to contacts who had seen Kennedy and Lawford at the Beverly Hilton Hotel the day she took the overdose.”

At 12:10 a.m. on August 5, 1962, a very drunk Peter Lawford, driving a Lincoln Continental sedan, was heading east along Olympic Boulevard. His speed was estimated to be 70–80 mph. Franklin flashed on his red light. After reaching the intersection at Robertson, the Lincoln soon came to a stop. Based upon Franklin’s own book and his interview with biographers Brown and Barham, the following was the exchange:

Pete, what the hell do you think you’re doing? . . . Your
FRANKLIN: headlights are off and you were traveling seventy-five
miles an hour.

LAWFORD: I’m sorry. I have to get somebody to the airport.

FRANKLIN: You’re heading in the wrong direction. You should be
headed west not east.

LAWFORD: But first I have to check my friend out of the Beverly
Hilton Hotel.

FRANKLIN: You’re still headed wrong. The Hilton is two miles in the
other direction.

Franklin glanced at Dr. Greenson in the front passenger seat.

LAWFORD: He's a doctor. He's just riding along with us to the airport.

Aiming his flashlight at the back seat, Franklin was surprised to see Bobby Kennedy.

FRANKLIN: Evening, sir.

Kennedy nodded.

LAWFORD: We've got to get the Attorney General checked out of the Hilton, and there's only a few minutes before his plane leaves.

FRANKLIN: Well, you wouldn't have gotten there at all the way you were heading. The Hilton and the airport are both miles in the opposite direction.

Kennedy became mad at Lawford.

KENNEDY: I told you, stupid!

Kennedy then turned to Detective Franklin.

KENNEDY: Can we go now?

FRANKLIN: Sure. Just don't take it at seventy-five miles an hour.

Lawford turned the car around and drove away.

In the hours before Marilyn's death was announced, Franklin did not make the connection between Marilyn and Bobby Kennedy who, he told biographers Brown and Barham, "was wearing chinos and a tattered dress shirt."

If we look back at Heymann's interview with Peter Lawford, the British actor mentioned himself along with Bobby Kennedy and Greenson as co-conspirators responsible for Marilyn's death. These were the same three men pulled over by Detective Franklin who, in his book, noted:

"The significant thing that might be related to the hit attack on me was that I . . . could testify . . . Robert Kennedy had been in Los Angeles . . . in the company of a doctor [Ralph Greenson] who had treated Monroe that same night and who . . . may have been responsible for her death."

In fact, Lynn Franklin met Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall in 1992 during the filming of *The Marilyn Files* documentary and took special interest in what Hall had to say about Dr. Greenson. Franklin subsequently deduced, "I'm not trying to cover the case here, but for my money, she was murdered and Robert Kennedy at least knew about it, maybe ordered the killing, and certainly tried to cover it up." On September 26, 2010, retired OCID detective Mike Rothmiller responded to a phone call from Jay Margolis:

MARGOLIS: Do you know what happened to Marilyn's diary?

ROTHMILLER: No.

MARGOLIS: Did Donald Wolfe quote you correctly regarding what you saw in the diary?

ROTHMILLER: Yes.

MARGOLIS: Do you think Lynn Franklin's for real?

ROTHMILLER: I think he's for real.

MARGOLIS: Do the police believe she was murdered?

ROTHMILLER: Many do.

MARGOLIS: Do you think she was murdered?

ROTHMILLER: That's what it appears to be.

Lawford's best friend Joe Naar told biographer James Spada, "Peter wouldn't

dare go over there. He made sure it was me who was going to go over there.” Confirming what he’d told biographer Donald Spoto, Naar assured Margolis he answered a call from Peter Lawford at 11:30 p.m., about forty minutes before Lawford was pulled over by Detective Franklin.

When informed about Lynn Franklin’s recollection, Naar exclaimed, “He is so full of shit. That is the most insane thing I have ever heard. I’ve *never* heard that one. Bobby was in the back seat? Peter was driving? I was on the phone with Peter most of that night. How in the world could he be in the car driving and drinking? He hadn’t had a drink. That’s one-on-one with me at 11:30 at night. Now who’s telling the truth?”

“What asshole would believe that jerk-off cop who’s trying to get his name in the papers? Don’t even repeat that story. You say it once and it gets out there and somebody repeats it and ten times later someone thinks it’s the truth. If they had any idea of the truth it’s not even one thousand percent close. It’s somebody’s imagination. What are they, writers or something? I mean that’s the most insane thing I’ve ever heard. You’re giving them too much respect. You’re interviewing the wrong people. They know shit about it. Why would you talk to these assholes?”

After Margolis pointed out that Lynn Franklin was a well-decorated officer who had received the prestigious CHA Award, Joe Naar remarked, “If you’re the highest decorated officer, you don’t need that kind of publicity. He wouldn’t talk like that. And of course, they’re gonna put medals after his name . . .

“People like Warren Beatty think I know exactly what happened. That I’m covering it up because I’m a friend of the [Kennedy] family, and that what really happened is that Bobby came down and killed her. It’s such bullshit. Warren heard all sorts of things. In those days, everybody was talking about how Bobby killed her. ‘Bobby had her killed.’”

Refuting Joe Naar’s insistence that Peter Lawford wasn’t drunk on the night of August 4, Officer Lynn Franklin stated to Brown and Barham that the British actor “appeared drunk, terrified, and coming apart at the seams.”

Furthermore, Fred Otash confirmed that Lawford “looked like hell, trembling in the manner of a junkie going through cold turkey withdrawal. He was drunk, stoned, and an emotional basket case.”

Lawford’s close friend Milt Ebbins recalled, “I spoke to Peter at his house at one-thirty that night. Bullets Durgom told me he was there until one-thirty. At three o’clock I called Peter and there was no answer. He always disconnected the phone when he went to bed. He was very drunk when I spoke to him at one-thirty, and he couldn’t have driven in that condition. I’m sure he passed out and that was that . . . Peter was getting drunker by the minute . . . He’d be coughing then be silent.”

So, while Naar recalled spending most of the night talking with Lawford, Ebbins was adamant that Lawford had his phone disconnected. Never mind that a police officer (Franklin), a former police officer (Otash), and a best friend (Ebbins) all attested that Lawford was inebriated that night.¹⁷

DETECTIVE FRANKLIN CONNECTS THE DOTS

In the documentary *Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder*, Marilyn's next-door neighbors to the west, Abe Charles Landau and his wife Ruby Landau, placed the sighting of an ambulance close to midnight:

LANDAU: We had been out to a party. We came home and the place was like Grand Central Station. The cars were all the way up the alley . . . Some limousine was here. I don't know who it was. And, of course, police cars and the ambulance.

REPORTER: After you went inside your house, what happened?

LANDAU: Someone knocked on the door and wanted to know what we knew about Marilyn Monroe, and we told them nothing.

REPORTER: Did the visitor describe himself as a reporter? Did he identify himself as a police officer?

LANDAU: He didn't identify himself at all.

In 1992, during and after the filming of *The Marilyn Files* TV special, Detective Lynn Franklin talked to James Hall and Fred Otash. The two men reported remarkably similar observations. They each independently placed Sgt. Marvin Iannone at the scene with Peter Lawford. After speaking with Otash, Franklin noted in his book how "at about 11:45 p.m. on the night of her death, the place had been bustling with activity. An ambulance was at the scene."

Franklin wrote that, in addition to Fred Otash, he "got another witness to verify Iannone's presence at the Monroe residence, well before he was officially dispatched. James Hall . . . an attendant with Schaefer Ambulances

that night, told me that Sgt. Iannone and Peter Lawford had been present in the home when Dr. Greenson injected Marilyn with the fatal heart needle.”

Detective Lynn Franklin placed the pieces together, pointing toward Kennedy involvement in Marilyn’s death. “Fred Otash . . . told me that he had bugged the homes of Peter Lawford and Marilyn Monroe,” Franklin wrote. “‘I’ve got something you must hear, Lynn,’ he told me. ‘Iannone is dirty as hell . . .’ His wire-taps had recorded a conversation between Peter Lawford and Marvin Iannone at five to midnight on August 4, 1962.” Franklin also relayed how Otash recorded and made note of a failed attempt by Peter Lawford to phone Sgt. Marvin Iannone at LAPD’s Purdue station at 1:45 a.m. on August 5, 1962.

Sgt. Marvin Iannone’s presence at the house around 11:45 p.m. suggests he was stationed at the Monroe residence on orders from the Attorney General. As Greenson injected the heart needle into Marilyn’s chest, James Hall saw Lawford and Iannone enter the guest cottage. Iannone had done this kind of detail for the Kennedys several times before. As biographer Donald Wolfe noted, “Iannone was known to work for Hamilton in Intelligence, and whenever the President or the Attorney General visited the Lawfords, Iannone received the special duty assignment from Hamilton to work the Lawford beach house.”¹⁸

GREENSON'S MOTIVES FOR KILLING HIS PATIENT

As a March 2, 1961, letter to Ralph Greenson proved, Marilyn Monroe was simultaneously carrying on trysts with Frank Sinatra and her former co-star Yves Montand, a French actor, although according to Marilyn, Montand eventually begged off.

Hildi Greenson addressed the rumors that her late husband had bedded his star patient, "It's just ludicrous. It's so dumb." But Peter Lawford said Greenson *was* sleeping with her. This is something Lawford claimed he didn't know until after Marilyn's death when he heard Mafia-Teamster tapes and listened to "sounds of their lovemaking." Since her home was bugged, one of the places where Marilyn and Greenson slept together was on 12305 Fifth Helena Drive. Ralph Greenson himself relayed, "I always had a weak spot in my heart to rescue damsels in distress. But I learned from that. Don't trust it, boy, don't trust it."

But this damsel in particular was the quintessential sexy woman. Greenson's daughter Joan remembered how everything Marilyn did unconsciously radiated sex like a force in her body.

"Why was it that no matter what she did she was striking?" Joan Greenson asked. "Why was it that she could just sit still on a bench, or in a chair, and you would end up staring? . . . There have been many sexy ladies in Hollywood but nothing like Marilyn. I was fascinated to see the way she sat. She would cross her legs at the knees, and lean forward; her left elbow was on top of her knee; her right elbow in the palm of her hand; her chin resting on her right palm.

"This seemed like a very natural and easy pose for her. She often would listen in that position. I had a chance to watch someone move around who was totally at home with their body. And I never tired of watching . . . Marilyn wore nothing under her clothes. She didn't wear underpants or stockings or

bra for the most part. I must admit when I first realized this, I found it shocking. Marilyn really hated to have anything that restricted any of her natural movements . . . She could also be extremely exhibitionistic.”

Mansfield’s former press secretary Raymond Strait told Jay Margolis, “Women like that who are very lonesome and feel like they’ve been abandoned are always trying to find some man that will love them and they think that sex is the way they do it. Nine times out of ten, they’re looking for a father image. Jayne Mansfield, same way. She was three years old when her father died of a heart attack. The difference between Jayne and Marilyn is Marilyn was used by men while Jayne used men. Just a reverse.”

Greenson once told a candidate in training, “There is the problem of a change in motivation that happens when, for example, the patient develops an acute sexual transference. Instead of coming for treatment because they want to get rid of symptoms or neurosis, they come out of love for you . . . This happens almost routinely with women patients.”

Some of Greenson’s colleagues bitterly called him on what seemed like reckless actions on the psychiatrist’s part. Dr. Leo Rangell, a rival of Greenson’s said, “This was seductive behavior, not therapeutic behavior . . . We all have very needy, traumatized patients. Very few of them end up in our families . . . She did because she was Marilyn Monroe! Even ‘family therapy’ doesn’t mean therapy in the analyst’s family . . . His earlier writings would never condone what he did.”

Dr. Melvin Mandel relayed, “If it was true that she came from a tremendously deprived background, you couldn’t go on with her in a strictly analytic way. It wouldn’t work . . . If an analyst . . . has an unconscious wish to be on stage (and Greenson *was* a superb performer), he may . . . identify himself with prominent people.”¹⁹

Peter Lawford mentioned to Heymann that Marilyn’s free-association tapes referenced the affair with her psychiatrist and how Mafia-Teamster tapes recorded “sounds of their lovemaking” at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive. In fact, Marilyn Monroe’s aggressively seductive behavior is documented in full

bloom in a paper Greenson wrote on January 12, 1964, entitled, "Drugs in the Psychotherapeutic Situation." It is safe to assume Ralph Greenson was writing about his star patient in this work because the descriptive characteristics fit her perfectly.

He wrote, "Sometimes all that is necessary is time; just waiting without interfering will give the patient the opportunity to recover his reasonable ego. Sometimes it may be necessary to interfere quite drastically, psychologically or even by introducing drugs . . . For example, an hysterical-depressive-impulsive woman patient became furious with me when she felt I was rejecting her sexual wishes and stormed out of the office. She was an intelligent woman . . . with a history of promiscuous behavior prior to her unhappy marriage to an austere academician [Arthur Miller].

"The above incident occurred during the fourth month of her analysis with me . . . She was impulsive and there was a history of some acting out in her adolescent spitefulness and defiance. Her motivation for treatment had been strong, since she had depressive moods, was sexually frigid, and was unable to work effectively in her job . . . She did return the following day . . . She still felt angry about my supposed cruel rejection of her, but by the middle of the hour I was able to work on this material to try to find past events in her life when she felt similarly rejected . . .

"About one year later, a similar constellation of events occurred, and again she fell into a rage. She refused to work on this but vented her fury on me by silence, nail biting, and leaving the hour early . . . That evening her husband had to leave her alone to attend a meeting, and she reacted to this unforeseen event as if it were another *maternal rejection* . . . The pre-oedipal hatred for the mother, which had been stirred up, plus being deserted by her husband unleashed primitive anger, spite, oral sensual desires, and a powerful need to be punished, which she could not contain."

Besides the need to conceal sexual indiscretions that could destroy his highly successful psychoanalytic career, Dr. Ralph Greenson had an alternative motive for silencing his star patient. The fact is, Greenson was at

his wits end treating Marilyn Monroe. A little more than two weeks after her death, he would complain to his friend and colleague Dr. Marianne Kris that he was becoming a victim of countertransference, which, he explained “is an inappropriate reaction of the therapist to his patient.”

According to Greenson, analysts’ “difficulty with empathy disrupts their timing and dosage of interpretation so that their interventions feel tactless and inaccurate . . . Anger, sexual feelings, boredom, sleepiness, restlessness and uncontrollable laughter” on the part of the analyst “are all indications of the possibility of countertransference.”

Greenson pointed out that all people experience transferences. However, during an analytic session, a transference is a patient’s “experiencing of feelings, drives, attitudes, fantasies, and defenses toward a person in the present” such as the analyst “which do not befit that person but are a repetition of reactions originating in regard to significant persons of early childhood, unconsciously displaced onto figures in the present.”

Ralph Greenson wrote about the maddening frustrations he experienced while treating Marilyn: “If I behaved in a way which hurt her she reacted as though it was the end of the world and could not rest until peace had been re-established, but peace could be reconciliation and death. As a consequence I became aware that any negative transference required instant handling, with the result that she would call me at all hours of day and night, whenever any negative transference cropped up. I saw her seven days a week because she was terribly lonely, the more so as she began to get rid of a lot of people around her who only took advantage of her.”

Curiously, Greenson helped his patient decide who was taking advantage of her and told Marilyn she should try to make friends outside the people she worked with at the studio. After he saw little improvement in Marilyn’s psychological state, Greenson actually questioned the methods he’d been employing with her, “I have some misgivings about how correct was I in my form of treatment and how much was I being led by countertransference feelings,” which are, “inappropriate reaction[s] of the therapist to his patient.”

It was, perhaps, Greenson’s ego as well as monetary considerations that

prevented him from acting ethically by withdrawing from the case. Indeed, after Marilyn's death, he continued to take on new patients and "treat" them despite being aware of his own countertransference feelings.

There is strong evidence that Dr. Greenson grew increasingly tired of playing "surrogate father" to Marilyn Monroe. "There was a real washing out of the usual doctor boundaries," remarked Dr. Robert Litman of the Suicide Prevention Team. "I would never suggest that there was anything wrong in the relationship. He virtually adopted a person. There's a danger when someone gets that involved."

The idea of adding Marilyn to his household was too much for Greenson to handle, especially in light of how she contacted him at all hours, several days a week. Still, as Professor Douglas Kirsner ominously noted, "Greenson told his colleagues that he decided to offer his family as a substitute for the family Monroe never had because she would have killed herself sooner if he had committed her to a mental hospital."

On August 15, 1962, Greenson penned a letter to Marilyn's poet friend Norman Rosten. "I should have played it safe and put her in a sanitarium," he admitted, "but that would only have been safe for me and deadly for her."

Greenson's son Danny agreed that, following Marilyn's hospitalization at the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic in early 1961, his father "felt that therapy as he knew it wasn't working. He couldn't hospitalize her, because everyone came to stare and gawp at her, which was awful, and medication wasn't helping in her case."

Milt Ebbins, meanwhile, recalled the good doctor making "a statement that Marilyn was doomed and eventually she would've done it anyway."

Greenson was convinced that, during the last month of Marilyn's life, she couldn't go one day without a crisis, and his brother-in-law Mickey Rudin agreed. Rudin, who was the attorney for Frank Sinatra as well as Marilyn Monroe, told Donald Spoto that Greenson's relationship with Marilyn "helped kill him . . . 'Don't get yourself all emotionally involved' . . . should have been a rule for a psychoanalyst . . . He involved her *totally* beyond what

he should have with the family . . . He totally involved her where he was worried about her all the time.”

Rudin pointed to the great difficulty Greenson had experienced months earlier, before departing on May 10, 1962, for a much-needed five-week vacation: “When he went to Europe, I was delighted. He needed a week. Some time. Just needed it. There wasn’t a crisis just with the picture [*Something’s Got to Give*]. There was a crisis every day.”

Apparently, this had been the case as early as June 29, 1961, when Marilyn was recovering from the removal of her gall bladder. “At that time she was recovering from gall bladder surgery,” Greenson recalled. “She was taking very little medication, but she was terribly, terribly lonely . . . I saw her at that time seven days a week, mainly because she was lonely and had no one to see her, nothing to do if I didn’t see her.”

Mickey Rudin told J. Randy Taraborrelli, author of *Sinatra: Behind the Legend*, “She could have a crisis over what she was having for lunch, she was that emotional and high-strung. She could have had an imagined crisis.”

When Donald Spoto took a look at Marilyn’s phone records, he saw that she’d consistently call her lawyer Mickey Rudin anywhere up to eight times a day. “I wasn’t impatient with her,” Rudin told Spoto. “It was time-consuming as hell. It was a pain in the ass.”

It was also Rudin, described by Frank Sinatra’s former valet George Jacobs as a “combination bag man, hit man, and Hollywood hustler,” who explained why Greenson had been so insistent on taking that five-week European vacation during the spring of ’62: “His wife was Swiss. This was an annual pilgrimage to her family. He’d probably beat his head if he didn’t. How much exhaustion can a man who had a coronary condition take? . . . The problem faced with Marilyn having to do the picture [*Something’s Got to Give*] is that . . . she didn’t have any money.”

Marilyn’s long-time friend Gloria Romanoff reflected to Margolis, “She never had any real money. The house she died in was the first home she ever owned. It was a very simple house but it was everything to her. Marilyn was

just very genuine. She had so little money and now it pains me that these people who are in charge of her estate are making fortunes, money she could have used.”²⁰

From March 1962 until her death, Marilyn was living on 12305 Fifth Helena but would occasionally drop by her old apartment on 882 North Doheny Drive. Hildi remembered one time after an analytic session at the Greensons’, her husband later learned she had taken in a taxi cab driver, who had driven her home. Greenson said he took action against this self-destructive behavior by allowing Marilyn to become one with the family.

She would often join in, politely offering to clean the dishes after supper with the Greensons. Hildi reflected, “My husband said, when he wanted to bring her into the house, ‘This is just not a case that one can analyze. She has to work through a great deal more before she can be analyzed.’ She needed to become a whole person again.” Greenson once told his patient-friend actress Celeste Holm, “Celeste, this woman has no concept of family life. She was with Marianne Kris for years, but not one thing has touched her. So I’m trying to give her a model. I’m trying to give her some concept of the way it ought to be.”²¹

Soon, Marilyn became a member of Greenson’s family and at one point, wearing dark glasses, a wig and scarf, joined his son Danny to help him find an apartment. She was even showing up to Greenson’s lectures in this disguise as well. Joan wrote, “Father liked to give lectures, and he was an excellent public speaker. He would wait for the last few stragglers and latecomers to settle into their seats. At this moment I looked around, and I saw one of the stragglers was Marilyn in disguise. She looked incredible. She had on a brown, dowdy wig, with a scarf over it, tied under her chin. She had on her sporty mink coat, under which she had this terrible, brown Pucci dress—the color was drab and dead. On her feet, without socks, thank God, were loafers.

“Marilyn sat in the seats just behind Mother and myself. When most of the auditorium was emptying, I watched as Marilyn got up and started to walk

out. I watched the faces turn around and follow her with their eyes as she slowly made her way up the aisle. I knew no one recognized her, and only a few close friends of the family knew who that person was. But just her movement up the aisle made people stop and take notice and watch her as she exited. I told her that I thought her disguise was great, and we both thought it was pretty funny.”

Hildi recalled, “When we’d have chamber music, my husband would invite her to come and listen. She’d sit in a corner and she’d turn away from the people and the musicians—just listening very intently, all huddled up.” Greenson’s patient actress Janice Rule became jealous when she learned that Marilyn had been invited to his living room recitals. Janice snidely remarked, “You knew I love music. How come you never invited me?” “You were never that ill.” Greenson participated in these recitals albeit as a lousy violinist.

“She would sit in the living room in the big wing-backed chair,” Joan reflected. “As Mozart, Schubert, or Vivaldi would start to be played, Marilyn would get totally lost and absorbed in the music. Slowly, she would start to move with the music, her arms and her torso. Her eyes would remain closed. Her movements were so beautifully sensual, and so seemingly private and personal.” During the spring of 1962, an excited Marilyn invited her poet friend Norman Rosten and his wife Hedda to the Greensons’ on several occasions.

Greenson detailed in his 1964 paper what happened when he announced to his star patient that he would have to depart for his European vacation on May 10, 1962. He wrote, “When I left for a five week summer vacation I felt it was indicated to leave her some medication which she might take when she felt depressed and agitated, i.e. rejected and tempted to act out. I prescribed a drug which is a quick acting antidepressant in combination with a sedative, Dexamyl®. I also hoped she would be benefited by having something from me to depend on . . .

“When I returned she told me that she carried a supply of the tablets with her at all times in a silver pill box, which she had bought especially to hold them. She never became severely depressed during my absence and felt that

the possession of the pills had been a safeguard, a magical protection for her in my absence.

“A dream in which the silver pill box turned green just like the pills (that is, *everything turned into Greenson*) seemed to explain the unconscious meaning . . . *I felt it was indicated to prescribe drugs for her*. I can condense the situation by saying that, at the time of my vacation, I felt she would be unable to bear the depressive anxieties of being alone. The administering of the pill was an attempt to give her something of me to swallow, to take in, so that she could overcome the sense of terrible emptiness that would depress and infuriate her . . . *Drugs may aid in the interval between visits.*”²²

Greenson’s friend and colleague Milton Wexler conceded that not all meaningful treatments of psychoanalysis are successful, especially the unorthodox ones. “Greenson began to write more and more about the importance of the real relationship between the analyst and the patient,” Milton Wexler relayed yet disagreed with this unconventional method and stated, “Once the symptoms were imbedded in that characteristic way of responding to the world, no amount of interpretation, enlightenment or bringing the unconscious into consciousness would do any good.”

In Greenson’s 1964 paper, he made it clear that Marilyn Monroe tried to come onto him during their first four months of analysis. When he rejected her sexual wishes, she saw it as another rejection and became very angry with him. A year later, she tried to come onto him again and he claimed he rejected her again. The psychiatrist wrote that she “fell into a rage.” Peter Lawford said, to his great surprise no less, that Greenson finally succumbed to the seduction of the world’s ultimate sex goddess.

Lawford told Heymann he heard Mafia-Teamster tapes of Marilyn and Greenson making love. Greenson himself admitted in his writings that she was very seductive and that because of her, he had fallen victim to countertransference. Greenson wrote, “One of the most frequent signals of countertransference reaction is . . . reacting sexually . . . to the transference manifestations” of the analysand. In other words, when a therapist has sex

with his patient.²³

In a 1974 paper titled “On Transitional Objects and Transference,” which was compiled along with others in his 1978 book *Explorations in Psychoanalysis*, Ralph Greenson discussed the frustrations that he felt while treating Marilyn Monroe during the last months of her life and how he broached the subject of his European vacation. “I told an emotionally immature young woman patient, who had developed a very dependent transference to me, that I was going to attend an International Congress in Europe some three months hence,” Greenson wrote. “We worked intensively on the multiple determinants of her clinging dependence, but made only insignificant progress.”

The psychiatrist explained how he was trying to not make Marilyn so dependent on him. “The situation changed dramatically when one day she announced . . . she had discovered something that would tide her over my absence,” Greenson wrote. “It was not some insight, not a new personal relationship, it was a chess piece. The young woman had recently been given a gift of a carved ivory chess set.”

Still making little progress as time went on, Ralph Greenson continued to note Marilyn’s growing attachment to him in the months leading up to her singing “Happy Birthday” for Jack Kennedy. This took place at Madison Square Garden on May 19, 1962. One piece from Marilyn’s new chess set occupied the center of the discussion between the psychiatrist and his star patient. Greenson relayed, “The evening before her announcement, as she looked at the set, through the sparkling light of a glass of champagne, it suddenly struck her that I looked like the white knight . . . The realization immediately evoked in her a feeling of comfort, even triumph. The white knight was her protector.”

Marilyn considered the white knight a temporary substitute for the psychiatrist while he left the country. “The patient’s major concern about . . . my absence was a public performance of great importance to her professionally,” explained Ralph Greenson. “She now felt confident of success

because she could conceal her white knight in her handkerchief or scarf; she was certain that he would protect her from nervousness, anxiety or bad luck.”

On May 10, 1962, Greenson dashed to Europe for a little rest and relaxation before his scheduled lectures. Joan explained, “Father was to give a lecture in Israel for the International Psychoanalytic Society, and from there they planned to visit my mother’s family in Switzerland.”

Greenson wrote, “I was relieved and delighted to learn . . . that her performance had indeed been a smashing success . . . However, I received several panicky transatlantic telephone calls from her. The patient had lost the white knight and was beside herself with terror and gloom, like a child who has lost her security blanket.”

Eunice Murray remembered, “Marilyn took a handsome chess piece from the set she had bought in Mexico—one knight to wrap in her handkerchief while she sang. A friend [Dr. Greenson] had suggested she take it and pretend he was right there with her to lend her courage. Marilyn . . . lost it somewhere in New York.”

“That vacation we had, it was constant telephone calls,” Greenson’s wife Hildi recalled. “We were in Israel and we got phone calls from Marilyn and from the studio. Finally, when we got to Switzerland, my husband said, ‘I promised them I’d come back and we’ll save the picture.’ That was the idea.”

Greenson wrote more than two weeks after his patient’s death, “I left Marilyn in the hands of a colleague [Milton Wexler] whom she knew and I told her that I would return if it was necessary. As you know, after three weeks my colleague called me, and finally she called me, and I returned to Los Angeles [late on the night of June 6]. She was depressed, but within 24 hours of my return she had bounced up again and I reported to the movie studio that she would return to work within 48 hours. They, however, in their fury at Elizabeth Taylor, decided to fire Marilyn, which they did [on June 8].”

According to Greenson’s daughter Joan, she and her brother Danny received a call from Marilyn on June 2, the day after Marilyn’s thirty-sixth birthday, and the actress “sounded really druggy. Her thick-tongued-ness usually was a sign that she had taken lots of sleeping medication but still

couldn't sleep . . . Danny and I went to her house. Her room was dark. The black-out drapes were pulled shut, and not a drop of light was let in. Marilyn was in bed with just a sheet pulled up around her. Her bed looked like she had had a bad night. It was totally disheveled. She asked Danny to come sit next to her bed and talk to her . . .

"What a sad picture, to have Marilyn in that darkened cave of a room so terribly unhappy. And there seemed that there was little, if anything, anyone could do to help her. What a terrible feeling of helplessness and hopelessness. My father didn't seem to be able to help her. I knew she had been talking to him on the telephone. Nothing seemed to be able to help . . . She seemed like such a contrast. In a sense she was so childlike herself yet she was so streetwise and suspicious of things and could see the ulterior motives. She'd had such a rotten childhood, and now she had made it and it felt like if there was any fairness in the world, Marilyn should have it easy and good now."

Hildi added, "She was bright and lovely and interesting, but there was something really very schizy about her."

"Marilyn didn't want to interrupt the psychiatrist's trip with her problems," Mrs. Murray reported. "His son had made a point of requesting that Marilyn let him get through the speaking engagement in Switzerland and a side trip to Tel Aviv without calling him home."

Dr. Milton Wexler was to be phoned during an emergency while Ralph Greenson was out of the country. "A Dr. Wexler was on call for Dr. Greenson's patients," Mrs. Murray remembered. "When he came out to visit Marilyn, he took one look at the formidable array of sedatives on her bedside table and swept them all into his black bag. To him, they must have seemed a dangerous arsenal."

"It was clear that there was really no way Marilyn was going to make it through that picture without my father here or without some massive help," Joan Greenson recalled. "Father flew from Switzerland to New York, New York to LA. He took a cab home. I remember greeting him at about 10 p.m. at the front door. He looked really tired. I took his suitcase into the house, and he found his car keys and went straight to the garage. He said he would just

stop by and see Marilyn and would be back shortly.”

Dr. Greenson took up the story in his 1974 paper: “A colleague of mine [Milton Wexler] who saw her in that interval said that all his interventions were to no avail and he reluctantly suggested that I cut short my trip and return. I hated to interrupt my vacation and I doubted whether my return would be beneficial.”

It turned out to be very beneficial. In fact, the moment Marilyn saw Ralph Greenson after his early return to the United States, as the psychiatrist explained, “Her anxiety and depression lifted. It then became possible to work . . . on how she had used me as a good luck charm rather than an analyst. The talisman, the chess piece, served her as a magical means of averting bad luck or evil. It protected her against losing something precious.”²⁴

Nevertheless, by June 22, 1962, Greenson was telling colleagues and friends that he was fed up with Marilyn Monroe. In letters to his friend Lucille Ostrow and fellow psychoanalyst Anna Freud, he complained about Marilyn having ruined his vacation and how, in light of her firing from *Something's Got to Give*, his early return home had been a complete waste of time. Greenson wrote to Anna Freud, “This was a most frustrating experience, since now I was back home and she was feeling fine, but she no longer had to work and therefore I was free to return to Europe, which was impossible.”

On July 2, 1962, Freud replied, “I have tried to follow your fate in the newspapers and I saw that your patient was acting up. But I did not realize that this would interrupt your holiday and I do feel sorry for this. I wonder what will happen to her and with her.” Marilyn Monroe was now the subject of gossip among leading psychoanalysts.

Freud family maid Paula Fichtl relayed how she heard from Anna that Ralph Greenson was “the last person to phone [Marilyn] the night of her death. Later it is even claimed that he had killed Marilyn Monroe. In 1985, the Swiss newspaper *Blick*, which reprinted this allegation was sentenced to a fine —of which 10.000 Swiss francs went to the Anna Freud Centre in London.”

“That felt very good, winning my suit,” Hildi Greenson told private

investigator Cathy Griffin.

“That was the story that she was shot in the heart?”

“Yeah, and they had to pay and I sent it to the Anna Freud Clinic in London. They had to give \$20,000 . . . They had to pay me for my lawyers in Switzerland and the lawyer here, and I think I came out with the travel fare for going to Switzerland.”

Indeed, contrary to what Donald Spoto claimed in his Monroe biography, the assertions that she was murdered didn’t commence with the writings of authors Frank Capell (*The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe*, 1964), Norman Mailer (*Marilyn: A Biography*, 1973), and Robert Slatzer (*The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe*, 1974). On January 5, 1964, the *Oakland Tribune* noted, “Following her death, Dr. Greenson was flooded with mail from haters who denounced him as a ‘criminal so-and-so . . . a Communist quack . . . a Hollywood murderer.’ There were so many threats to his life that Dr. Greenson was compelled to turn them over to his lawyer.”

Just over two weeks after Marilyn died, Dr. Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris: “And on top of it all, the notoriety, the press all over the world writing about it and constantly linking my name with this tragic event, and often so wrongly . . . I was besieged by phone calls from all over the world. I received many terrible letters from people, accusing me of being a murderer or going after her money.” Frank Capell’s controversial red pamphlet indeed was released two years *after* the threats to Greenson’s life. According to Greenson himself, these threats began within days of Marilyn’s death.²⁵

DOES GREENSON'S OFFICIAL STORY CHECK OUT?

In late 1973, Ralph Greenson publicly stated that, on August 4, 1962, after leaving Marilyn's house, he and his wife had dinner at the residence of a Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Alberts. However, a confidential source revealed to Jay Margolis that Greenson actually went to the home of actor Eddie Albert and his wife Margo. Albert would star in the 1963 movie *Captain Newman, M.D.*, based on Greenson's own World War II experiences.

According to Greenson, he didn't return home until "around midnight" and was tempted to call Marilyn but "didn't want to wake her." For years, his family has maintained that he did not receive a call from the Monroe home until at least 2:00 a.m. on August 5. The police report stated that Greenson arrived there shortly after 3:30. Dr. Hyman Engelberg then pronounced Marilyn dead at 3:35 or at 3:50 a.m., depending on whether the first or follow-up reports are to be believed.

Interestingly, Mrs. Murray blurted out to Sgt. Jack Clemmons, the first policeman officially on the scene, that Marilyn's lifeless body was discovered around midnight, and Clemmons stated that neither Greenson nor Engelberg disagreed with this recollection. However, in 1982, when investigator Al Tomich of the District Attorney's Office asked Engelberg about his arriving at midnight and then waiting several hours to call the police, the physician dismissed this as "Nonsense. Absolute, utter nonsense."

Later, Clemmons noted how the three principals told Detective Sgt. Robert Byron a different story from the one he'd first heard: Mrs. Murray had called Dr. Greenson at 3:30 a.m. Living less than two miles away, Greenson told her he would be right over and instructed the housekeeper to call Dr. Engelberg. Greenson then arrived before Engelberg and, using a fireplace poker, broke the only unbarred window to Marilyn's bedroom because, he claimed, her door was locked.

“The door was locked to the bedroom,” Hyman Engelberg said to Al Tomich. “Mrs. Murray first looked in through the window and saw her, and the way they got in was, I guess, through the window. Either they smashed a pane or turned a lock or were able to push it open. I don’t recall which.”

A photograph still exists of a man’s hand pointing at the broken window, proving someone could not reach in to undo the latch without cutting his or her fingers on the glass. According to the official police report, Engelberg stated that, within five minutes of receiving the 3:30 a.m. call from Mrs. Murray, he got dressed and drove to Marilyn’s home before then pronouncing her dead another five minutes later. However, this would have been impossible if one is to believe what the same physician claimed twenty years later.

“I was parked in the basement of the parking area of a small apartment house and somebody parked in back of me,” Engelberg recalled in a statement he made to the District Attorney’s Office. “That must have delayed me about ten or fifteen minutes . . . I was living in an apartment on Beverly Boulevard, just west of Doheny.”²⁶

Contrary to the official police report, Joan Greenson wrote in her unpublished manuscript that the call to the Greenson home, alerting her parents that Marilyn was in trouble, was made “in the middle of the night,” *not* at 3:30 a.m.

“I went to bed around 8:00,” Joan recalled. “I fell asleep fairly quickly and didn’t hear my parents come home . . . I was awakened sometime in the middle of the night by the phone ringing. Then I heard my father . . . head down the stairs . . . Mother followed, and I heard the car drive away.”

“I was very worried, and my daughter was here and we immediately stayed up,” Hildi Greenson added. “We just went downstairs and sat around until my husband called me and said that Marilyn was dead.”

This contradicted what Joan wrote in her manuscript: “I must have been in my bed for maybe five minutes when I heard the phone ring, and I got out of bed and went back to my mother’s bedroom, and I knew it was Father on the

phone. Mother turned to me and said, ‘It’s all over.’”²⁷

Greenson, Engelberg, and Mrs. Murray subsequently told the police that Marilyn’s door had been locked. Hildi said the same thing to private investigator Cathy Griffin: “Her room was locked and with a bolt lock. It wasn’t a lock that you could go through with a credit card and open it or undo it. It was locked and my husband had to break the window to get in.” When asked by Griffin if Marilyn usually locked the door when she went to bed, Mrs. Greenson replied, “I don’t think so, but it was locked that night.”

As it happens, with the exception of those leading outside, none of the doors in the Monroe home had locks that operated. This was confirmed by secretary Cherie Redmond who wrote to Marilyn’s close friend Hedda Rosten, “There isn’t one door in the place that locks.” And David Marshall also noted, “Linda Nuñez . . . explained . . . that no one in her family ever had a key to any of the locks on any of the interior doors . . . The locks were old-fashioned skeleton key deadbolts . . . No one in her family ever locked any doors other than the front and back for that reason.”

If biographers Peter Harry Brown and Patte Barham were accurate in their assertion that Mrs. Murray had a skeleton key attached to her own keychain, then why would Dr. Greenson need to break the window to gain entrance to Marilyn’s bedroom? Besides, after her terrible experience at the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, Marilyn wasn’t eager to go behind any more locked doors. Accordingly, when Marilyn’s genealogist Roy Turner asked his friend Eunice Murray if Marilyn’s door was locked on the night of August 4, 1962, she replied, “No.”

Turner told Jay Margolis, “I never felt Marilyn killed herself . . . When I met Mrs. Murray, it was either ’82 or ’83. I think that was about the only time we ever sat down face-to-face. We had talked on the phone and written letters. I told her about what I was doing and how I was coming out to California and that I would like to interview her. And she was okay with that, so I picked her up and we went to a café down in Venice.

“At that time, she was living with her twin daughters in Santa Monica. She

showed me a few things of Marilyn's that Joe DiMaggio had given her. At that point, she was very lucid. I had sent her a questionnaire with some questions on it. She got answers down for some of the questions and she didn't answer some of the questions. Next to 'Was Marilyn's bedroom door locked?' she answered, 'No.'

"The BBC show aired in 1985. It was called *Say Goodbye to the President* and Mrs. Murray was being interviewed . . . As soon as it was over, I called her on the phone and taped the conversation. I told her I just watched her on the BBC and said, 'You made this statement and it just blew my mind because you say Robert Kennedy was there that day. And out of all of our conversations, you never once mentioned that he was there the day of Marilyn's death.' She said, 'Yes, he was definitely there the day she died.' That was the most important statement on that tape.

"When I was in eighth grade, I wrote Dr. Greenson because I was doing a school project. We had to do a biography on a famous person and I chose Marilyn. I told him what I was doing and he basically answered that there wasn't a whole lot he could tell me. But Dr. Greenson did say he did not believe Marilyn committed suicide and that was not her intent at that particular time in her life."²⁸

On her last night, Joe DiMaggio, Jr., phoned Marilyn at 7:00 p.m. and the call lasted until 7:15. Donald Spoto noted, "In his . . . police interview, he said . . . Marilyn picked up the phone while he was watching on television the seventh inning of a baseball game: the Baltimore Orioles against the Anaheim Angels . . . The game began . . . after seven-thirty Eastern Daylight Time, which would have put the seventh inning at about ten o'clock," or 7:00 p.m. California time. Joe DiMaggio, Sr., said, "They spoke for about fifteen minutes and Marilyn seemed quite normal and in good spirits."

"When I left at 7:15, she seemed somewhat depressed," Dr. Greenson wrote to Dr. Marianne Kris in a highly defensive letter. "A half hour later she phoned me at home to tell me she had gotten some good news and she seemed quite pleasant and more cheerful . . . She sounded pleasant on the

phone, although somewhat depressed, but by no means acutely so.”

Ralph Greenson and Eunice Murray claim Marilyn called him at home to inform the psychiatrist of Joe DiMaggio, Jr.’s phone call and how happy she was to hear her stepson break off his engagement to Pamela Reis. As for what happened next, Greenson relayed, “About an hour later, someone [Mickey Rudin] called the housekeeper and said that Marilyn had sounded funny on the phone, but the housekeeper said that Dr. Greenson had just been there and she did not want to disturb Marilyn.”

Seemingly protecting himself at every corner, the good doctor produced an answer to every possible question regarding the timeline of Marilyn’s last night. “At midnight, the housekeeper awakened and saw that there was a light on in Marilyn’s room, which was most unusual,” Greenson wrote. “The housekeeper was afraid to awaken Marilyn who would have become enraged, and so she fell asleep again.”

Contradicting the psychiatrist’s recollection about “the light on in Marilyn’s room,” Mrs. Murray conceded, “I knew that the new white wool carpet filled the space under the door. The surface wool had piled up as a result of contact with the swinging door. This I remembered later . . . Such are the pitfalls of demands under pressure when accurate reporting is desired.” Now that Mrs. Murray retracted her own account about seeing the light under the door, Greenson’s version is highly suspect.

This added twist about Mrs. Murray falling “asleep again” resolves the discrepancy of the “midnight” discovery of the body as told to Sgt. Jack Clemmons. Hildi Greenson countered, “People say that there were four hours before it was reported, and I think Eunice did that out of a kind of unconscious guilt. She wished she had awakened at midnight and called, but she didn’t.”

The psychiatrist’s wife claimed Mrs. Murray got up at midnight and was alarmed about Marilyn but inadvertently fell asleep. Consequently, Greenson’s wife says, Mrs. Murray waited until the early morning hours of August 5 to reach her husband for help. Hildi Greenson stated, “Eunice Murray awakened at midnight and saw . . . the light under the door, and

wondered about it, but fell asleep while wondering. She didn't get up. She saw the door . . . and said, 'I wonder why she has the light on,' because she usually didn't go to sleep with the light on."

The psychiatrist's wife concluded her story by stating: "The 'if' then was, *if* [Mrs. Murray] hadn't fallen asleep at midnight, [Marilyn] probably still could have been saved. By the time [Mrs. Murray] called, which was somewhere between two and three, it was too late . . . [Ralph] said, 'Eunice called and Marilyn's door is locked and she can't get in.'"

Joan Greenson recalled what her father said happened after he took the call from Mrs. Murray and went over to Marilyn's home: "Her bedroom door was locked, there was a light, and a telephone cord under the door. He knew Marilyn never liked to sleep that way . . . He took a poker from the fireplace, went to the side window of her bedroom, broke the glass, and reached in to let himself in."

By lying to his family about Marilyn Monroe's time of death, Greenson attempted to purge himself of his own involvement in her murder. "He could see that she had been dead for some time," Joan Greenson relayed. "He said she felt cold, but she was clutching the telephone in her hand, and he had trouble getting it out of her hand to hang it up . . . Father never believed for a moment that she meant to kill herself. He felt sure it was an accident."

For a man who admitted to not having a great memory that night, Dr. Hyman Engelberg told a remarkably similar story to the District Attorney's Office: "That particular line about being called at midnight, I remember Mrs. Murray telling us clearly that she went to sleep around midnight and she saw the light on under Miss Monroe's door. She woke up a few hours later and felt a little uneasy and the light was still on."

In his letter to Dr. Marianne Kris, Greenson continued: "At 3:30 the housekeeper awakened and saw the light and phoned me. I was there in five minutes, broke the window in the bedroom, found Marilyn lying dead, clutching the phone in her hand so strongly that I could not remove it." With these words, Ralph Greenson suggests that Marilyn was deceased many hours

before he arrived on the scene, which was not true.

In fact, Greenson next accurately pinpoints the time of death. “It seems she had died around midnight,” the psychiatrist wrote. “I do not think she consciously wanted to die at this moment but expected to be rescued; this time, however, it failed.”

In an October 1992 interview, contradicting Dr. Greenson’s account to the police while unwittingly corroborating the recollection of Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall, Greenson’s brother-in-law and best friend Mickey Rudin conceded to Donald Spoto that the psychiatrist was at Marilyn’s home *before* midnight:

RUDIN: I got home. I got a call from Romi. He was over there. Marilyn had been found dead.

SPOTO: And that was certainly before midnight.

RUDIN: It wasn’t a particularly late dinner party [at Mildred Allenberg’s] . . . The call came in . . . as I got home because I remember now taking the call from the breakfast room.

According to Mickey Rudin, he rushed to the Monroe home immediately after Greenson called him.²⁹

Per the police report, Mickey Rudin’s phone call to Mrs. Murray was 9:00 p.m. allegedly to check on her employer. At this time, Marilyn was fine and not dying. Intriguingly, Anthony Summers noted: “Dr. Greenson confirmed privately, years later, that Robert Kennedy was present that night and that an ambulance was called.”

The accounts of Detective Franklin, Eunice Murray, Norman Jefferies, and Mickey Rudin fly in the face of Greenson’s official version to the police. His story about a fireplace poker is clearly a fabrication. In fact, Mrs. Murray’s claimed that, before calling Greenson, she went around to the side of the house and used a poker to “part the draperies,” but Pat Newcomb told

Donald Spoto, “Those were heavy curtains that had no middle-divider.”³⁰

DID CHIEF PARKER COVER UP BOBBY KENNEDY'S TRACKS IN LOS ANGELES?

Anthony Summers learned that, about forty-five minutes after Detective Sgt. Robert Byron was awakened at 5:00 a.m. on August 5, he arrived at Marilyn's home where he and Lieutenant Grover Armstrong, Chief of Detectives in West LA, interviewed Milton Rudin, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, and Eunice Murray. Dr. Greenson was no longer around, yet the two veteran cops subsequently noted inconsistencies in the recollections provided by the lawyer, the internist, and the housekeeper who, they reported, was "possibly evasive."

More than two decades later, Byron told Summers he had the distinct impression that Mrs. Murray had been coached on what to say, and that Engelberg and Rudin were withholding material information. "I got some wild answers," Byron recalled. "There was a lot more they could have told us . . . I didn't feel they were telling the correct time or situation, but we did not do what we'd normally do and drag them into the station." This, apparently, was due to the "fact" that there had been no signs of violence at the scene and that, as later confirmed by the autopsy report, Marilyn had died of self-inflicted barbiturate poisoning. Still, Byron also noted that police sources back then did inform him of her having been visited by Attorney General Robert Kennedy the day of her death.

Byron was correct that Greenson couldn't have been at the house by the time newspaper and TV reporters showed up. After all, it would have been nearly impossible for the psychiatrist to escape their prying camera lenses. Consequently, there are no known photographs of Ralph Greenson on the scene.

Chief William Parker liked Bobby Kennedy, especially his stance on

organized crime. However, as Parker's wife Helen told Anthony Summers, her husband "wanted special attention paid to this particular case by the investigators, and he tried to send the best men out there, including detectives from the downtown office, because there was so much talk that she was close to John or Robert Kennedy."

According to Mrs. Parker, the police chief's Catholic faith and concern about the Kennedys being fried by their political opponents convinced him the whole matter had to be "straightened out" immediately.

However, as biographers Brown and Barham explained, "With the stroke of a pen, Chief Parker began the cover-up by refusing to assign a full-time detective team to the Monroe case."

Sgt. Byron's conviction that Mrs. Murray had been speedily coached to provide the police with false information was just one of several investigation-worthy factors that were now summarily ignored. Furthermore, when celebrity columnist May Mann reported on what she considered to be an inept probe into Marilyn Monroe's untimely death, she instantly received a call from Chief Parker. Mann relayed, "He said it would be bad for my health if I kept writing stories like that." What basically took place was a cover-up, not an investigation, and the case was allowed to turn cold.

In the late summer of 1992, former OCID (Organized Crime Intelligence Division) detective Mike Rothmiller released his book *LA Secret Police: Inside the LAPD Elite Spy Network*, exposing the corruption he witnessed firsthand within the police department. Brown and Barham wrote, "It was this unit [the OCID] which had undertaken the clandestine probe of Monroe's death. Organized by the dictatorial Chief Parker in 1959, the fifty-seven man unit apparently rampaged beyond the bounds of legality."

Rothmiller said the unit would "accumulate dirt on the movers and shakers of LA's political and entertainment establishment. The intelligence chiefs were ruthless and corrupt . . . And they had the power to ruin lives and reputations—or to safeguard. This is precisely what they did with the Monroe investigation . . . they protected the name of the Kennedy dynasty." Brown

and Barham concluded, “It was this circle of handpicked detectives who investigated Monroe’s death three times (in 1962, 1975, and 1982). Every scrap of paper about the death wound up in the hands of these investigative power brokers.”

Thirty years after having arrived at Marilyn’s home around 6:30 in the morning of August 5, 1962, Detective Daniel K. Stewart told a reporter on TV news show *Hard Copy*, “I saw Marilyn’s body and I noted at the time that the Coroner was just getting ready to move her body out.”

In June 1968, Stewart was assigned to the investigation into Robert Kennedy’s assassination. “When I got down to the hospital, the officers in charge were intelligence division officers,” he recalled, “and they said, ‘This is really weird,’ because they had been watching Robert and Jack at Marilyn’s place.”

When the *Hard Copy* interviewer questioned him about Marilyn’s last night, Stewart confirmed that Robert Kennedy was under surveillance by the OCID: “They picked him up, I think, at Santa Monica Airport, followed him, took him up to Marilyn’s, took him *back* to the airport [actually LAX] later that night. He then went and left town. I’ve worked with these people long enough as an officer that their integrity is 100%.”

Mansfield’s press secretary Raymond Strait who listened to eleven hours of Otash’s tapes concurred, “Bobby skipped out of town and said he was never there but everybody knew he was there. You cover your tail as best you can. He took a quick hop up to San Francisco and acted like he was 400 or 500 miles away . . . I know that he went straight to Santa Monica and went up north to the Bay area to his friends.”

In 1970, biographer Patte Barham interviewed Peter Lawford’s mother Lady May Lawford, who relayed, “I already knew that a dark helicopter, like the one the Kennedy boys used, had been parked on the beach. And I knew that neighbors saw Bobby dashing in and out on Saturday.” Lawford’s next-door neighbor Ward Wood, who was married to Lynn Sherman, recalled, “It was Bobby all right. He was in khakis and a white shirt open at the neck.”

Reporter Joe Hyams unsuccessfully tried to obtain the helicopter logs from Conners Helicopter Service in Santa Monica. Then his friend William Woodfield went back and talked to the pilot claiming he was doing a story on celebrities who had recently used their service including Frank Sinatra. The pilot agreed on the basis of positive publicity for their company. Woodfield related to Anthony Summers that one log in particular displayed an entry for August 5.

“The time in the log was sometime after midnight,” Woodfield remembered. “I think between midnight and two in the morning. It showed clearly that a helicopter had picked up Robert Kennedy at the Santa Monica Beach.” James Zonlick worked for Hal Conners’s helicopter service as one of his main pilots.

Zonlick recalled, “Hal had picked Robert Kennedy up at the beach house and left him at Los Angeles International Airport . . . He was a little pleased that we’d handled that V.I.P. sort of person.” Connor’s daughter Patricia said her father Hal arrived later than usual on the night of Marilyn’s death. She relayed, “Next morning, I remember saying, ‘Did you hear Marilyn Monroe died?’ and he didn’t really answer at all.”

Four days after Marilyn’s death, Hyams and Woodfield called the Attorney General’s Office to “put the story to rest.” A Kennedy aide replied, “The Attorney General would appreciate it if you would not do the story.”

Jay Margolis spoke with Daniel Stewart, but on that occasion the former detective was more evasive than his recollections from *Hard Copy*.

MARGOLIS: So, you don’t believe that Bobby Kennedy was in Los Angeles that last day?

STEWART: I’m not going to tell you what my belief is.

MARGOLIS: Did they establish a crime scene at the Monroe residence?

I’m not going to tell you that because you’ve got the wrong guy. If you want to talk to someone who’s got it,

talk to Marv Iannone. He was the Sergeant-in-Charge of all the detectives. He calls everyone else around. He left LAPD and until about fifteen months ago, he was Chief of Police of Beverly Hills. He was Chief there for about fifteen years and he just retired. His father was on the job as a Deputy Chief.

STEWART: And you effectively believe it was suicide, right?

MARGOLIS: Not a suicide. She just forgot how many pills she took. An accidental.

Stewart's perception echoed that of most police officers who, after entering Marilyn's home on August 5, saw no evidence of foul play and simply assumed she took her own life, either intentionally or accidentally. Murder was neither discussed nor encouraged and, because nobody considered it a crime scene, standard procedures were never conducted.

Former intelligence captain Neil Spotts, who investigated the Monroe case when it was reopened in 1975, told Brown and Barham: "It was such an obvious case. Because she had most certainly killed herself . . . They found Mrs. Murray, learned of the discovery, found the empty pill bottles, and saw her hand grasping the telephone. There was absolutely nothing suspicious at the scene. Marilyn died by her own hand."

"Nobody cared," Sgt. Jack Clemmons complained to the same biographers.

"Should we call the lab boys?" a young patrolman asked the ranking lieutenant standing next to him. "What for?" the uniformed officer shot back. "It's just another Hollywood broad who killed herself."

Marilyn's friend reporter George Carpozi, Jr., related to Joanne Green-Levine, "They never conducted a criminal investigation. What they did was they had a psychiatric study of a bunch of doctors who concluded that she killed herself either accidentally or deliberately."

Odd things began to happen even after Marilyn's body was removed from her home. Deputy Coroner's Aide Lionel Grandison wrote in his memoirs

that Deputy Cronkright relayed to him how Twentieth Century-Fox “signed a release” of her body but this was strange to Grandison who knew permission was needed first by the Coroner’s Office. Grandison learned how Greenson and Engelberg were “sure it was a common drug overdose” and requested a release of her body to Westwood Mortuary.

“As the Deputy in charge, it was my call,” Grandison wrote. “Although it was common practice to deputize a mortuary to act on behalf of the coroner, the circumstances must completely rule out the need for a complete autopsy with organ examination or the possibility of death at the hands of another . . .”

Grandison therefore decided to phone Marilyn’s residence. Sgt. R.E. Byron received his call and after some questioning, Byron surprisingly stated, “Ms. Monroe’s remains were authorized for release by Peter Lawford, her friend, and Twentieth Century-Fox, her employer . . .” Lionel Grandison subsequently relayed, “Fox Studios and LAPD were already issuing press releases and holding press conferences describing her death as a suicide . . .”

At the time of Marilyn’s death, Robert Dambacher was a deputy coroner. His partner’s name was Cletus Pace. “Cleet and I were dispatched at eight in the morning to go out to Westwood Village Mortuary to pick up her remains,” Dambacher told Jay Margolis. “Westwood had gone to the residence. We brought her body back to the Coroner’s Office in Downtown Los Angeles. In retrospect, she should have come in to the Coroner’s Office right in the beginning, right from the residence to the Coroner’s Office, but she didn’t . . . I think she took a deliberate overdose of drugs. She had enough drugs in her to kill about three of us. You can’t accidentally take that many pills.”

In a photo now licensed by Keystone/Getty Images, a young Bob Dambacher stands in front of the older, bespectacled Cleet Pace as they remove Marilyn Monroe from the Westwood Village Mortuary, a building with window blinds to the left and right. Many people have mistakenly assumed the men were taking the body away from Marilyn’s home, but as Dambacher confirmed, “I never did go to the residence.”

Meanwhile, those reporting on Marilyn's death back in 1962 quickly grew suspicious of the secrecy surrounding it. The *New York Herald Tribune's* Joe Hyams later recalled, "I had a source at the telephone company. My source came back and said the Secret Service has already been here and taken our records. Kind of weird . . . That's the first time in my memory as a reporter that they ever, ever stepped in that fast to start a hush."

Hyams told Anthony Summers he contacted the telephone company "the morning after her death." On August 8, 1962, columnist Florabel Muir wrote in the *New York Daily News* how sources asserted, "Strange 'pressures' are being put on Los Angeles police investigating the death of Marilyn Monroe." Muir wrote:

The police have impounded the phone company's taped record of outgoing calls . . . The purported pressures are mysterious. They apparently are coming from persons who had been closely in touch with Marilyn the last few weeks.

Los Angeles Times reporter Jack Tobin, in whom Chief Parker's colleague Captain James Hamilton had often confided, informed Anthony Summers, "Hamilton told me he had the telephone history of the last day or two of Marilyn Monroe's life. When I expressed interest, he said, 'I will tell you nothing more.'"

In fact, the 1982 District Attorney's Report surprisingly deduced, "Confidential LAPD records supplied to our office support the published media reports that toll records were seized by the Los Angeles Police Department. Toll records from General Telephone Company covering the period from June 1, 1962 to August 18, 1962 were secured by the Police Department."

For their part, the Kennedys also had to exercise damage control over an absolutely hysterical Pat Newcomb. "I believe that the Kennedys were concerned that Pat, being a close friend of Marilyn's, would become very emotional and might at some point mention something to somebody about

the extent of the relationship between the Kennedys and Marilyn,” Newcomb’s fellow press agent Michael Selsman explained. And Joe Hyams noted that, while both Eunice Murray and Pat Newcomb conveniently disappeared for a time following Marilyn’s death, the latter “reappeared very hastily, working for the Kennedys in Washington. It just began to look like a vast cover-up.”

Marilyn’s last professional photographer, George Barris, relayed to Jay Margolis: “I’ll tell you about Pat Newcomb. When Marilyn died, they couldn’t reach Pat. All the press, the newspapers, the radio, television, they couldn’t find her. When my story came out in the *Daily News*, I get a phone call. I was at the *Daily News* office. She called me there. I said, ‘Where are you? Everybody’s looking for you.’”

“I don’t want to talk to anyone,” Newcomb informed Barris, “but I’d like to see you.”

“Where are you?” Barris asked.

“I’m at the Sherry-Netherland,” Newcomb replied, referencing the large hotel situated close to Central Park in New York. “Can you come over?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll give you a name to call me.”

Newcomb had adopted an alias to avoid other press reporters. So, after arriving at the Sherry-Netherland, George Barris asked to see the person who had checked in there under a false name and, on being directed to her room, he immediately enquired what had been going on.

“George, I was invited to stay with Bobby Kennedy,” Newcomb explained before announcing, “I’m going to Paris.”

“I think the Kennedys paid for that trip,” Barris told Margolis. “Where was she going to get the money? She wanted to get away from everything, same as I didn’t want the press bothering me. ‘Do you know anybody in Paris?’ ‘No.’ So, I gave her the name of a friend and I said, ‘Look, if you’re lonely and you want to see Paris, call this person I can trust and he won’t tell the press you’re there or anything. And he’ll take you to dinner and show you Paris.’ Then I

gave her the name and phone number of a friend so she could have somebody to meet.

“She thanked me and I left. But she called me one day and said, ‘George, I’m working in Washington. I know you took a lot of these wonderful pictures of Marilyn.’ I knew she wanted some. It was as a memento, something to remember Marilyn. At my own expense, I flew down. I met her at the office near Bobby Kennedy. She had a job working for motion pictures. We chatted a while. She had tears in her eyes. I then flew back to New York. So, she had a collection of photos of Marilyn for her own personal use. She doesn’t want to talk about Marilyn because she was so close to her.”³¹

BEHIND THE SCENES AT MARILYN MONROE'S FUNERAL

On August 8, 1962, at the Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Memorial Park Cemetery, funeral director Allan Abbott helped with Marilyn's service and acted as one of the pallbearers. "We had provided limousine service for JFK in Los Angeles for the Democratic Convention before he was elected President," Abbott told Jay Margolis. "The Secret Service came in and searched all of our cars and looked for microphones and bugs. They wanted backgrounds on all the drivers that were being used so they were very careful about it . . .

"I drove the limo on Clark Gable's service and the service for Ernie Kovacs where I was a hearse driver on that. There's no question what killed Ernie Kovacs. That's why they stopped building that rear-engine car because it would go out of control. The interesting part about working that service is that Kim Novak showed up and she was just gorgeous then. Frank Sinatra and Jack Lemmon were two of the six pallbearers carrying the casket. Kim and Ernie made a movie together called *Bell, Book, and Candle* (1958) . . .

"Clarence Pierce, who was the younger of the two brothers, originally put out the call to tell me to get out to the cemetery to help get things all situated for Marilyn's funeral. He told me Marilyn would come in to the cemetery when she was like twenty years old. She would have a book and a sack lunch. She would sit there and read and eat her lunch. It's nice that she ended up in a place where she felt so much solace and felt so at ease there because she was always under a lot of pressure to perform and she took everything so seriously . . .

"I actually stood at the door of the chapel and checked everybody's invitation. Nobody got in there without an invitation, including Frank Sinatra. Joe DiMaggio didn't like Hollywood people at all. There were four active pallbearers. If you look at the picture in Leigh Wiener's book, you'll see four people walking from the chapel behind the hearse. The guy in the front-

left is Sydney Guilaroff and he has a handkerchief up to his eyes. He was crying. The guy directly opposite him was Marilyn's makeup man Whitey Snyder. Behind the two of them are me and my partner Ron Hast. Our company was called Abbott & Hast."

Abbott's partner Ron Hast relayed, "Founded in 1957 by my business partner Allan Abbott, and myself, our company provided essential services commonly utilized by funeral homes on a regular or at-need basis, such as twenty-four-hour first-call services, hearses, limousines, floral transportation, long-distant statewide transportation, death certificate services, with experienced personnel. We had also developed the Casket Airtray (1960), and production of formal station wagon conversions for death care.

"On a monthly rotation of regional funeral homes, the Coroner's Office assigned Ms. Monroe to the Westwood Village Mortuary and Cemetery; a very small, low-volume firm in West Los Angeles. It was owned by James and Clarence Pierce, and operated as a satellite from their primary location in Los Angeles. Apparently, by the time the coroner's investigation was completed, Mr. Joe DiMaggio engaged the quaint cemetery mortuary to follow through with arrangements, private funeral, and entombment in its outdoor mausoleum crypt.

"We received a call from Clarence Pierce one Sunday morning, asking to pick up one of our new station wagon formal conversions to transport Marilyn Monroe from the Coroner's Office to Westwood. They were aware that the press was anticipated in large numbers, and the event would be newsworthy. Clarence Pierce made the call—well documented in the news. We were later informed the transfer was the first death event telecast over Telstar, the first satellite to broadcast news worldwide.

"We were soon contacted again to arrange for one of our three new hearses: a 1962 Eureka Landau Cadillac Side Service. This led to a request for Allan and I to arrive at the mortuary for a planning conference. It was soon determined that there were many loose ends and unknowns to address. Allan inquired about security, explaining potential liability concerns with privacy assurance and other matters. He gave examples of photographs and other

problems that surfaced in the past. He was then assigned to follow through, and ordered six armed and uniformed guards that soon arrived and were rotated through the entire event.

“In the course of constant issues, I was asked by a well-dressed woman for a moment of privacy. She then offered me \$10,000 to be privately alone with Marilyn Monroe’s body for ten minutes. I explained the trust for privacy and security that was placed with us, the importance of that commitment, and respectfully declined her request. I admit to recognizing the value of her suggested gift, having then recently paid \$12,250 each for three new hearses.

“As a deputy Los Angeles registrar, I signed and received Marilyn’s death certificate and burial permit. The certificate, at that time, only indicated ‘pending investigation and autopsy.’ The original certificate was later replaced with a ‘final certificate,’ indicating the cause of death, with new and permanent signatures.

“In the course of all details, we were involved in the preparation room, at the door of the chapel during services (less than fifty people were invited), and asked to be pallbearers during the transfer from chapel to hearse to outdoor crypt following chapel formalities. Ms. Monroe’s hairdresser and makeup artist [Sydney Guilaroff and Whitey Snyder] were the other two pallbearers.

“Over the past 50 years, we have received numerous inquiries regarding Marilyn Monroe and her final event. There is no question that her sudden, unexpected and mysterious death—as well as her image frozen in time—fuels curiosity about every detail of her life and death.”

On August 7, according to biographer Donald Spoto, Joe DiMaggio maintained a nighttime vigil over Marilyn’s body until her makeup man, Whitey Snyder, arrived the next morning to apply the final touches. However, Allan Abbott told Jay Margolis this wasn’t true: “Joe DiMaggio left at eleven o’clock at night. Out of all the celebrity funerals I worked on, the only one my wife ever had any interest in going to and seeing was Marilyn’s. So, we arrived at Westwood Cemetery Mortuary at eight-forty-five—because the visitation was going to conclude at nine o’clock—and figured we would talk to Pat

Spinelli for about twenty minutes. Pat was the night girl who answered the phone.

“Come ten o’clock, Joe’s still going from the chapel to the cemetery. He would go out there and cry. Then he’d come back in and walk up to the casket, stay there for a while, then turn and walk out to the cemetery again. He did this five or six times. Pat said, ‘I’m not going to tell Joe DiMaggio he’s got to leave.’ We just sat there and kept talking and she told me how, the night before that night, she slept on a rollaway bed. And she rolled it in and slept next to Marilyn to make sure nobody got in secretly and got around her and got a picture of her. She slept there every night. Pat told me that absolutely nobody else stayed . . .

“We stayed there until almost eleven. Finally, I told my wife, ‘I’m really sorry but I’ve got to work this service tomorrow. We have to leave.’ We moved our car only twenty or thirty feet and I see Joe and his entourage leaving. So, I backed the car up and we went back inside. I said, ‘Boy, that was perfect timing.’ Just a minute or two later and I would’ve been gone. Pat took us into the visitation room and, as we stood there, immediately my wife started crying. We were very, very intensely looking at her. I had seen the horrible, horrible Coroner’s picture where Marilyn was just totally unrecognizable. My wife says to me, ‘Look at how big her eyes are!’ I’ve never heard anybody make that observation, but she was absolutely right . . .

“In Leigh Wiener’s book, it says we’re employees of Westwood. I guess we were there working that day for Westwood so I guess you could say loosely we were employees of Westwood. We had over a hundred funeral homes in Los Angeles that used our services and these two mortuaries, the mortuary cemetery in Westwood and Pierce-Hamrock in Downtown did not own a hearse, did not own a limousine and that really was not unusual. A lot of people find that very surprising. Every single service they had was by our staff and our cars. So I could just go into our dispatch office any afternoon, see what was on the sheet for the next day, and assign myself on whatever I wanted to go on.”

As for the man who performed the autopsy on Marilyn Monroe, Allan

Abbott told Jay Margolis, "I never met [pathologist Thomas] Noguchi until after Marilyn's funeral. They were talking about him all the time and they called him 'The Knife . . .' Noguchi was a working fool. He would do six or eight or ten embalmings in a day if he had to. Charles Maxwell embalmed Marilyn Monroe. Whitey Snyder was taking credit for dressing her and he kind of intimated that he moved her breasts around a little bit to make them more pointy. That was not true. Mrs. Mary Hamrock was the one who got credit for doing that. She and the two brothers Clarence and James Pierce opened a business on Venice Boulevard together . . . As Abbott & Hast, we provide funeral cars, hearses, and limousines to provide the service of a funeral home. The downtown location was called Pierce-Hamrock . . .

"Obviously, when people found out that Westwood had been called to take care of Marilyn, everybody wants to get in on the act and see whatever there is to see . . . I get to the cemetery and there's about a hundred or so people there. I recognized most of them, like [gossip columnist] Hedda Hopper, a lot of photographers, and there were a lot of members of the public there, too.

"I heard that within ten minutes of my arrival, photographers were offering \$30,000 for a picture of Marilyn dead. I could actually see guys going over and trying the doors. At that time, Westwood had their embalming room, which was a separate Spanish-style building that wasn't really connected to the main building at all. Somehow they found out that that's where the embalming room was and they were checking the doors and trying the windows and everything.

"I went inside and the manager's wife was there and I said, 'Where's Guy Hockett?' and she says, 'He's down at the Coroner's Office picking up the paperwork on Marilyn.' 'Why? You got a really huge problem developing out there at the cemetery. You've got to get some security here!' 'Well, I'm not authorized to do that!' So, she calls downtown, gets Clarence, and he says to her, 'Whatever Allan needs, get it.' I said, 'You got a Yellow Pages?' She handed it to me. Then I decided on Pinkerton Security Services with guards.

"I called them up and said, 'I need six uniformed guards here at Westwood Village Cemetery as quickly as you can possibly get them here.' 'Do you want

them wearing side-arms?’ ‘Absolutely.’ The embalmer and the Pinkerton guards arrived at almost the same time. We went into the embalming room and took the sheet off of Marilyn and I absolutely could not believe that was her. She was such a mess. She had purple blotches all over her face, which is from a condition called lividity. Whenever a person dies, the gravity pulls the blood to the area of your body that’s the lowest.

“The other thing that was readily apparent was that her neck was very swollen. So, the embalmer said, ‘I’ve got to get this swelling out of her neck.’ He had me roll her up on her side . . . Marilyn’s neck was bloated because I think Noguchi was in there, looking around and probing. In your neck, you have something called a hyaline bone and it’s not a very strong bone. Most people that are strangled, it breaks their hyaline bone and you can see what the actual cause of death is, such as manual strangulation or ligature, anything that’s used in place of hands such as a belt or hose or even a piece of nylon . . .

“Of course, she was already embalmed at the Coroner’s Office, so she was as stiff as a brick. He made this marquee diamond incision on the back of her neck, removed about three square inches of skin and then made this baseball stitch and just pulled all the skin as tight as he could, which really did the trick as far as getting all that swelling out. It made her neck the normal size. Before he made the incision, he cut some hair off the back of her head just to get it out of the way so he could do that.

“I got a call from the front office. Mrs. Hockett says, ‘The executor just dropped off the clothing and everything,’ and by that time we were just about ready to start dressing her. I said, ‘Alright, I’ll be right up to get it.’ I go to the office, which was in a separate building, and I start looking through the stuff. I said, ‘There’s no panties.’ ‘She never wore them and they couldn’t find any, so they just didn’t bring any.’ But they brought a bra, some tiny falsies, and a green Pucci gown that had a Florence, Italy label in it . . .

“We had just finished dressing Marilyn. Charles Maxwell, the embalmer, I only knew as Frenchie because he spoke with a very heavy French accent. Frenchie said, ‘Look, they brought in falsies, but they’re way too small to do

any good, so I guess we'll stick them in the bra.' Then we were cleaning up to get ready for her hairdresser and makeup man when Mrs. Hamrock came walking into the embalming room and just stood there for a long, silent time, looking at her. She said, 'That doesn't look like Marilyn. She's flatter than a pancake!'

"Not only do they make a Y-incision at the autopsy, they cut each of the ribs so they can get to all the internal organs. The whole chest caves in. When Mrs. Hamrock heard about this thing about the falsies, she just walked over to the embalming table and grabbed the neck of this Pucci dress, pulled on it, reached in there and grabbed the falsies, took them out of there, and threw them in a waste basket. Then she went over and stuffed the bra completely with cotton. She kind of moved things around a little bit, then took a step back, looked at it, and said, 'Now *that* looks like Marilyn Monroe.' Then she walked out the door . . .

"I kept thinking about those falsies in the trash can. Gosh, I knew how much my wife would love those. I was in my early twenties and kind of embarrassed, wanting to retrieve these falsies. So, the embalmer walked over to wash his hands. I didn't take my eyes off of him. I just kept watching him to make sure he didn't see me. I was standing next to the trash can and I reached in, felt the falsies, squeezed them into my fist, and put them into my pocket without even looking . . .

"If Mrs. Hamrock hadn't come in, I would have never ended up with the falsies. It wasn't until Whitey and Sydney showed up that I was able to find out the purpose of the falsies. I don't think Sydney had any particular idea about it, but Whitey said, 'Oh, yeah, she'd been using those for a few years now. She puts on a bra and a sweater, then she stuffs these up inside there so that, when you look at her in the sweater, you see the outline of her nipples.' She wanted people to think she was not wearing a bra. She liked to be provocative. I would have never known why they were used because to me, they should have been about four inches in diameter, which is all the ones I've ever seen. But the whole purpose of these was not to make her breasts seem

larger, because she was well-endowed. It was to just make more definition in her sweater . . .

“Then, when I got outside, I pulled them out of my pocket and some of the hair that was cut off of her was between the two falsies. They could get DNA from hair. Her hair was actually fairly short and it hadn’t been bleached for probably a month because it was growing out almost half an inch. It was dishwater blonde . . .”

On April 20, 2006, *48 Hours Mystery* correspondent Peter Van Sant interviewed Dr. Steven Karch on the possibility of using DNA to determine more information regarding the drugs found in Marilyn’s body. Such DNA tests could prove with scientific evidence that Marilyn Monroe did not take her own life. Van Sant reported what he learned and relayed, “Dr. Steven Karch is one of the nation’s top forensic pathologists . . . All it would take are a few strands of that famously blonde hair . . . Dr. Karch says tests could be run to look for poisons or paralyzing drugs, not done back then.” Dr. Steven Karch himself stated, “Somebody would have to open the crypt and take some hair and fingernails and analyze it.”³²

DR. GREENSON CALLS THE POLICE TO SAY MARILYN MONROE COMMITTED SUICIDE

Contrary to what is stated on the official police report of Marilyn Monroe's death, it was Ralph Greenson who phoned in the "suicide" of the most famous woman in the world. Over the years, LAPD Sgt. Jack Clemmons consistently confirmed this to documentarians and biographers. As for the August 5 phone call at 4:25 a.m. from 12305 Fifth Helena Drive, biographers Brown and Barham noted, "At first the man on the phone was so agitated that Clemmons couldn't understand him. He was talking very fast and seemed to have a European accent." Greenson had a soft Brooklyn/Viennese accent.

The caller said, "Marilyn Monroe is dead. She just committed suicide." Deputy District Attorney John Miner reacted rather strongly to this information: "That's right. Clemmons says Greenson said he was calling with respect to Monroe, that she had committed suicide. I don't think that ever happened. It's contrary to the kind of man Greenson was. I think Clemmons said that to cover himself for not having followed department regulations."

In an article published on August 5, 1973, Greenson stated that he told Dr. Hyman Engelberg and housekeeper Eunice Murray, "Okay, I'll call the police." Speaking to Sgt. Clemmons, Greenson purportedly said, "I want to report the death of a person, a sudden and unexplained death." Clemmons came right over. When he arrived, he found three people: a sarcastic Greenson, a frightened Mrs. Murray, and a sullen Engelberg. Greenson pointed to the empty bottle of Nembutal, implying that it spoke for itself. The psychiatrist did not cry over the death of his patient. Clemmons told Brown and Barham, "I strongly disliked Greenson's attitude. He was cocky, almost challenging me to accuse him of something."³³

THE GREENSON AND ENGELBERG AGREEMENT

Ralph “Romi” Greenson, M.D., and her physician Hyman “Hy” Engelberg, M.D., long-standing friends, allegedly failed to let each other know what they were prescribing for Marilyn days before she died. Anthony Summers wrote, “Dr. Greenson would later say he had brought in Dr. Engelberg to try to wean Marilyn away from sleeping pills. The two doctors agreed to keep in touch concerning the drugs they prescribed for her, but the system may have broken down.”

Peter Lawford agreed with Hyman Engelberg’s diagnosis for Marilyn: she was bipolar. Lawford relayed to Heymann, “Marilyn had a death wish of sorts but didn’t actually want to die, at least not in her more sane moments. In my opinion, she had manic-depressive tendencies and should have been on a different type of medication.”

In 1982, Engelberg told the District Attorney’s Office, “I saw her Friday evening [August 3, 1962]. It was to give her an injection of liver and vitamins . . . usually in the buttocks, sometimes possibly in the upper arms where you usually give intramuscular injections . . . Probably in the buttocks because that’s the usual place I would put it.” Ralph Greenson explained to Dr. Marianne Kris how all drugs were prescribed by Engelberg and not Greenson himself, “I had an internist who would prescribe medication for her and to give her vitamin injections and liver injections, so that I had nothing to do with the actual handling of medication. I only talked about it with her and he kept me informed.”

Greenson said he didn’t know anything about Engelberg’s August 3 Nembutal prescription, while Engelberg claimed he knew nothing about any chloral hydrate prescriptions. If what both these doctors asserted is true, then they negligently placed Marilyn Monroe in a highly perilous situation. Chloral hydrate decreases the metabolic rate of Nembutal, making the

Nembutal less likely to be absorbed quickly into the liver and, therefore, more likely to be lethal. Both doctors would have known the effect of chloral hydrate on Nembutal. Yet, their claims of ignorance took precedence over everything else.

Engelberg emphatically stated that Marilyn could only have obtained chloral hydrate in Tijuana because, he believed, no American doctor would write the prescription. However, Engelberg *did* write one such chloral hydrate prescription on June 7, 1962, one day before Marilyn was fired from *Something's Got to Give*. As noted by Detective Sgt. Robert E. Byron and his team, a prescription bottle was recovered from Marilyn's bedroom, dated July 25, for fifty 500-milligram chloral hydrates, and it was refilled on July 31. Toxicologist Raymond Abernathy also noted the same dates for the original and refilled chloral hydrate prescriptions, as detailed in the coroner's report.

In total, fifteen pill bottles were found on Marilyn's bedside table, according to Westwood Memorial Mortuary employee Guy Hockett and his son Don, yet Abernathy only inventoried eight (an unidentified bottle was later added to the original seven). The statements Greenson made to biographer Maurice Zolotow, *Something's Got to Give* set photographer William Read Woodfield, and even Marilyn's housekeeper Mrs. Eunice Murray confirm that the psychiatrist suggested chloral hydrate for his star patient. Mrs. Murray wrote in her book, "Under Dr. Greenson's guidance, she was taking only chloral hydrate pills for sleep." After interviewing Greenson, Zolotow wrote in a September 14, 1973, article, "Her psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson, was attempting to cut down her dependence on Nembutal by switching her to chloral hydrate as a sleep-inducer."

When Woodfield telephoned Greenson and asked him why he allowed such heavy doses of chloral hydrate for Marilyn, Greenson snidely replied, "Well, I've made a number of mistakes in my time." Engelberg stated it wasn't unusual to prescribe Nembutal for Marilyn. In fact, Engelberg told the District Attorney's Office in 1982 that Nembutal was the only sleeping medication he ever prescribed for Marilyn. In the same interview, Engelberg

relayed, “I don’t know of anything Dr. Greenson gave her. Maybe he did. I cannot answer for him . . . As far as I know, I was the only one writing prescriptions, but I couldn’t swear to that.”

Greenson’s wife Hildi told private investigator Cathy Griffin, “The idea was that she was never to be said no to when she wanted a prescription, because the only thing that would happen was she would go somewhere else . . . So, whenever she asked for a drug, she would get it.”

Greenson’s daughter Joan explained, “All she had to do was call her doctor and he would prescribe it to her. Then the physician was to call later and tell him . . . If Father felt that it was an excessive amount or too dangerous, he would usually pour some out when he was at Marilyn’s house.”

Greenson wrote in a 1964 paper, “The administering of a drug is a responsibility since it may cause physical side effects, it may be emotionally upsetting to the patient, misused by the patient, and it may lead to addiction and death.” If it’s true that Greenson and Engelberg had a plan to “wean” Marilyn off barbiturates, as communicated by Greenson to the Suicide Prevention Team, it seems more than curious why Engelberg would consistently lie on the record by stating he never prescribed chloral hydrate for Marilyn when he clearly did.

Greenson wrote in a letter to his friend and colleague Dr. Marianne Kris on August 20, 1962, “I later found out that on Friday night she had told the internist [Engelberg] that I had said it was all right for her to take some Nembutal, and he had given it to her without checking with me, because he had been upset himself for his own personal reasons.”

Engelberg had just split from his wife after some twenty-seven years of marriage. Meanwhile, biographer Donald Spoto made a chilling point about how Greenson knew Marilyn well enough to know which medication had caused her to be “somewhat drugged.”

The accounts of biographer Fred Lawrence Guiles and Engelberg himself directly contradict Greenson’s story about Marilyn “tricking” Engelberg into giving her some Nembutal on August 3. According to Guiles, Marilyn asked for the Nembutal prescription because she regarded chloral hydrate as a mild

sedative that didn't always do its job. She wanted something that actually worked because, apparently, she had developed a tolerance to the other drug. In 1982, Engelberg told the District Attorney's Office that, since it was standard operating procedure to prescribe Nembutal for Marilyn, he didn't consider it an unusual request.

Hildi Greenson disclosed what, she claimed, her husband did during the weeks leading up to Marilyn's death: "In trying to help Marilyn get off the barbiturates she was on, he was giving her a different kind of medication [chloral hydrate] that is not quite as addictive and he was able to turn the tide, as it were. She was getting less and less dependent on the drugs."

In her book, Mrs. Murray discussed the ineffectiveness of chloral hydrate as it related to her employer. Marilyn had said to her, "You know they used to give these to the soldiers in the war for sleeping. They're really very mild." Mrs. Murray stated on an April 1992 edition of *Hard Copy*, "She was taking something she said was very mild. She called it chloral hydrate. And she would take it with a glass of milk or something of the sort." Why would chloral hydrate be found in Marilyn's system the night she died when she specifically requested the stronger drug from her physician?

Greenson attempted to resolve this discrepancy in his letter to Dr. Kris, claiming his alleged final 7:30–7:40 p.m. phone call with Marilyn ended in the following manner: "At the end of the conversation she asked me whether I had taken away her Nembutal bottle . . . I said to Marilyn I had not taken her Nembutal, and I didn't know she was taking Nembutal, and she quickly dropped the subject. I thought perhaps she was just confused."

Would other doctors have dismissed Marilyn's Nembutal remark as casually as Greenson did? His daughter Joan later said, "Ironically, one of these doctors, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, gave her a prescription for Nembutal the Friday before she died, but he didn't inform my father because he separated from his wife that day. He was moving out of the house that day."

Joan explained what she claimed her father did when he arrived at Marilyn's home: "That Saturday he had checked her medication. No new pills

were there. He had not received a call that she had gotten new medication. It was a small oversight.”

Hildi Greenson agreed: “It happened on a bad day. A divorce either became final or [Engelberg] was moving out of his house. The internist forgot to call. My husband didn’t know that she had the Nembutals or Seconals, or whatever they were.”

In the police report #62-509 463, Hyman Engelberg stated that, by the time Marilyn refilled his original prescription for twenty-five pills, there should have been a total of fifty Nembutals. He was right. In Anthony Summers’ updated version of *Goddess* (2000), following page 432, there is a photograph of a Monroe prescription on which Engelberg’s name and the date July 25, 1962, are visible. This was the original 100-milligram Nembutal prescription for twenty-five pills, which was then refilled on August 3. The 1982 District Attorney’s Report read: “The refilled prescription recovered at the scene dated August 3, 1962, was attributed to a refill Dr. Engelberg had given Miss Monroe on that date.”

Not only did Engelberg “forget” to tell Greenson about the August 3 refill, but he also “forgot” to tell him about the original prescription on July 25. Pat Newcomb told Donald Spoto, “She asked for some Nembutals. Engelberg was having problems with his wife . . . Greenson didn’t know she was in this state of wanting these pills. The fact that Engelberg forgot to tell Greenson was malpractice. It was fifty pills and she already had chloral hydrate.”

If Greenson and Engelberg were telling the truth regarding their ignorance of one another’s prescriptions, we would have to assume Marilyn took only three Nembutals before swallowing the remaining forty-seven on that final evening. To do this, Marilyn would have had to hoard Engelberg’s pills from the original prescription (July 25) *and* the refill on August 3. Given her regular use of those drugs, could she really have waited almost a week-and-a-half before finally deciding to take most of the pills in one go on August 4?

The two doctors knew this didn’t make any kind of sense, so Greenson and Engelberg concocted a cockamamie story about how Marilyn went behind

both their backs to get *another* Nembutal prescription and *another* refill. The problem is, they weren't very creative. Referring to Twentieth Century-Fox employee Dr. Lee Siegel, the 1982 District Attorney's Report read in part: "The Suicide Team found that Dr. Siegel had prescribed an unknown quantity to Miss Monroe on July 25, 1962, and also noted that she had received a refill of pills on August 3, 1962, and attributed that prescription to Dr. Siegel."

The dates of Siegel's alleged prescriptions are the same dates for both of Engelberg's prescriptions. To put it simply, Greenson and Engelberg said Marilyn went doctor shopping in order to make it appear as if she had access to fifty Nembutal pills the day she died. The fact that she didn't have enough Nembutals on hand to match the amount later found in her bloodstream means Marilyn was *not* responsible for her own death.

Dr. Robert Litman was a member of the Suicide Prevention Team. He told Donald Spoto, "I am stuck with the information that she went out and got pills from Siegel and Engelberg." Lee Siegel vehemently denied that he ever saw Marilyn again after the studio fired her on June 8. His alleged Nembutal prescription and refill aren't mentioned in any of the police reports, and when the case was reopened again in 1982 the district attorney's report conceded: "The prescriptions attributed to Dr. Siegel were not recovered by the Coroner's representatives." So, there is no proof that they ever existed.³⁴

Peter Lawford had a significant role in the death of Marilyn Monroe. On August 8, the day of her funeral, Lawford told a reporter that he was the last person to speak to the actress when on the phone with her four nights earlier. He would later report that this took place at around 7:30 p.m. on August 4. Meanwhile, Joe DiMaggio "held Bobby Kennedy responsible for her death," according to good friend Harry Hall. Displaying plenty of animosity toward the President and Attorney General, DiMaggio told the funeral director, "Be sure that none of those damned Kennedys come to the funeral." Joltin' Joe's close friend Morris Engelberg asserted, "No woman in the world will ever be loved the way he loved her. He loved her in life and in death."

Peter Lawford and his wife Pat Kennedy were quite upset when DiMaggio barred them from the service. “It seems to be a concerted effort to keep some of Marilyn’s old friends from attending,” Lawford remarked. DiMaggio, on the other hand, privately growled, “If it wasn’t for her so-called friends, Marilyn would still be alive today.”

After they were denied entrance to Marilyn’s funeral, the Lawfords boarded a plane and headed for the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts. Pat Newcomb joined them there soon afterward and, as documented by a photograph of them aboard the *Manitou* dated August 12, 1962, they then went on a Maine cruise together. Newcomb, Lawford, and JFK are all smiling in the photo, taken four days after Marilyn’s funeral. Meanwhile, according to biographer C. David Heymann, Bobby Kennedy “left San Francisco on a camping trip to Oregon with his children,” three days after his erstwhile mistress’s demise. “Ironically,” Heymann continued, “they were joined there by his early travel companion, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.”

The official police report #62-509 463 filed by Detective Sgt. Robert Byron on August 8, 1962, read in part: “An attempt was made to contact Mr. Lawford, but officers were informed by his secretary that Mr. Lawford had taken an airplane at 1:00 p.m. His secretary stated that she did expect to hear from him and that she would request that he contact this Department at his earliest convenience.”

Lawford would continue to ignore the police department’s interview requests for the next thirteen years, which was, to say the least, both strange and suspicious when the issue at hand was an alleged suicide.

Coroner Curphey gave Dr. Litman and the Suicide Prevention Team their conclusion to the case *before* they even began the official investigation. Declaring it a suicide, Curphey told them to work backward and, as Litman later informed biographer Donald Spoto, the Team eventually decided it was a case of “probable suicide” based on the “physical evidence” and the “past history of having made overdoses.”

Deputy District Attorney John Miner disagreed. In 1962, while serving under District Attorney William McKesson, Miner was also the liaison to the coroner. In this capacity, he oversaw the autopsy performed on Marilyn Monroe by Dr. Thomas Noguchi. “It takes time to swallow thirty or forty capsules,” Miner later stated. “And if she had swallowed them, she would have been dead before they all dissolved. There would be residue in her tummy.”

Something unheard of then happened next. Miner remembered, “I was called on a Sunday, and the techs wouldn’t even have gotten to the specimens until the following day . . . Somebody took those specimens and flushed them down the toilet . . . Somebody wanted the diagnosis of suicide to stick and didn’t want any interference by analysis of the scientific evidence.”

Noguchi himself told Anthony Summers, “For some reason, I felt uncomfortable and shortly after the case was formally closed I called Toxicology and requested the check . . . Abernathy told me the organ specimens had been destroyed.”

Years later, talking about Coroner Curphey, Thomas Noguchi recalled, “He certified the manner of death to be ‘probable suicide.’ When you weigh all the factors, it tends to indicate a more likely suicide. But the office could not find necessary factors to state it as suicide.”

Oddly, Dr. Greenson told Dr. Litman he wasn’t sure if Marilyn had committed suicide. And Greenson went a step further during the late afternoon of August 8, the day of her funeral, after Coroner Curphey had dispatched John Miner to interview the psychiatrist in his Beverly Hills office on 436 Roxbury Drive. Sitting there with Miner, who happened to be a colleague of his from the Psychoanalytic Institute, Greenson said he was certain his star patient had *not* committed suicide.

Miner would remain adamant about this throughout many years. “What we really have is a coroner chief medical examiner who had a preconceived notion of what happened and labeled it accordingly and was *completely wrong*,” he’d remark. “Curphey chose to adopt it and in a way it was the

easiest political solution.”

Miner ruled out suicide by oral ingestion as, in this particular case, it wouldn't have been medically possible. “With that massive amount of intake, there would have been undissolved capsules,” he reasoned. “She would have died before all of those capsules had been absorbed. So, the notion of oral intake of the barbiturates simply does not scientifically stand up. It just didn't happen that way.”³⁵

On October 13, 1973, biographer Maurice Zolotow publicly released portions of an interview he had conducted with Dr. Greenson, discussing the last day of Marilyn Monroe's life. The Greenson family has sealed the full Greenson-Zolotow interview in Special Collections at UCLA, ensuring it will remain unseen by members of the public until January 1, 2039, along with most of Greenson's other writings alluding to his legendary patient. Greenson chillingly told Zolotow:

I will always believe it was an accidental suicide, because her hand was on the receiver, her finger still in the dial. I'm convinced she was trying to phone me. If only she had reached me . . . Her room was locked and bolted—doors and windows. How could a murderer have entered?

That same year, author Norman Mailer noted in his Marilyn Monroe book that, “Dr. Thomas Noguchi stated for *Time* magazine that ‘no stomach pump was used on Marilyn.’”

On October 23, 1973, ten days after Maurice Zolotow released portions of his interview with Dr. Greenson, the latter used an article titled, “Psychiatrist Breaks Silence in Defense of Marilyn Monroe” yet again attempting to dispel murder theories as well as rumors of sexual liaisons with men in high office. The article categorically stated that Greenson “has denied that the actress may have been murdered. He also denied that she had been having an affair with the late President John F. Kennedy or his brother.”

“I've decided that all I can do I've tried to do,” Greenson said, “and somewhere it is written that this woman is not a bad woman and was not

involved with all the political figures. Somewhere, if you will read long enough, you will find it.”

Nevertheless, just days after Marilyn died, Greenson had told the Suicide Prevention Team a completely different story: the actress had been in a “close relationship with extremely important men in government.” It was “sexual” and the men were “at the highest level.”³⁶

At around the same time, Mrs. Murray recounted an accidental death story to Mr. and Mrs. Landau, the movie star’s next-door neighbors to the west. Abe Charles Landau subsequently recalled: “Mrs. Murray told us that Marilyn had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. She said Marilyn would take pills. Then she would wake up, forget that she had taken some, and take some more. And that’s what Mrs. Murray said happened.”

Still, more than a decade later, in the July 16, 1973, issue of *Time* magazine, a Marilyn Monroe–related feature again flipped this on its head: “It was not a case, says Noguchi, of ‘automatism’—that gray area in which a person used to taking pills becomes groggy, takes a few too many, and slips over the edge of death.” Under close scrutiny, Ralph Greenson’s account of what took place on that fateful night comes apart at the seams.³⁷

THE KENNEDY VERSION

WAS LAWFORD'S CALL TO EBBINS A CRY FOR HELP OR JUST A REALLY GOOD ALIBI?

Milt Ebbins, Peter Lawford's best friend and vice president of his production company Chrislaw, claimed he received a frantic telephone call from the actor at around 7:15, 7:40, or close to 8:00 on the evening of August 4, 1962, depending on which version of his account one chooses. Ebbins recalled Lawford being concerned that something was wrong with Marilyn; that maybe she took too many sleeping pills. As we've already seen, there was absolutely nothing wrong with Marilyn at 7:15 or 8:00 or even 9:30 p.m.

Biographers Peter Harry Brown and Patte Barham noted that, according to "master publicist" Rupert Allan, "Lawford's story sounded as though it had been written for him by a public relations expert. It seemed more like an alibi than an actual event."

Ebbins refuted any notion of Lawford driving to the Monroe residence on the night she died. "I was a confidant of Peter's," Ebbins informed Donald Spoto. "Believe me, I was a confidant of this man. He would've dropped it to me in a minute . . . Others told him, '[Comedian] Mort Sahl will go with you . . .'"

Ebbins further claimed that *he* phoned Marilyn's house: "I called and got a busy signal. The operator said it was out of order. It's off the hook!"

Now that we know Marilyn was not in trouble anytime before 9:30 p.m., it's easy to see right through Ebbins' fabrication. Nevertheless, it's also interesting that he told Spoto, "Peter Lawford wanted to go badly. I said, 'Peter, don't do it. Please let me at least call Mickey Rudin and alert him and *then*, if we do that, you can go . . .'"

Milt Ebbins claims he phoned Mickey Rudin who at that time was at Mildred Allenberg's house. Rudin supposedly said to Ebbins, "Let me check it

out and I'll get back to you." A few minutes later, Rudin called Ebbins and relayed, "I talked to Mrs. Murray. She looked through the crack in the window. She said, 'She's fine. She does this every night. Every night she does this.'" Rudin allegedly concluded to Ebbins, "You don't have to go over there. Please don't go over there. You're just gonna cause problems . . ."

When Milt Ebbins reiterated this to Peter Lawford, the actor still insisted on paying Marilyn a visit and demanded to talk with her lawyer and manager Mickey Rudin. Rudin then contacted Lawford and persuaded him to change his mind, but Lawford, "getting drunker by the minute," persisted in calling Ebbins and repeating his desire to drive over to 12305 Fifth Helena Drive. "Go!" Ebbins recalled finally snapping. "You don't need me," prompting Lawford to purportedly back down and say, "I'm not going. I'm not going."

Accordingly, addressing the possibility that Peter Lawford *did* subsequently visit Marilyn and then meet with private investigator Fred Otash, Milt Ebbins told biographer James Spada, "I know the way this story may go and I'm prepared for it. I can't dispute you because you're liable to have proof that it was true. All I can say is that I think my version is the true one."

Spoto told Ebbins that, at eleven thirty on the night of August 4, Lawford called his best friend Joe Naar and urged him, "Go over to Marilyn's house." Spoto then recounted how Naar puts his trousers on and got ready to leave when he received another call from Lawford, saying, 'I just had a call from the doctors. They're there. Everything's fine.'"

Ebbins countered, "That's a lot of crap . . . Number one, Peter never talked to Rudin that night because Rudin told me to tell him [about Marilyn's death] . . . I called Peter immediately and the phone was dead. And [his maid] Erma Lee says, 'We don't answer the phone when Peter goes to bed. Nobody picks up the phones downstairs. Upstairs, he pulls it out of the wall . . .'"

According to Milt Ebbins, Erma Lee was Peter Lawford's mistress as well as his maid, and she insisted he never left his house that night. Furthermore, Ebbins claimed he received a call from Mickey Rudin at around four in the morning, saying, "We've got some problems." When Ebbins asked, "How's

Marilyn?” Rudin replied, “Not good,” before revealing that was something of an understatement. “What’s the matter with her?” Ebbins enquired, prompting Rudin to say, “Well, I’m here with Dr. Engelberg and Dr. Greenson, and they just pronounced her dead and we just notified the police. And you’re the first one that knows about it . . . You better tell Peter.”

As for accusations that Bobby Kennedy had Marilyn Monroe killed, Ebbins told Spoto, “Come on! Bobby Kennedy had more ways. He could’ve gotten rid of Marilyn Monroe with a phone call to Peter Lawford . . . Of course, we noted she had a mental problem for years. Marilyn thought she was going to wind up like her mother. She was scared to death of that.”

Milt Ebbins told James Spada, “Marilyn was destined to die. She’d tried suicide four times. Peter felt guilty about not going over to save her, but Dr. Greenson told him, ‘Don’t feel responsible—it was bound to happen. She would have done it again if it hadn’t worked that time . . .’ Greenson told Peter that Marilyn had tried to commit suicide four or five times and he said, ‘Peter, she was doomed. It was only a matter of time,’ that unless she was confined for a lengthy period, she was going to die . . . The only thing I could think of was to get her lawyer, manager, and doctor involved, and it was done in minutes . . . I was on the phone to Peter all night the night Marilyn died. Until one-thirty at least. After that, he wouldn’t answer the phone.”

Director Bill Asher remembered, “I heard from Peter at eight or nine . . . Then he called later, maybe midnight, probably one o’clock to go over with him.”

Lawford’s good friend producer George “Bullets” Durgom was a guest at his Saturday evening party on August 4 where, Durgom claimed, the host expressed his concern about visiting Marilyn’s home. In the *Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, Durgom recalled how Lawford “mentions maybe I ought to go up there and see if she’s okay. I said, ‘Well, I don’t know, Peter, if you should do that at this time. I mean, I’m sure everything’s all right. If we go up there and there is anything going on, who knows what kind of story this will wind up being?’”

Milt Ebbins told Spoto, “There were two numbers. Peter didn’t have the other number . . . Rudin asked me to let him check it out—to see if there was any trouble.” Rudin agreed to this account and said, “I did not call [Greenson]. He had had enough quite frankly. He had spent the day with her. But I did call the housekeeper.”

On August 9, 1962, Ebbins told a reporter about Lawford calling him on that Saturday night: “He said Miss Monroe told him she would like to come but that she was tired and was going to bed early. He said he noticed nothing unusual, except that she did sound tired.”³⁸

This is odd: on August 9, 1962, Ebbins recalled there being “nothing unusual,” yet thirty years later he informed Donald Spoto about a tremendous panic and how “Peter Lawford wanted to go badly.”

Peter Lawford’s mother Lady May Lawford, who once described her son as “such a big mistake,” relayed what she recalled happening on August 4: “The night that Marilyn died, I called Peter out at the Santa Monica beach house . . . In the background I thought I heard that awful Boston accent of Bobby Kennedy . . . Then [Peter] hung up.” Lawford’s mother was absolutely certain Marilyn Monroe shared a bed with both Kennedy brothers. “I knew that Marilyn was seeing Jack Kennedy,” Mrs. Lawford asserted. “I also knew that Marilyn was seeing Bobby Kennedy. They often used Pat and Peter’s beach house . . . If Jack or Bobby asked him to, he would have done anything . . . So it is with Marilyn’s death—Peter had a part in the cover-up.”³⁹

On October 7, 1985, Milt Ebbins told his “story,” which was riddled with inaccuracies. All the things he said didn’t happen on Marilyn’s last night actually *did* happen. “I talked to Peter on the telephone several times that night,” Ebbins recalled. “He never left his beach house in Santa Monica. Bobby definitely was not in Southern California that night and neither man went to Marilyn’s house. Forget about the ambulance. It just couldn’t have happened. Peter called in the afternoon and asked me to dinner with Bullets Durgom and Joe Naar and his wife—and Marilyn. I declined. He called again to say Marilyn couldn’t come and that she was anxiety-ridden. He was upset

and wanted to go to Marilyn's house in Brentwood. I told him not to. We all knew Marilyn took too many pills and was drinking heavily."

Unembalmed blood sent out for testing later showed no alcohol was consumed that last day. Ebbins continued: "I suggested we call Mickey Rudin, Marilyn's attorney, and her psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson, Mickey's brother-in-law, and ask them to go to her house. I got Mickey and told him about Peter's apprehension.

"Mickey called me about 7:30 to say he had talked to Mrs. Murray, a psychiatric nurse hired by Greenson, who said she looked in on Marilyn. Murray told Mickey, 'She does this every night. She takes the pills, calls somebody and falls asleep. She's fine.' Mickey said Mrs. Murray had looked through the drapery of an outside window and saw Marilyn lying on the bed asleep. The lights were on and the radio was going. I told Peter this and he insisted on talking to Mickey. Mickey called Peter and convinced him all was well but Peter was still apprehensive and wanted to go to Marilyn's. I told him Mrs. Murray would tell him the same thing she told Rudin.

"This was no conspiracy to kill Marilyn, you know, involving Mickey and Mrs. Murray, for God's sake. Peter called me twice more when he was getting a little drunk, expressing his fear that Marilyn was very ill. Peter called me once after midnight and he was bombed. By this time Mort Sahl had stopped by to talk to me. Mort was there when, about five minutes to 4:00 a.m., Mickey called. And I asked him, 'How's Marilyn?' He said, 'Not good. I'm here with Dr. Greenson and Dr. Engelberg. We broke into her bedroom. They pronounced her dead. We just called the police.' I was stunned and told Mort. We were the first to know, except for Mickey and the two doctors. I tried to call Peter but he had pulled the phone jack from the wall—which he did every night—and I couldn't reach him. So I went to bed and later when I did reach Peter, he had already been told.

"Peter was guilt-ridden because he hadn't gone to Marilyn's house. I told him that Marilyn was doomed. She had tried to commit suicide five or six times previously. This time she made it. I never heard Bobby's name mentioned, much less about him arriving at Peter's house in a helicopter that

night. Peter was my closest friend. He would have told me if Bobby had been here or if Marilyn had been taken away in an ambulance.

“That is the unadulterated story of the night Marilyn died. The rest of that stuff is pure fantasy. How could Bobby be in town that night? He was in Northern California with his wife and children. And he and Peter were never close friends. If Peter had bailed Bobby out of a jam, don’t you think they would have been friends for life? But when Pat and Peter divorced, Peter became persona non grata with the Kennedys. Bobby never called Peter when he came to town, neither did Teddy or any other family member. The authorities are satisfied Marilyn committed suicide and died alone. The stories going around are circulated by people who want their names in the papers.”

Ebbins clearly did not have a firm grasp regarding the time element that night. He said, “Mickey called me about 7:30 to say he had talked to Mrs. Murray.” Rudin told the police he called the housekeeper at 9:00 p.m. In 1975, Lawford informed the police that 7:30 was when Marilyn was going under. Fifteen minutes earlier, at 7:15, Marilyn had happily finished her phone call with Joe DiMaggio, Jr. Also, Ebbins’ account contradicts many of the things we know. Without a doubt, an ambulance arrived at Marilyn’s home. And after midnight a helicopter did, in fact, transport Robert Kennedy from the Lawford beach house in Santa Monica to Los Angeles International Airport. He subsequently took a private plane back to San Francisco.

Ebbins’ story is further called into question because he appeared to have an answer for everything. Either he was covering up what he knew or, more likely, he didn’t know anything about what happened that night and simply agreed to go along with a pre-packaged story he rehearsed many times. Why would the principals involved tell him about what really went on? And if, as Ebbins himself admitted, he remained in his own home all evening, how can he be regarded as a reliable witness?

Although Ebbins said Lawford was “persona non grata with the Kennedys,” a *People* magazine article dated January 14, 1985, called Ebbins’ statement

into question. Malcolm Boyes wrote that Peter Lawford remained “on good terms with the Kennedys. In fact, presidential candidate Robert Kennedy, after winning the California primary in 1968, was headed for a Lawford-hosted party when he, too, was killed by an assassin’s bullets.” James Spada questioned Dolores Naar about this:

	Peter mentions that he campaigned for Bobby and in fact
SPADA:	there was going to be a party at his house after the California primaries. Now, would Pat have been there?
	We were all to go to that. Pat would have been there.
DOLORES	There was a bit of a rapprochement between Pat and
NAAR:	Peter at that time, mostly for Bobby’s sake. Whatever worked for that family—there was a bond there.

Gloria Romanoff concurred with Ebbins that Bobby Kennedy was never Peter’s good friend, “I don’t think there was a lot of affection between Bobby Kennedy and Peter Lawford. I think Bobby Kennedy tolerated him because he was Pat’s husband. I don’t think he was terribly fond of Peter and Peter knew that.” Of course, Detective Lynn Franklin noted how, after getting the correct directions to the Beverly Hilton Hotel, Bobby Kennedy had chided Peter Lawford, exclaiming, “I told you, stupid!” Nonetheless, Bobby Kennedy and Peter Lawford continued to see one another even though, as many people attest, there was no love lost between the two men.⁴⁰

BILL ASHER ALSO CLAIMS LAWFORD PHONED HIM IN A PANIC

In 1992, according to Milt Ebbins and director Bill Asher, the latter's production company optioned the book *Double Cross* for a movie. This was the book that accused Chicago Mob boss Sam Giancana of sanctioning Marilyn Monroe's murder. To Donald Spoto, Asher largely echoed Ebbins's account of Marilyn's last night, but he also added a new twist: the possibility of seeking the advice of a very important man.

Accustomed to Marilyn not turning up for her appointments, Asher claimed to have told his friend Peter Lawford that he wasn't prepared to sit around and wait for her to appear at his dinner party. So, he returned home and received a call from Lawford at "about eight or nine," saying he couldn't reach Marilyn on the phone. Apparently, Lawford had talked with Marilyn earlier in the evening and, allegedly having consumed some wine, she had fallen asleep during their phone conversation.

"She's wasn't stressed at all," Asher recalled being told. "She was a little slurry. She had a couple of drinks but it wasn't anything that anyone would have been concerned about. There were times she would get incapacitated and you'd be worried about her."

Later, according to Asher, at around midnight, he received another call from Lawford, suggesting they pay Marilyn a visit. "It's the only thing I always felt badly about because we didn't go," Asher remarked. "I said, 'Your brother-in-law's the President of the United States! It might not be an appropriate thing for you to go over there' . . . I know he called Milt . . . I told him to call the old man, Joe [Kennedy] . . ."

Donald Spoto's research assistant Charlie relayed to Bill Asher how Joe Naar recalled getting a call from Peter Lawford, asking him to go to Marilyn's

house before then getting another call between 11:30 and midnight saying “Forget it. Everything’s fine.” Asher confirmed the timeline sounded correct, although he never heard anything about Marilyn doing fine.

If Asher and Naar told the truth about receiving those calls from Peter Lawford, there’s a hole in Lawford’s story that is bigger than the Grand Canyon. After all, why would he call Joe Naar at 11:30 at night, telling him to go by himself to check on Marilyn who lived just four blocks away, before then calling Joe back minutes later telling him not to bother? Furthermore, why would Lawford then call Bill Asher between midnight and 1:00 a.m., requesting that he accompany him to Marilyn’s place, if he had already told Naar not to go? Quite simply, the story doesn’t check out.⁴¹

DOLORES NAAR CLAIMS DR. GREENSON GAVE MARILYN SEDATIVES

Talking with Jay Margolis, Dolores Naar claimed that, en route to the Lawfords' dinner party, she and Joe were supposed to give Marilyn a ride there. However, there was a change of plans before they set out: "Peter called our house and said, 'Don't pick up Marilyn. She's not coming.'"

The Naars told biographer James Spada that they received the call from Lawford at about 7:30 p.m. "I read in one of the books that Bobby was upstairs," said Dolores. "They were hiding him. I don't believe any of it. There was no way Bobby Kennedy was there."

According to Joe in his interviews with both Spoto and Margolis, Lawford called again at 11:30 p.m., this time to ask him to check on Marilyn. In Spoto's interview with him, Joe quoted Lawford as saying the following: "I just talked to Marilyn and I'm scared. I don't like the way she sounds. I think she's taken some pills. Will you go check up on her?"

As we know, Joe agreed before a second call, a couple of minutes later, informed him there was no need to go. Dolores explained to James Spada that to her husband Joe over the phone, Lawford "said that he'd spoken to Marilyn's doctor and [Dr. Greenson] had said that he had given her sedatives because she had been disturbed earlier and she was probably asleep, so don't bother going. [Lawford] said, 'You'll just wake her up.'"

How were you apprised of the conversation between Joe
MARGOLIS: and Peter? Did Joe tell you that Marilyn had received
sedatives from her doctor?

DOLORES
NAAR: Well, I was there.

MARGOLIS: So, you were listening in on the phone with Joe while Peter was calling?

DOLORES
NAAR: I was in the room.

In a subsequent interview, Margolis returned to the same subject.

MARGOLIS: As far as that last call from Peter goes, telling you and Joe not to go around 11:30 p.m., Joe said to me in an interview that Peter told him Dr. Greenson had said, “She does this all the time. Don’t go.”

DOLORES
NAAR: That’s right. He said Dr. Greenson had given her something to sleep and she’s fine. That’s what Peter told Joe. “So you don’t need to go.”

Perhaps Peter Lawford was alluding to Ralph Greenson’s undiluted Nembutal injection, which would not only put Marilyn to sleep but ensure that she’d never wake up. Even though she believed Marilyn died an accidental death, Dolores Naar still considered Lawford’s actions to be more than a little suspicious. She told James Spada, “Peter probably called Jack or Bobby and was told to take care of things—do whatever he had to do. And *do it yourself*—don’t involve anybody else under any circumstances.”

Spada made some chilling points: “These were an odd pair of telephone calls in an evening replete with oddities. Why did Peter, who had been worried about Marilyn since 7:30, wait until the Naars had returned home to indicate any concern to them over Marilyn? And why did he first ask Joe to go over to Marilyn’s (after being told by Mickey Rudin that she was okay) and then, just a few minutes later, tell him *not* to go?” Remember, the Naars only lived four blocks away from Marilyn. Dolores told Spada she believed Lawford’s two calls were “calculated to mislead us. Joe and I wondered, ‘Why did he call us the second time and tell us not to go?’ Maybe because by then

he knew that Marilyn was dead.”⁴²

CONCLUSION

Peter Lawford fed Joe and Dolores Naar a “story,” confusing many Marilyn Monroe biographers in the process. After the Naars left the party, Pat Newcomb arrived at the Lawford beach house at 9:30 p.m., according to George “Bullets” Durgom. Then, before Bobby Kennedy departed Marilyn’s house with LAPD partners Archie Case and James Ahern, someone called Lawford, telling him to get over there and hire a cleanup crew.

In turn, Lawford contacted private detective Fred Otash and they agreed to meet at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive. Otash brought along his soundman (who was interviewed by Jay Margolis). Next, Lawford drove Pat Newcomb from the Lawford beach house to Marilyn’s residence, arriving at around 10:30 p.m., soon after Bobby left with Case and Ahern. If Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall and his driver Murray Liebowitz had been allowed to transport Marilyn to the hospital, she would most likely be alive today.

She wasn’t yet dead when Hall arrived in the guest cottage and she was responding positively to resuscitation efforts by Hall and Liebowitz who had a resuscitator on Marilyn until Ralph Greenson suspiciously ordered its removal before injecting her in the heart with an undiluted Nembutal injection. Thus, there was a premeditated plan to murder her on the part of Robert Kennedy, Ralph Greenson, and Peter Lawford—a plan that, according to the British actor, had originated with the Attorney General.

None of the principals involved counted on Mrs. Murray calling an ambulance. After Marilyn died, Lawford would express deep guilt over what really happened to her. Marilyn Monroe had been murdered and he was involved. Lawford informed his friends that Marilyn had accidentally overdosed on sleeping pills. Joe Naar said to biographer Laurence Leamer, “I blame the changes in Peter and his final decline into the bottle on Marilyn’s death. Peter kept saying, ‘I should have let you go. I killed her.’”

Peter Lawford’s strange actions in front of his friends could be amply explained if he was trying to come up with an alibi. His best friend Joe Naar

told Jay Margolis, “You’re trying to sort out the truth and put a puzzle together, but at this late date it’s going to be extremely difficult. So, how in the world are you *ever* going to find out the truth? I don’t know how you, in all good conscience, can do this. It’s so hard to put it all together. My own wife Dolores said it was not Sunday night, it was Saturday night. So, if we can differ on what night it was, then you can imagine what you’re up against. I mean, how is that possible, we don’t even know which night it was?”

Former FBI agent Bill Roemer believed neither Bobby Kennedy nor the Mafia had anything to do with Marilyn’s death. However, he answered in the affirmative to support the convening of a grand jury, “I would, yeah. I think there have been so many questions now and there’s so much conjecturing. It would be nice to put it all out in the open once and for all so there’d be no question to what exactly happened.”

Celebrated Italian psychologist Luciano Mecacci deduced, “Marilyn’s death was in the end a relief for everyone: for the Kennedys, who had been freed from the nightmare of a scandal; for the CIA and the FBI, who were reassured about a possible leak of secret material; and for Greenson, who had been released from a personal and professional commitment that was becoming too demanding.”

Fred Otash said the FBI and the CIA had bugged Marilyn’s house. Concerned about her “tell all” press conference, they wouldn’t miss Marilyn if she suddenly died. Certainly, J. Edgar Hoover was not a stupid man. FBI agent John Anderson reported back to him that Bobby Kennedy went inside Marilyn’s house alongside Case and Ahern shortly after 9:30 p.m. Before ten o’clock, Marilyn became embroiled in a physical struggle and that struggle was recorded via wiretap. It was then noted that Kennedy, Case, and Ahern left at 10:30. Through cause and effect, Hoover knew that the Kennedys were involved. What’s more, Bobby was fully aware that Hoover had knowledge about his participation in the murder of a movie star.

In the years to come, the FBI director would play games with Bobby Kennedy, always sticking it to him about Marilyn Monroe. On July 8, 1964,

Hoover wrote to Bobby regarding Frank Capell's soon-to-be-released *The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe*: "His book will make reference to your alleged friendship with the late Miss Marilyn Monroe. Mr. Capell stated that he will indicate in his book that you and Miss Monroe were intimate, and that you were in Miss Monroe's home at the time of her death."

"He said she was murdered," Hoover's teenage neighbor Anthony Calomaris told Anthony Summers decades later, "that it wasn't a suicide, that the Kennedys were involved." However, Hoover would never think of having Bobby arrested. It was not in his character. Instead, he blackmailed the Attorney General to secure his current position as head of the FBI, reminding Bobby who was really running the country. Besides, exposing the Kennedys in this scandal could destroy the belief the nation had in its own government during the pre-Watergate era. It would be inconceivable that Hoover would make such a move.

When Bobby Kennedy saw Marilyn Monroe on February 1, 1962, not knowing that the Lawford home was bugged by the FBI director, Marilyn told Bobby she knew Hoover was following her and she wondered when Bobby was going to fire him. Bobby said he wasn't in a position to do so at the moment. Anthony Summers wrote, "For Edgar, reading the transcript in Washington, Kennedy's words must have held some comfort. He now knew, for sure, from the mouth of one of the brothers, that the Kennedys were afraid to dismiss him—for the time being. That gave him all the more reason to go on watching to keep on piling up compromising information."

In 1961, after disagreeing with J. Edgar Hoover at a function for the Justice Department, Ethel Kennedy "put an anonymous note in the FBI's 'suggestions' box proposing that the Director be replaced by the Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker, whom Hoover loathed." The potential for blackmail resolved the discrepancy of why Bobby Kennedy publicly expressed his gratitude toward Hoover, a man he was known to hate. On August 7, 1962, at the Seattle World's Fair, Kennedy uncharacteristically supported J. Edgar Hoover in public and said something that must have made Parker

cringe, “I hope Hoover will continue to serve the country for many, many years to come.”

On September 18, 1965, Bobby Kennedy attended a ceremonial line-up for Mickey Mantle at Yankee Stadium. Gay Talese of *Esquire* magazine wrote: “Mantle stepped forward. He stood with his wife and children, posed for the photographers kneeling in front. Then he thanked the crowd in a short speech and, turning, shook hands with the dignitaries standing nearby. Among them now was Senator Kennedy . . .”

Interestingly, Joe DiMaggio was also at the event attended by Robert Kennedy. “Kennedy posed with Mantle for a photographer, then shook hands with the Mantle children, and with Toots Shor and James Farley,” wrote Gay Talese. “DiMaggio saw him [Robert Kennedy] coming down the line and at the last second he backs away, casually . . . and Kennedy seemed not to notice it . . . just swept past shaking more hands . . .”

Not even a year later on July 16, 1966, Kennedy’s old friend Police Chief William Parker died of a heart attack while in attendance at a military dinner where he was a guest speaker.

According to Peter Lawford, Bobby Kennedy had “convinced” Ralph Greenson that Marilyn Monroe would also publicly reveal *his* affair with her. This was not true and therefore Bobby had successfully manipulated the psychiatrist for his own ends. Once Greenson realized this, it was too late and he had experienced firsthand what it was like to be used by one of the Kennedy brothers. This is why Lawford concluded that Greenson had been “set up” by Bobby to murder his star patient.

In fact, according to biographer C. David Heymann, Peter Lawford told him, “MM’s affair with Greenson took on a far greater meaning at the time of her death. Marilyn, as everyone later discovered, had threatened Bobby with the prospect of holding a press conference at which she planned to announce her assassinations with both the President and the Attorney General.

“Such an admission would no doubt have resulted in a major scandal. Bobby, on hearing of Marilyn’s plans—and somehow knowing of her

concomitant relationship with Greenson—called the good doctor and convinced him that his star patient also intended to disclose her romantic dealings with the psychiatrist.”

Robert Kennedy told Greenson, “Marilyn has got to be silenced.” Therefore, Lawford deduced, “Greenson had thus been set up by Bobby to ‘take care’ of Marilyn.”

Greenson had indeed been tricked into murdering Marilyn Monroe, and therefore his recorded reference to the Attorney General (“Talk to Bobby Kennedy”) was a bitter and illuminating remark. In fact, the psychiatrist wrote, “The ending at this particular time seemed so unfair and in a way unnecessary, and I feel that I have hurt my whole family with this since they all got to know her and cared about her . . . She was a Cinderella girl who did not live happily ever after.” Ralph Greenson conceded, “She was a poor creature, whom I tried to help and ending up hurting.”

As for the movie star’s last publicist, Pat Newcomb, Lawford told Heymann: “After Marilyn’s death, the Kennedys gave Pat a job in Washington and soon sent her off to Europe so the American press couldn’t get hold of her.”

Everyone deserves the right to due process of law and that right was not afforded to Marilyn Monroe in 1962. Now, more than a half-century has passed since her death and most of those involved are now deceased. So, the only justice that can be afforded Marilyn is to name her murderers: Robert Kennedy, Peter Lawford, and the man who finally ended her life, Dr. Ralph Greenson.

“I had become a prisoner now of a form of treatment which I thought was correct for her but almost impossible for me,” Ralph Greenson chillingly wrote to Dr. Marianne Kris more than two weeks after he murdered Marilyn Monroe. “I was her therapist, the good father who would not disappoint her and who would bring her insights, and if not insights, just kindness.”

Greenson felt an overwhelming responsibility by continuing to treat his star patient. He claimed he wanted to help her but that all his efforts were futile. The psychiatrist relayed, “She was making progress, but at times I felt I

couldn't go on with this, particularly since so often it became 6 or 7 days a week."

In the months leading to her death, Marilyn Monroe became a source of incessant aggravation to Ralph Greenson and his massive ego. "I had become the most important person in her life and there was nothing I could do except hope that as she improved still more she would become more independent," the doctor explained. "I also felt guilty that I put a burden on my own family."

The most famous woman in the world had many plans for the future. She didn't like being typecast into the same role. "I'm tired of playing sex kittens," said Marilyn Monroe. "I want roles that I can get my teeth into—roles that enable me to show a side of myself which appeals to an intelligent public . . . But sex is not enough . . . If I stick with the sex bit who will be paying to see me when I'm fifty?"

In her second-to-last interview with *Life* magazine, in July 1962, Marilyn Monroe told Richard Meryman: "I never quite understood it—this sex symbol—I always thought symbols were those things you clash together! That's the trouble, a sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate to be a thing. But if I'm going to be a symbol of something I'd rather have it sex than some other things they've got symbols of!" Not only was she "the symbol of the eternal feminine," as acting coach Lee Strasberg eulogized about Marilyn at her funeral, she was a human being. May she finally rest in peace.⁴³

POSTSCRIPT CASE CONFIRMED: THE SECOND AND THIRD SHOOTERS IN THE ROBERT KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

On June 5, 1968, Robert Kennedy was shot twice by a second shooter and fatally wounded by a third shooter, all within five and a half seconds (12:15:59–12:16:04). Talking with investigative reporter Dan Moldea, Dr. Thomas Noguchi, who performed the autopsy on the Senator, mentioned the order of the shots fired at Robert Kennedy, all of which were from back-to-front: “The [rear of the right] shoulder pad shot as he was raising his arm [which didn’t actually hit Kennedy], the two shots to his right armpit, in which one of the bullets lodged in the back of his neck, and, lastly, the shot to the mastoid [where a large part of the bullet fragmented and lodged in his brain]. This was the shot that was fatal. In other words, the [two] nonfatal wounds first and then the fatal wound.”

Eyewitness Don Schulman, a KNXT-TV employee, stated he was in the crowd behind RFK at the time of the shooting and said he saw someone dressed as an Ace Security guard “standing directly to the side and back of Kennedy,” Schulman told investigative reporter Ted Charach in 1971. “He was standing on the right-hand side.”

In fact, immediately after the shooting, Schulman first relayed his account of what he saw to Jeff Brent of the Continental News Service who broadcasted his account over the radio. Minutes after that, KNXT news anchor Jerry Dunphy reported on television while Sirhan Sirhan was *still* at the Ambassador Hotel that “Don Schulman of KNXT tells us that Kennedy was shot three times . . .”

As noted in the FBI files on the RFK assassination, Schulman is adamant that he saw “Kennedy being shot three times. The guard definitely pulled out

his gun and fired.” To Ted Charach, Schulman said Sirhan Sirhan was “from three to six feet” from Kennedy during the shooting and facing the Senator, not behind him.

“That bullet which killed Kennedy, it was an inch away from his head,” stated Karl Uecker, the hotel assistant maître d’ who grabbed Sirhan’s gun arm after Sirhan’s second shot. “This bullet [an inch away] didn’t come from Sirhan. Did not come from Sirhan because he never got that close.”

“One was Sirhan Sirhan and the other one was the security guard,” Don Schulman told Jay Margolis asserting that he witnessed two shooters nearly sixteen minutes after midnight, while at the same time confirming that Kennedy had been shot three times. “I was standing by the doorway. The cameramen had been standing there for quite some time, holding the camera, and they wanted me to signal them when the crowd was moving. They heard Kennedy was going to stop by the kitchen and thank some people. As he left, after his speech, I got shoved in with a lot of other people. All of a sudden, Sirhan was the man who jumped out and yelled obscenities at Kennedy and shot at him while the guard next to Kennedy pulled his gun and fired. I went out and the first person I saw was reporter Jeff Brent who interviewed me for Continental Radio about ten to twelve minutes after the shooting . . . I was interviewed by a lot of people. I saw what I saw. The security guard shot Kennedy. He disappeared for quite some time.”

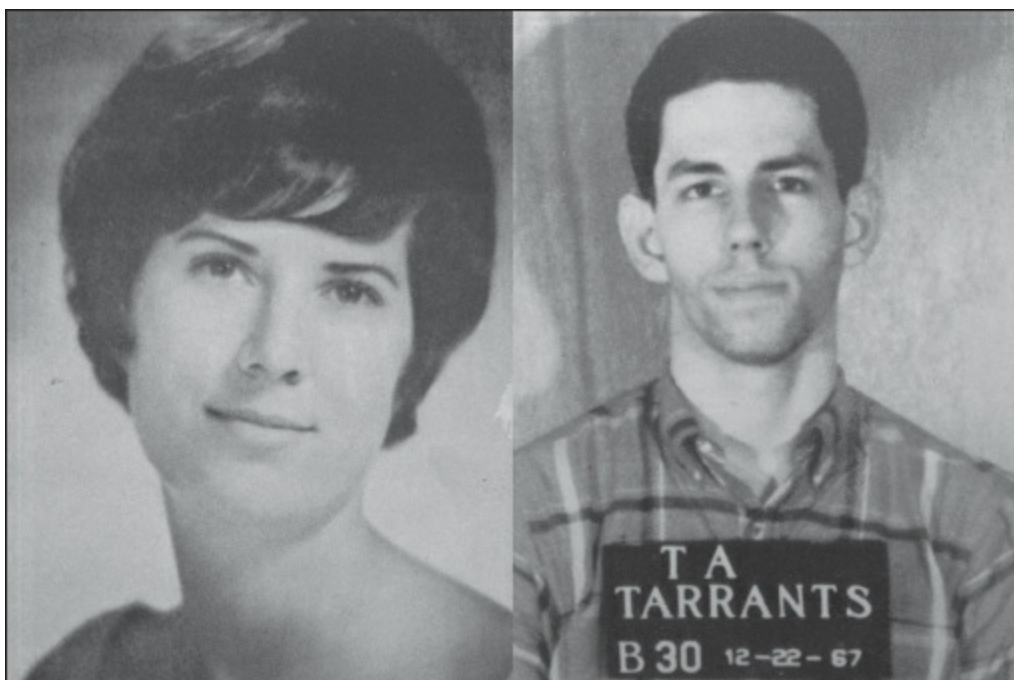
Schulman was absolutely correct that Kennedy was indeed shot three times as autopsy surgeon Dr. Thomas Noguchi later confirmed early the next morning after the Senator was pronounced dead.

Twenty-eight-year old Irene Gizzi, a Youth for Kennedy chairman in Panorama City, was there at the Ambassador Hotel. According to Ms. Gizzi, Jay Margolis is the first person to interview her since a police lieutenant arrived at her home on June 6, 1968. During the shooting, she said she was in the lower ballroom known as the Ambassador Room, not in the pantry and not in the upper ballroom, which is the Embassy Room [both upstairs]. “First, Robert was speaking in the upper ballroom,” asserted Irene Gizzi to Jay Margolis. “Then he was going to come down into the lower ballroom and

speak.” However investigative reporter Shane O’Sullivan importantly noted a last minute change: “After the speech [in the Embassy Room] . . . Kennedy didn’t go downstairs to the Ambassador Room . . . He was ushered through the back of the platform by [Karl] Uecker and led . . . into the backstage hallway . . . He was led to his right . . . into the pantry, en route to an impromptu press conference in the Colonial Room.”

On March 12, 2014, Jay Margolis presented a photo line-up to Ms. Gizzi of three possible suspects for the now-infamous polka-dot dress girl and three possible suspects for her male companion who Irene Gizzi calls the guy with the medallion. From the six photos, Ms. Gizzi identified to Margolis the girl in the polka-dot dress as Kathryn “Kathy” Ainsworth (born Kathryn Madlyn Capomacchia on July 31, 1941) and her companion as Thomas “Tommy” Albert Tarrants III (born December 20, 1946), pictured below in 1967, months before the RFK assassination.

Irene Gizzi therefore became the first person at the Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968, to actually identify via photographs these two individuals out of all the books written on the assassination of Robert Kennedy. Even Tarrants himself fixes his own proximity to the RFK assassination *and* the MLK assassination two months before when he wrote in his first book, “In early spring [1968], I had been in California conferring with the West Coast coordinator of the Minutemen, a paramilitary underground organization.”



As for late 1967, Tarrants revealed, “I decided to take a trip to Los Angeles to deepen my ties with Dr. Wesley Swift, a leader in radical-Right circles.” “Tarrants would later testify he bought a rifle from Swift with plans to use it to shoot Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,” wrote Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Jack Nelson who was once Bureau Chief of the *Los Angeles Times*. Nelson quoted Thomas Tarrants who said, “That was my ambition, to shoot Dr. King. I hated Dr. King.”

On April 4, 1968, using Thomas Tarrants’s own car, Ainsworth and Tarrants had disrupted police radios very shortly after Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated. Nevertheless, in late December 2007, talking with Jerry Mitchell of the *Clarion-Ledger* newspaper, Tarrants denied any involvement in the MLK assassination even though he admittedly hated Dr. King at that time. As for the charge that he helped disrupt police radios, Tarrants claimed, “I don’t know they had people with the technical expertise to do that.”

“The police interviewed me afterwards,” Irene Gizzi recalled to Jay Margolis regarding the RFK assassination. “I gave what information I could then about the girl in the polka-dot dress and the guy with the medallion because those were the two that stood out from a group of five.”

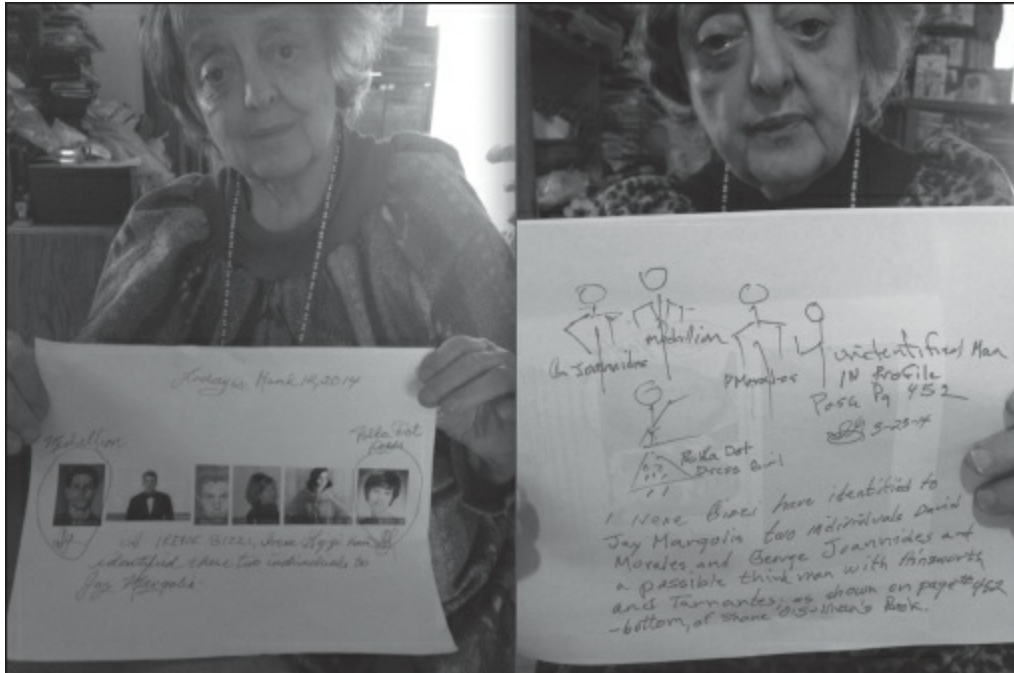
“The three men with them were wearing white [dress] shirts [with ties] and khaki pants. They were shorter than he [Tarrants] was because he was the tallest in the group . . .”

Of these three men, on March 25, 2014, Irene Gizzi identified to Jay Margolis two CIA agents, George Joannides (1922–1990) and David Sanchez Morales (1925–1978), who, according to Gizzi, were *together* in the same group of five along with Tommy Tarrants, Kathy Ainsworth, and a person we shall call Unidentified Man in Profile because Ms. Gizzi told Margolis she only saw this individual in profile.

The five were waiting in the Ambassador Room downstairs shortly before the shooting upstairs in the pantry. Per existing footage taken at the Ambassador Hotel on June 4 and 5, 1968, Joannides, Morales, and Unidentified Man in Profile were all wearing suits with ties and coats. However, during different times, Morales can be seen with and without his suit coat where he’s just wearing a white dress shirt with a tie.

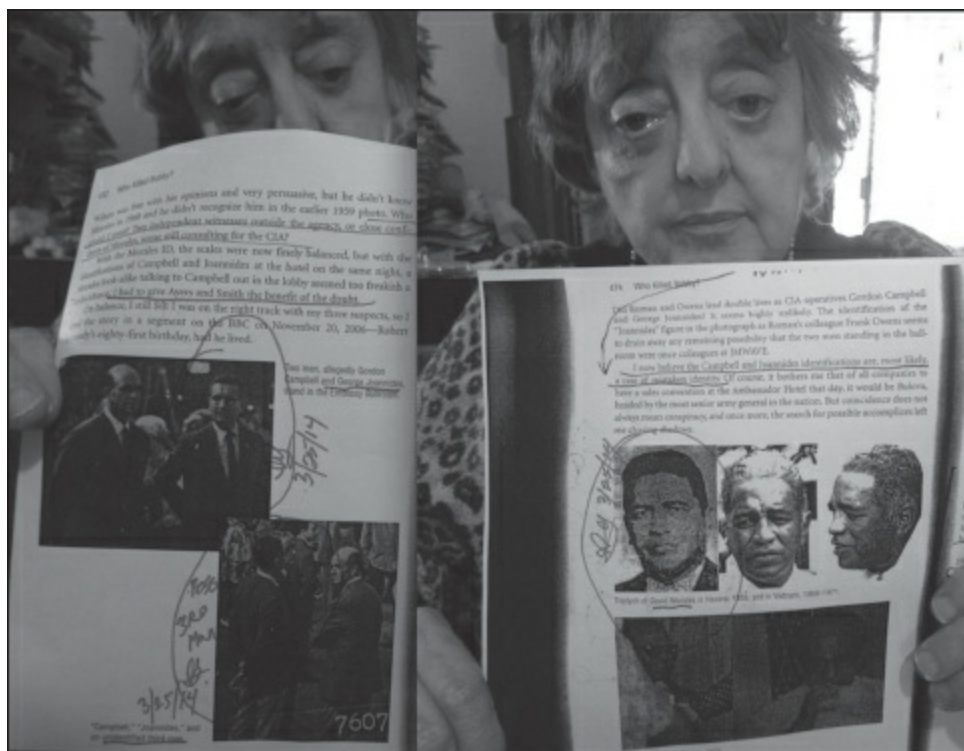
At the time of the RFK assassination, the CIA Director was Richard Helms. “Joannides was born in Athens in 1922,” wrote Shane O’Sullivan. “Joannides joined the CIA in 1951 and spent eleven years in Greece and Libya before posting to JMWAVE in Miami as deputy to the chief of psychological warfare operations, David Atlee Phillips . . . On July 31, 1963, Joannides was promoted to chief of psychological warfare operations at JMWAVE . . . He died on March 9, 1990, at the age of sixty-seven.”

As for Unidentified Man in Profile, O’Sullivan wrote on page 446 of his book how the bottom photograph on page 452 “showed a third man . . . with blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses.” This blonde man may or may not be James Hardesty Critchfield (January 30, 1917–April 22, 2003), who was the CIA’s chief in the Middle East on June 5, 1968. Tom Polgar, Joannide’s former station chief in Saigon, at first identified both Joannides and Critchfield to O’Sullivan’s colleagues David Talbot, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Brothers: The Hidden History of the Kennedy Years*, and *Washington Post* reporter Jefferson Morley.



Two weeks after identifying both men to Talbot and Morley, Polgar took back the certainty of the two identifications but curiously added that the Ambassador photographs were, in Polgar's words, "not incompatible" with Joannides and identified the blonde man with the horn-rimmed glasses as, in Polgar's words, "not incompatible with James Critchfield." Ms. Gizzi told Margolis this man with blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses could *possibly* be the man she saw with Tarrantes, Ainsworth, Morales, and Joannides, but she is not certain.

"You saw George Joannides and David Morales," Jay Margolis verified to Ms. Gizzi on March 25, 2014. Margolis had shown her photographs of these two individuals from Shane O'Sullivan's book on pages 452 and 474. On page 474, Ms. Gizzi identified David Morales on the far left only, ignoring the other two pictures on the right purporting to also be Morales.

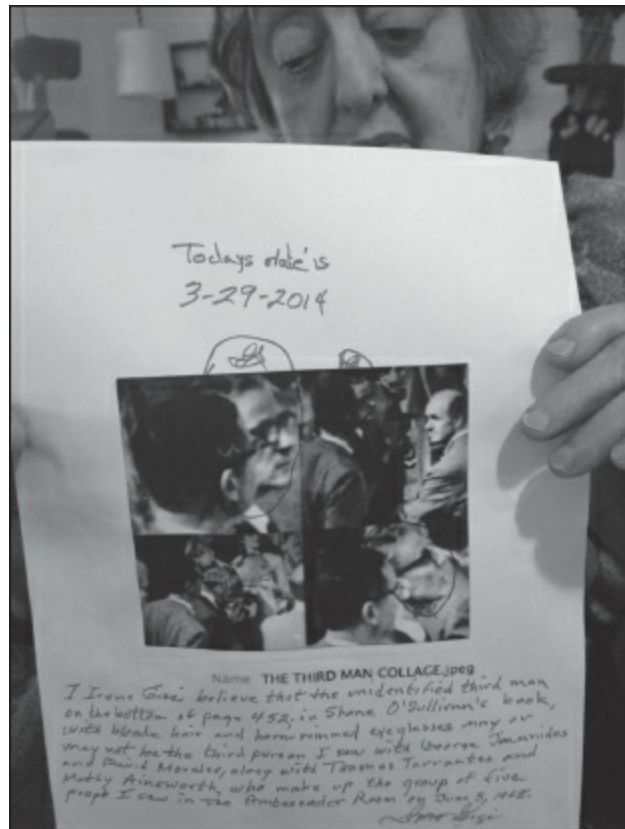


Margolis queried, “The unidentified third man [with blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses] on page 452 on the bottom you say looks like the third man.”

“Looks like the third man—” replied Ms. Gizzi.

“—with Joannides and Morales along with Ainsworth and Tarrants,” confirmed Margolis. “So we have four of the five individuals [from the five-person group Ms. Gizzi witnessed] identified.”

The second photograph of Unidentified Man in Profile looking upwards was taken from Shane O’Sullivan’s 2007 documentary *RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy*.



Jay Margolis gave Ms. Gizzi a red felt-tip pen to draw a crude stick-figure diagram with the sole purpose of showing the exact position of the five-person group including George Joannides, Thomas Albert Tarrants III (Medallion), Kathy Ainsworth (Polka-Dot Dress Girl), David Sanchez Morales, and Unidentified Man in Profile (who may or may not be the blonde man with horn-rimmed glasses).

“When I saw them [Tarrants, Ainsworth, Joannides, Morales, and Unidentified Man in Profile],” Ms. Gizzi continued, “they were to the right of the entrance to the lower ballroom [the Ambassador Room]. They were against the right-hand wall, kind of in the shadows, their back almost leaning on the wall with the medallion guy [Tarrants] who was kind of casual.

“This other guy George Joannides had an arm like behind him [a hand gesture which, as Ms. Gizzi confirmed, is clearly shown in the two photographs on page 452 of O’Sullivan’s book]. The arm was with the elbow crooked out. That made him look familiar. That made it strike a familiarity.

The girl was dancing around with her arms up and she was the one wearing the polka-dot dress.

“Another guy David Morales was just standing casually facing sideways talking to Unidentified [Man in Profile] who had his hands kind of down and he wasn’t doing anything. There was nobody else here [in the group of five] and for one thing none of the group were wearing Kennedy hats or buttons . .

.

“I do not recall a bald man with the group [of five]. All hair on all of them . . . At the time I saw them, she [the polka-dot dress girl Kathy Ainsworth] was talking to him [the man with the medallion Tommy Tarrants]. The medallion guy wasn’t even looking at her, but I’ve seen a lot of guys do that with girls but he was staring across at the staircase. He wasn’t looking at her at all and she was nervous, dancing around. It seemed like she was trying to get his attention.

“They were all fairly close together but they weren’t cheek-by-jaw. These three [Joannides, Ainsworth, and Tarrants] were closer together than these two [David Morales and Unidentified Man in Profile] but these two [Morales and Unidentified in Profile], you could see they were with that group [of five].

“First off, the polka-dot dress girl stuck out and secondly, the medallion guy stuck out, and thirdly, the whole group [of five including Morales, Joannides, and Unidentified Man in Profile] stuck out with no paraphernalia on. I said to Kathy Lentine, ‘I wonder what they’re doing here because it seems like she [Ainsworth] is awfully nervous.’ But we just figured they were from one of the opposing camps and they had taken off their paraphernalia and didn’t want to be outted . . . The police were trying to say that I saw Sirhan with this group. No, I didn’t. I never saw Sirhan. They showed me pictures and all the pictures resembled Sirhan. ‘Did you see this guy there?’ and I said ‘No.’ Another thing the police kept asking was if they [the group of five] were Middle Eastern.”

“I was in Dallas when we got that motherfucker,” CIA agent David Morales chillingly bragged to his attorney Robert Walton, “and I was in Los Angeles when we got the little bastard [Robert Kennedy].” Walton explained to Shane

O'Sullivan "how [Morales] had worked on the Bay of Pigs and how he had to watch all the men he had recruited and trained get wiped out because of Kennedy."

Both George Joannides and David Morales worked for the CIA at the covert Miami, Florida base known as JMWAVE. "I transferred to South Florida, to JMWAVE," Bradley Ayers told O'Sullivan. "I arrived in April 1963. I worked under a fellow by the name of David Morales, who was the chief of operations. The concept was to conduct covert paramilitary operations involving infiltration and commando raids in an effort to destabilize Castro's Cuba. We also embarked on efforts to assassinate Fidel Castro."

"Acquaintances in the Birchers told me of a mysterious figure involved in anti-Castro guerrilla activities," wrote Thomas Albert Tarrants III. "A staunch anticommunist, he [David Morales] had actually been on raids to Cuba himself. He was active in securing support and supplies for such groups in Florida. Our relationship . . . provided me with my first exposure to the shadowy and exciting world of clandestine activities and international intrigue. Because it was sanctioned and covertly supported by the Central Intelligence Agency and because it was anticommunist, I saw it as a patriotic effort to fight communist aggression."

By the conclusion of his book, Shane O'Sullivan was not certain whether three CIA agents David Morales, George Joannides, and Gordon Campbell [November 20, 1918–December 22, 2002] were actually present at the Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968. Now that Irene Gizzi has identified both Morales and Joannides in attendance together, we must focus on the Embassy Room footage of Joannides speaking to a man claiming to be Michael D. Roman, which is in fact a cover name for Gordon Campbell. "When I showed Bradley Ayers this footage [of a man purporting to be Michael D. Roman], it reinforced his identification of Campbell," wrote O'Sullivan. "The stance, bearing, behavior, and facial expressions all called to mind the man he knew at JMWAVE."

Morales, Joannides, and Campbell worked at JMWAVE in high positions

of power and all three knew each other well. “I met the assistant chief of station, a fellow by the name of Gordon Campbell, who later became my case officer,” Bradley Ayers explained. As mentioned above, Ayers also worked under David Morales. In addition to Campbell, Ayers had identified David Morales to O’Sullivan from the same photograph shown to Irene Gizzi by Jay Margolis.

“The Roman family recognized the figure of Joannides in the photographs,” Shane O’Sullivan intriguingly reported but under a different name. Michael Roman’s son told O’Sullivan, “Both my sister and mother confirm the darker-haired man is Frank Owens [sic]. He died a number of years ago [on March 9, 1990] and his wife may also have passed away or is at a care facility.”

“Owens [actually George Joannides] was a regional sales manager for Michael Roman [who was in fact Gordon Campbell],” O’Sullivan noted, “and seems to match a ‘Frank S. Owen’ from New York interviewed by the FBI on October 21 [1968]. Owen registered at the Ambassador on June 4, listened to Kennedy’s speech in the Embassy Room, and remained there during the shooting.”

Therefore, David Morales, George Joannides (using Frank S. Owen as a cover identity), and Gordon Campbell (using Michael D. Roman as a cover identity) were three CIA agents present together at the Ambassador Hotel when RFK was gunned down. The Roman family agreed that the man they knew as Michael D. Roman was inside before, during, and after the assassination. He attended a sales conference for the Bulova Watch Company at the Ambassador Hotel, just not under the name Gordon Campbell. “Forty percent of Bulova’s revenue came from the defense industry,” O’Sullivan reported, “and sources told me it was a well-known CIA cover. Roman had been appointed Vice President by [General Omar M.] Bradley in 1964.” It was highly effective for both Joannides and Campbell—until now.

“I still don’t understand why the police kept trying to say that it was only Sirhan Sirhan,” Irene Gizzi continued to Jay Margolis. “There were just too many suspicious things that had gone on that evening. The group was the

most suspicious, including the taller gentleman with the medallion, and the young pretty girl wearing a polka-dot dress. She's the only one I saw that evening wearing a polka-dot dress. . . .

"I remember that he was tall. He was good-looking and was wearing a medallion. That stuck out. It was very flashy. He was talking with the girl in the polka-dot dress who was kind of dancing around a little bit seeming nervous and excitable, and there were three other men [Morales, Joannides, and Unidentified Man in Profile] with them . . . I was in my twenties. We had worked for Jack and now we were working for Bobby.

"When we came into the lower ballroom [the Ambassador Room], they were in a group on the right-hand side of the entrance, directly across from the staircase on the left. They were conspicuous because they weren't wearing any Kennedy paraphernalia. They weren't carrying anything that had anything to do with the nominating campaign or any political campaign so that's why they stood out.

"They were kind of in the shadows trying to stay back on the right-hand side, no more than five feet from the doors, against the wall, which also wouldn't make sense if you wanna get up near the stage to be where you can hear the speaker.

"That was the only thing that stood out at that time. When the shots rang out, and when we all figured out it wasn't firecrackers, when we turned around, they had disappeared right after the gunshots. All of the group were gone. Most of us weren't because we didn't know exactly where to go or what to do . . .

"When you enter the lower ballroom [the Ambassador Room], the staircase was on the left, and the guy with the medallion, his group, including [Joannides, Morales, Unidentified Man in Profile, and] the girl with the polka-dot dress, were on the right. He [Tarrants] could have very easily gone up those stairs while Bobby was speaking [in the Embassy Room] or entered the pantry [also upstairs] because people were coming up and down those stairs all during that time. He was wearing the medallion, which was very flashy, which is like a gold chain with a large sunburst or eagle on it. I think it

was an eagle with flares behind it so it would appear almost round but it wasn't really round . . .

"The police didn't shut the main doors until after Rosey Grier threw three reporters down the stairs. The police then shut the doors and locked everybody in. There were a lot of people screaming to get out. We were there until two-fifteen in the morning. From there we went to Good Samaritan because we were praying. I don't think any of us got home until eight or nine in the morning . . . Unless the cops got all the footage, there's a bunch of people that have footage because there were television crews there. I know there were radio people there too but they didn't have cameras."

The late Professor Philip H. Melanson, PhD notated in his first book, "Three drawn guns were reported by witnesses: Sirhan's, uniformed security guard Thane Cesar's and that of an unidentified man wearing a suit." Don Schulman told Special Counsel Thomas F. Kranz, "I had thought I saw three guns [but only witnessed Sirhan's and Cesar's actually being fired]."

Professor Melanson interviewed a lady requesting confidentiality he has named "Martha Raines." He relayed, "Martha Raines asserts that a gun besides Sirhan's or Cesar's was fired . . . Martha Raines told the author of seeing a man fire a gun in the pantry."

"According to [Martha] Raines, the man fired a handgun of some kind," Melanson wrote. "She recalled that the gunman 'was not composed.' He didn't shoot 'more than once or twice' before running out of the pantry."

"And, as I recall, one of them [the shots] was high and should have gone into the ceiling," Mrs. Raines concluded to Professor Melanson. "I don't know what these people found when they did their ballistics tests . . . but it appeared to me there should have been a gunshot in the ceiling." What role did the five-person group seen by Irene Gizzi play? They certainly were not at the Ambassador to celebrate Kennedy's victory. All were avowed Kennedy haters. The CIA men hated the Kennedy brothers for the Bay of Pigs and the supposed failure to resist the communist threat. Thomas Tarrants admitted to a "great fondness for firearms and marksmanship." He and Kathy Ainsworth were violent KKK terrorists and despised the Kennedys for pushing racial

integration in the South. Tarrants expressed in his first book “a dislike for John Kennedy and his policies on race and federal intervention . . . My defiance of authority began when authority placed itself on the side of federal intervention to integrate—the policy of an ideology I viewed as un-American . . . As I saw it, America was being undermined by the communist-Jewish conspiracy.”

Security guard Thane Eugene Cesar demonstrated a remarkably similar motive for RFK’s murder to Ted Charach when interviewed in 1969. “I definitely wouldn’t have voted for Bobby Kennedy because he had the same ideas as John did,” Cesar stated, “and I think John sold the country down the road. He gave it to the Commies . . . He literally gave it to the minority. . . The black man now for the last four to eight years has been cramming this integrated idea down our throat and so you learn to hate him.”

After interviewing Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein, LAPD Sgt. Paul Sharaga relayed, “The woman stated that she and her husband were just outside the Embassy Room when a young couple, in their late teens or early twenties, came running by in a state of glee, very excited, very happy, shouting, ‘We shot him! We shot him! We killed him!’ And the woman says, ‘Who? Who did you kill?’ And the young lady said, ‘Kennedy! We shot him! We killed him!’

“I immediately put out a broadcast with a description of the suspects: male and female Caucasian, the female Caucasian wearing a polka-dot dress . . .”

In fact, Kennedy was shot at 12:15 a.m. and the LAPD logger tape recording for Sgt. Paul Sharaga was as follows: “12:28:53 ‘2L30, description of the suspect; at 3400 Wilshire Boulevard; male Caucasian, 20 to 22, 6 ft. to 6 ft. 2, very thin . . . wearing a brown—brown pants and a light brown shirt; direction taken unknown at this time.” At the time of the shooting, Tarrants was twenty-one, 6 ft. 3 (according to Jack Nelson’s book), very thin, and Ainsworth was twenty-six but had a youthful appearance.

After running into Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein just outside the Embassy Room, Tommy Tarrants and Kathy Ainsworth next ran into twenty-year old Sandra Serrano, a Youth for Kennedy co-chairman in Pasadena-Altadena, who,

according to Shane O'Sullivan, was "sitting on the fire escape below the southwest corner of the Embassy Room." Serrano first relayed her account an hour-and-a-half after the shooting to Sander "Sandy" Vanocur from NBC. Sandra Serrano stated, "This girl came running down the stairs in the back and said, 'We've shot him! We've shot him!' and I said, 'Who did you shoot?' and she says, 'We shot Senator Kennedy!' A boy came down with her. He was about twenty-three years old . . . She had on a white dress with polka-dots. She was light-skinned, dark hair, and she had a funny nose."

In fact, Kathy Ainsworth was bragging to the Bernsteins and to Sandra Serrano that "we" had just shot the Senator. After analyzing footage in the Embassy Room shortly after the shooting in the pantry, it appears that CIA agent Gordon Campbell is holding onto the medallion guy's weapon (hidden underneath Campbell's dress shirt so it doesn't show) using his right hand to firmly press it against his chest as a Latin man with a mustache is curiously guiding Campbell to an exit.

But the CIA connection didn't stop there. LAPD Lieutenant Manuel Pena and LAPD Sgt. Enrique "Hank" Hernandez, chosen to investigate the RFK assassination, were also CIA agents, and they controlled the flow of information. "The way they've written it, it sounds like I was brought back [out of retirement] and put into the [RFK] case as a plant by the CIA," Pena relayed to attorney Marilyn Barrett on a 1992 recording, "so that I could steer something around and . . . guide the investigation to a point where no one would ever discover a conspiracy or something." FBI agent Roger LaJeunesse, who investigated the RFK case with the LAPD, confirmed that Pena worked for the CIA for at least ten years.

Since there were three shooters, it is important to focus our attention on the powder burns found on the Senator. "It is scientifically highly unlikely," Noguchi explained to investigative reporter Ted Charach regarding the possibility that Sirhan Sirhan's gun, being at least three feet from the Senator, would have produced the powder burns Noguchi later found on Kennedy's body. "In this case, there was an abundance of powder burn embedded deep in the tissue . . . Because of the soot in the hair, I believed that the muzzle

distance of the fatal shot had been from one to three inches away . . .”

Given the undeniable scientific evidence presented before him, Noguchi concluded, “I now knew the precise location of the murder weapon at the moment it was fired: one inch from the edge of his right ear, only three inches behind the head . . . Thus I have never said that Sirhan Sirhan killed Robert Kennedy . . .”

Thane Eugene Cesar told Ted Charach he did indeed draw his gun but claims he did not fire. Cesar himself conceded he was positioned behind the Senator holding his right elbow with his left hand, guiding him through the crowd when suddenly Cesar got powder burns in his eyes. “I got powder in my eyes,” Cesar stated to Ted Charach. “I was a little behind Bobby so I would say I was about three feet from the flash [of Sirhan’s gun] . . . and as I said I got a little bit of powder in my eyes.” Cesar could only have received blowback from his own gun if he pulled the trigger at the Senator’s head but he did not. The powder burns came from the gun of the third shooter who fired the fatal shot.

Professor Melanson intriguingly noted a third witness to the third gun in the pantry, besides Martha Raines and Don Schulman, and wrote, “In addition to Sirhan’s gun and that of security guard Cesar, Lisa Urso saw another one . . . She sighted the gun immediately after the shooting, just as Sirhan’s gun was wrestled from him . . . Schulman is no longer the only second-gun witness [or third-gun witness]. And there may be more such witnesses like Urso and Raines whose sightings of second or third guns have not yet been recorded.” Lisa Urso stated she saw a man “by Kennedy” with a suit holding a gun after the shooting stopped.

In court, testifying at Sirhan Sirhan’s trial, Ambassador Hotel busboy Juan Romero asserted that the shooter was *not* in the room. Harry F. Rosenthal from the Associated Press wrote on February 16, 1969, “Shortly after midnight Romero saw someone coming toward Kennedy.”

Romero relayed, “I thought it was a person who couldn’t wait to shake his hand. I seen the guy put a hand at the Senator’s head. And then I saw a gun.

Then I saw Sen. Kennedy stretched out in front of me. I leaned down and picked up his head.”

“Romero was asked if the man who did the shooting was in the room,” Rosenthal continued. “He shook his head. Sirhan was asked to stand.” Romero replied, “I don’t believe that’s him.”

Therefore, Juan Romero is one of two known eyewitnesses to the third gunman firing his weapon, the other being Martha Raines. Romero was close enough to Kennedy and the third gunman that Romero got powder burns on his ear, not from Cesar’s two non-lethal right armpit shots, but from the third shooter’s fatal shot to RFK’s head. Since the shooting happened within five and a half seconds, there wouldn’t have been enough time for Cesar to raise his weapon from Kennedy’s right armpit all the way to the back of the Senator’s head to make that last fatal shot. In fact, Cesar also got powder burns like Romero, not on his ear, but in his eyes. Both of these powder burns came from the third gunman to the back of Kennedy’s head.

“I’ve known Juan Romero for more than twenty years,” Rigo Chacon told Jay Margolis. “Juan has told me several times that he felt the heat of the bullet by his ear. If somebody fires from your side or behind you, and the bullet is only a short distance, a couple inches or more from your ear, you are gonna feel the heat . . . If Juan was standing behind Kennedy, and somebody fired from behind him, then that’s the bullet from which he felt the heat . . . What Juan told me and what he has told me repeatedly is that he did say that Bobby told him, ‘Is anybody hurt? Is everybody okay? . . .’ Up until this day, Juan is traumatized. When I took him to see Kennedy he felt compelled to talk to Bobby at his grave and apologize and tell him he was sorry [for distracting him by shaking his hand]. Later, he told me he felt better that he finally got that done because the spiritual part of him, he was sincere in believing that he was talking to Bobby Kennedy and apologizing. He’s a very, very humble man.”

In his official autopsy report, Noguchi confirmed Don Schulman’s unwavering assertion that three shots did indeed hit Kennedy. What’s more, Noguchi relayed how “the all-important bullet that had caused Kennedy’s

death” came from behind RFK’s head. Noguchi conceded: “The bullet had entered the skull an inch to the left of Kennedy’s right ear . . . and shattered . . . But such small metallic bits could not be matched definitively to Sirhan’s gun. That meant that other evidence would be needed to establish that Sirhan Sirhan was in fact the assassin.”

In the yet-to-be-published *An Open & Shut Case* by Robert J. Joling, J.D., and Philip Van Praag, the authors provided an airtight case that none of Sirhan’s bullets hit Kennedy. On the other hand, they assumed that Cesar was the only other shooter besides Sirhan and they attributed the fatal blow to Cesar.

However, Joling is wrong that Cesar killed Kennedy. Presumably without a photo identification of the third shooter until now, thanks to Irene Gizzi, no one, including Joling, pursued Martha Raines’s description of the medallion guy as “approximately 6-feet 2-inches tall, Caucasian, with dark, wavy hair and wearing a suit (not a uniform).” In fact, at Sirhan Sirhan’s trial, Juan Romero’s eyewitness testimony of seeing the third shooter was completely ignored and dismissed.

Romero testified that he had seen a gunman deliver the fatal wound to the Senator’s head and clearly affirmed this person was *not* Sirhan Sirhan. The third shooter could not have been Cesar because he was already the second shooter. The security guard does not fit the description of a person running towards the Senator, who appeared like he “couldn’t wait to shake his hand,” as Juan Romero explained. “I seen the guy put a hand at the Senator’s head. And then I saw a gun.” Positioned directly behind the Senator, Cesar had by this time finished shooting his gun, hitting Kennedy twice to the right armpit. In fact, the third shooter’s fatal shot to RFK’s head was to come next.

As a former attorney and judge, Robert Joling told Jay Margolis he had been studying the RFK assassination since it occurred. Joling revealed to Margolis how he interviewed Don Schulman and found him completely credible. In 2007, Joling’s co-author Philip Van Praag provided strong support to Schulman’s account by analyzing audio evidence from freelance

reporter Stanislaw Pruszyński who inadvertently left his recorder on and discovered later that he had recorded the shooting. Van Praag established how at least thirteen shots were fired that day, more than Sirhan had in his own eight-shot .22 caliber Iver Johnson Cadet 55SA revolver. Joling and Van Praag noted in their book: “Shouldn’t there be some bullets on the scene that identify with Sirhan’s gun? . . . Or was the LAPD Property gun (H18602) . . . the gun destroyed in July, 1968—used to produce the test-fired bullets?”

In fact, not including Kennedy himself, it can never be determined whether any of the remaining bullets from the five other victims came from Sirhan’s gun simply because H18602 was the gun used to test-fire the bullets and this gun belonged to Jake Williams, *not* Sirhan Sirhan. Sirhan’s gun was actually labeled H53725 but this was *not* the gun used to perform the ballistics tests. The man who performed the test-firing, LAPD criminologist DeWayne Wolfer, widely-considered by many of his colleagues to be unqualified for his position, later explained it away by a “clerical error.”

However, this cannot be a simple “clerical error” when Jake Williams’s gun was the weapon actually being test fired as if it were Sirhan’s own gun, which it was not. Therefore, Wolfer lied when he testified under oath that the “Sirhan death weapon and no other gun in the world fired the fatal shot that killed Senator Kennedy.” The other shooting victims on June 5, 1968, not including Kennedy, had each been shot one time. They were as follows: Paul Schrade, who was grazed on the forehead, Elizabeth Evans, also grazed on the forehead while searching for her shoe, Ira Goldstein, who was wounded in his left hip, Irwin Stroll, hit in his left shin, and William Weisel who took a shot to the left abdomen.

Intriguingly, both Thane Eugene Cesar and Sirhan Sirhan were carrying a .22 on the day of RFK’s assassination despite Cesar lying to police that he brought a Rohm .38. In fact, Cesar was never asked to actually produce his weapon to authorities to see if it really was a .38 he was carrying or if it was a .22. They merely took Cesar at his word that it was a .38. Cesar owned a nine-shot .22 caliber Harrington & Richardson revolver also known as an H&R

922.

An AP Wire Photo dated June 5, 1968, released to the news services only hours after the shooting, correctly showed how Kennedy was shot in the back of the head near his right ear. Inexplicably against Sirhan's right to due process, the autopsy report itself was not accessible to Sirhan's defense team until after the beginning of Sirhan's trial on January 7, 1969, more than seven months following the RFK assassination.

The autopsy report and the June 5 Associated Press photo both show how Kennedy was shot from behind but every credible witness places Sirhan facing Kennedy the entire time. This discrepancy appears to be purposefully hidden from Sirhan's defense team so no one would think to point out that it wasn't physically possible for Sirhan to be RFK's true assassin. The Associated Press, by visiting RFK at Central Receiving Hospital and later Good Samaritan Hospital, knew from nurses and doctors on June 5 the exact location of the fatal bullet that killed Kennedy before Dr. Thomas Noguchi performed the autopsy on the Senator at 3:30 a.m. on June 6.

Unfortunately, four important eyewitnesses were either never asked the right questions or were simply ignored: Don Schulman's comments about the Senator being shot from the rear by Thane Cesar, Juan Romero's sighting of a third gun behind Kennedy's head, Martha Raines who, in addition to Romero, also saw a third shooter fire his weapon, and Irene Gizzi who miraculously identified four out of five dangerous persons in the Ambassador Room.

The four individuals identified by Ms. Gizzi included two Ku Klux Klan terrorists (Tarrants and Ainsworth) and two powerful CIA agents (Morales and Joannides). Irene Gizzi also made it clear how all four were working side-by-side shortly before the shooting in a five-person group, along with Unidentified Man in Profile who, according to Ms. Gizzi, may or may not be the "unidentified third man" with "blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses" on page 452 of Shane O'Sullivan's book. As for Sirhan Sirhan, he was blamed for killing Kennedy even though none of his bullets were proven to hit the Senator.

“We got the call there at the Ambassador Hotel,” Schaefer Ambulance driver Edgardo Villalobos told Jay Margolis. “The guy with me was Darryl Stump. I guarantee he’s not around because I looked like his son then. We were way over at Beverly Boulevard. Joe Tarnowski radioed us for the call. There were a lot of people in that crowd during all the confusion. We responded but we didn’t get to transport him because the city was there.

“They were different from us. They wore police uniforms, not paramedics, just regular technicians, the g-unit they called it and they were ambulance guys. When you see them, they had a badge and you think you’re looking at LAPD. But that was their uniform back in those days. The police was there with them and they all worked together.

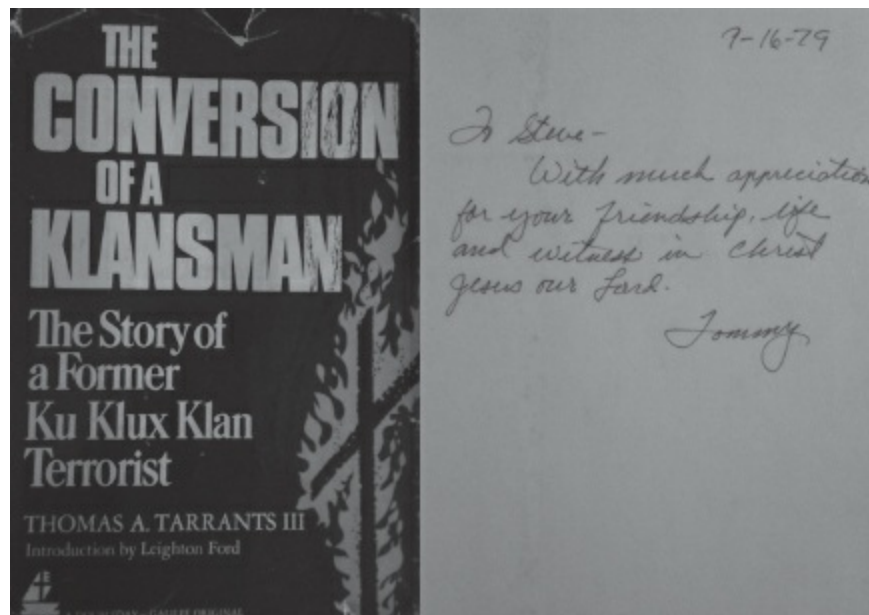
“So the technicians from the city [Robert Hulsman and Max Behrman] grabbed our stretcher, took over, put Bobby in it and away they went. They didn’t give us a chance to do anything, which is a very rude thing to do because we were there responding to the call however the city can take over. They put our stretcher in their ambulance so we went along after and followed them to pick up our stretcher. The city got the first call and Schaefer got the second call. In certain areas, anything the city cannot handle, we get.

“When the pictures came out in the media the next day, they showed how they covered Bobby with a big brown blanket on top of the stretcher and it had a big red circle that said S.A.A.S. (Schaefer’s Air Ambulance Service), which was like an advertisement. When they took our stretcher, it was made with our equipment, including the blanket on top of the stretcher . . . They first took him to Central Receiving Hospital. Then everything went bad. They were not prepared. Kennedy needed blood desperately and they didn’t have blood. So they transferred him to Good Samaritan where he died the next day.”

Twenty-five days after the RFK assassination, on June 30, 1968, at the Meridian, Mississippi, home of Jewish leader Meyer Davidson, the FBI ambushed Tommy Tarrants and Kathy Ainsworth, who were trying to plant a bomb on the front doorstep of Davidson’s house. The couple were caught in

gunfire similar to the film *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967) and surprisingly the bomb Tarrants was carrying didn't explode when he dropped it. Kathy Ainsworth, an elementary school teacher, who at the time was pregnant with her first child, died at the scene while her then-lover Thomas Tarrants had been shot *nineteen* times and survived. Following his astonishing recovery thanks to orthopedic surgeon Dr. Leslie Rush of Rush Memorial Hospital, Tarrants was initially put on death row yet was later inexplicably removed. He reasoned how "there were too many for the extra cells on death row."

Consequently Tarrants only served eight years in prison at Parchman State Penitentiary before officially being released on December 13, 1976, at 8:30 a.m. Authorities were convinced he had transformed into a born-again Christian and no longer considered him a threat to society. Tarrants later became President of the C.S. Lewis Institute from 1998 to 2010 and is now Vice President of Ministry. He had previously been a co-pastor. An ordained minister, he currently possesses a Doctor of Ministry Degree in Christian Spirituality and a Master of Divinity Degree. "Nonetheless, some wouldn't be convinced," Thomas Tarrants wrote in his first book. "They no doubt still view my conversion as a gimmick for freedom." After all, Tarrants himself conceded he was once regarded as "the most dangerous man in Mississippi."



TIMELINE

Note: Estimated times are indicated with a ~ symbol.

AUGUST 4, 1962:

8:00 a.m.

Mrs. Eunice Murray arrives for work.

9:00 a.m.

Isidore Miller calls from New York. Mrs. Murray assures Miller that Marilyn will return his call after she finishes dressing. Mrs. Murray never communicates the message to Marilyn.

Miller is Marilyn's ex-father-in-law, one of her closest friends, and the kindest father figure she ever knew. To Marilyn, he is known as "Dad."

9:00–10:15 a.m.

Marilyn's best friend Ralph Roberts massages her back in her bedroom using his portable massage table. He notes she is "in wonderful shape and not tense."

~ 10:20 a.m.

Ralph lets himself out the front door while Marilyn enters the kitchen and says good morning to Mrs. Murray. Per Mrs. Murray, Marilyn pours herself a glass of grapefruit juice. She does not eat or drink alcohol for the rest of the day. Tests of her unembalmed blood later reveal she hadn't had a drop of alcohol that day.

~ 10:30–11:00 a.m.

Mrs. Murray noted, "Sometime during the earlier part of the day, the bedside table was delivered and Marilyn wrote a check for it. The citrus trees were also delivered that day and were placed in the rear yard." Presumably the deliverers placed the bedside table where it belonged: in the guest cottage.

There was already a bedside table in Marilyn's main bedroom.

11:00 a.m.

Per Frank Neill, Twentieth Century-Fox studio publicist, he saw Bobby Kennedy arrive on the Fox lot, Stage 18, via helicopter. Bobby jumps out and quickly enters a car waiting for him with Peter Lawford inside.

Peter's neighbor Ward Wood would later spot Bobby in the afternoon noting, "It was Bobby all right. He was in khakis and a white shirt open at the neck."

12:00 p.m.

Pat Newcomb, who stayed overnight at Marilyn's, awakens and per Pat and Mrs. Murray and later Greenson, Marilyn gets angry with her because Marilyn had no sleep the night before. In 1985, Mrs. Murray would concede that Bobby Kennedy was the real reason Marilyn was upset that day, not her alleged lack of sleep.

2:00 p.m.

Per the police report, Joe DiMaggio, Jr., 20, who was in the Marines, calls from Camp Pendleton in San Diego. Joe, Jr., said he could hear Mrs. Murray telling the operator that Marilyn was not home. Mrs. Murray never communicates the message to Marilyn.

~ 2:00 p.m.

Bobby and Peter arrive at Marilyn's. Peter slips into her home to tell Mrs. Murray and Marilyn's handyman Norman Jefferies (also Murray's son-in-law) to get lost for an hour. Per Jefferies, Peter gives them money for Cokes and they leave in Jefferies' pick-up. Per Peter, Marilyn offers Bobby some food she ordered from Briggs Delicatessen the day before: mushrooms, meatballs, and a magnum of champagne. Uninterested, Bobby says he's here for one reason: to tell her she can't contact him or his brother Jack Kennedy again.

Bobby and Marilyn argue for several minutes before per Peter, Marilyn

threatens a press conference to announce her affairs with both Kennedy brothers. Later per Sydney Guilaroff, he learned from Marilyn that Bobby had responded, "If you threaten me, Marilyn, there's more than one way to keep you quiet." Per Peter, Marilyn then impulsively takes a kitchen knife lying next to the tray of food and lunges at Bobby. Peter joins in to help. Bobby eventually knocks her down to the ground and kicks the knife away from her.

During their typical Saturday afternoon bridge party, Marilyn's next-door neighbor to the east at 12304 Fifth Helena Drive, Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes, her guest Elizabeth Pollard, and two other ladies witness Bobby leave Marilyn's. They see him run back to a white Lincoln convertible (which Kennedy borrowed from FBI agent William Simon whenever he visited Marilyn). Bobby Kennedy then retrieved one of his two long-time personal bodyguards Archie Case or James Ahern. From an upstairs window, they see Kennedy with Case or Ahern return through Marilyn's courtyard back to Marilyn and Peter. The neighbors notice the man in the suit is carrying a little black case.

Regarding Bobby, one of the card-playing ladies shouted to the others, "Look, girls, there he is *again!*" Then, while Peter and Bobby restrain her, Case or Ahern subsequently sedates Marilyn with a heavy intramuscular pentobarbital injection under her left armpit.

While she's temporarily stunned and immobile on the ground from the drugs, Bobby and Peter enter Marilyn's home with the sole purpose of looking for her red diary, a potential basis for blackmail, where she documented highly sensitive political information.

Bobby keeps looking while screaming, "Where the fuck is it?" but can't find "it." Peter meanwhile flips through Marilyn's address book and calls Ralph Greenson to come over and tend to his patient. The psychiatrist agrees to be there within the hour. At this time, Marilyn musters enough energy to enter her house and furious that her privacy is being violated, screams and chases the men from her home. They leave without the diary.

~ 2:30–2:45 p.m.

Marilyn calls her friend Sydney Guilaroff and relays to him much of what had happened. Per Sydney, she's hysterical and tells him she's having an affair with both Kennedy brothers and that Bobby had threatened her. She said Bobby left with Peter Lawford. Sydney tries to calm Marilyn down and promises her they will talk later in the evening.

3:00 p.m.

When Greenson comes out by the pool, per Pat Newcomb, the psychiatrist dismisses her so he can be alone with Marilyn.

4:30 p.m.

Per the police report, Joe DiMaggio, Jr., calls and again Joe, Jr., can hear Mrs. Murray tell the operator that Marilyn is not home. Mrs. Murray never communicates the message to Marilyn.

5:00 p.m.

Peter claimed he called Marilyn inviting her to his regular Saturday evening dinner party. She tentatively agrees.

6:00 p.m.

Ralph Roberts calls Marilyn to confirm their dinner engagement at her house that night. Greenson answers the public phone. Asking if he can talk to her, Greenson replies: "She's not here" before rudely hanging up.

7:00 p.m.

Peter claimed he called Marilyn and that this time she begged off saying she was tired.

7:00–7:15 p.m.

Per the police report, Joe DiMaggio, Jr., phones for the third time. Mrs. Murray answers again but this time summons Marilyn from her bedroom to take the call. Mrs. Murray overhears how ecstatic and joyful Marilyn is at this time. Joe, Jr., tells Marilyn he broke off his engagement to Pamela Reis, a girl

Marilyn didn't like. She says to Joe, Jr., that he's too young to get married anyway. Per Joe DiMaggio, Sr., Marilyn and his son "spoke for about fifteen minutes and Marilyn seemed quite normal and in good spirits."

7:15 p.m.

Greenson leaves Marilyn's. He goes home to prepare for dinner at the residence of actor Eddie Albert and his wife Margo.

~ 7:30 p.m.

Peter calls Marilyn to see if he can still get her to come to his party. Those at the Lawfords' a half-hour later: Joe and Dolores Naar, producer "Bullets" Durgom, and Lawford maid Erma Lee Riley.

Instead of "Say goodbye to Jack . . ." private eye Fred Otash said he heard Marilyn say over wiretaps, "No, I'm tired. There is nothing more for me to respond to. Just do me a favor. Tell the President I tried to get him. Tell him goodbye for me. I think my purpose has been served."

~ 7:30 p.m.

Per Dolores Naar, Peter calls the Naars and tells them not to bother picking up Marilyn because "she's not coming."

~ 7:30–7:40 p.m.

Per Greenson and Mrs. Murray, Marilyn calls Greenson while he is shaving. He notes she is in high spirits because Joe DiMaggio, Jr., broke off his engagement.

~ 7:40–8:00 p.m.

Milt Ebbins alleges Peter phones him in a panic, worrying that Marilyn may have taken too many pills and that they should go over there. Ebbins says he warned him against it because he's the President's brother-in-law. Before going over there, Ebbins asks Peter to wait until he calls Mickey Rudin first. Ebbins later reaches Rudin at Mildred Allenberg's party.

~ 8:00–9:00 p.m.

Sydney Guilaroff got a call from Marilyn who sounds better. She told him she had just met with her psychiatrist. Before ending the call, Marilyn relayed to Sydney she knows a lot of secrets in Washington, a reference to her red diary.

~ 8:00–9:00 p.m.

Dress manufacturer and long-time friend Henry Rosenfeld calls Marilyn and he reports she sounded normal.

~ 8:00–9:00 p.m.

Peter's friend Bill Asher claims Peter called him to see if he would go along with him to Marilyn's house to find out if she's okay. Asher advised against it because Peter is the president's brother-in-law and that maybe they should call "old man Joe" Kennedy to seek his advice.

9:00 p.m.

Per the police report, Mickey Rudin called Mrs. Murray who informed him that Marilyn was fine, which she was.

9:30 p.m.

Per George "Bullets" Durgom, Pat Newcomb arrives at Peter's party. She wears what appear to be pajamas and a dark coat over it.

~ 9:30–9:45 p.m.

Per Mrs. Murray, her son-in-law Norman Jefferies, Marilyn's next-door neighbor to the east Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes at 12304 Fifth Helena Drive, and FBI agent John Anderson, Bobby Kennedy goes into Marilyn's house alongside LAPD veteran partners Archie Case and James Ahern, members of Chief William Parker's off-the-books Gangster Squad. They happen to also be Bobby Kennedy's personal bodyguards in Los Angeles ever since Jack Kennedy was a senator. They instruct Jefferies and Mrs. Murray to leave. Bobby, Case, and Ahern then proceed to the guest cottage with the sole

purpose of looking for Marilyn's red diary. They break into one of the two large filing cabinets and make a loud ruckus.

~ 9:45 p.m.

At this time, Marilyn is busy in her main bedroom chatting happily on her private line with her friend and sometimes lover José Bolaños. Marilyn tells Bolaños to hold on a moment while she goes to investigate the noise. According to Bolaños, she doesn't hang up but never comes back on the line.

~ 9:50 p.m.

Marilyn storms into her guest cottage and she screams at Bobby. Case and Ahern throw her onto the bed, and per Bernie Spindel and Fred Otash, Bobby then shoves a pillow over her face to keep her from making noise.

Per Deputy Coroner's Aide Lionel Grandison, Bobby Kennedy ordered Case and Ahern, "Give her something to calm her down." Raymond Strait, who heard eleven hours of Otash's bugging tapes, relayed to Joan Rivers, "It was horrible. You could hear the two men [Case and Ahern] talking to each other, saying, 'Give her another one. Don't give it to her too quickly' and awful smothering sounds. After hearing those tapes, there's no doubt in my mind that Marilyn was murdered." A confidential source relayed to Jay Margolis, "There were needle marks behind her knees, the jugular vein in her neck, and bruises on her arms and back."

Bobby had instructed Case and Ahern to give Marilyn injections of Nembutal to "calm her down." After that didn't effectively subdue Marilyn, Case and Ahern, stripped her of her clothes and using water and enema paraphernalia already available in the guest cottage bathroom along with Marilyn's own Nembutal and chloral hydrate prescriptions, they forcibly administer to Marilyn a drug enema containing seventeen chloral hydrates and between thirteen to nineteen Nembutals to knock her out. Marilyn often took enemas daily and Bobby knew this.

10:00 p.m.

From the guest cottage, right after the enema had been given to her, Marilyn grabs the phone, the public line, and makes her last call to best friend Ralph Roberts. She reaches his answering service. When told he's out for the evening, she hangs up before lapsing into unconsciousness from the drugs.

~ 10:20–10:25 p.m.

Someone calls Peter and tells him to get to Marilyn's house, ordering him to hire a professional to remove any link with the Kennedys and the famous movie star.

10:30 p.m.

Per Jefferies, Bobby leaves with Case and Ahern. After his second search for Marilyn's red diary that day, Bobby is thoroughly frustrated that he, Case, and Ahern couldn't find it despite more than a half-hour search.

~ 10:30–10:35 p.m.

Jefferies and Mrs. Murray return. They hear Maf barking in the guest cottage and walk over. Per Jefferies and Mrs. Murray, they by their own independent accounts find Marilyn facedown leaning on the phone.

~ 10:35–10:50 p.m.

Per Jefferies, a frightened Mrs. Murray takes the phone from Marilyn and calls an ambulance then calls Greenson who tells her to call Engelberg. Engelberg claimed to the District Attorney's Office in 1982 that he went to the house "immediately" upon receiving the call; however, he was double-parked so he had to move his car first. Engelberg would later tell investigative reporter Sylvia Chase that when he was called, it "must have been around eleven or twelve" and that an ambulance is "pure imagination."

However, one-time Schaefer Vice President Carl Bellonzi, Schaefer Ambulance attendant Edgardo Villalobos, and Schaefer nurse and sometimes-attendant Ruth Tarnowski all confirmed to Jay Margolis that not only was an ambulance called to Marilyn Monroe's house but Schaefer Ambulance driver Joe Tarnowski was the dispatcher on that call.

Villalobos stated that he and his late driver Larry Telling first received the call at Beverly and Western, the main station, before the call was transferred to James Hall and Murray Liebowitz in Santa Monica, who were more realistically able to respond to the call as they were closer.

After Mrs. Murray phoned for the ambulance and the two doctors, then per Jefferies, Peter Lawford and Pat Newcomb arrive together. Peter drove since Pat left her car at the Lawfords’.

Per Jefferies, Pat screams at Mrs. Murray. Jefferies says he then escorts Mrs. Murray into the main house. At that point, Mrs. Murray responsibly takes possession of Marilyn’s red diary (in the main bedroom) and one of Marilyn’s address books. She places them into her purse or basket of things. Then per Mrs. Murray and Jefferies, they wait in the living room and stay there until Marilyn is eventually declared dead in the guest cottage.

Per Strait, before arriving at Marilyn’s, a worried and hysterical Peter had called private eye to the stars Fred Otash to meet him at Marilyn’s house. Strait said, “Fred’s job was to clean the mess up . . . Fred was there as she was dying.”

Right after Mrs. Murray and Jefferies had left the guest cottage, Pat phoned the Hollywood Bowl. With his soundman, Otash arrives and Peter approaches them. Otash immediately assigns the soundman to the main house to remove all bugging equipment. Per twenty-four-year-old Jacobs press agent Michael Selsman and twenty-one-year-old Natalie Trundy, the person who phoned the Hollywood Bowl was Pat Newcomb. Per Natalie, an usher tells her boyfriend-at-the-time Arthur Jacobs, Marilyn’s publicist, that Marilyn’s “dying or on the point of death.”

Otash and Peter hurriedly take an unconscious Marilyn off the guest cottage bed. Per Strait, Peter “was just like a hysterical woman” and “Fred slapped the shit out of him” since they have to act quickly before the ambulance arrives on scene. Otash and Peter hastily remove the soiled sheets off the bed. Mrs. Murray is later told to do the laundry when the ambulance leaves.

After Marilyn is quickly cleaned and dried off from the expelled enema,

Peter and Otash place Marilyn faceup back on the bed. The linens used to clean and dry her off were easily accessible from a nearby linen closet down one of the guest bedroom hallways.

Finally, Peter and Otash dash to her main bedroom and grab the rest of Marilyn's pill bottles and neatly stack them onto the bedside table in the guest cottage, which was according to Mrs. Murray, delivered that very morning. When they're done, they slip out of the room and return to the main house.

11:00 p.m.

Arthur Jacobs arrives on the scene but does not go into the guest cottage.

~ 11:00 p.m.

Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall and his driver Murray Liebowitz arrive. Per Hall, Pat Newcomb is the first person he and his partner saw. From the outside, still hysterical, she screams at Hall and Liebowitz, "She's dead! She's dead! I think she's dead!" When Hall asked her what's the matter, Newcomb replied, "I think she took some pills." Pat then directs them into the guest cottage where they find a naked Marilyn lying faceup on the bed with her head hanging over the edge, still unconscious with no sheet or blanket underneath her. Hall noted no odor of pear from her mouth so Marilyn definitely did not orally ingest the seventeen chloral hydrates.

~ 11:00–11:30 p.m.

With Liebowitz's help, Hall drags Marilyn away from the guest room and into the hallway where there's a hard surface. Next, Hall said he and Liebowitz dropped Marilyn "on her fanny," taking credit for the bruise on the "left side of [her] lower back," which Noguchi noted in his official autopsy report was "a very fresh bruise." Hall therefore deduced years later, "Dead bodies don't bruise. She was still alive."

Hall tells Liebowitz to get the resuscitator from the van. When Liebowitz returns, Hall puts an airway down Marilyn's throat and per Hall, Marilyn's color is coming back and Hall believes they can safely take her to the hospital.

Hall then tells Liebowitz, “Get the gurney.”

11:30 p.m.

Peter’s best friend Joe Naar and his then-wife Dolores claim Peter called (which could have only been from Marilyn’s house), asking Joe, who lived four blocks from Marilyn, to go over and check on her. Two minutes later, according to the Naars, Peter calls back telling them not to go. Dolores thought the two calls, so close to each other were “calculated to mislead us.”

~ 11:30–11:45 p.m.

Before Liebowitz leaves the guest cottage to retrieve the gurney, suddenly Greenson arrives and says he’s “her doctor.” Greenson tells Hall to remove the resuscitator, which was in fact doing its job. Hall defers to him because he had always been told to never challenge an M.D. Per Hall, Greenson then takes a syringe with a long heart needle already attached to it out of his medical bag and tells Hall, “I’ve got to make a show of this.”

Next, Greenson fills the syringe with a “brownish fluid” (Nembutal) from a pharmaceutical bottle. Hall then notes something peculiar about Greenson: “he had to count down her ribs—like he was still in premed school and had really never done this before.”

This makes sense since he’s a psychiatrist who doesn’t normally deal with needles. As Dr. Greenson injects Marilyn in the heart, James Hall saw Peter Lawford and Sgt. Marvin Iannone enter the guest cottage. Greenson did not dilute the solution first making the shot lethal regardless of what’s in the syringe and the amount injected into the body. The five eyewitnesses to Marilyn Monroe’s murder by Ralph Greenson were Schaefer Ambulance attendant James Hall, Schaefer Ambulance driver Murray Liebowitz, Peter Lawford, Pat Newcomb, and Sgt. Marvin D. Iannone. Within minutes, Marilyn dies.

In the early 1990s, Hall would identify the hysterical woman as Pat Newcomb and the man who comforted her as Peter Lawford. In 1992, to Detective Franklin, Hall identified the policeman as Sgt. Marvin D. Iannone.

In 1993, Hall also identified him to Donald Wolfe.

Per Officer Lynn Franklin, Otash said that at 11:45 p.m. he “observed Sgt. Iannone, in uniform, in conversation with Peter Lawford.”

Greenson then tells Hall he can leave because he’s going to pronounce her dead. For years, says Hall, he believed the solution was adrenaline in an attempt to save her but now Hall thinks the shot was intended to murder her.

Greenson’s brother-in-law and Marilyn’s attorney Mickey Rudin would later claim on a recorded interview that he arrived sometime before midnight and that Greenson was the one who called him to say Marilyn was dead.

~ 11:45–11:50 p.m.

Marilyn’s next-door neighbor to the west, Abe Charles Landau, arrives home with his wife Ruby Landau and they see several cars parked up the narrow street including a limousine, a police car (per Hall and Otash, Sgt. Marvin Iannone’s), and an ambulance (Hall and Liebowitz’s).

Per Jefferies, not long after Marilyn’s death, plainclothes officers orchestrated the “locked room” story. They broke the window Greenson would later claim to police he had to break in order to enter Marilyn’s bedroom yet the movie star’s inside doors, not including the front and back doors, had no operable locks many years before she owned the house.

Next, the principals at the scene move the pill bottles and Marilyn’s body to the main bedroom, and lay her facedown on the bed to disguise needle marks through the process of postmortem lividity.

AUGUST 5, 1962:

~ 12:00–1:00 a.m.

Peter’s friend Bill Asher claims Peter called him, saying they should go over there to check on Marilyn. Asher, admittedly irritated by this call, claims he again advised against it.

12:10 a.m.

Near the intersection of Robertson and Olympic Boulevards, Beverly Hills

Detective Lynn Franklin pulls over an inebriated Peter Lawford in his Lincoln Continental sedan with the headlights off going 70–80 MPH with Greenson in the front seat and Bobby Kennedy in the backseat. Not eager to give Peter a ticket with Bobby in the backseat, Detective Franklin gives them proper directions to go to the Beverly Hilton Hotel since Peter, drunk and hysterical, was driving in the opposite direction heading toward downtown Los Angeles. At the time of the stop, Franklin said he did not correlate Bobby Kennedy with Marilyn Monroe as news of her death was still hours away.

~ 12:30–2:00 a.m.

Bobby takes a helicopter from the Lawfords' to Los Angeles International Airport, boards a private plane, and is flown back to San Francisco.

4:25 a.m.

Norman Jefferies, Pat Newcomb, Mickey Rudin, and Hyman Engelberg are all at the scene when Greenson calls the police reaching watch commander Sgt. Jack Clemmons. In Greenson's own words (from a newspaper article on August 5, 1973), he claims to have said he wants to "report the death of a person, a sudden and unexplained death" while Clemmons says Greenson told him his star patient had instead committed suicide, not an accidental death as Greenson allegedly told his family.

4:45 a.m.

When Clemmons arrives, he talks to a sarcastic Greenson, a frightened housekeeper (Mrs. Murray), and a depressed Engelberg. Greenson tells Clemmons that Marilyn committed suicide. Greenson points to the empty bottle of Nembutal, which he implies speaks for itself. According to his initial suspicions, Clemmons believed Marilyn was murdered and that her body had been moved.

He asserts she did not die facedown on the bed in the soldier's position: her arms at her side and her legs perfectly straight. Clemmons would later reflect that Marilyn had been placed that way to disguise needle marks. He also

found it strange how Mrs. Murray was running the laundry after Marilyn's death.

During this time, Jefferies, Newcomb, and Mickey Rudin hide in rooms Clemmons later admitted he didn't search, including the guest cottage. Clemmons reflected he should have looked since he had noticed quite a few cars in Marilyn's courtyard.

5:25 a.m.

Per the 1982 District Attorney's Report, Clemmons notifies Detective Sgt. Robert E. Byron of Marilyn's death.

~ 5:30 a.m.

Sgt. Marvin Iannone dismisses Clemmons from the scene.

~ 5:45 a.m.

By the time Detective Sgt. Byron arrives, he notes Greenson is no longer at the house but places Pat Newcomb on the scene. Had Greenson still been there, he surely would have been hounded by reporters and couldn't have conceivably escaped their photographs, none of which have survived.

Westwood Village Mortuary employees Guy Hockett and his son Don arrive. The elder Hockett notes that rigor mortis is advanced and places Marilyn's death roughly between 9:30 to 11:30 p.m. on August 4.

~ 6:00–6:30 a.m.

Per reporter Joe Hyams, the Hocketts strap Marilyn into a gurney then lift the gurney into their Ford Panel truck and drive away.

~ 6:30–7:00 a.m.

Per Jefferies and Mrs. Murray, before the police seal the house, they notice that Pat Newcomb doesn't want to leave. Per Jefferies, he sees Pat "looking through drawers and going into Marilyn's bedroom. She had spent Friday night at the house and perhaps she was looking for something she left there. The police had to control her . . . They had trouble getting her out of the

door.” That’s because she was looking for the red diary that Jefferies a day later said he saw in Mrs. Murray’s possession, the same diary that Bobby Kennedy couldn’t find the night before.

Note: On Monday, August 6, Jefferies will witness Mrs. Murray give the red diary and one of Marilyn’s personal address books to a driver for the Coroner’s Office before executrix Inez Melson arrives. After a day at the Coroner’s Office, per Deputy Coroner’s Aide Lionel Grandison, the red diary was gone.

~ 8:00–8:45 a.m.

Per Deputy Coroner Robert Dambacher, he and his partner Cletus Pace transferred Marilyn Monroe’s remains from the Westwood Village Mortuary back to the Coroner’s Office in downtown Los Angeles.

~ 9:00 a.m.

Dr. Thomas Noguchi will perform the autopsy overseen by Deputy District Attorney John Miner. Noguchi noted what he later considered strange observations, “The stomach is almost completely empty. The contents is [sic] brownish mucoid fluid. The volume is estimated to be no more than 20 cc. No residue of the pills is noted. A smear made from the gastric contents and examined under the polarized microscope shows no refractile crystals . . . The contents of the duodenum is [sic] also examined under polarized microscope and shows no refractile crystals . . . The colon shows marked congestion and purplish discoloration.”

Thomas Noguchi at first notated needle marks on Marilyn’s body, but in a later revision of the autopsy report, Noguchi had handwritten “No needle mark,” which contradicted his initial findings. A confidential source relayed to Jay Margolis, “There were needle marks behind her knees, the jugular vein in her neck, and bruises on her arms and back.” In addition, according to Allan Abbott, Noguchi also found a needle mark under Marilyn’s left armpit. Last, there was the needle mark to the heart, which apparently was never included on any of the autopsy reports, especially the “official” one.

9:30 a.m.

Bobby Kennedy attends Mass in Gilroy, California, with his wife Ethel and four of their children at St. Mary Parish.

10:30 a.m.

Noguchi completes the autopsy, signing his report on Marilyn Monroe, reluctantly declaring her death a “probable suicide.”

AUTOPSY REPORT

OFFICE OF COUNTY CORONER

File 8 #1128

Date: Aug. 5, 1962

Time: 10:30 a.m.

ACUTE BARBITURATE POISONING

INGESTION OF OVERDOSE

(final 8/27/62)

ANATOMICAL SUMMARY

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION:

Lavidity [sic] of face and chest with slight ecchymosis of the left side of the back and left hip.

Surgical scar, right upper quadrant of the abdomen.

Suprapubic surgical scar.

RESPIRATORY SYSTEM:

Pulmonary congestion and minimal edema.

LIVER AND BILIARY SYSTEM:

Surgical absence of gallbladder.

Acute passive congestion of liver.

UROGENITAL SYSTEM:

Congestion of kidneys.

DIGESTIVE SYSTEM:

Marked congestion of stomach with petechial mucosal hemorrhage.

Absence of appendix.

Congestion and purplish discoloration of the colon.

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION:

The unembalmed body is that of a 36-year-old well-developed, well-nourished Caucasian female weighing 117 pounds and measuring 65½ inches in length. The scalp is covered with bleached blond hair. The eyes are blue. The fixed lividity is noted in the face, neck, chest, upper portions of arms and the right side of the abdomen. The faint lividity which disappears upon pressure is noted in the back and posterior aspect of the arms and legs. A slight ecchymotic area is noted in the left hip and left side of lower back. The breast shows no significant lesion. There is a horizontal 3-inch long surgical scar in the right upper quadrant of the abdomen. A suprapubic surgical scar measuring 5 inches in length is noted.

The conjunctivae are markedly congested; however, no ecchymosis or petechiae are noted. The nose shows no evidence of fracture. The external auditory canals are not remarkable. No evidence of trauma is noted in the scalp, forehead, cheeks, lips or chin. The neck shows no evidence of trauma. Examination of the hands and nails shows no defects. The lower extremities shows no evidence of trauma.

BODY CAVITY:

The usual Y-shaped incision is made to open the thoracic and abdominal cavities. The pleural and abdominal cavities contain no excess of fluid or blood. The mediastinum shows no shifting or widening. The diaphragm is within normal limits. The lower edge of the liver is within the costal margin. The organs are in normal position and relationship.

CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM:

The heart weighs 300 grams. The pericardial cavity contains no excess of

fluid. The epicardium and pericardium are smooth and glistening. The left ventricular wall measures 1.1 cm. and the right 0.2 cm. The papillary muscles are not hypertrophic. The chordae tendineae are not thickened or shortened. The valves have the usual number of leaflets which are thin and pliable. The tricuspid valve measures 10 cm., the pulmonary valve 6.5 cm., mitral valve 9.5 cm. and aortic valve 7 cm. in circumference. There is no septal defect. The foramen ovale is closed.

The coronary arteries arise from their usual location and are distributed in normal fashion. Multiple sections of the anterior descending branch of the left coronary artery with a 5 mm. interval demonstrate a patent lumen throughout. The circumflex branch and the right coronary artery also demonstrate a patent lumen. The pulmonary artery contains no thrombus.

The aorta has a bright yellow smooth intima.

RESPIRATORY SYSTEM:

The right lung weighs 465 grams and the left 420 grams. Both lungs are moderately congested with some edema. The surface is dark red with mottling. The posterior portion of the lungs shows severe congestion. The tracheobronchial tree contains no aspirated material or blood. Multiple sections of the lungs show congestion and edematous fluid exuding from the cut surface. No consolidation or suppuration is noted. The mucosa of the larynx is grayish white.

LIVER AND BILIARY SYSTEM:

The liver weighs 1890 grams. The surface is dark brown and smooth. There are marked adhesions through the omentum and abdominal wall in the lower portion of the liver as the gallbladder has been removed. The common duct is widely patent. No calculus or obstructive material is found. Multiple sections of the liver show slight accentuation of the lobular pattern; however, no hemorrhage or tumor is found.

HEMIC AND LYMPHATIC SYSTEM:

The spleen weighs 190 grams. The surface is dark red and smooth. Section shows dark red homogeneous firm cut surface. The malpighian bodies are not clearly identified. There is no evidence of lymphadenopathy. The bone marrow is dark red in color.

ENDOCRINE SYSTEM:

The adrenal glands have the usual architectural cortex and medulla. The thyroid glands are of normal size, color and consistency.

URINARY SYSTEM:

The kidneys together weigh 350 grams. Their capsules can be stripped without difficulty. Dissection shows a moderately congested parenchyma. The cortical surface is smooth. The pelves and ureters are not dilated or stenosed. The urinary bladder contains approximately 150 cc. of clear straw-colored fluid. The mucosa is not altered.

GENITAL SYSTEM:

The external genitalia shows no gross abnormality. Distribution of the pubic hair is of female pattern. The uterus is of the usual size. Multiple sections of the uterus show the usual thickness of the uterine wall without tumor nodules. The endometrium is grayish yellow, measuring up to 0.2 cm in thickness. No polyp or tumor is found. The cervix is clear, showing no nabothian cysts. The tubes are intact. The openings of the fimbria are patent. The right ovary demonstrates recent corpus luteum haemorrhagicum. The left ovary shows corpora lutea and albicantia. A vaginal smear is taken.

DIGESTIVE SYSTEM:

The esophagus has a longitudinal folding mucosa. The stomach is almost completely empty. The contents is brownish mucoid fluid. The volume is

estimated to be no more than 20 cc. No residue of the pills is noted. A smear made from the gastric contents and examined under the polarized microscope shows no refractile crystals. The mucosa shows marked congestion and submucosal petechial hemorrhage diffusely. The duodenum shows no ulcer. The contents of the duodenum is also examined under polarized microscope and shows no refractile crystals. The remainder of the small intestine shows no gross abnormality. The appendix is absent. The colon shows marked congestion and purplish discoloration. The fecal contents is light brown and formed. The mucosa shows no discoloration.

The pancreas has a tan lobular architecture. Multiple sections shows a patent duct.

SKELETOMUSCULAR SYSTEM:

The clavicle, ribs, vertebrae and pelvic bones show no refractile lines. All bones of the extremities are examined by palpation showing no evidence of fracture.

HEAD AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM:

The brain weighs 1440 grams. Upon reflection of the scalp there is no evidence of contusion or hemorrhage. The temporal muscles are intact. Upon removal of the dura mater the cerebrospinal fluid is clear. The superficial vessels are slightly congested. The convolutions of the brain are not flattened. The contour of the brain is not distorted. No blood is found in the epidural, subdural or subarachnoid spaces. Multiple sections of the brain show the usual symmetrical ventricles and basal ganglia. Examination of the cerebellum and brain stem shows no gross abnormality. Following removal of the dura mater from the base of the skull and calvarium no skull fracture is demonstrated.

Liver temperature taken at 10:30 a.m. registered 89° F.

SPECIMEN:

Unembalmed blood is taken for alcohol and barbiturate examination. Liver, kidney, stomach and contents, urine and intestine are saved for further toxicological study. A vaginal smear is made.

T. NOGUCHI, M.D.
DEPUTY MEDICAL EXAMINER
TN:ag:G
8-13-62

REPORT OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER

Toxicology Laboratory
Hall of Justice
Los Angeles, California

File No. 81128
Name of Deceased: Marilyn Monroe
Date Submitted: August 6, 1962
Time: 8 a.m.
Autopsy Surgeon: T. Noguchi, M.D.

Material Submitted	Blood X	Liver X	Stomach X
	Brain	Lung	Lavage
	Femur	Spleen	Urine X
	Kidney X	Sternum	Gallbladder
	Drugs X	Chemicals	Intestines X

Test Desired: Ethanol, Barbiturates

Laboratory Findings:

Blood: Ethanol Absent
Blood: Barbiturates 4.5 mg. percent

Phenobarbital is absent.

- Drugs:** (1) 27 capsules, #19295, 6-7-62, Librium, 5 mgm. #50
(2) 17 capsules, #20201, 7-10-62, Librium, 10 mgm. #100
(3) 26 tablets, # 20569, 7-25-62, Sulfathallidine, #36
(4) Empty container, #20858, 8-3-62, Nembutal, 1½gr. #25
(5) 10 green capsules, #20570, 7-31-62, Chloral Hydrate, 0.5 gm. #50
(Refill: 7-25-62—original)
(6) Empty container, #456099, 11-4-61, Noludar, #50
(7) 32 pink capsules in a container without label, Phenergan, #20857,
8-3-62, 25 mg. #25

Examined by: Raymond Abernathy Head Toxicologist. Date: August 6, 1962

REPORT OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS LOS ANGELES COUNTY CORONER

Toxicology Laboratory
Hall of Justice
Los Angeles, California

File No. 81128

Name of Deceased: Marilyn Monroe 1st Supplement

Date Submitted: August 6, 1962

Time: 8 a.m.

Autopsy Surgeon: T. Noguchi, M.D.

Material Submitted	Blood X	Liver X	Stomach X
	Brain	Lung	Lavage
	Femur	Spleen	Urine X
	Kidney X	Sterum	Gallbladder

Drugs X Chemicals Intestines X

Test Desired: Chloral Hydrate, Pentobarbital

Laboratory Findings:

Blood: Chloral Hydrate 8 mg. per cent

Liver: Pentobarbital 13.0 mg. per cent

Drugs: Correction—delete #7 on original report of August 6 and add:

(7) 32 peach-colored tablets marked MSD in prescription type vial without label.

(8) 24 white tablets #20857, 8-3-62, Phenergan, 25 mg. #25

(SEE ORIGINAL REPORT)

Examined by: Raymond Abernathy Head Toxicologist. Date: August 13, 1962

RE: DEATH REPORT OF MARILYN MONROE—LA POLICE DPT.

Death was pronounced on 8/5/62 at 3:45 a.m., Possible Accidental, having taken place between the times of 8/4 and 8/5/62, 3:35 a.m. at residence located at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive, Brentwood, in Rptg. Dist. 814, Report # 62-509 463.

Marilyn Monroe on August 4, 1962 retired to her bedroom at about eight o'clock in the evening; Mrs. Eunice Murray of 933 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Calif., 395-7752, CR 61890, noted a light in Miss Monroe's bedroom. Mrs. Murray was not able to arouse Miss Monroe when she went to the door, and when she tried the door again at 3:30 a.m. when she noted the light still on, she found it to be locked. Thereupon Mrs. Murray observed Miss Monroe through the bedroom window and found her lying on her stomach in the bed and the appearance seemed unnatural. Mrs. Murray then called Miss Monroe's psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph R. Greenson of 436 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif, CR 14050. Upon entering after breaking the bedroom window, he found Miss Monroe possibly dead. Then he telephoned Dr. Hyman Engelberg of 9730 Wilshire Boulevard, also of Beverly Hills, CR 54366, who came over and then pronounced Miss Monroe dead at 3:35 a.m. Miss Monroe was seen by Dr. Greenson on August 4, 1962 at 5:15 p.m., at her request, because she was not able to sleep. She was being treated by him for about a year. She was nude when Dr. Greenson found her dead with the telephone receiver in one hand and lying on her stomach. The Police Department was called and when they arrived they found Miss Monroe in the condition described above, except for the telephone which was removed by Dr. Greenson. There were found to be 15 bottles of medication on the night table and some were prescription. A bottle marked 1½ grains Nembutal, prescription #20853 and prescribed by Dr. Engelberg, and referring to this

particular bottle, Dr. Engelberg made the statement that he prescribed a refill for this about two days ago and he further stated there probably should have been about 50 capsules at the time this was refilled by the pharmacist.

Description of Deceased: Female Caucasian, age 36, height 5.4, weight 115 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes, and slender, medium build.

Occupation: Actress, Probable cause of death: overdose of Nembutal, body discovered 8/5/62 at 3:25 a.m. Taken to County Morgue—from there to Westwood Mortuary. Report made by Sgt. R.E. Byron, #2730, W. LA Detective Division. Next of kin: Gladys Baker (Mother).

Coroner's Office notified. The body was removed from premises by Westwood Village Mortuary.

(8/5/62 11 a.m. WLA hf—J.R. Brukles 5829)

LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

FOLLOW-UP REPORT

Report # 62-509 463

Type Crime: DEATH REPORT

Date and Time Occurred: 8-4/5-62 8P/3:35A

Date and Time of this Report: 8-6-62 4:15P

Location of Occurrence: 12305 Fifth Helena Drive

Victim's Name: MONROE, Marilyn

Upon re-interviewing both Dr. Ralph R. Greenson (Wit #1) and Dr. Hyman Engelberg (Wit #2) they both agree to the following time sequence of their actions.

Dr. Greenson received a phone call from Mrs. Murray (reporting person) at 3:30A, 8-5-62 stating that she was unable to get into Miss Monroe's bedroom and the light was on. He told her to pound on the door and look in the window and call him back. At 3:35A, Mrs. Murray called back and stated Miss Monroe was laying on the bed with the phone in her hand and looked strange. Dr. Greenson was dressed by this time, left for deceased residence which is about one mile away. He also told Mrs. Murray to call Dr. Engelberg.

Dr. Greenson arrived at deceased house at about 3:40A. He broke the window pane and entered through the window and removed the phone from her hand.

Rigor Mortis had set in. At 3:50A, Dr. Engelberg arrived and pronounced Miss Monroe dead. The two doctors talked for a few moments. They both believe that it was about 4A when Dr. Engelberg called the Police Department.

A check with the Complaint Board and WLA Desk, indicates that the call was received at 4:25 a.m. Miss Monroe's phone, GR 61890 has been checked

and no toll calls were made during the hours of this occurrence. Phone number 472-4830 is being checked at the present time.

RE-INTERVIEW OF PERSONS KNOWN TO MARILYN MONROE

August 6, 1962

G.H. ARMSTRONG, COMMANDER, WEST LA DETECTIVE DIVISION

Date and Time Reported: 8-10-62 8:30A

The following is a resume of the interview conducted in an effort to obtain the times of various phone calls received by Miss Monroe on the evening of her death. All of the below times are estimations of the persons interviewed. None are able to state definite times as none checked the time of these calls.

MILTON RUDIN

Mr. Rudin stated that on the evening of 8-4-62 his exchange received a call at 8:25P and that this call was relayed to him at 8:30P. The call was for him to call Milton Ebbins. At about 8:45P he called Mr. Ebbins who told him that he had received a call from Peter Lawford stating that Mr. Lawford had called Marilyn Monroe at her home and that while Mr. Lawford was talking to her, her voice seemed to "fade out" and when he attempted to call her back, the line was busy. Mr. Ebbins requested that Mr. Rudin call Miss Monroe and determine if everything was alright, or attempt to reach her doctor. At about 9P, Mr. Rudin called Miss Monroe and the phone was answered by Mrs. Murray. He inquired of her as to the physical well being of Miss Monroe and was assured by Mrs. Murray that Miss Monroe was alright. Believing that Miss Monroe was suffering from one of her despondent moments, Mr. Rudin dismissed the possibility of anything further being wrong.

MRS. EUNICE MURRAY

Mrs. Murray stated that she had worked for Marilyn Monroe since November, 1961, that on the evening of 8-4-62 Miss Monroe had received a collect call from a Joe DiMaggio, Jr. at about 7:30P. Mrs. Murray said that at the time of this call coming in, Miss Monroe was in bed and possibly had been asleep. She took the call and after talking to Joe DiMaggio, Jr., she then made a call to Dr. Greenson and Mrs. Murray overheard her say, "Joe Jr. is not getting married, I'm so happy about this." Mrs. Murray states that from the tone of Miss Monroe's voice, she believed her to be in very good spirits. At about 9P, Mrs. Murray received a call from Mr. Rudin who inquired about Miss Monroe. Mr. Rudin did not talk to Miss Monroe. Mrs. Murray states that these are the only phone calls that she recalls receiving on this date.

Note: It is officers' opinion that Mrs. Murray was vague and possibly evasive in answering questions pertaining to the activities of Miss Monroe during this time. It is not known whether this is, or is not intentional. During the interrogation of Joe DiMaggio, Jr., he indicated he had made three phone calls to the Monroe home, only one of which Mrs. Murray mentioned.

JOE DIMAGGIO—Miramar Hotel, Room 1035, Santa Monica

Mr. DiMaggio was informed of the rumor which quoted him as saying that he would not invite Mr. Lawford to the funeral services because he could have saved Marilyn's life and didn't. Mr. DiMaggio denied this, stating that he had not talked to any member of the press, nor had he said such a thing to anyone who might have repeated it to the press. He stated that the decision to limit the number of people was a mutual agreement, decided upon in order to keep from hurting the feelings of many of Marilyn's friends who might be accidentally overlooked.

JOE DIMAGGIO, JR.—Miramar Hotel, Room 1035, Santa Monica

Joe DiMaggio, Jr. was in his father's suite and interviewed immediately after the above interview. He stated that he had placed three collect calls to Miss Monroe on 8-4-62 and that the first call was about 2P. He could overhear the operator talk to Mrs. Murray who informed the operator that Miss Monroe was not in. The second call was placed at approximately 4:30P

and again was answered by Mrs. Murray, and again he was unable to contact Miss Monroe. The third call was placed at approximately 7P and on this occasion Mrs. Murray stated that she would see if Miss Monroe was available and in a few moments Miss Monroe came on the phone and he held a short conversation with her. During the conversation, he told Miss Monroe that he was not going to get married. The time of the last call is estimated to be 7P, as he states it was during the 6th or 7th innings of the Angels-Orioles baseball game in Baltimore.

PETER LAWFORD

An attempt was made to contact Mr. Lawford, but officers were informed by his secretary that Mr. Lawford had taken an airplane at 1P, 8-8-62. It is unknown at this time the exact destination, however his secretary stated that she did expect to hear from him and that she would request that he contact this Department at his earliest convenience.

R.E. Byron #2730

W.LA Detectives

POLICE REPORTS on MARILYN MONROE DEATH

8-5-62

L. Selby, OIC, Homicide Special Sec., R.H.D.

Date of Report: 8-27-74

At the request of Commander McCauley, an attempt was made to determine the number and type of police reports taken by this Department in connection with Marilyn Monroe's death which occurred in W.LA Div. on August 5, 1962. Commander McCauley also requested we determine if any of these reports were still available at this time.

In this regard, Sgt. Sturgeon, O.I.C., R. & I. Div., was contacted and requested to make a search of R. & I. files in an attempt to locate any reports we may have. He stated he could locate no records pertaining to the 1962 death of Miss Monroe. He further stated that all original crime reports that are controlled by R. & I. Div. are destroyed after a 10-year retention period. All reports, file cards, and DR blotters are included in the destruction.

Note: Attached is a copy of correspondence dated Sept. 4, 1973, to Assistant Chief D.F. Gates from Assistant Chief D.H. Speck pertaining to the "retention and destruction of crime reports."

The files at R.H.D. were checked for any records of the death of Miss Monroe. This division has no such records.

Investigators contacted W.LA Div. and were informed that they had no crime reports in their files pertaining to Miss Monroe's death. It was further determined from present W.LA investigators that the original W.LA detective who handled the case was Sgt. R.E. Byron, now retired.

Mr. Byron was contacted . . . He stated he was called to the scene of Miss Monroe's death. Lieuts. Gregoire and Armstrong also responded. Byron stated he completed a death report and believes that he classified it as

“accidental.” Byron believes that he subsequently made a follow-up report to the original death report but is not sure how that was classified.

Byron does not have copies of any of these reports nor does he know of any existing copies.

CONFIDENTIAL

Employees Reporting: LA Murray 6692 RHD

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ENDNOTES

- 1 (SUMMERS 2000, p. 461: Natalie Trundy explained how Arthur Jacobs had to “fudge the press.”)
(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 352–353: Rupert Allan said, “It was carefully done and beautifully executed . . .”)
(CARPOZI, GEORGE, JR., INTERVIEW WITH DEBORAH CHIEL. 6 NOVEMBER 1992: “Bobby then calls Peter Lawford . . .”)
(HEYMANN 1989, pp. 366–367: Peter Lawford said, “Marilyn realized the affair [between her and Jack Kennedy] was over but couldn’t accept it . . .”)
(MAILER 1975, p. 364: Pat Newcomb giving Norman Mailer permission to borrow a Marilyn Monroe free-association tape, proving that Marilyn Monroe’s free-association tapes did in fact exist.)
(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “I suppose the most surprising revelation in Marilyn’s own tapes . . .”)
(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322: Peter Lawford said, “I also got hold of portions of the [Mafia-Teamster] tapes, and heard what seemed to be sounds of their lovemaking . . .”)
(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983: Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “Marilyn’s house was being bugged by everyone—Jimmy Hoffa, the FBI, the Mafia, even Twentieth Century-Fox . . .”)
(HEYMANN 1998, p. 315)
(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983: Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “MM’s affair with Greenson took on a far greater meaning at the

time of her death . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 540: Peter Lawford said, “I certainly think Marilyn would have held a press conference . . .”)

(JACOBS 2004, pp. 169, 172–173: “When the cops said it was an overdose . . .”)

(NEWCOMB, PATRICIA. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 3 AUGUST 1992: “There’s no way they could’ve done this. I resent it so much . . .”)

(GATES 1993, p. 165: “Frankly, I never bought into the theory that she killed herself because he dumped her . . .”)

(ROTHMILLER 1992, pp. 113–114: Former OCID (Organized Crime Intelligence Division) detective Mike Rothmiller said, “Airport detail. LAPD higher-ups wanted to know who was coming in and out of LA, and this little intelligence activity was part of OCID’s routine . . .”)

(SELSMAN, MICHAEL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 1 JANUARY 2012: “After Marilyn died, I worked at Fox and Paramount . . .”)

(SELSMAN, MICHAEL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 1 JANUARY 2012: “I never saw her happy. I never saw her laugh . . .”)

(SELSMAN, MICHAEL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 28 MARCH 2011: Arthur Jacobs told Selsman that Bobby Kennedy was at Marilyn’s home in the afternoon.)

(MARTIN, JEANNE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 NOVEMBER 2010)

- 2 (LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “You could apparently hear [on Mafia-Teamster tapes] the voices of Marilyn and JFK as well as Marilyn and RFK, in addition to MM and

Dr. Ralph Greenson . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 316)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 317: “Lawford was ‘desperately attempting’ to obtain compromising sound tapes of ‘parties’ he had attended in Barr’s dressing room.”)

(OTASH, FRED. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 15 NOVEMBER 1988: “Something strange happened with Lawford one day . . .”)

(STRAIT 1992, p. 155: Raymond Strait said, “I’ve listened to tapes in which Jayne and the President . . .”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 28 JULY 2013: “Otash knew conversations between me and Jayne before . . .”)

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 2 SEPTEMBER 2010)

(BADMAN 2010, p. 296: Milt Ebbins on Lawford.)

3 (From the collection of YouTube member SGTG77: In a 1980s documentary, George Barris relayed, “I said, ‘Marilyn, this is the last picture I’m going to take of you . . .”)

(From the collection of YouTube member SGTG77: In another 1980s documentary, George Barris remembered, “When I was in New York . . .”)

(Harrod, Horatia. “50 Things You Didn’t Know About Marilyn.” *Daily Telegraph*. 31 July 2012: “On August 1, [three] days before her death, she was rehired by Fox on a \$1 million, two-picture deal.”)

(Barris, George, and Theo Wilson. “MARILYN SPEAKS: Star’s Own Words in Last Weeks.” *Daily News*. 14 August 1962: “A touch of Marilyn Monroe’s whimsy is apparent in her last foto, taken by writer-photographer George Barris. After a long day’s session [on July 13, 1962], Barris asked for one last picture. ‘OK, George,’ said Marilyn, pursing her lips as though for a kiss, ‘and it’s just for you.’”)

(STEINEM 1986, p. 181: George Barris took the last photograph of Marilyn Monroe on July 13, 1962.)

(BARRIS 1995, pp. 122, 151)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 21 SEPTEMBER 2012: Barris said he regretted not going back to see Marilyn right away.)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 AUGUST 2012: Barris did not find out about Marilyn holding a press conference until after her death; therefore, he could not possibly have agreed to hold a press conference for her as alleged in a 2012 book.)

(BARRIS 1995, p. 133: George Barris said, “She never seemed happier . . .”)

(Barris, George, and Theo Wilson. “TWILIGHT OF A STAR: Here’s MM, Barefoot and Bubbly.” *Daily News*. 14 August 1962: Marilyn said to Barris, “The happiest time of my life is now . . .”)

(BARRIS 1995, p. 138)

(Barris, George, and Theo Wilson. “TWILIGHT OF A STAR: Above All Else, MM Wanted to Act.” *Daily News*. 17 August 1962: Marilyn said to Barris, “I like to stay here (in California) but every once in awhile I get that feeling for New York . . .”)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JANUARY 2011: “Why would she take her own life? . . .”)

(BARRIS 1995, p. ix: “I had always wanted to work on a book with Marilyn Monroe, from the first time I met her on a freelance photographic assignment back in September 1954. At that time she was in New York City on location for *The Seven Year Itch*.”)

(BARRIS, STEPHANIE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 NOVEMBER 2012: Margolis asked Mr. Barris’s daughter Stephanie to quickly ask her father the title of his favorite Marilyn Monroe film. After speaking to him, Stephanie came back to the phone and stated, “His

favorite one is *The Seven Year Itch*.”)

(BARRIS 1995, p. ix: “What I particularly liked about Marilyn was that she didn’t act like a movie star . . .”)

(MORIARTY, EVELYN. INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD BUSKIN. 29 JULY 1993: “Buck Hall was the assistant director . . .”)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JANUARY 2011: “When I arrived, she said, ‘What are you doing here?! I heard you were in Rome with Elizabeth Taylor! . . .’”)

(BARRIS 1995, p. xv: “So, for the weeks from June 9 until July 18, I was busy working with Marilyn.”)

(BARRIS 1995, p. 51: “I don’t think anyone was ever more determined, and I never encountered a model who worked as hard as she did.”)

(BARRIS 1995, p. xvi: “I will never believe that she took her own life. It will always be my conviction that she was murdered.”)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 29 NOVEMBER 2010: “I’ll never forget her because she was kind, and she was honest, and she was loveable. . .”)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JANUARY 2011: “When I was in the country, I was with my brother-in-law . . .”)

(RUSSELL, JANE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 29 NOVEMBER 2010: “I met him one time after his brother had been killed . . .”)

(Leigh, Wendy. “Jane Russell: My Friend Marilyn Did Not Kill Herself.” *Daily Mail*. 3 March 2007.)

(MORIARTY, EVELYN. INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD BUSKIN. 29 JULY 1993: “There’s no way she killed herself . . .”)

(ERENGIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD BUSKIN. 8 JUNE 1995: “On the Monday following her death, I went into Marilyn’s dressing room . . .”)

(“Debbie Reynolds: Marilyn Monroe Was at Risk.” *Daily Express*. 12 April 2010: “I saw her two days before she died and warned her . . .”)

(*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988—Debbie Reynolds relayed, “Her life was very sad. And the ending was very sad indeed . . .”)

(HALL, MONTE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 24 JANUARY 2014: “I was at the wedding. Marilyn was married by a judge in a San Francisco courthouse . . .”)

(Turner, Dave. *Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI*. Kentucky: Turner Publishing Company, 1996, p. 241: “Hall, Monte A. 1951–1976, membership number 002827”)

(ENGELBERG 2004, p. 239: Morris Engelberg relayed, “Joe DiMaggio was in love with Marilyn Monroe until the moment he died . . .”)

(ENGELBERG 2004, p. 282: “She didn’t die of natural causes, and she wasn’t going to kill herself . . .”)

(RUSSELL, JANE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 29 NOVEMBER 2010: “I think she was going to remarry Joe DiMaggio.”)

(RUSSELL, JANE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 1 DECEMBER 2010: Russell explained how she learned of the marriage plans from mutual friends shortly before Marilyn’s death.)

(Miracle, Mona Rae. “Marilyn.” *Sothebys Auction Catalogue for the Personal Property of Marilyn Monroe: The Berniece and Mona Miracle Collection*. February 8–March 1, 2001: Mona Rae said, “Berniece’s heartbreak at handling Marilyn’s funeral was ameliorated by the help Joe . . .”)

4 (SUMMERS 2000, p. 408: On August 3, “During the day, Marilyn ordered food and liquor worth forty-nine dollars—a major purchase when translated into today’s prices—from the Briggs Delicatessen.”)

(CAPELL 1964, p. 13: “Don J. Briggs, Incorporated. . . Creditor’s Claim

No. P-458935” for August 3, 1962 in the amount of \$49.07.)

(HEYMANN 1989, pp. 368–369: “In anticipation of [Bobby Kennedy and Peter Lawford’s] visit Marilyn had set out a buffet of Mexican food—guacamole, stuffed mushrooms, spicy meatballs—which she had ordered from a nearby restaurant, and a chilled magnum of champagne.”)

(HEYMANN 1998, pp. 321–322: Peter Lawford said, “They argued back and forth for maybe ten minutes.”)

(HEYMANN 1989, pp. 368–369)

(SUMMERS 1994, p. 347)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 470: “Marilyn, says [Lawford’s third wife Deborah] Gould, had refused to accept messages from Kennedy passed on through Lawford, and Kennedy now decided to confront her for the last time.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 470: Debbie Gould said Bobby Kennedy “came straight to see Marilyn at her home. Marilyn knew then that it was over, that was it, final, and she was very distraught and depressed.”)

(NEWCOMB, PATRICIA. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 3 AUGUST 1992: “I was at her house that afternoon until three and that’s when Greenson came and told me to leave. . .”)

(Zolotow, Maurice. “MM’s Psychiatrist a Troubled Man.” *San Antonio Light*. [San Antonio, TX] 13 October 1973, p. 9-A: Ralph Greenson said, “It was clear she had taken some sleeping pills during the day.”)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 124: Mrs. Murray said, “Pat was still asleep, and would sleep serenely until noon. . .”)

(Zolotow, Maurice. “MM’s Psychiatrist a Troubled Man.” *San Antonio Light*. [San Antonio, TX] 13 October 1973, p. 9-A: Ralph Greenson said, “She resented the fact that Pat Newcomb had taken some pills . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “She was still angry with her girlfriend who had slept 15 hours that night and Marilyn was furious because she had such a poor sleep.” The

complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I finally asked the girlfriend to leave because this was Marilyn’s request, and I asked the housekeeper to stay overnight . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(SLATZER 1975, p. 225: Mrs. Murray said, “Dr. Greenson asked me if I had planned on staying that night. He asked this in a rather offhand way . . .”)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Mrs. Murray conceded to Anthony Summers the real reason Marilyn was upset that last afternoon: her row over Bobby Kennedy.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 90: “When Summers asked Murray why she hadn’t told the truth to the police in 1962 . . .”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 566: Pat Newcomb claimed Marilyn was angry at her for getting more sleep but conceded “something else was behind it all.”)

5 (Carpozi, George, Jr. “Was Marilyn Murdered? Shocking New Facts Uncovered About Her Death.” *Motion Picture*. November 1975: “RFK made that statement in a deposition to Captain Edward [Michael] Davis.”)

(MARTIN 1995, p. 383: Bobby Kennedy’s deposition admitting his own presence at Marilyn’s home on the afternoon of August 4, 1962.)

(RIESE AND HITCHENS 1990, p. 248)

(ROTHMILLER, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 26 SEPTEMBER 2010: Rothmiller saw a copy of Marilyn’s diary, not the original.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 433: In 1978, former OCID detective Mike Rothmiller saw the deposition made by RFK, stored in the OCID

building's secret filing rooms.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 46: "Marilyn found out that the neighbor who you could see from her property was a professor at the university." The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(WOLFE 2005, pp. 288–289: "In the course of researching my Marilyn Monroe biography, I learned from Vince Carter and other confirming sources that [Archie] Case and [James] Ahern had accompanied Robert Kennedy to Marilyn Monroe's house on the night she died . . .")

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 22 JULY 2012: "Noguchi admitted there was a needle mark under one of her armpits . . .")

(SLATZER 1975, pp. 251–252: A confidential source relayed, "Bobby said in his deposition that he and Peter Lawford went to Marilyn's house . . .")

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JANUARY 2011: "Gloria Steinem and I were signing the book we did together in Brentwood in a big book store . . .")

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 335: "The Attorney General and another well-dressed man [Archie Case or James Ahern] came to the house sometime late in the afternoon . . .")

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 469–470: "I tracked that story to its source, a woman called Betty Pollard . . .")

(MURRAY 1975, p. 128: Mrs. Murray explains how a Marilyn Monroe author "related sensational rumors about Bobby Kennedy's arriving at the house that afternoon with a physician, reportedly to sedate an hysterical Marilyn.")

(MURRAY 1975, p. 128: She continues to say how the "story stems from reports of a card party on Fifth Helena that afternoon at which the ladies

were supposed to have looked out the window and seen Kennedy walking through Marilyn's gate with a man carrying a doctor's black bag.")

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 520–522: "The source says both Marilyn's and Kennedy's voices were easily recognizable . . ." On their trip to Marilyn's home on August 4, 1962, Peter Lawford and Bobby Kennedy were looking, not for a listening device as Summers's source hypothesizes, but for Marilyn's red diary.)

(GRANDISON, JR., AND MUQADDIN 2012, p. 66: Deputy Coroner's Aide Lionel Grandison noted how Marilyn wrote in her red diary, "Bobby came back with Peter . . .")

(*Marilyn: The Last Word* documentary, 1993: Anthony Summers said it's very possible Bobby Kennedy was looking for Marilyn's red diary, not a listening device.)

(GRANDISON, JR., AND MUQADDIN 2012, p. 66: Marilyn wrote in her diary, "Bobby was really mad. Acted crazy and searched all my stuff . . .")

6 (SUMMERS 2000, p. 410: "During the morning Norman Jefferies, working on the kitchen floor, found himself looking at a pair of bare female feet. He looked up to see Marilyn wrapped in a huge bath towel, and was appalled.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 455: Mrs. Murray relayed, "Oh sure, yes, I was in the living room when he [Bobby Kennedy] arrived. She was not dressed.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 456: Norman Jefferies said, "Mr. Lawford made it very clear that he wanted Eunice and I [sic] out of there . . .")

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 340, 410: "Murray's son-in-law, Norman Jefferies, was employed by Marilyn in 1962 to help with the remodeling of her house. Murray proved oddly reluctant to assist me in reaching Jefferies . . . There was indeed secrecy about the Robert Kennedy visit that he witnessed . . . In fact, Jefferies was still outside the house when Robert

Kennedy arrived alone, driving a convertible.”)

(SUMMERS 1994, p. 299: Assistant Director Cartha DeLoach said, “[William] Simon reported that Bobby was borrowing his [white] Cadillac convertible for the purpose of going to see Marilyn Monroe.”)

(KESSLER 2012, p. 41: “[FBI agent] William Simon . . . headed the Los Angeles field office, just after the August [4], 1962, death of Marilyn Monroe . . . According to [Cartha] DeLoach, who saw the teletype, it said that then Attorney General Robert Kennedy had borrowed Simon’s personal car to see Monroe just before her death.”)

(KESSLER 2012, p. 41: William Simon’s son Greg said, “My father said Robert Kennedy would borrow his white Lincoln convertible. That’s why we didn’t have it on many weekends.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 519: One of Otash’s employees relayed, “Marilyn had done a turnabout. Lawford said Marilyn had called the White House, trying to reach the President . . .”)

(Miner, John. “Marilyn Uncensored.” *Playboy*. December 2005, p. 200: “I want someone else to tell him it’s over. I tried to get the President to do it. . .”)

(GUILAROFF 1996, p. 166: Marilyn recollected for Guilaroff: Bobby Kennedy told Marilyn, “It’s over.” Marilyn replied, “But you promised to divorce Ethel and marry me.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 512: Otash said he heard Marilyn say to Bobby Kennedy on that last day, “I feel passed around—like a piece of meat. You’ve lied to me. Get out of here. I’m tired. Leave me alone.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 519: After Bobby Kennedy’s visit in the afternoon on August 4, “Otash insists that from then on, rather than Marilyn reaching out to Kennedy that evening, *he* tried to get her to come to the Lawford beach house. Marilyn’s response, Otash says, was ‘Stop bothering me. Stay away from me.’”)

(SELSMAN, MICHAEL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 28

MARCH 2011: “She was convinced that not Jack but Bobby would leave Ethel and all their kids . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 456–457: Sydney Guilaroff relayed, “She said, ‘Bobby Kennedy was here, and he threatened me, screamed at me, and pushed me around! . . .’ She told me she had an affair with Bobby as well as Jack, and everything had gone wrong. Now she was afraid and felt she was in terrible danger. Bobby felt she had become a problem and had said to her, ‘If you threaten me, Marilyn, there’s more than one way to keep you quiet.’”)

(GUILAROFF 1996, pp. 165–167: “What’s the matter, dear? . . .”)

(GUILAROFF 1996, p. 170: “Then and now I believe that there was a conspiracy between the Kennedys and Dr. Greenson . . . As far as I am concerned, John and Robert Kennedy, aided by Dr. Greenson, murdered Marilyn Monroe just as surely as if they had shot her in the head.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 513: Otash relayed how Peter’s friend “Bullets” Durgom told him, “Bobby was very worried about Monroe getting spaced out and shooting her mouth off. He told Peter, ‘Get her to your place. She won’t talk to me now, you get her to the beach.’”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 460: According to Guilaroff, after Greenson’s visit, Marilyn was in a better frame of mind and called Guilaroff one last time in the evening.)

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 415–416: “At about 9:30 P.M., Marilyn called Sydney Guilaroff, a prominent Hollywood hairdresser who knew her well . . .”)

(WILSON 1973, pp. 320–321: Monroe–Guilaroff phone call on the night of August 4, 1962)

(ENGELBERG 2004, pp. 281–282: Joe DiMaggio relayed to Engelberg: “The Kennedys killed her . . . Something the world should know about is in there . . .”)

(ENGELBERG 2004, p. 282: “After his father’s funeral, I asked him

about that envelope . . .”)

- 7 (WOLFE 1998, p. 459: “At Murray’s request, Norman Jefferies stayed on into the evening.”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 461: “Norman Jefferies recalled that between 9:30 and 10:00 p.m., Robert Kennedy, accompanied by two men [Case and Ahern], appeared at the door. They ordered Jefferies and Murray from the house.”)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Mrs. Murray stated, “It became so sticky that the protectors of Robert Kennedy, you know, had to step in there and protect *him*.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 518: Mrs. Murray said, “It became so sticky that the protectors of Robert Kennedy, you know, had to step in there and protect *him*. Doesn’t that sound logical?”)

(WOLFE 2005, pp. 288–289: “In the course of researching my Marilyn Monroe biography, I learned from Vince Carter and other confirming sources that Case and Ahern had accompanied Robert Kennedy to Marilyn Monroe’s house on the night she died.”)

(HODEL 2004, p. 376: Names of Gangster Squad members.)

(OTASH, FRED. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 15 NOVEMBER 1988: “I worked undercover in Hollywood. I worked Vice. I first met Peter Lawford when I was on the LAPD in 1949 . . .”)

(GATES 1993, p. 170: “I think Bobby always had an affection for LAPD . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 461: Norman Jefferies said, “They made it clear we were to be gone . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 460: After interviewing Sgt. Jack Clemmons in 1993 and 1997, Wolfe learned that days after Marilyn died, Clemmons got the opportunity to interview Marilyn’s next-door neighbor to the east, Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes. Incorrectly identifying the neighbor as

Elizabeth Pollard who was actually a guest at that bridge party, Wolfe relayed Mrs. Barnes' observations as relayed to Sgt. Clemmons regarding that same night, "Three men [Kennedy, Case, and Ahern] walked down Fifth Helena Drive. One was carrying a small black satchel similar to a medical bag.")

(*The Marilyn Files* documentary, 1991: Sgt. Jack Clemmons relayed, "The neighbor [at 12304 Fifth Helena Drive Mary W. Goodykoontz Barnes] said, 'I've seen Bobby Kennedy go into that house a dozen times. That definitely was him. I don't know who the other two men were.'")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS: "Two of my brothers were FBI agents . . . I had heard that my brother John Anderson had seen Robert Kennedy and two men enter Marilyn Monroe's home. Hours later it was reported that Marilyn Monroe had died.")

(Turner, Dave. *Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI*. Kentucky: Turner Publishing Company, 1996, p. 235: "Anderson, John K. 1952–1977, membership number 000121")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 537: "Bolaños . . . said that—in a telephone call on the night she died—Marilyn told him 'something that will one day shock the whole world . . .'")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 416: "José Bolaños says he telephoned Marilyn from the Ships Restaurant, not far from her home, between nine-thirty and ten o'clock . . . He does say Marilyn ended the conversation by simply laying down the phone—she did not hang up while he was on the line.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 461: "There was a commotion at the door, and Marilyn went to see what it was." José Bolaños said Marilyn put the phone down and never came back on the line. Marilyn left the room and went into the guest cottage to investigate a noise.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 456–458: Via a transcript edited by

Otash, Schwarz read the sanitized version of the tapes versus Strait's firsthand listening of the actual tapes that indicated murder and multiple persons in the room.)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 DECEMBER 2010: On how Noguchi never believed suicide but didn't rock the boat.)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 18 NOVEMBER 2010: "I had all those tapes in my garage . . .")

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 457: Raymond Strait said, "Fred was afraid of the tapes. . . It was obvious that she was subdued . . .")

(Galloway, Stephen. "Taping Marilyn Monroe." *The Hollywood Reporter*. 6 June 2013: Fred Otash wrote in his notes, "I listened to Marilyn Monroe die . . .")

(HASPIEL 1993, pp. 199–200: "Suddenly without thinking further, the politician [Robert Kennedy] grabbed for a pillow across the bed and placed it over her tear-stained face.")

(VICTOR 1999, p. 137: "It is Haspiel's opinion that Marilyn was murdered as part of a conspiracy reaching up to the highest echelons of government, an opinion based upon tapes reputedly recorded by wiretapper Bernie Spindel.")

(GRANDISON, JR., AND MUQADDIN 2012, p. 193: Bobby Kennedy had ordered LAPD Gangster Squad partners Case and Ahern to "Give her something to calm her down.")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS: "I don't know if she was injected merely to subdue her or . . .")

(GRANDISON, JR., AND MUQADDIN 2012, pp. 60–61: Lionel Grandison wrote, "Miner and Noguchi were looking at some bruises on her leg . . .")

(GRANDISON, JR., AND MUQADDIN 2012, pp. 61–62: Lionel Grandison wrote, "My first thought was needle mark, but obviously Dr.

Noguchi didn't concur . . .")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS: "My friend Marty George was a Los Angeles photographer. He had a job where once a year, he would go down to the Coroner's Office . . .")

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. OCTOBER 1997: "On the autopsy report, Noguchi wrote, 'No needle mark . . .'"")

(ABRAMS, ARNOLD, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 2 NOVEMBER 1992: "The odds that she took pills and died from them are astronomically unlikely . . . I have never seen anything like this in an autopsy. There was something crazy going on in this woman's colon . . .")

(Rebello, Stephen. "Somebody Killed Her." *Playboy*. December 2005, p. 188: Concurring with Spoto's medical professional Dr. Arnold Abrams, John Miner maintains Marilyn couldn't have given herself the enema that killed her. Miner explained, "If she administered it. . . she would have been unconscious with all this stuff running out of her before enough of it was absorbed to kill her.")

(AMADOR, ELIAS, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 JANUARY 2011: Marilyn was given an enema containing a total of thirteen to nineteen 100-mg Nembutals and seventeen 500-mg chloral hydrates. Dr. Amador originally estimated between 15–20 Nembutals; however, 13–19 was the amount of Nembutal left in Marilyn's bottle at the time the enema was given to her. The autopsy report noted that 10 chloral hydrates were remaining from a bottle of 50.)

(SPOTO 1993, pp. 585, 587: ". . . an enema—something on which Marilyn often relied for other purposes.")

(VITACCO-ROBLES 1999, p. 106: The guest cottage had a bath directly adjacent to it so water was indeed easily accessible for an enema.)

(ROBERTS, RALPH. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 2

MARCH 1992: Roberts said he learned from Marilyn's secretary May Reis that Marilyn often took about 6 Nembutals in one day.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 433: Peter Lawford's third wife Deborah Gould explained how Lawford told her, "Marilyn took her last big enema.")

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE 2012: "The pathologist never signs the death certificate . . .")

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. "The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney." December 1982, p. 3: Concentrations of chloral hydrate and pentobarbital found in Marilyn's body at the time of her death.)

(Plant, Tony. "How Marilyn Died," n.d.: "Marilyn was taking 500 mg capsules of CH [chloral hydrate]. A normal dose of CH is between 500—1000 mg. The lethal dose is considered to be 10 grams, which is 20 capsules. Marilyn had roughly 80% of the lethal dose of 20 capsule amount in her blood so she would have had to take 17 capsules.")

(LITMAN, ROBERT, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 APRIL 1992: "High content in the liver just means she died slowly.")

(AMADOR, ELIAS, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 JANUARY 2011)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 137: John Miner said as for the 13 mg. percent of Nembutal in the liver, "It indicates that however the drugs were administered, hours and not minutes were involved before she died.")

(SPOTO 1993, pp. 581, 583–585: Dr. Abrams estimated that the 4.5 mg. percent of Nembutal in the blood is equivalent to 40–50 pills.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 36: "Norman Jefferies verified the existence of the diary. He recalled that Marilyn kept her red diary either in her bedroom or locked in the file cabinet located in the guest cottage. Jefferies said that on the night she died, [one of] her [two] filing cabinet[s] was broken into and many of the contents were removed.")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 416: "At about ten o'clock, Ralph Roberts learned

the next day, a woman with a 'slurred voice' called his answering service. Told Roberts was out, the caller hung up.")

(AMADOR, ELIAS, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 JANUARY 2011: "Chloral hydrate will put a person to sleep.")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 469: "Two fragmentary reports, one from a police source, one from a former member of the Twentieth Century-Fox staff, Frank Neill, suggest Kennedy arrived in the city by helicopter, putting down near the studio's Stage 18, in an open space then used by helicopters serving the area near the Beverly Hilton.")

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 328: "The chopper had been approved to land at just after 11:00 a.m., as duly noted in the studio's security log. . . Neill later noted that Kennedy was preoccupied, gazing from side to side before sliding into the backseat. Through the open door, Neill caught a glimpse of the carefully tanned face of Peter Lawford.")

(SLATZER 1975, p. 232: Mrs. Murray related, "I saw that the telephone was under her. She was lying on it.")

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 461–462: Norman Jefferies relayed when he and Mrs. Murray returned, they discovered Marilyn in the guest cottage. Jefferies also noted that the phone was under her. Norman Jefferies said, "I thought she was dead. She was facedown, her hand kind of holding the phone . . .")

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 461–462: Norman Jeffries said, "Eunice took the phone and called an ambulance. Then she put through an emergency call to Dr. Greenson, who was someplace nearby and said he would be right over . . .")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 515: Mrs. Murray blurted out to Anthony Summers, "Why, at my age, do I still have to cover this thing up? . . .")

(*Say Goodbye to the President*, 1985: Mrs. Murray told Anthony Summers, "When he [Dr. Greenson] arrived, she was not dead because I

was there then in the living room.”)

(Bryan, C. D. B. “Say Goodbye to Camelot.” *Rolling Stone*. 5 December 1985, p. 74: Anthony Summers asked, “Marilyn was not dead when the first doctor arrived, is that what you’re saying?” Mrs. Murray replied, “That’s what I’m saying.”)

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 461–462: Norman Jefferies said, “I went to the gates to wait for the ambulance, but before the ambulance got there Peter Lawford and Pat Newcomb arrived . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 516: Detective Sgt. Byron said, “Engelberg told me he’d had a call from the housekeeper . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 425: Helen Parker recalled her husband telling her regarding Marilyn’s death, “This thing has to be straightened out in more ways than one.”)

(*The Marilyn Files* documentary, 1991: Jack Clemmons and Sam Yorty’s comments about Police Chief William Parker.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 49: Former mayor Sam Yorty said, “Hamilton’s Intelligence Division was Parker’s version of the FBI. Parker believed that he was the man who would one day succeed J. Edgar Hoover, and Bobby and Jack Kennedy led Parker to believe he was their choice.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 425: Helen Parker on her husband drawing a question mark in the air regarding the Marilyn Monroe case.)

(DOUGHERTY 2001, p. 179: Marilyn’s first husband Jim wrote, “Did someone know she was in trouble? . . .”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 455: Ted Schwarz, author of *Candy Barr*, reported how Otash told him that he heard over surveillance that Bobby Kennedy and Peter Lawford knew Marilyn was in trouble but let her die instead. However, Raymond Strait made it clear to Margolis that Otash was also present in the home as Marilyn was dying before Dr. Greenson injected her in the heart.)

(Carroll, Donald. “Conversation with Dr. Thomas Noguchi.” *Oui*.

February 1976, p. 74: Dr. Thomas Noguchi said, “Our examination was coupled with what we call a psychological autopsy . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 22 JULY 2012: “They had this first-time autopsy called the ‘psychological autopsy . . .’”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 19 AUGUST 2012: “Noguchi seemed to be very cooperative with everyone involved . . .”)

(Carroll, Donald. “Conversation with Dr. Thomas Noguchi.” *Oui*. February 1976: Dr. Thomas Noguchi relayed, “When the case was assigned to me—I was only a deputy coroner then.”)

(NOGUCHI 1984, pp. 80–81: Noguchi believed an oral accidental overdose of that many pills was highly improbable. Noguchi also asked Suicide Team member Dr. Robert Litman if he thought the actress had been murdered.)

(SMITH 2005, p. 55: Official Statement by Dr. Theodore J. Curphey dated August 17, 1962.)

(SLATZER 1975, p. 268: Q & A with Dr. Curphey.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 368–369: “[Police Chief William] Parker . . . told his force to investigate it as a suicide, and gave the coroner similar guidelines. . . He turned the case over to the new Suicide Prevention Team, which . . . could only determine *why* Monroe had killed herself. The team was not allowed to investigate *how* she had died.”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 582: “Litman and his colleagues submitted a verdict of suicide because that had been Curphey’s initial judgment.”)

(LITMAN, ROBERT, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 APRIL 1992: “How do you explain how these pills got into her? . . . The coroner says we got a case here, which looks like they took fifty Nembutals and chloral hydrates and died . . . We want you to evaluate

the mental state of the person from the standpoint, were these ingested intentionally or not intentionally?”)

(“In Search of . . .” *The Death of Marilyn Monroe*, History Channel documentary, 1980: Dr. Robert Litman said, “At the autopsy, her stomach was empty . . .”)

(AMADOR, ELIAS, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 JANUARY 2011: “I am surprised that there are no capsules in the stomach . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 338: Farberow admitted the Kennedys were not questioned.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 455: Farberow and Pat Newcomb)

(FARBEROW, NORMAN, PhD. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 17 JANUARY 2011)

(NOGUCHI 1984, pp. 80–81: “An accidental overdose of that magnitude was extremely unlikely . . .”)

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 68: “I found absolutely no visual evidence of pills in the stomach or the small intestine . . .”)

8 (NOGUCHI 1984, p. 73: “The most prevalent of [the theories] called Monroe’s death murder, done to silence her and prevent her from destroying Robert Kennedy’s political career . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 14: Undertaker Guy Hockett said rigor mortis places the death sometime before midnight between 9:30 and 11:30 p.m.)

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 77: Hall had described the killer doctor as having had “a mustache, longish sideburns, and a pockmarked face. Not me.”)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 259: “Dr. J. DeWitt Fox shares Jack Clemmons’ view that Marilyn was killed by a combination of two different drugs, but believes they were administered in a different way.”)

(SLATZER 1975, p. 315: Noguchi’s autopsy report read: “The stomach is almost completely empty . . .”)

(*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988—Interview with medical expert Dr. Sidney Weinberg: “Let me tell you about the doubts that were raised in my mind . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 541–542: Noguchi’s consideration of murder: “She had a bruise, on her back or near the hip, that has never been fully explained . . .”)

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6 AUGUST 1992: “When there’s an overdose of drugs, the first thing the doctor would give her was a shot of adrenaline.”)

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. “The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney.” December 1982, p. 13: “In the November 23, 1982 edition of the *Globe*, a weekly tabloid published in West Palm Beach, Florida, the headline article states that a former ambulance driver by the name of James Hall alleges that he saw Marilyn Monroe murdered.”)

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. “The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney.” December 1982, p. 13: “Mr. Hall first contacted the Los Angeles District Attorney’s Office on 8/11/82. Thereafter, under a code name ‘Rick Stone,’ he telephonically contacted this office several times.”)

(Blackburn, John, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald. “I Saw Marilyn Murdered.” *Globe*. 23 November 1982, Volume 29, Number 47, p. 4: Hall said he arrived at Marilyn Monroe’s “between three and four in the morning.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: In a recorded phone call sometime after August 11, 1982, Carroll told Hall, “One of the things I’m concerned about. You mentioned the man in the business suit used a needle in the heart . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 77: “The time discrepancy is perhaps explained by Hall’s disclosure that he worked a twenty-four-hour shift . . .”)

(CARLSON, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 19 DECEMBER 2011: “Jim was working nearly twenty-four hours a day . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 514–515, 604: Including Joe Tarnowski and Tom Fears, “No less than seven former employees of Schaefer’s, one now a company vice president [Carl Bellonzi] recall hearing about the call in 1962.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: In a recorded call sometime after August 11, 1982, Hall told investigator Alan Tomich, “You go in and you turn to the left and the bed was facing longways as you’re looking at it . . .”)

(Blackburn, John, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald. “I Saw Marilyn Murdered.” *Globe*. 23 November 1982, Volume 29, Number 47, p. 5: “Private investigator John Harrison, who had been conducting polygraph examinations for 40 years, reports: ‘When I was first brought into this, I thought the whole thing was a fairy tale . . .’”)

(Blackburn, John, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald. “I Saw Marilyn Murdered.” *Globe*. 23 November 1982, Volume 29, Number 47, p. 5: “Hall was interviewed while under hypnosis by Henry Koder, a professional forensic hypnotist with more than 20 years of law-enforcement experience and veteran of hundreds of major crime investigations . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 80–81: In 1992, polygraph examiner Donald E. Fraser relayed to Wolfe that he tested Hall ten years after the release of the article from *Globe*, “There’s no question that James Hall is telling the truth . . .”)

(*The Marilyn Files* Live TV Special, 1992: Fraser gave Hall polygraphs on August 10, 1992.)

(SPADA 1991, p. 326: Danny Greenson said, “I hate all this speculation, and especially that guy who says he saw my father plunge a needle into Marilyn’s heart. That’s ridiculous . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “I sometimes have a feeling that this ambulance driver went on a call that night somewhere else . . .”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. OCTOBER 1997: “I told everyone I knew and everyone who showed even a casual curiosity . . .”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. SEPTEMBER 1997: “It was definitely Dr. Greenson at Marilyn’s house.”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 84: James Hall said, “I thought that a doctor had futilely given her adrenaline . . .”)

(CARLSON, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 3 FEBRUARY 2012: “Days or weeks right after it happened . . .”)

(CARLSON, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 19 DECEMBER 2011: “He had no reason to tell me a story. . .”)

(CARLSON, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 19 DECEMBER 2011: “That’s what he told me . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 80: “Interviews with Hall’s father [George], his former wife [Kitty], his sister [Lynn], and his longtime friend Mike Carlson confirm that Hall told them his story shortly after Marilyn’s death.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 514: “Hall’s story receives some corroboration from his family. His father, Dr. George Hall, a retired police surgeon, says his son told him of the incident at the time. Hall’s former wife and sister say the same.”)

9 (The Marilyn Files documentary, 1991: James Hall said, “She was naked. She had no sheet, no blanket . . . There was no water glass. No alcohol.”)

(Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder documentary, 1988: James Hall said, “We ascertained that her breathing was very shallow . . .”)

(MURRAY 1975, pp. 125–126: “Sometime during the earlier part of the

day, the bedside table [for the guest cottage] was delivered and Marilyn wrote a check for it.”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 82: James Hall said, “I remember noticing she had a fairly fresh scar there.”)

(“Marilyn Monroe Rests Well After Gall Bladder Removal: 7 Doctors in Attendance at Surgery in New York; DiMaggio Standing By.” *The Blade* [Toledo, Ohio] 30 June 1961: The removal of Marilyn’s gall bladder occurred the previous day, June 29, 1961.)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. SEPTEMBER 1997: “No one ever said that Marilyn was in the guest bedroom except myself until now . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 81: “In 1993, Liebowitz was located in a Los Angeles suburb living under the name Murray Leib. He admitted, after thirty years of denial, that he had been with Hall on the call to Monroe’s residence. Stating that Hall’s account was accurate, he then confirmed that Marilyn Monroe had died in the guest cottage.”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. OCTOBER 1997: “As some of my credentials, I would like to offer the following . . .”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. AUGUST 1997: “I am a big fan of Marilyn. I have been a fan since I was a young man . . .”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 325: “According to Hall, when he arrived with his partner, Marilyn was in the guest bedroom . . .”)

(NEWCOMB, PATRICIA. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 3 AUGUST 1992: “Whoever the writer was who said I leaned over the body screaming, ‘She’s dead! She’s dead!’ I never saw the body. So what is he talking about, this ambulance driver? . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 514: Hall “says Marilyn’s assistant, Pat Newcomb,

was distraught, and already there when he arrived, and that Marilyn was not yet dead.”)

(GUILLES 1969, p. 326: “Pat was awakened by a phone call at 4 a.m. It was lawyer Mickey Rudin. ‘Something’s happened to Marilyn,’ he told her; then added, ‘She’s dead.’ When she recovered from the initial shock, Pat got dressed and drove to the Brentwood house . . .”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. AUGUST 1997: “Oh my God, it’s Marilyn Monroe,’ I said. She lay unconscious . . .”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 3 JUNE 1990: “They [Lawford and Iannone] walked in at the time he [Ralph Greenson] was injecting her . . .”)

(FRANKLIN 2002, p. 112: Referring to the year 1992, Franklin wrote, “James Hall . . . told me that Sgt. Iannone and Peter Lawford had been present in the home . . . when Dr. Greenson injected Marilyn with the fatal heart needle.”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 77: “Hall later identified the hysterical woman as Pat Newcomb, the man in the jumpsuit as Peter Lawford, the doctor as Ralph Greenson, and the police officer as Sergeant Marvin Iannone.”)

(HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. AUGUST 1997: “At that time, two men who I assumed were Los Angeles Police officers came in . . .”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 82: James Hall relayed, “He [Noguchi] said he looked over the whole body with a magnifying glass and didn’t find any needle marks, including under the tongue . . .”)

(SLATZER 1975, p. 312: In the original autopsy report, Noguchi noted only two bruises, “A slight ecchymotic area is noted in the left hip and left side of lower back.”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 382–383: Noguchi mentioned for

the first time there were bruises on Marilyn's arms, not included in the original autopsy report!)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 207: Hall took credit for bruises on Marilyn's arms that Noguchi a year later mentioned to Brown and Barham. Hall stated, "One was on her upper arm—that's my fingerprints. One was on her fanny—that's where we dropped her.")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District attorney's report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Al Tomich interviewed Marilyn's physician Dr. Hyman Engelberg who said he didn't see any needle marks from an injection to Marilyn's chest, "I would have noticed any gross things. I didn't notice any such thing.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 75: "Her body exhibited signs of cyanosis—the classic indication of rapid death. In cyanosis the body takes on a bluish cast due to the rapid depletion of oxygen and reduced levels of hemoglobin . . .")

(From the collection of YouTube member TVOsnam: Leigh Wiener said in a 1987 documentary, "They'll look like a frozen cube of ice. . . I took a picture of her toe with a tag on it . . .")

(WIENER, DEVIK. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE 2012: "In 1982, a couple of deputy D.A.'s knocked on the door . . .")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 10: James Bacon said, "I stayed there long enough to get a good view of the body . . .")

(*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988: John Miner's account: "Her body was examined minutely by both of us under magnification to see if we could find any needle mark . . .")

(SLATZER 1992, pp. 134–136: John Miner related, "We both examined the body very carefully with a magnifying glass for needle marks. . . The duodenum was felt all the way down to the ileum, which is at the end of the small intestine but there was nothing obstructive.")

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 67: "I found no needle marks, and so indicated on the body diagram in the autopsy report . . . On Monroe's lower left back

was an area of slight ecchymosis, a dark reddish-blue bruise that results from bleeding into the tissues through injury. And the color of the bruise indicated that it was fresh rather than old,” which supported James Hall’s account of dropping her.)

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 221: In the John Belushi case, Noguchi wrote, “The very fact that the fresh punctures had been so difficult to discover worried me . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 28)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 258: Dr. J. DeWitt Fox explains how blue postmortem lividity could have hidden a needle injection on Marilyn’s chest. Sgt. Clemmons agreed with Fox and James Hall. Hall told Melvin B. Bergman for *The Marilyn Files* that since he and Liebowitz discovered Marilyn in the guest cottage, she later must have been moved from the guest cottage to the main bedroom where Sgt. Clemmons officially discovered her. Marilyn’s body was then placed facedown on the bed to hide the needle mark in her heart from Greenson’s injection of pentobarbital.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 29: “The faint lividity noted on her posterior must have occurred immediately after death, when Monroe’s body was on its back for a period of time before being placed facedown . . .”)

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. “The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney.” December 1982, p. 15: “Lividity, as described to our investigators, is a process by which blood drains . . .”)

(SLATZER 1975, p. 311: Under the heading EXTERNAL EXAMINATION, Noguchi noted in his autopsy report, “Lavidity [sic] of face and chest . . .”)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 258: Sgt. Jack Clemmons said, “It was obvious to me, apparent to me . . .”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 373: John Miner’s admission that

since the kidneys appeared to be clean of the barbiturates then an injection would have bypassed the stomach.)

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. "The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney." December 1982, pp. 13, 15–16: "According to Hall, the doctor ultimately plunged a giant syringe filled with a brownish fluid into her heart, after which she quickly died while on her back on the floor. . .")

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 84: "My involvement in the Marilyn Monroe case had caused me to study the young Senator [Bobby Kennedy], and I admired him very much. To me, he and his late brother [John Kennedy] represented what I called the 'Great America.' I respected everything about them . . . [including] their instinctive reaching out to all ethnic groups . . .")

(Carroll, Donald. "Conversation with Dr. Thomas Noguchi." *Oui*. February 1976: Noguchi said, "I was very fond of [Bobby] Kennedy.")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 542: Noguchi on not eliminating death by injection in Marilyn's case.)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 137: John Miner said as for the 13 mg. percent of Nembutal, "It indicates that however the drugs were administered, hours and not minutes were involved before she died.")

(LITMAN, ROBERT, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 APRIL 1992: "High content in the liver just means she died slowly . . .")

(MINER, JOHN. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 11 JUNE 1992: "Dr. Curphey in one of his more exuberant moments said, 'Oh, she gobbled 40 pills all at one time.' That's not possible . . .")

(AMADOR, ELIAS, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 JANUARY 2011: An undiluted injection will kill someone regardless of the substance in the syringe and the amount injected into the body, therefore, this action by Ralph Greenson was murder, not adrenaline.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 340: Clemmons related that

Greenson was “cocky, almost challenging me to accuse him of something.”)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “‘Marilyn has got to be silenced,’ Bobby told Greenson or something to that effect. Greenson had thus been set up by Bobby to ‘take care’ of Marilyn.”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 81: “In 1993, Liebowitz was located in a Los Angeles suburb living under the name Murray Leib. He admitted, after thirty years of denial, that he had been with Hall on the call to Monroe’s residence. Stating that Hall’s account was accurate, he then confirmed that Marilyn Monroe had died in the guest cottage.”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 86: James Hall relayed regarding Ralph Greenson’s shot to the heart, “I say, ‘Yes, I saw her get that injection.’ So did Pat Newcomb. . .”)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Dr. Ralph Greenson relayed to William Woodfield on a taped phone conversation: “I can’t explain myself or defend myself without revealing things that I don’t. . .”)

(Blackburn, John, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald. “I Saw Marilyn Murdered.” *Globe*. 23 November 1982, Volume 29, Number 47, p. 5: On Greenson, James Hall related, “Strange, but when he was trying to find her heart, he had to count down her ribs—like he was still in premed school and had really never done this before.”)

(Blackburn, John, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald. “I Saw Marilyn Murdered.” *Globe*. 23 November 1982, Volume 29, Number 47, pp. 5, 7: Dr. Sidney Weinberg stated, “Knowing the results of the toxicology examination and the negative findings in the stomach. . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 463: Wolfe incorrectly surmised, “In the presence of Bobby Kennedy, she was injected with enough barbiturate to kill fifteen people.”)

(SLATZER 1992, pp. 257–258: John Miner said, “The amount of drugs found in Marilyn’s body was so large that had it been administered by injection [containing high dosages of Nembutal and chloral hydrate], the star would have died almost immediately . . .”)

(Blackburn, John, Chuck Orman, and Dan McDonald. “I Saw Marilyn Murdered.” *Globe*. 23 November 1982, Volume 29, Number 47, pp. 4–5: James Hall said Greenson had “pulled out a syringe with a long heart needle . . . filled it with a brownish fluid and injected it into Miss Monroe’s heart.”)

10 (CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS: Fred Otash’s soundman arrived at Marilyn’s house *before* she was murdered by Dr. Ralph Greenson in the guest cottage with the undiluted Nembutal injection to the heart.)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 28 JULY 2013: “Otash knew conversations between me and Jayne . . .”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 DECEMBER 2010: “I knew Peter [Lawford] was there . . .”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 18 NOVEMBER 2010: “Peter was drunk and hysterical . . .”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 18 NOVEMBER 2010: “Fred was there in the house as she was dying.”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 DECEMBER 2010: “Peter got scared and hysterical so he called Fred.”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 18 NOVEMBER 2010: “Fred says, ‘You meet me at Marilyn’s house.’ And Fred showed up with his soundman . . .”)

- 11 (HALL, JAMES. INTERVIEW WITH MICHELLE MORGAN. SEPTEMBER 1997: “In 1985, I was contacted by the Flynt Distributing Co . . .”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986: Larry Flynt wrote: “It’s been a long time, but Hall wasn’t simply another set of hands at the wheel . . .”)

(*The Marilyn Files* live TV special, 1992: James Hall said, “Back in 1962, I rented an apartment, my wife and I, and my regular partner Rick [Charles Greider] . . .”)

- 12 (Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. “The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney.” December 1982, p. 16: “Since Mr. Hall’s statements . . . a Mr. Ken Hunter, has been located who claims to have been an ambulance driver who responded to the Monroe residence in the early morning hours of August 5, 1962 . . . with his partner, whom he believes with reasonable certainty to have been a Mr. Murray Liebowitz . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 462–463: “In 1985, I talked on several occasions to the late Walter Schaefer, who was then still running the ambulance company he founded . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: December 14, 1982 tape-recording of investigator Al Tomich interviewing Ken Hunter.)

(*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988: The narrator mentioned a “mysterious midnight traffic jam in front of Marilyn’s house the night she died.” Marilyn’s next-door neighbor to the west Abe Charles Landau relayed, “We had been out to a party. We came home and the place was like Grand Central Station. The cars were all the way up the alley . . . Some limousine was here. I don’t know who it was. And of course, police cars and the ambulance.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: December 14, 1982, tape-recording of investigator Al Tomich interviewing Ken Hunter. Hunter stated, “I

know that Hall wasn't there. Period . . .")

(BELLONZI, CARL. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD WOLFE. 11 SEPTEMBER 1993)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 79: "Ken Hunter didn't work for Schaefer in 1962. Carl Bellonzi, Vice President of the Schaefer Ambulance Service . . . stated in 1993 that Ken Hunter wasn't employed by Schaefer until the mid-1970s, and that Hunter never worked the West Los Angeles area [but] in the 1970s and 1980s in the Orange County office.")

(BELLONZI, CARL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: "Hunter wore glasses and he was kind of heavysset . . .")

(*The Marilyn Files* documentary, 1991: James E. Hall's social security number and employment records prove that he did indeed work for Schaefer Ambulance in August 1962.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 80: "Hall's social security records and Schaefer's payroll deductions indicate that Schaefer wrongfully denied that Hall was his employee. Dated October 4, 1962, a photo in the *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* shows James Hall transporting a crime victim for Schaefer Ambulance Service.")

13 (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE 2012: "I knew Schaefer. We both bought our cars from the same place . . .")

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 30 JANUARY 2013: Schaefer was born Schaeffer before he changed his name. Also, Mae West was Schaefer's cousin.)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: "Mr. Schaefer was involved with all these people, including celebrities . . .")

(BELLONZI, CARL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: "Villalobos was one I trained . . .")

(BELLONZI, CARL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “I picked up Marie McDonald . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “In Santa Monica, everybody used to get all the celebrities . . .”)

(“Barbara Hutton Breaks Thigh Bone.” *Evening Independent*. [St. Petersburg, Florida] 12 June 1971: “LOS ANGELES—Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton was taken in an ambulance to unknown hospital after arriving here from London for treatment of a fractured thigh bone. Miss Hutton, 58, was put into the ambulance on a stretcher yesterday but ambulance officials would not tell newsmen where she was being taken. The heiress was flown to London from Rome after she reportedly broke her femur—by tripping over a carpet in the Italian city.”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “Murray knew an awful lot of movie people . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 MARCH 2012: “It was not until a few years before he died that he told me about Marilyn . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “Murray said, ‘Nobody murdered her. Nobody killed her. It was just an overdose. There was an empty bottle and the place reeked of alcohol . . .’”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 38: James Hall said, “Dr. George E. Hall, was a Beverly Hills surgeon and former chief of staff of Los Angeles receiving hospitals . . .”)

(CARLSON, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 19 DECEMBER 2011: “When Jim was fourteen-years-old, he was swinging on rings doing doubles and triples . . .”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E.

Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 40: James Hall said, “In 1961 I started with Walt Schaefer’s California Ambulance Service . . .”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 48: James Hall said, “I picked up Betty Hutton . . .”)

(Flynt, Larry. “Marilyn Was Murdered: Eyewitness Account by James E. Hall.” *Hustler*, May 1986, p. 48: James Hall said, “We took her to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, to the Pavilion . . .”)

- 14 (CONWAY, D. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 17 APRIL 2013: “I was Larry [Telling]’s neighbor. He died two or three years ago. He was a very big man, real heavysset. His wife Debra went to a bingo game and never did come back. He thought she would come home that night. She left him and just kept on driving. The neighbors there said she did give him a call and said, ‘I’m not coming back. I’ve had it with you.’ He was kind of rough on her. Then her brother had come to serve him with divorce papers and found him laying dead in the bed. He died of a heart attack. It’s very sad. Larry died of a broken heart because she wouldn’t come home. Sure as luck, she inherited everything and sold the property all off. She was a lucky, lucky person.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 604: “Seven employees: int. Joe Zilinski [sic], Carl Bellonzi, Tom Fears, Sean [sic] O’Bligh, Joe Tarnowski, Edgardo Villalobos, Murray Leib, 1985–6.”)

(ZIELINSKI, LESLIE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 15 JANUARY 2013: “Joe was seventy-five when he passed away in December 2008. . . When I met my husband, Joe was working for one of the mortuaries there in Inglewood. Then he worked at Schaefer’s and then Goodhue. We were married in 1961. I think he started Schaefer’s in 1961 or 1962. By the time we married, he was no longer working at the mortuary. Joe was six feet and at the time relatively thin, dark hair in a crew cut. Joe used to watch any documentaries on Marilyn and there

were things there that he knew were different than what they were portraying. As far as Marilyn, I know that he remembered that night very well.”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “I used to call Joe Zielinski every week . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 5 OCTOBER 2013: Rick Staffer, Donald Altrock, and Richard “Dick” Williams remember the ambulance call to Marilyn’s home.)

(TARNOWSKI, RUTH. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 4 OCTOBER 2013: Rick Staffer, Donald Altrock, and Richard “Dick” Williams remember the ambulance call to Marilyn’s home.)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “Hugh Patrick O’Bligh was the Vice President of Schaefer . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 23 FEBRUARY 2014: “Mr. Schaefer called him Irish . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “Because Carl was like a son to Mr. Schaefer . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “The other guy was Larry Telling, my partner . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 27 APRIL 2012: “Murray was a very nice person . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “The psychiatrist is not supposed to inject . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “Many times, we witness [an adrenaline shot] when the doctor comes in . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “One time [about a year after Marilyn’s death], I was in an ambulance in one of the intensive care units and there was a strange

nurse . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “That girl was sizing me up a lot . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “Look what happened to Murray’s partner Ryan . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 27 APRIL 2012)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “You have to listen to a doctor . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “Joe Tarnowski was a driver but then he became a dispatcher . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 MARCH 2012: “Joe Tarnowski was the dispatcher.”)

(BELLONZI, CARL. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JANUARY 2012: “I know who the dispatcher was at that time, and that was Tarnowski . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “Ruth Tarnowski was a nurse for Schaefer in the Santa Monica area . . .”)

(TARNOWSKI, RUTH. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 4 OCTOBER 2013: “At the time Marilyn died, Joe and I were married and living in West LA . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 27 APRIL 2012: “I used to fight. Amateur boxing. There were five of us . . .”)

- 15 (*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988: Female reporter said Walt Schaefer “is now dead but in a 1985 interview, he said an ambulance did go to the scene that night but it was *not* driven by

James Hall.” Walt Schaefer relayed, “We took Marilyn Monroe in on an overdose . . .”)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 185: Walt Schaefer relayed, “I came in the next morning and found on the log sheet we had transported Marilyn Monroe. . . Anything can happen in Hollywood.” Schaefer “did admit that Hunter had worked for him. He also admitted that Liebowitz had been Hunter’s partner.”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 3 FEBRUARY 2011: James Hall *was* Murray Liebowitz’s partner and they both went to Marilyn’s house that night.)

(From the collection of YouTube member SGTG77: 1992 *Hard Copy* documentary with Anthony Summers where John Sherlock said Greenson relayed to him that Marilyn had been taken to the hospital and then brought back to her home after she was dead.)

(SLATZER 1992, pp. 185, 187: Walt Schaefer first reported that Marilyn died at Santa Monica Hospital then later told Slatzer he lied due to political pressure from the Kennedys that could ruin his business.)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “Murray didn’t like the owner who owned the ambulance. Schaefer lied . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 463: In 1985, contradicting his second wife Sylvia’s statement to Margolis, Murray Leib related to Summers, “I wasn’t on duty that night . . .”)

- 16** (VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 MARCH 2012: “Murray bought himself a carwash on Pico Boulevard . . .”)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 186: Hall said that Murray Liebowitz has “been interviewed by numerous people and he won’t talk. On a radio talk show, an attendant that rode with Liebowitz later . . .”)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 186: Murray Liebowitz said, “Well, you remember I

told you I'd tell you what happened to Marilyn . . .")

(SLATZER 1992, p. 186: Murray Liebowitz said, "After her funeral, I came into a very large sum of what you would call hush money and I bought these car washes . . .")

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: "When we were watching that television program, Murray was laughing . . .")

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 MARCH 2012: "He did nothing but tell lies . . .")

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 3 FEBRUARY 2011: "He died after about seven years . . .")

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 MARCH 2012: "That's how I met Murray; he was a customer at my car wash for a lot of years . . .")

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: "The carwash is still there and fully in business . . .")

(ANNA, an employee of the LA County Assessor—Property Ownership. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 31 OCTOBER 2013: Via a phone call, Anna told Margolis as for the car wash located at 11166 Venice Boulevard, Culver City, CA 90232, that there was one recording date in the files listed in the year 1967 under "HLW CORP." When queried regarding the other car wash on 3131 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90019, Anna told Margolis there was one recording date on file listed as September 6, 1991, under the name "MAP BUSINESS GROUP, INC." The entity number is C1697224 and the current owner is Moon Chong Kang. Interestingly, September 6, 1991, was the date when Pico Car Wash was recorded. Curiously, a little more than six months later *The Marilyn Files* (1991) was released to VHS on March 11, 1992, and *The Marilyn Files* TV documentary aired on August 12, 1992.)

(WATKINS, JOHN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 12

DECEMBER 2013: “HLW Corporation is not owned by Sylvia Siegel and HLW Corporation wasn’t listed as the owner of the car wash . . .”)

(Complaint No. R4-2002-0032, Administrative Civil Liability for Violation of California Water Code, in the matter of: Mr. Kazuho Nishida and HLW Corporation: “HLW Corporation has owned the property at 11166 Venice Boulevard, in Culver City . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “Harry was born in 1913 and died at fifty-one years old . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 11 MARCH 2012: “Murray was in the service and was in two wars . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “I married Murray on October 5, 1968 . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “Murray bought car washes, two of them that I know . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 27 APRIL 2012: “Dick Williams was an ambulance driver . . .”)

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: “The one in West LA they said was Murray’s, too . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “All the people that worked on the ambulance with Murray came to the car wash . . .”)

(LEIB, SYLVIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 APRIL 2012: “The only thing that upsets me about the whole thing is that the Kennedys would get away with this . . .”)

- 17 (*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Former Mayor Sam Yorty recalled, “Chief Parker told me confidentially that Bobby Kennedy was supposed to be north of Los Angeles . . .”)

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 51–52: “In the process of his investigation, however,

[Chief of Detectives] Thad Brown discovered something startling—the Attorney General *had* been in Los Angeles on Saturday, August 4. Thad’s brother, detective Finis Brown, related [to Anthony Summers], ‘I talked to contacts who had seen Kennedy and Lawford at the Beverly Hilton Hotel the day she took the overdose.’”)

(FRANKLIN 2002, pp. 108–113: Detective Franklin pulled over Peter Lawford, Bobby Kennedy, and Dr. Ralph Greenson all in the same car at 12:10 a.m. on August 5, 1962.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 445–448)

(*The Death of Marilyn Monroe* documentary, n.d. Beverly Hills police officer Lynn Franklin said, “Just as I approached Olympic Boulevard, a Lincoln Continental went through the intersection eastbound heading for Downtown Los Angeles at roughly 80 miles per hour. So I threw on the red light and went in pursuit. When I pulled the car over, the only one who I recognized immediately was Peter Lawford. And in the backseat, once I shined the light back there, I recognized Robert Kennedy, the Attorney General.”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 463: Wolfe incorrectly stated that the car Lawford was driving was a black Mercedes. As Detective Franklin has always stated, it was a Lincoln Continental.)

(HEYMANN, C. DAVID. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 JULY 2010: Heymann was surprised when told that Lawford, Kennedy, and Greenson were pulled over in the same car by Detective Lynn Franklin.)

(FRANKLIN 2002, p. 109: “The significant thing that might be related to the hit attack on me . . .”)

(FRANKLIN 2002, p. 111: “I’m not trying to cover the case here, but for my money, she was murdered and Robert Kennedy at least knew about it, maybe ordered the killing . . .”)

(ROTHMILLER, MIKE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 26

SEPTEMBER 2010)

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 31 AUGUST 1988: “Peter wouldn’t dare go over there. He made sure it was me . . .”)

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 22 JULY 1992)

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 2 SEPTEMBER 2010: “He is so full of shit. That is the most insane thing I have ever heard. I’ve *never* heard that one. Bobby was in the back seat? Peter was driving? . . . If you’re the highest decorated officer, you don’t need that kind of publicity . . . People like Warren Beatty think I know exactly what happened. That I’m covering it up . . .”)

(SLATZER 1975, pp. 238–239: Sgt. Jack Clemmons relayed, “I heard that Marilyn and Bobby Kennedy were having an affair. But a friend of mine, who had been in the movie industry . . . said it was going around that Bobby Kennedy had Marilyn done away with, and he said, ‘I’ll tell you one thing, everybody in the business believes it.’”)

(FRANKLIN 2002, p. 127: “At a Beverly Wilshire Hotel Chamber of Commerce Breakfast, Chief B.L. Cork presents Det. Lynn Franklin the CHA Award. The highest Honor ever bestowed upon a Beverly Hills Cop.”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 446: Detective Franklin related that Peter “appeared drunk, terrified, and coming apart at the seams.”)

(SCHWARZ 2009, p. 624: Otash recalled that Peter “looked like hell, trembling in the manner of a junkie going through cold turkey withdrawal.”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 328: Milt Ebbins said, “I spoke to Peter at his house at one-thirty that night . . .”)

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6 AUGUST 1992: “Peter was getting drunker by the minute . . . He’d be coughing then be silent.”)

- 18 (*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988: Abe Landau's "Grand Central Station" account in which the narrator mentioned a "mysterious midnight traffic jam in front of Marilyn's house the night she died.")

(FRANKLIN 2002, pp. 111–112: Detective Lynn Franklin, through correspondence with Fred Otash and James Hall, placed Sgt. Marvin Iannone and Peter Lawford on the scene at 11:45 p.m. and Fred Otash agreed that at this time an ambulance was present.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 447–448: At 12:10 a.m. on August 5, 1962, Detective Lynn Franklin pulls over Peter Lawford for speeding with Kennedy and Greenson in tow.)

(*The Marilyn Files* documentary, 1991: As Greenson injected Marilyn in the heart, James Hall observed, "At about this time, two men came in. The one man [Sergeant Marvin Iannone] was wearing a Los Angeles police officer's uniform . . . The guy in the civilian clothes went up to Patricia Newcomb, put his arm around her and calmed her right down . . . Subsequently, I've identified him, too and that was Peter Lawford.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 77: "The officer went into the main house before returning to sign Hall's EPA call slip. Hall later identified the hysterical woman as Pat Newcomb, the man in the jumpsuit as Peter Lawford, the doctor as Ralph Greenson, and the police officer as Sgt. Marvin Iannone.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 64: "Before departing, Captain James Hamilton promoted Marvin Iannone to lieutenant and transferred him to the downtown office of the Intelligence Division.")

(WOLFE 1998, p. 61: "Iannone was known to work for Hamilton in Intelligence, and whenever the President or the Attorney General visited the Lawfords' . . .")

- 19 (BUCHTHAL AND COMMENT 2010, p. 213: While at Payne Whitney in New York, Marilyn wrote to Ralph Greenson on February 2, 1961,

“Someone when I mentioned his name you used to frown with your moustache and look up at the ceiling . . . He has been (secretly) a very tender friend . . . It was sort of a fling on the wing . . . but he is very unselfish in bed. From Yves I have heard nothing . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “It’s just ludicrous . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “I suppose the most surprising revelation in Marilyn’s own tapes was the fact that not only did Marilyn have an affair with both Kennedys, she was also sleeping with Dr. Greenson, who appeared to be deeply in love with her . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322: Peter Lawford said, “I also got hold of portions of the [Mafia-Teamster] tapes, and heard what seemed to be sounds of their lovemaking . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Ralph Greenson relayed, “I always had a weak spot in my heart to rescue damsels in distress . . .”)

(LEAMING 1998, p. 391: Greenson and “damsels in distress.”)

(GILMORE 2007, p. 198: “Like a jealous lover, Greenson manipulated Marilyn’s thinking and her choices . . .”)

(GILMORE 2007, p. 198: Ralph Roberts relayed, “He was having her get rid of the people who loved her and were devoted to her . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, pp. 23–25, 29–30, 32: “Why was it that no matter what she did she was striking? . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 18 NOVEMBER 2010: “Women like that who are very lonesome and feel

like they've been abandoned . . .")

(JAFFE 2004, p. 171: Greenson said to a candidate in training, "There is the problem of a change in motivation that happens when, for example, the patient develops an acute sexual transference . . .")

(FARBER AND GREEN 1993, p. 109: Accounts of Drs. Leo Rangell and Melvin Mandel.)

20 (LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: "I suppose the most surprising revelation in Marilyn's own tapes was the fact that not only did Marilyn have an affair with both Kennedys, she was also sleeping with Dr. Greenson, who appeared to be deeply in love with her . . .")

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322: Peter Lawford said, "I also got hold of portions of the [Mafia-Teamster] tapes, and heard what seemed to be sounds of their lovemaking . . .")

(SPOTO 1993, p. 658: "The only five-week summer vacation [Greenson] took from 1959 to his death in 1979 was in 1962. With no other woman patient was he so involved, and the language of this passage is virtually a copy of his descriptions of MM in his August 20 letter to Marianne Kris.")

(GREENSON 1964, pp. 202–203: "Sometimes all that is necessary is time . . ." The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 254: "Dr. Greenson listened to Marilyn's 'venomous resentment' toward Arthur Miller. She claimed her husband was 'cold and unresponsive' to her problems, attracted to other women, and dominated by his mother. She accused Miller of neglecting his father and not being 'nice' to his children.")

(GREENSON 1964, pp. 203–206: "The above incident occurred during the fourth month of her analysis with me . . ." The complete work is

located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA.)

(SUGARMAN 2000, pp. 279–282: In a paper entitled, “Countertransference,” Greenson wrote, “Countertransference . . . is an inappropriate reaction of the therapist to his patient . . .”)

(GREENSON 1967, p. 171: “Transference is the experiencing of feelings, drives, attitudes, fantasies, and defenses toward a person in the present,” often the analyst, “which do not befit that person but are a repetition of reactions originating in regard to significant persons of early childhood, unconsciously displaced onto figures in the present.”)

(GREENSON 1967, p. 155: “All people have transference reactions; the analytic situation only facilitates their development and utilizes them for interpretation and reconstruction . . . The two outstanding characteristics are: it is a repetition and it is inappropriate.”)

(GREENSON 1967, pp. 52, 172: “Most psychoanalysts, however, are of the opinion that narcissistically fixated patients [as Greenson termed Monroe] require deviations from the standard psychoanalytic procedure.”)

(GREENSON 1967, pp. 173–174, 184: “People who are essentially narcissistic will not be able to maintain a consistently analyzable transference relationship. Their relationship to the therapist will abound with fusions of self and object images, primitive forerunners of identification.”)

(GREENSON 1967, p. 343: “borderline cases” and “their propensity for intractable transference reactions.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “If I behaved in a way which hurt her she reacted as though it was the end of the world . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GUILLES 1969, p. 315: “Clearly Dr. Greenson was concerned by her

reliance upon the judgment of her hirelings.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I have some misgivings about how correct was I in my form of treatment . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(KIRSNER 2007, pp. 479, 483: “Unfortunately, [Greenson’s patient Lita] Hazen was miserable much of the time and was scarcely a clear case of being helped by psychotherapy . . . But it was probably not a coincidence that he said he had enough of her when she stopped providing cash to Anna Freud and the Foundation.”)

(LITMAN, ROBERT, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 APRIL 1992: “There was a real washing out of the usual doctor boundaries . . .”)

(KIRSNER 2009, p. 153: “Greenson told his colleagues that he decided to offer his family as a substitute for the family Monroe never had . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 400: At Marilyn’s insistence, her poet friend Norman Rosten became acquainted with Greenson during the spring of 1962. Greenson later wrote to Rosten on August 15, 1962, “I should have played it safe and put her in a sanitarium . . .”)

(Turner, Christopher. “Marilyn Monroe on the Couch: To Dr. Ralph Greenson, Marilyn Monroe Was More Than Just a Patient. Now, for the First Time, His Family Recall Their Favourite ‘Big Sister.’” *Telegraph*. 23 June 2010: Danny Greenson said, “He felt that therapy as he knew it wasn’t working . . .”)

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6 AUGUST 1992: “He made a statement that Marilyn was doomed and eventually . . .”)

(RUDIN, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 31 OCTOBER 1992: “I think it helped kill him . . . ‘Don’t get yourself all emotionally involved’ . . . should have been a rule for a psychoanalyst . .

.”)

(RUDIN, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 31 OCTOBER 1992: “When he went to Europe, I was delighted . . .”)

(“Marilyn Monroe Rests Well After Gall Bladder Removal: 7 Doctors in Attendance at Surgery in New York; DiMaggio Standing By.” *The Blade* [Toledo, Ohio] 30 June 1961: The removal of Marilyn’s gallbladder occurred the previous day, June 29, 1961.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Referring to July 1961, Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “At that time she was recovering from gall bladder surgery . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(TARABORRELLI 1997, p. 272: Rudin related, “She could have a crisis over what she was having for lunch . . .”)

(RUDIN, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 31 OCTOBER 1992: “I wasn’t impatient with her . . .”)

(JACOBS 2004, p. 1: George Jacobs said, “Mr. S’s lawyer Mickey Rudin . . . was a combination bag man, hit man, and Hollywood hustler.”)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 DECEMBER 2010: “He was a scumbag and everybody knew it. He was Sinatra’s man . . .”)

(RUDIN, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 31 OCTOBER 1992: “His wife was Swiss . . .”)

(ROMANOFF, GLORIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 2 SEPTEMBER 2010: “She never had any real money. The house she died in was the first home she ever owned and it meant everything to her . . .”)

- 21 (GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “She would have no plans whatsoever for an evening . . . I think at one point she asked the taxi driver to come in and have dinner with her .

..”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 328: “As for his patient’s attitude toward men, Dr. Greenson was to note Marilyn’s increasing trend toward random promiscuity. In her last months she was to tell him she was having sex with one of the workmen remodeling her house. Once she invited in a taxi driver who brought her home.”)

(FARBER AND GREEN 1993, pp. 95–98: Hildi said her husband found out about Marilyn’s random promiscuity and “realized this wasn’t healthy . . .” so he often allowed Marilyn to stay for supper like a family member and often attended Greenson’s chamber music recitals. Also, Greenson discussed Marilyn with another actress, Celeste Holm.)

- 22 (FARBER AND GREEN 1993, p. 97: With dark glasses and a black wig, Marilyn joined Danny while he looked for an apartment. She would often use this disguise to attend many of Greenson’s lectures.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, pp. 55–56: “Father liked to give lectures, and he was an excellent public speaker . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “When we’d have chamber music, my husband would invite her to come and listen . . .”)

(FARBER AND GREEN 1993, p. 98: Janice Rule asked Greenson, “You knew I love music. How come you never invited me? . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, pp. 59–60: “She would sit in the living room in the big wing-backed chair . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(ROSTEN 1973, pp. 99–100: “Finally, after coffee and cake and idle

Sunday chatter, the other musicians showed up . . .”)

(FREEMAN 1993, p. 27: A friend of Greenson’s, Paul Moor, said, “Romi may have been the world’s worst violinist . . .”)

(GREENSON 1964, pp. 203–206: “When I left for a five week summer vacation . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA.)

- 23 (WEXLER 2002, pp. 241–242: “Greenson began to write more and more about the importance of the real relationship . . .”)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “I suppose the most surprising revelation in Marilyn’s own tapes was the fact that not only did Marilyn have an affair with both Kennedys, she was also sleeping with Dr. Greenson, who appeared to be deeply in love with her . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322: Peter Lawford said, “I also got hold of portions of the [Mafia-Teamster] tapes, and heard what seemed to be sounds of their lovemaking . . .”)

(SUGARMAN 2000, p. 282: Greenson wrote, “One of the most frequent signals of countertransference reaction is . . . reacting sexually . . . to the transference manifestations . . .”)

- 24 (GREENSON 1978, pp. 493–494: In a 1974 paper entitled, “On Transitional Objects and Transference,” Ralph Greenson wrote, “I told an emotionally immature young woman patient, who had developed a very dependent transference to me, that I was going to attend an International Congress in Europe some three months hence . . .”)

(GREENSON 1978, p. 494: In a 1974 paper entitled, “On Transitional Objects and Transference,” Ralph Greenson wrote, “The situation changed dramatically when one day she announced . . . she had discovered something that would tide her over my absence . . .”)

(GREENSON 1978, p. 494: “The evening before her announcement, as she looked at the set, through the sparkling light of a glass of champagne, it suddenly struck her that I looked like the white knight . . .”)

(GREENSON 1978, p. 494: “The patient’s major concern about . . . my absence was a public performance of great importance to her professionally . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 52: “Father was to give a lecture in Israel . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GREENSON 1978, p. 494: In a 1974 paper entitled, “On Transitional Objects and Transference,” Ralph Greenson wrote, “I was relieved and delighted to learn . . . that her performance . . .”)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 103: Marilyn’s housekeeper Mrs. Eunice Murray related, “Marilyn took a handsome chess piece from the set she had bought in Mexico—one knight to wrap in her handkerchief while she sang . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “That vacation we had, it was constant telephone calls . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 319)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I left Marilyn in the hands of a colleague whom she knew . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, pp. 72–74: “Danny and I did get a call after her birthday. She had sounded really druggy. Her thick-tongued-ness . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(FARBER AND GREEN 1993, p. 99: Hildi Greenson relayed, “She was bright and lovely and interesting . . .”)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 107: “Marilyn didn’t want to interrupt the psychiatrist’s trip with her problems . . .”)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 107: “A Dr. Wexler was on call for Dr. Greenson’s patients . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, pp. 74–75: “It was clear that there was really no way Marilyn was going to make it through that picture without my father here . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GREENSON 1978, p. 494: In a 1974 paper entitled, “On Transitional Objects and Transference,” Ralph Greenson wrote, “A colleague of mine [Milton Wexler] who saw her [Marilyn Monroe] in that interval said that all his interventions . . .”)

(GREENSON 1978, p. 494: In a 1974 paper entitled, “On Transitional Objects and Transference,” Ralph Greenson wrote, “Her anxiety and depression lifted . . .”)

25 (SPOTO 1993, pp. 528–529: Greenson’s angry letter postmarked June 22, 1962, to friend Lucille Ostrow.)

(FARBER AND GREEN 1993, pp. 98, 106: “Janice Rule, who was in analysis with Greenson at the time Marilyn died, remembers how ‘crucified’ he felt by the press.”)

(MEYERS 2010, p. 269: On June 22, 1962, Greenson wrote a letter to Anna Freud about Marilyn, a letter located in the Library of Congress. Greenson wrote, “This was a most frustrating experience, since now I was back home and she was feeling fine . . .”)

(MEYERS 2010, p. 269: On July 2, 1962, Anna Freud wrote back to Greenson about Marilyn, a letter located in the Library of Congress.

Anna Freud wrote, “I have tried to follow your fate in the newspapers . . .”)

(BERTHELSEN 1987, pp. 152–153: Freud family maid Paula Fichtl relayed how Anna Freud told her she heard Ralph Greenson was the final person to phone Marilyn.)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 375: Marilyn’s psychiatrist “Hohenberg had a suggestion for Marilyn, and forthwith whisked her off to meet her old friend Anna Freud, an analyst with a thriving London practice. Marilyn had several therapy sessions with Sigmund Freud’s daughter.”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “That felt very good, winning my suit . . .”)

(SPOTO 1993, pp. 599–611: Capell, Mailer, Slatzer “started” the murder rumors.)

(*Oakland Tribune*. [Oakland, CA] 5 January 1964: “Following her death, Dr. Greenson was flooded with mail from haters . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “And on top of it all, the notoriety, the press all over the world writing about it and constantly linking my name . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

- 26 (Shearer, Lloyd. “Marilyn Monroe—Why Won’t They Let Her Rest in Peace?” *Parade*. 5 August 1973: Greenson and his alleged dinner engagement until around midnight. Greenson claimed that Mrs. Murray called him three hours later: “At 3 a.m. his phone rang . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: On August 4, 1962, Greenson attended a dinner party at the home of actor Eddie Albert and his wife Margo.)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Mrs. Murray said Marilyn was discovered “around midnight.” Sgt. Clemmons agreed Mrs. Murray said midnight and Clemmons also stated that Greenson and

Engelberg did not disagree with Mrs. Murray.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District attorney's report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Al Tomich interviewed Marilyn's physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, regarding rumors that he arrived at midnight. Engelberg responded, "Nonsense. Absolute, utter nonsense.")

(SLATZER 1975, pp. 172–173: Picture 60 is a photograph of a man pointing at the broken window Greenson claimed he shattered to enter Marilyn's bedroom. One wonders how Greenson stuck his full hand into the window without cutting himself.)

(SMITH 2005, pp. 30–33: Police report #62-509 463 and follow-up police report show serious time discrepancies.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District attorney's report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Al Tomich interviewed Marilyn's physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, who relayed, "The door was locked to the bedroom . . .")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District attorney's report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Al Tomich interviewed Marilyn's physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, who relayed, "I was parked in the basement of the parking area of a small apartment house and somebody parked in back of me . . .")

- 27 (SUMMERS 2000, pp. 416–417: "At about 3:30 a.m., at the Greenson home in Santa Monica, the psychiatrist's daughter, Joan, heard the telephone ring in her parents' bedroom . . .")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 82: "I went to bed around 8:00 . . ." The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: "I was very worried, and my daughter was here and we immediately stayed up. We just went downstairs and sat around . . .")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 83: “I must have been in my bed for maybe five minutes when I heard the phone ring . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

28 (GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “Her room was locked and with a bolt lock . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “I don’t think so, but it was locked that night.”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 486: Cherie Redmond wrote to Hedda Rosten, “There isn’t one door in the place that locks.”)

(MARSHALL 2005, p. 282: “Linda Nuñez . . . explained . . . that no one in her family ever had a key to any of the locks on any of the interior doors . . .”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 441: “We found out . . . that Monroe’s housekeeper, Eunice Murray, had a skeleton key to Monroe’s bedroom. It was attached to her own key ring. Greenson had insisted on it because Murray was often on suicide watch. Thus, there should have been no need to break in the movie star’s bedroom window.”)

(SPOTO 1993, pp. 575–576: “Between March 15 and June 30, according to their invoice # 7451, the A-1 Lock & Safe Company of 3114 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica, installed only two locks in the house: a cabinet lock for Cherie Redmond’s files, and a replacement lock for the front door of the house . . .”)

(TURNER, ROY. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 19 JUNE 2012: “I never felt Marilyn killed herself . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 515: “In 1982, in a conversation with researcher Justin Clayton, she [Mrs. Murray] said she had ‘found Marilyn’s door ajar’ at about midnight. As Clayton vividly recalls, Mrs. Murray then stopped dead, suddenly raising her hand to her mouth, and said, ‘I

mean, I found the door locked.”)

(TARABORRELLI 2009, p. 474: “More intriguingly, Eunice would later say that there was no lock on Marilyn’s door. If that’s the case, then the entire story of how she was found seems to fall apart.”)

(SLATZER 1975, pp. 289–290: see for the A-1 Lock & Safe Company Creditor’s Claim and Invoices)

- 29 (SPOTO 1993, p. 570: Determining the exact time of Joe DiMaggio, Jr.’s call to be 7:00 p.m.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 460: According to DiMaggio, Sr., Joe Jr.’s call with Marilyn lasted 15 minutes.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “When I left at 7:15, she seemed somewhat depressed . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(Shearer, Lloyd. “Marilyn Monroe—Why Won’t They Let Her Rest in Peace” *Parade*. 5 August 1973: “That was the last conversation Greenson had with Marilyn Monroe. It was Saturday Aug. 4, 7:30 p.m. After dinner with the Alberts [Eddie and Margo], Dr. Greenson returned to his home . . . around midnight . . . He was tempted to phone Marilyn but didn’t want to wake her . . . At 3 a.m. his phone rang. It was Mrs. Murray.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “About an hour later, someone [Mickey Rudin] called the housekeeper . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “At midnight, the housekeeper awakened and saw that there was a light on in Marilyn’s room . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 135: “I knew that the new white wool carpet filled the space under the door . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “People say that there were four hours before it was reported . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “Eunice Murray awakened at midnight and saw . . . the light under the door, and wondered about it, but fell asleep while wondering . . .”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “The ‘if’ then was, *if* [Mrs. Murray] hadn’t fallen asleep at midnight, [Marilyn] probably still could have been saved . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 323)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 84: “Her bedroom door was locked, there was a light, and a telephone cord under the door . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 84: “He could see that she had been dead for some time . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District attorney’s report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Al Tomich interviewed Marilyn’s physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, who relayed, “That particular line about being called at midnight, I remember Mrs. Murray telling us clearly that she went to sleep around midnight and she saw the light on . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “At 3:30 the housekeeper awakened and saw the light and phoned me . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “It seems she had died around midnight . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(RUDIN, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 31 OCTOBER 1992: Rudin said he got a call from Greenson telling him Marilyn was dead and this was before midnight.)

30 (SMITH 2005, pp. 30–33: Police report # 62-509 463: Mickey Rudin claims he called Mrs. Murray at 9 p.m.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 458: “Eunice Murray agrees that Rudin called, but insists the lawyer said nothing about the troubling call Marilyn had supposedly had with Lawford. She assumed it was merely a casual inquiry and, without checking on Marilyn, said all was well.”)

(SUMMERS 1994, p. 347: “Dr. Greenson confirmed privately, years later, that Robert Kennedy was present that night and that an ambulance was called.”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 575: On the morning of August 5, Mrs. Murray claimed she went outside Marilyn’s house and used a fireplace poker to “part the draperies” of the only unbarred window.)

(NEWCOMB, PATRICIA. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 3 AUGUST 1992: Newcomb recalled there was no “middle-divider” to the draperies Eunice Murray claimed she parted.)

31 (SUMMERS 2000, p. 516: Account of Detective Sgt. Robert E. Byron.)

(BYRON, DOROTHEA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 SEPTEMBER 2010)

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 424–425: Parker’s wife Helen told Anthony Summers, her husband “wanted special attention paid to this particular case by the investigators . . .”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 440: “With the stroke of a pen, Chief

Parker began the cover-up by refusing to assign a full-time detective team . . .”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 440: May Mann relayed, “He told me it would be bad for my health if I kept writing stories like that.”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 467: Rothmiller said, “It was this unit [the OCID] which had undertaken the clandestine probe of Monroe’s death . . . Since nobody really ever investigated this death—they only covered up—all the trails were allowed to turn cold.”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 430: Rothmiller relayed, “This is precisely what they did with the Monroe investigation . . . they protected the name of the Kennedy dynasty . . .” “Intelligence chiefs” did this in 1962, 1975, and 1982.)

(From the collection of YouTube member SGTG77: 1992 *Hard Copy* documentary with Anthony Summers where Daniel Stewart discusses his knowledge that Robert Kennedy was in town at Marilyn’s home before and after she died.)

(STRAIT, RAYMOND. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 18 NOVEMBER 2010: “Bobby skipped out of town and said he was never there but everybody knew he was there. You cover your tail as best you can . . .”)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 343, 503: Lady Lawford is adamant that neighbors saw Bobby Kennedy coming in and out of Peter’s beach house that last Saturday.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 330: Lawford’s neighbor Ward Wood said, “It was Bobby all right . . .”)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Ward Wood’s account.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 471: “As she [Lawford’s third wife Deborah Gould] understood it from Lawford, ‘He [Bobby Kennedy] left by helicopter to the airport.’ Joe Hyams . . . and the former policeman both say they

learned that a helicopter touched down on the beach, close to the Lawford house, late that night. They discovered this in separate interviews with Lawford's neighbors.")

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 472–473: William Woodfield relayed, "The time in the log was sometime after midnight . . .")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 517: James Zonlick remembered, "Hal had picked Robert Kennedy up at the beach house and left him at Los Angeles International Airport . . .")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 517: Patricia Connors recalled, "Next morning, I remember saying, 'Did you hear that Marilyn Monroe died?'"")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 472: Bobby Kennedy's aide told Woodfield, "The Attorney General would appreciate it if you would not do the story.")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 468: "Certainly the parish priest confirms, Kennedy was in Gilroy by 9:30 a.m. on Sunday, attending Mass at the church of St. Mary.")

(LAWFORD 1969, p. 36: Carmine S. Bellino and Bobby Kennedy's strict dedication to Mass.)

(STEWART, DANIEL K. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2011)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 437–438: Assumption of suicide tainted the Monroe investigation.)

(CARPOZI, GEORGE, JR. INTERVIEW WITH JOANNE GREEN-LEVINE. 21 JANUARY 1992: "They never conducted a criminal investigation . . .")

(GRANDISON, JR., AND MUQADDIN 2012, pp. 22–23, 26, 194: Account of Deputy Coroner's Aide Lionel Grandison from his memoirs.)

(DAMBACHER, ROBERT. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 9 MARCH 2011: "I was a Deputy Coroner at the time. My partner's name was Cletus Pace. So Cleet and I were dispatched at eight in the morning

to go out to Westwood Village Mortuary to pick up her remains . . .”)

(*The Death of Marilyn Monroe* documentary, n.d. *New York Herald Tribune* reporter Joe Hyams said, “I had a source at the telephone company. My source came back and said the Secret Service has already been here and taken our records . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 448: Joe Hyams contacted the telephone company “the morning after her death.”)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 50: Florabel Muir wrote on August 8, 1962, how sources asserted, “Strange ‘pressures’ are being put on Los Angeles police . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 451: Jack Tobin said, “Hamilton told me he had the telephone history of the last day or two of Marilyn Monroe’s life . . .”)

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. “The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney.” December 1982, pp. 16–17: “Confidential LAPD records supplied to our office support the published media reports that toll records . . .”)

(*The Death of Marilyn Monroe* documentary, n.d. Arthur Jacobs’s employee Michael Selsman relayed, “I believe that the Kennedys were concerned that Pat, being a close friend of Marilyn’s, would become very emotional and might at some point mention something to somebody about the extent of the relationship between the Kennedys and Marilyn.”)

(*The Death of Marilyn Monroe* documentary, n.d. *New York Herald Tribune* reporter Joe Hyams said, “Eunice Murray, who was Marilyn’s housekeeper and who had found the body, disappeared. And Pat Newcomb disappeared but she reappeared very hastily working for the Kennedys in Washington. It just began to look like a vast cover-up.”)

(BARRIS, GEORGE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JANUARY 2011: “I’ll tell you about Pat Newcomb . . .”)

- 32 (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 JUNE 2012: “We had provided limousine service for JFK in Los Angeles for the Democratic Convention before he was elected . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE 2012: “I drove the limo on Clark Gable’s service and the service for Ernie Kovacs . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JUNE 2012: “Clarence Pierce, who was the younger of the two brothers, originally put out the call . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE 2012: “I actually stood at the door of the chapel . . .”)
- (Hast, Ron. “Just Conversation.” October 2012—in the collection of Jay Margolis: “Founded in 1957 by my business partner Allan Abbott, and myself, our company . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 22 JULY 2012: “Joe DiMaggio left at eleven o’clock at night . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 JUNE 2012: “We stayed there until almost eleven . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 20 JUNE 2012: “In Leigh Wiener’s book, it says we’re employees of Westwood . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 AUGUST 2012: “I never met Noguchi until after Marilyn’s funeral . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 21 JULY 2012: “Noguchi was a working fool. He would do six or eight or ten embalmings . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE 2012: “As Abbott & Hast, we provide funeral cars, hearses, limousines . . .”)
- (ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 21 JULY

2012: “Obviously when everyone found out that Westwood . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE

2012: “I get to the cemetery and there’s about a hundred . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 JUNE

2012: “Marilyn’s neck was bloated because I think Noguchi was in there . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE

2012: “Of course, she was already embalmed at the Coroner’s Office . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 21 JULY

2012: “We had just finished dressing Marilyn. Charles Maxwell, the embalmer . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE

2012: “I kept thinking about those falsies . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 21 JULY

2012: “If Mrs. Hamrock hadn’t come in, I would have never ended up with the falsies . . .”)

(ABBOTT, ALLAN. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 7 JUNE

2012: “Then, when I got outside, I pulled them out of my pocket and some of the hair that was cut off of her was between the two falsies . . .”)

(“The Marilyn Tapes—Questions Still Remain About the Movie Star’s Death.” *48 Hours*. 20 April 2006: Peter Van Sant said, “Dr. Steven Karch is one of the nation’s top forensic pathologists . . . All it would take are a few strands of that famously blonde hair . . . Dr. Karch says tests could be run to look for poisons or paralyzing drugs, not done back then.”)

(“The Marilyn Tapes—Questions Still Remain About the Movie Star’s Death.” *48 Hours*. 20 April 2006: Dr. Steven Karch said, “Somebody would have to open the crypt and take some hair and fingernails and analyze it.”)

with a European accent calling to notify him of the death of Marilyn Monroe.)

(Rebello, Stephen. "Somebody Killed Her." *Playboy*. December 2005, p. 187: According to John Miner, Greenson did call the police, contrary to the official police report that said Engelberg called instead.)

(Shearer, Lloyd. "Marilyn Monroe—Why Won't They Let Her Rest in Peace?" *Parade*. 5 August 1973: Greenson himself admitted it was he who called the police.)

(WOLFE 1998, p. 5: "Clemmons recalled, 'She was lying facedown in what I call the soldier's position. Her face was in a pillow, her arms were by her side, her right arm was slightly bent. Her legs were stretched out perfectly straight.'")

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, pp. 340–341: Clemmons said of Greenson and Engelberg, "Liars, both of them." Clemmons was not impressed when he felt Greenson was being fresh with him, "I strongly disliked Greenson's attitude . . .")

34 (SUMMERS 2000, p. 415: "Dr. Greenson would later say he had brought in Dr. Engelberg to try to wean Marilyn away from sleeping pills . . .")

(*Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days* TV documentary, 2001: Engelberg discussed Marilyn's last night and diagnosed his patient as bipolar.)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 320: Peter Lawford mentioned Marilyn's "manic-depressive tendencies.")

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District Attorney's report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Al Tomich interviewed Marilyn's physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, who relayed, "I saw her Friday evening . . .")

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 324)

(CAPELL 1964, p. 32: Engelberg's Creditor's Claim for giving Marilyn an injection on August 3, 1962.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I had an internist [Hyman Engelberg] who would prescribe medication for her and to give her vitamin injections and liver injections . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(MALTZ, ESTHER ENGELBERG. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 OCTOBER 1992: “Dr. Greenson used Hy to sedate [Marilyn].”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 661: “Regarding the so-called ‘liver and vitamin injections,’ the first Mrs. Hyman Engelberg told DS [Donald Spoto] that she never heard of them.”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 586: “Chloral hydrate interferes with the body’s production of enzymes that metabolize Nembutal.”)

(*Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days* TV documentary, 2001: Engelberg related, “The autopsy showed . . . a lot of chloral hydrate. I never gave her chloral hydrate and I don’t think any doctor in the United States gave it to her. She must have bought it in Tijuana.”)

(TARABORRELLI 2009, p. 378: “She was taking chloral hydrate to sleep, and Dr. Engelberg emphatically states that he never prescribed it to her, nor did Dr. Greenson. In fact, Engelberg would say . . . he now presumes she bought when she was in Mexico just before her death.”)

(GRAY, MARIJANE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 17 MAY 2012: Physician Dr. Hyman Engelberg wrote chloral hydrate prescriptions for Marilyn including one dated June 7, 1962, one day before Marilyn was fired. This prescription was sold at Julien’s Auctions on May 7, 2011, for \$1,664. Therefore, Engelberg lied when he claimed ignorance of Marilyn’s chloral hydrate prescriptions.)

(SPOTO 1993, pp. 497–498, 506, 581–582, 585–586, 590, 663: Greenson told biographer Maurice Zolotow and photographer William Woodfield that he was in fact aware of chloral hydrate prescriptions for Marilyn.)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 581: “100-milligram Nembutal capsules” and “500-milligram chloral hydrate capsules.”)

(SPERIGLIO 1986, p. 19: “The Hocketts arrived . . . Father and son first collected the pill bottles, establishing that there were fifteen.”)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 42: Mrs. Murray relayed, “Under Dr. Greenson’s guidance, she was taking only chloral hydrate pills for sleep.”)

(Zolotow, Maurice. “Monroe’s Last Days: Drowsy Death in a Barbiturate Darkness.” *Chicago Tribune*. 14 September 1973, sec. 2, p. 4: “Her psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson, was attempting to cut down her dependence on Nembutal by switching her to chloral hydrate as a sleep-inducer.”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 590: Greenson to Woodfield regarding the large chloral hydrate prescriptions written by Engelberg, “Well, I’ve made a number of mistakes in my time.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: District attorney’s report dated September 27, 1982. Investigator Alan B. Tomich interviewed Marilyn’s physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, who relayed, “I don’t know of anything Dr. Greenson gave her. Maybe he did. I cannot answer for him . . .”)

(From the collection of CBS News: September 27, 1982, recorded interview for the District Attorney’s Office with Marilyn’s physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, conducted by investigator Alan B. Tomich:

TOMICH: Was there a reason there was a delay of half hour or do you consider it was a delay?

ENGELBERG: We were stunned. We were talking over what happened, what she had said. Ordinarily, when you pronounce somebody dead, you don’t call the police, you call the mortician. I was the one who I guess eventually said, gee, I think in this case, we’d better call the police.)

(Zolotow, Maurice. “Monroe’s Last Days: Drowsy Death in a Barbiturate Darkness.” *Chicago Tribune*. 14 September 1973, sec. 2, p. 4: In an interview with Dr. Engelberg, Zolotow quoted him as saying, “The

reason there was [a] delay [was because] normally you don't call the police. You call the mortuary to remove the body. Dr. Greenson and I discussed this back and forth. I strongly insisted that because of who she was and the possibility of suicide, we should call the police.”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 312)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “The idea was that she was never to be said no to when she wanted a prescription . . .”)

(TARABORRELLI 2009, p. 377)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 84: “All she had to do was call her doctor and he would prescribe it to her . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(WARNER 1991, pp. 582–583: “Part of improving the patient's environment is prescribing ‘proper’ medication that will magically solve problems. This medication is either what has recently been reported in newspapers or magazines as new and effective or what other affluent patients report as ‘doing miracles.’”)

(GREENSON 1964, p. 209: “The administering of a drug is a responsibility since it may cause physical side effects . . .” The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I later found out that on Friday night she had told the internist [Engelberg] that I had said it was all right for her to take some Nembutal . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 586: How Greenson knew his star patient well enough to know on what prescription she was “somewhat drugged.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20,

1962, “I received a call from Marilyn at 4:30 in the afternoon. She seemed somewhat depressed and somewhat drugged.” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GUILLES 1969, p. 321: “She asked him to give her a new sleeping pill prescription. After he [Engelberg] was convinced that the drug she was taking—chloral hydrate—was not working, he agreed to prescribe twenty-five tablets of Nembutal.”)

(MIRACLE 1994, p. 197: “Friday evening Pat Newcomb arrives at Marilyn’s house to spend the night. Dr. Engelberg stops in, gives Marilyn an injection to help her sleep and, because the chloral hydrate has apparently not been working, writes her a prescription for twenty-five Nembutal capsules.”)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: “In trying to help Marilyn get off the barbiturates she was on he was giving her a different kind of medication that is not quite as addictive . . .”)

(MURRAY 1975, p. 42: Marilyn told Mrs. Murray regarding chloral hydrate: “You know they used to give these to the soldiers in the war for sleeping. They’re really very mild.”)

(From the collection of YouTube member wksufreshair: KNBC *Hard Copy*, April 20, 1992, Part 2 of 4 Marilyn Monroe: For *Hard Copy*’s reenactment of Marilyn’s last day, Mrs. Murray’s recollection of Marilyn taking chloral hydrate and how mild Marilyn thought it was.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: On August 20, 1962, Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris, “At the end of the conversation she asked me whether I had taken away her Nembutal bottle . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 423: Joan Greenson said Engelberg

didn't tell her father about the Nembutal prescription the day before Marilyn died because his wife was kicking him out of the house that day and he had a lot on his mind. However, this does not explain a bigger problem: Engelberg's original Nembutal prescription on July 25 just days before.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: GREENSON, JOAN. UNTITLED 90-PAGE MARILYN MONROE MANUSCRIPT, p. 85: "That Saturday he had checked her medication . . ." The complete work is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(GREENSON, HILDI. INTERVIEW WITH CATHY GRIFFIN. 4 JUNE 1991: "It happened on a bad day. A divorce either became final or he was moving out of his house . . .")

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 414: "An empty bottle, with a label indicating it had contained twenty-five Nembutal pills, would be among the medicines retrieved from Marilyn's room after her death. The label showed it had been prescribed on Friday, the day before her death.")

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 432–433: A photograph in Summers's book proved Engelberg wrote an original Nembutal prescription for Marilyn on July 25, 1962, which was subsequently refilled days later on August 3. Summers incorrectly assumed this was for chloral hydrate.)

(SMITH 2005, p. 31: Quoting from the official police report #62-509 463: "Dr. Engelberg made the statement that he prescribed a refill for this about two days ago and he further stated there probably should have been about 50 capsules at the time this was refilled by the pharmacist.")

(NEWCOMB, PATRICIA. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 3 AUGUST 1992: "She asked for some Nembutals. Engelberg was having problems with his wife . . .")

(LITMAN, ROBERT, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 APRIL 1992: "I am stuck with the information that she went out and got

pills from Siegel and Engelberg.”)

(Carroll, Ronald H., and Alan B. Tomich. “The Death of Marilyn Monroe—Report to the District Attorney.” December 1982, p. 25: Engelberg’s refill and the alleged Nembutal prescriptions by Dr. Siegel.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 415: Dr. Lee Siegel from Twentieth Century-Fox denied seeing Marilyn in the last weeks leading to her death.)

- 35 (“Quiet services for Marilyn Monroe.” *Redlands Daily Facts*. [Redlands, CA] 8 August 1962: Peter Lawford told a reporter he may have been the last person to speak to Marilyn on the phone.)

(CRAMER 2001, p. 419: “Peter Lawford came forward as the ‘mystery caller’—he’d talked to Marilyn that Saturday night—and he quoted her last words to him (or maybe he wasn’t really quoting): ‘Say goodbye to Pat, say goodbye to the President, and say goodbye to yourself, because you’re a nice guy.’”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 457: Peter and the 7:30 p.m. call to Marilyn.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 421: Harry Hall said DiMaggio “held Bobby Kennedy responsible for her death.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 482: DiMaggio said to the funeral director, “Be sure that none of those damn Kennedys come to the funeral.”)

(DePaulo, Lisa. “The Strange, Still Mysterious Death of Marilyn Monroe.” *Playboy*. December 2005, pp. 194–195: DiMaggio’s best friend Morris Engelberg relayed, “No woman in the world will ever be loved the way he loved her . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 482: Peter Lawford said, “It seems to be a concerted effort to keep some of Marilyn’s old friends from attending.”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 330: DiMaggio privately responded, “If it wasn’t for her so-called friends, Marilyn would be alive today.”)

(FANTA 1968, p. 37: On August 12, 1962, four days after Marilyn’s funeral, “The President and his guests aboard the MANITOU on second

day of Maine cruising,” including Jack Kennedy, Peter Lawford, Pat Kennedy Lawford, and Pat Newcomb.)

(WOLFE 1998, pp. 244–245: Same *Manitou* photograph is located in the picture section between these two pages.)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 325: “Three days after Marilyn’s death, RFK left San Francisco on a camping trip to Oregon . . .”)

(SLATZER 1992, p. 349: Quoting from the official police report # 62-509 463: “An attempt was made to contact Mr. Lawford . . .”)

(LITMAN, ROBERT, M.D. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 23 APRIL 1992: “Probable suicide” based on the “physical evidence” and “past history of having made overdoses.”)

(SPOTO 1993, p. 582: Dr. Robert Litman related, “It was obvious to us, after speaking with Dr. Greenson about Marilyn’s psychiatric history, that the only conclusion we could reach was suicide, or at least a gamble with death . . .”)

(Rebello, Stephen. “Somebody Killed Her.” *Playboy*. December 2005, p. 187: Miner discussed how Marilyn would have been unconscious before she could finish taking 30–40 pills.)

(Rebello, Stephen. “Somebody Killed Her.” *Playboy*. December 2005, p. 187: Miner related, “I was called on a Sunday, and the techs wouldn’t even have gotten to the specimens until the following day . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 432: Noguchi said, “For some reason I felt uncomfortable and shortly after the case was formally closed I called Toxicology . . .”)

(History’s Mysteries: *The Death of Marilyn Monroe* documentary, 2000: Noguchi said of Coroner Curphey, “He certified the manner of death to be ‘probable suicide . . .’”)

(History’s Mysteries: *The Death of Marilyn Monroe* documentary, 2000: John Miner vehemently discounted the “probable suicide” verdict by Dr. Curphey: “What we really have is a coroner chief medical examiner . . .”)

- 36 (Zolotow, Maurice. "MM's Psychiatrist a Troubled Man." *San Antonio Light*. [San Antonio, TX] 13 October 1973, p. 9-A: Ralph Greenson said, "I will always believe it was an accidental suicide, because her hand was on the receiver, her finger still in the dial . . .")
(MAILER 1975, p. 341: "Dr. Thomas Noguchi stated for *Time* magazine that 'no stomach pump was used on Marilyn.'")
(“Two Myths Converge: NM Discovers MM.” *Time*. 16 July 1973, p. 70)
(“Psychiatrist Breaks Silence in Defense of Marilyn Monroe.” *Yuma Daily Sun*. [Yuma, AZ] 23 October 1973: Ralph Greenson said, “I’ve decided that all I can do I’ve tried to do . . .”)
(SUMMERS 2000, p. 337: “Dr. Litman says today that Greenson spoke to him of a ‘close relationship with extremely important men in government,’ that the relationship was ‘sexual,’ and that the men concerned were ‘at the highest level.’ Dr. Litman says . . . he had ‘no real doubt’ whom he meant by ‘important men in government.’”)
- 37 (MURRAY 1975, p. 156: Mrs. Murray said, “It’s well known that Marilyn had a history of attempts at suicide. But at this particular time, she didn’t seem to have a desperate need to end it all. Plans were being resolved and there were many promising, exciting possibilities for the future.”)
(WIENER 1990, p. 11: “Years later, in an interview, Mrs. Murray would change parts of her story, but not the belief that Marilyn’s death was probably accidental.”)
(SLATZER 1992, p. 184: Marilyn’s neighbor Abe Landau was told by Mrs. Murray how Marilyn took too many pills because she forgot that she had taken some earlier then died.)
(“Two Myths Converge: NM Discovers MM.” *Time*. 16 July 1973, p. 70: “It was not a case, says Noguchi, of ‘automatism’—that gray area . . .”)
- 38 (BROWN AND BARHAM 1993, p. 345: “To Allan, the master publicist,

Lawford's story sounded as though it had been written for him by a public relations expert . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6
AUGUST 1992: "I was a confidant of Peter's . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6
AUGUST 1992: "I called and got a busy signal . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6
AUGUST 1992: "Peter Lawford wanted to go badly . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6
AUGUST 1992: "Peter was getting drunker by the minute . . . He'd be coughing then be silent . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 13
DECEMBER 1988: "I know the way this story may go and I'm prepared for it. I can't dispute you because you're liable to have proof . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6
AUGUST 1992: "That's a lot of crap . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6
AUGUST 1992: "How's Marilyn? . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 22
SEPTEMBER 1992: "Come on! Bobby Kennedy had more ways. He could've gotten rid of Marilyn Monroe with a phone call to Peter Lawford . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 8
NOVEMBER 1988: "Marilyn was destined to die. She'd tried suicide four times. Peter felt guilty about not going over to save her, but Dr. Greenson told him . . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 13
DECEMBER 1988: "Greenson told Peter that Marilyn had tried to commit suicide four or five times. . .")

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 8

NOVEMBER 1988: “I was on the phone to Peter all night the night Marilyn died . . .”)

(ASHER, WILLIAM. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 25 SEPTEMBER 1992: “I heard from Peter at eight or nine . . .”)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: George “Bullets” Durgom relayed, “He [Peter Lawford] mentions maybe I ought to go up there and see if she’s okay . . .”)

(EBBINS, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 6 AUGUST 1992: “There were two numbers. Peter didn’t have the other number . . .”)

(RUDIN, MILTON. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 31 OCTOBER 1992: “I did not call [Greenson]. He had had enough quite frankly . . .”)

(“Peter Lawford Phoned MM on Her Last Night.” *San Antonio Express*. [San Antonio, Texas] 9 August 1962: Milton Ebbins relayed, “He [Lawford] said Miss Monroe told him she would like to come but that she was tired and was going to bed early . . .”)

39 (LAWFORD 1992, pp. 77–80: Lady May Lawford, Peter Lawford’s mother, suspects her son of foul play on August 4, 1962.)

40 (Scott, Vernon. “Debunking MM Murder Rumors Latest Hollywood Industry.” *European Stars and Stripes*. [Darmstadt, Germany] 7 October 1985: Milt Ebbins related, “I talked to Peter on the telephone several times that night . . . I suggested we call Mickey Rudin, Marilyn’s attorney, and her psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson, Mickey’s brother-in-law . . .”)

(Boyes, Malcolm. “The Passing of Peter Lawford Rekindles Memories of the Joys and Sadness of a Camelot Lost.” *People*. 14 January 1985, Volume 23, Number 2: Peter Lawford remained “on good terms with the Kennedys. In fact, presidential candidate Robert Kennedy, after winning

the California primary in 1968, was headed for a Lawford-hosted party when he, too, was killed by an assassin's bullets.")

(NAAR, DOLORES. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 5 JANUARY 1989: "We were all to go to that. Pat would have been there . . .")

(ROMANOFF, GLORIA. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 2 SEPTEMBER 2010: "I don't think there was a lot of affection between Bobby Kennedy and Peter Lawford . . .")

(FRANKLIN 2002, p. 109: On Bobby Kennedy snapping at Peter, "Lawford didn't react; apparently he was used to verbal whippings.")

41 (ASHER, WILLIAM. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 25 SEPTEMBER 1992)

42 (NAAR, DOLORES. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 4 NOVEMBER 2010: "Peter called our house and said, 'Don't pick up Marilyn. She's not coming.'")

(SPADA 1991, p. 321: "Around seven-thirty, just as the Naars were leaving the house, they got another call from Peter. Marilyn wasn't feeling well, he told them, and wouldn't be coming.")

(NAAR, DOLORES. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES SPADA. 6 JANUARY 1989: "I read in one of the books that Bobby was upstairs . . .")

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH DONALD SPOTO. 22 JULY 1992: Joe Naar claims Lawford told him, "I just talked to Marilyn and I'm scared. I don't like the way she sounds. I think she's taken some pills . . .")

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 2 SEPTEMBER 2010: "I was on the phone with Peter most of that night . . . That's one-on-one with me at 11:30 at night . . .")

(SPADA 1991, p. 323: Dolores Naar stated that to her husband Joe, Lawford "said that he'd spoken to Marilyn's doctor and [Dr. Greenon] had said that he had given her sedatives because she had been disturbed

earlier . . .”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 323: During Peter’s party, Dolores Naar recalled, “I picked up on nothing. Except that during the evening there was a call and Peter said, ‘Oh, it’s Marilyn again’—like she does this all the time. His attitude didn’t change. It was very light, up evening.” Erma Lee Riley, Peter’s maid, agreed: “There wasn’t a word of worry about Marilyn.”)

(NAAR, DOLORES. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 3 NOVEMBER 2010: “I was in the room.”)

(NAAR, DOLORES. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 4 NOVEMBER 2010: “So you don’t need to go.”)

(SMITH 2005, p. 180: “Peter Lawford telephoned to say that Marilyn had taken too many pills . . . Joe Naar . . . dressed in readiness, but Lawford called again before he set off. He said it was unnecessary to go . . . Dolores Naar recalls Lawford telling them that Marilyn’s doctor had given her a sedative and she was resting.”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 514: “Lawford phoned soon after that to say ‘Marilyn’s doctor’ had given her a sedative, and she was resting.”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 324: Dolores Naar said, “Peter probably called Jack or Bobby and was told to take care of things . . .”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 323: “These were an odd pair of telephone calls in an evening replete with oddities . . .”)

(SPADA 1991, p. 323: Dolores Naar had a hunch that Lawford’s two calls were “calculated to mislead us . . .”)

- 43** (LEAMER 1996, p. 569: Joe Naar said, “I blame the changes in Peter and his final decline into the bottle on Marilyn’s death . . .”)

(NAAR, JOSEPH. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 2 SEPTEMBER 2010: “You’re trying to sort out the truth and put a puzzle together, but at this late date it’s going to be extremely difficult . . .”)

(*Marilyn Monroe: A Case for Murder* documentary, 1988: Former FBI agent Bill Roemer stated, “I would, yeah. I think there have been so many questions now and there’s so much conjecturing . . .”)

(MECACCI 2009, p. 29: “Marilyn’s death was in the end a relief for everyone: for the Kennedys, who had been freed from the nightmare of a scandal; for the CIA and the FBI . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS: “Two of my brothers were FBI agents . . . I had heard that my brother John Anderson had seen Robert Kennedy and two men enter Marilyn Monroe’s home. Hours later it was reported that Marilyn Monroe had died.”)

(Turner, Dave. *Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI*. Kentucky: Turner Publishing Company, 1996, p. 235: “Anderson, John K. 1952–1977, membership number 000121”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 528: On July 8, 1964, Hoover wrote to Bobby, “His book will make reference to your alleged friendship with the late Miss Marilyn Monroe. Mr. Capell stated that he will indicate . . .”)

(SUMMERS 1994, p. 350: Hoover’s then-teenage neighbor Anthony Calomaris relayed, “He said she was murdered, that it wasn’t a suicide, that the Kennedys were involved.”)

(SUMMERS 1994, pp. 344, 349: When Marilyn and Bobby Kennedy saw each other at the Lawford mansion on February 1, 1962, Hoover was listening in over wiretaps: “For Edgar, reading the transcript in Washington, Kennedy’s words must have held some comfort . . .”)

(THOMAS 2007, p. 117: Ethel Kennedy and the anonymous recommendation of Police Chief William Parker to the head of the FBI.)

(THOMAS 2007, pp. 194, 429: *Seattle Intelligencer*. 7 August 1962: Bobby Kennedy publicly stated, “I hope Hoover will continue to serve the country for many, many years to come.”)

(Taylor, Gene. “Will Marilyn Monroe’s Secret Love Letters Burn Bobby

Kennedy?” *Confidential*. October 1967, p. 72: Gay Talese of *Esquire* magazine wrote: “Mantle stepped forward. He stood with his wife and children, posed for the photographers . . .”)

(Taylor, Gene. “Will Marilyn Monroe’s Secret Love Letters Burn Bobby Kennedy?” *Confidential*. October 1967, p. 72: Gay Talese of *Esquire* magazine wrote: “Kennedy posed with Mantle for a photographer . . .”)

(SUMMERS 2000, pp. 484–485: “Three years after Marilyn’s death, in 1965, Joe DiMaggio stood in a ceremonial lineup for baseball hero Mickey Mantle at New York’s Yankee Stadium. Robert Kennedy came along the line, smiling and shaking hands. Rather than shake Kennedy’s hand, DiMaggio quickly backed away.”)

(HEYMANN 2009, p. 77: “DiMaggio refused to shake Bobby’s hand that day, giving rise to a *New York Daily News* sports page headline: ‘Joltin’ Joe—No Fan of RFK’s!’”)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 421: Harry Hall said DiMaggio “held Bobby Kennedy responsible for her death. He said that right there in the Miramar.”)

(HAYS 2005, p. 8: “In 1966, Chief Parker died of a heart attack during an engagement as a guest speaker at a military banquet.”)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “MM’s affair with Greenson took on a far greater meaning at the time of her death . . .”)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “‘Marilyn has got to be silenced,’ Bobby told Greenson or something to that effect. Greenson had thus been set up by Bobby to ‘take care’ of Marilyn.”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN.

1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “I suppose the most surprising revelation in Marilyn’s own tapes was the fact that not only did Marilyn have an affair with both Kennedys, she was also sleeping with Dr. Greenson, who appeared to be deeply in love with her . . .”)

(HEYMANN 1998, p. 322: Peter Lawford said, “I also got hold of portions of the [Mafia-Teamster] tapes, and heard what seemed to be sounds of their [Monroe and Greenson’s] lovemaking . . .”)

(*Say Goodbye to the President* documentary, 1985: Ralph Greenson relayed, “I can’t explain myself or defend myself without revealing things that I don’t want to reveal. . . Listen, you know, talk to Bobby Kennedy.”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “The ending at this particular time seemed so unfair and in a way unnecessary . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(SUMMERS 2000, p. 422: Ralph Greenson said, “She was a poor creature, whom I tried to help and ending up hurting.”)

(LAWFORD, PETER. INTERVIEW WITH C. DAVID HEYMANN. 1983. Transcript located at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: “After Marilyn’s death, the Kennedys gave Pat a job in Washington and soon sent her off to Europe . . .”)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I had become a prisoner now of a form of treatment which I thought was correct for her but almost impossible for me . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “She was making progress, but at times I felt I couldn’t go on with this. . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE: Greenson wrote to Dr. Kris on August 20, 1962, “I had become the most important person in her life and there was nothing I could do except hope that as she improved still more . . .” The complete letter is located in Greenson Papers, Special Collections, UCLA, sealed from the public until January 1, 2039.)

(Hartford, Bob. “Marilyn Monroe’s Bitter Battle Against Sex.” *The National Police Gazette*. January 1960: Marilyn Monroe said, “I’m tired of playing sex kittens . . .”)

(ROLLYSON 1993, p. 211: Marilyn to Richard Meryman, “I never quite understood it—this sex symbol—I always thought symbols were . . .”)

POSTSCRIPT ENDNOTES

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 235: “The shooting within the pantry began at 12:15:59 a.m. and ceased at 12:16:04.”)

(MOLDEA 1995, p. 312: Dr. Thomas Noguchi said, “The [rear of the right] shoulder pad shot as he was raising his arm . . .”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: When he was interviewed in 1971, Don Schulman asserted how Ace Security guard Thane Eugene Cesar was “standing directly to the side and back of Kennedy . . . He was standing on the right-hand side.”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: KNXT’s Jerry Dunphy reported soon after the shooting while Sirhan Sirhan had not yet been taken out of the Ambassador Hotel: “Don Schulman of KNXT tells us that Kennedy was shot three times . . .”)

(“Robert F. Kennedy Assassination: The FBI Files.” Filiquarian Publishing, LLC. 2007, Second Section, p. 8: Don Schulman said he witnessed “Kennedy being shot three times. The guard definitely pulled out his gun and fired.”)

(MELANSON 1994, p. 78: “For days after the assassination the press and public assumed he was hit twice. Only Don Schulman correctly insisted Kennedy had been shot three times . . .”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: In 1971, Don Schulman said Sirhan Sirhan was “from three to six feet” from RFK during the shooting.)

(*RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy* (An Investigative Documentary by Shane O’Sullivan). E2 Films, 2007: Karl Uecker stated,

“That bullet which killed Kennedy, it was an inch away from his head . . .”)

(“Summaries of Interviews with Crime Scene Witnesses Concerning Distance of Sirhan from Senator Kennedy.” Karl Uecker stated on February 20, 1975, p. 688 of 809: “There is no way that the shots described in the autopsy could have come from Sirhan’s gun . . . Sirhan never got close enough for a point-blank shot, never.”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 267: “Therefore, bent over the steam table, with his neck and gun-hand restrained [by Karl Uecker], Sirhan was never in a position to fire any shots from the rear of RFK. Kennedy received no frontal wounds.”)

(SCHULMAN, DON. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 FEBRUARY 2014: “One was Sirhan Sirhan and the other one was the security guard . . .”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: In 1971, Don Schulman asserted, “Another man [Sirhan Sirhan] stepped out and he shot just as the guard [Thane Eugene Cesar] who was standing behind Kennedy took out his gun and he fired also. The next thing I knew is that Kennedy was shot three times.”)

(Goldberg, Jerry. “Robert F. Kennedy Is Dead.” *Valley Times* [San Fernando Valley, CA]. 6 June 1968: “He died at 1:44 a.m. today in the intensive care center of Good Samaritan Hospital. Death came a little more than twenty-four hours after an assassin’s bullets . . . An autopsy team headed by Dr. Thomas T. Noguchi, Los Angeles County coroner-chief medical examiner, arrived at the hospital about 3:30 a.m. and conducted a post mortem on the body of the 42-year-old senator.”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 131, 505: “Irene Gizzi was chairman of Youth for Kennedy in Panorama City and arrived at the hotel with six other girls [including Katherine ‘Kathy’ Lentine, Joan Wing Kies, and Edith Noonan, three names Ms. Gizzi relayed to Jay Margolis]. Around nine

o'clock that night, Gizzi noticed a group of [five] people . . . 'who did not seem to fit with the exuberant crowd. Observed the female to be wearing a white dress with black polka-dots; the girl was standing with a male . . . [wearing a] gold-colored shirt, and light-colored pants . . .'" from "Irene Gizzi LAPD interview June 6 [1968].")

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 29 MARCH 2014: Jay Margolis asked, "The last person to actually interview you were LAPD?" Ms. Gizzi replied, "Yes, the police lieutenant that came to the house." "Back in [June 6] 1968?" "Yes.")

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 MARCH 2014: "First, Robert was speaking in the upper ballroom [the Embassy Room] . . .")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 168-169: "After the speech [in the Embassy Room] . . . Kennedy didn't go downstairs to the Ambassador Room . . .")

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 12 MARCH 2014: To Jay Margolis, Irene Gizzi became the first person at the Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968 to identify both the polka-dot dress girl and her male accomplice via a photo line-up containing three males on the left and three females on the right. Margolis gave Ms. Gizzi a red pen to circle the man and woman she saw and to write defining characteristics for each person above their respective pictures. After circling her choices, she wrote "Medallion" above Tarrants's picture and for Ainsworth, she wrote "Polka-Dot Dress." After writing the defining characteristics, Ms. Gizzi initialed her own name below Tarrants's photo and Ainsworth's photo respectively. On the top of the page, she wrote, "Today is: March 12, 2014" and Ms. Gizzi also wrote on the bottom of the page: "I, Irene Gizzi, have identified these two individuals to Jay Margolis." In addition, Jay Margolis took a photograph of Ms. Gizzi holding the photo line-up diagram, both of which are in Margolis's collection. Jay Margolis took all the photos of Ms. Gizzi in this book.)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 72: "It was December 23 [1968]. Only three

days earlier I had celebrated my twenty-second birthday on death row.”)
(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 15: “In early spring [1968], I had been in California conferring with the West Coast coordinator of the Minutemen . . .”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 59: “I decided to take a trip to Los Angeles to deepen my ties with Dr. Wesley Swift, a leader in radical-Right circles.”)

(NELSON 1993, p. 140: “Tarrants would later testify he bought a rifle from Swift with plans to use it to shoot Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr . . .”)

(Mitchell, Jerry. “Book Probes MLK Killing: Authors Suggest White Knights of Ku Klux Klan May Have Played Role In Civil-Rights Leader’s 1968 Slaying.” *The Clarion-Ledger*. 30 December 2007: “On July 31, 1968, Margot Capomacchia, the mother of Jackson schoolteacher Kathy Ainsworth, told an FBI informant her late daughter . . . and four men [including Thomas Tarrants] were responsible for King’s death and ‘used radio equipment . . . in jamming police calls . . .’ Eight years later, a similar allegation surfaced in *Miami Magazine*, in which reporter Dan Christensen cited 1968 Miami police reports [in which] police informant Willie Augustus Somersett mentions his conversations with a house painter [Sidney Barnes], described in one FBI report as being involved in a failed plot in 1963 to kill King . . . According to the *Miami Magazine* article, [Sidney Barnes] told Somersett the vehicle ‘used to jam the police cars on relaying messages of the killing of King (that day) . . . was a car used by Thomas Tarrants.’ [Sidney Barnes] also said Tarrants stayed at his house for a week or more after King’s killing. This is ‘the first I’ve heard of anything like this,’ Tarrants responded. He called Barnes a ‘head case . . .’ Tarrants said he had nothing to do with King’s assassination. At the time, he said, he was living in Franklin, N.C., staying with a couple who were followers of Swift. He wouldn’t give their names but surmised they may be dead now because they were older then. As for the allegation the White Knights jammed police radios at the scene, Tarrants remarked, ‘I don’t know they had people with the

technical expertise to do that.’ He said he certainly didn’t do it. In Jack Nelson’s book, *Terror in the Night: The Klan’s Campaign Against the Jews*, Tarrants is quoted as saying, ‘That was my ambition, to shoot Dr. King. I hated Dr. King.’ Tarrants acknowledged having those views at the time but pointed out ‘a lot of people in the South hated Martin Luther King.’ According to *Terror in the Night*, Tarrants purchased a gun from Swift with plans to kill King. He acknowledged to the *Clarion-Ledger* that he bought a rifle from Swift.”)

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 10 MARCH 2014: “The police interviewed me afterwards . . .”)

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 MARCH 2014: Irene Gizzi identified to Jay Margolis two CIA agents George Joannides and David Sanchez Morales. Also, she saw Unidentified Man in Profile, who according to Ms. Gizzi, may or may not be the man with “blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses” on page 452 of Shane O’Sullivan’s book.)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 442–443: “Joannides was born in Athens in 1922 . . .”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 446, 452: A possible identification for Unidentified Man in Profile witnessed by Irene Gizzi, Shane O’Sullivan wrote on page 446 how the bottom photograph on page 452 “showed a third man . . . with blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses.”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 459: “The last leg of [David] Talbot and [Jefferson] Morley’s journey took them to see Joannide’s former station chief in Saigon, Tom Polgar. Word came back that before Talbot and Morley mentioned his name, Polgar identified Joannides in the photograph. Polgar also identified the blonde man in horn-rimmed glasses in the other ballroom photographs as James Critchfield, the CIA’s chief in the Middle East at the time . . . When he was shown the ballroom photographs, Polgar told Talbot and Morley—and later confirmed to me—that the man at the Ambassador was ‘not

incompatible' with the Joannides he knew in Saigon, but he couldn't positively identify him. Polgar identified the third man [with blonde hair and horn-rimmed glasses] as 'not incompatible with James Critchfield.'")

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 25 MARCH 2014: "When I saw them [Tarrants, Ainsworth, Joannides, Morales, and Unidentified Man in Profile], they were to the right of the entrance to the lower ballroom . . .")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, p. 454: "Robert Kennedy and five others were shot in the pantry. Twenty-one seconds later, [David] Morales is first spotted in the footage . . . at the back of the Ambassador Room . . . This makes sense. Kennedy was due to go downstairs for another speech. If he wasn't diverted into the pantry and Plan B had to be activated, Morales was ready and waiting.")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, p. 436: "[O'Sullivan] interviewed Robert Walton, a good friend of Morales's who had also acted as his lawyer during the seventies . . . [and Walton quotes David Morales as saying:] 'I was in Dallas when we got that motherfucker [JFK] and I was in Los Angeles when we got the little bastard [RFK].'"")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, p. 426: Robert Walton relayed, "[David Morales] started yelling about what a wimp Kennedy was, and talking about how [Morales] had worked on the Bay of Pigs and how he had to watch all the men he had recruited and trained . . .")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 425-426: "David Sanchez Morales was a legendary CIA operative" who was employed at "JMWAVE in 1963. Morales was chief of operations.")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 428, 526: Bradley Ayers said, "I transferred to South Florida, to JMWAVE . . .")

(TARRANTS III 1979, pp. 36-37: "Acquaintances in the Birchers told me of a mysterious figure involved in anti-Castro guerrilla activities . . .")

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 470: “Michael D. Roman [a.k.a. CIA agent Gordon Campbell] . . . shared a birthday with Robert Kennedy—born on November 20, 1918, and died suddenly on December 22, 2002.”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 469–471: “When I showed Bradley Ayers this footage, it reinforced his identification of Campbell . . .”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 428: Bradley Ayers said, “I met the assistant chief of station, a fellow by the name of Gordon Campbell . . .”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 473: “The Roman family recognized the figure of Joannides in the photographs . . .”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 473: Michael Roman’s son relayed, “Both my sister and mother confirm the darker-haired man is Frank Owens [actually spelled Owen which was a cover name for Joannides] . . .”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 473: “Owens was a regional sales manager for Michael Roman, and seems to match a ‘Frank S. Owen’ from New York interviewed by the FBI on October 21 . . .”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 470–471: “Campbell [under the name Michael D. Roman] was working [as vice president of the Bulova Watch Company] for [Gen. Omar N. [Bradley], for a watch company that was having its sales conference at the hotel where Kennedy would be assassinated? It boggles the mind.”)

(*RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy* (An Investigative Documentary by Shane O’Sullivan). E2 Films, 2007: Shane O’Sullivan stated, “Forty percent of Bulova’s revenue came from the defense industry . . .”)

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 12 MARCH 2014: “I still don’t understand why the police kept trying to say that it was only Sirhan Sirhan . . .”)

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 13 MARCH 2014: “Unless the cops got all the footage, there’s a bunch of people that have footage because there were television crews . . .”)

(MELANSON 1994, p. 69: “Three drawn guns were reported by witnesses . . .”)

(MELANSON 1994, p. 68: Don Schulman told Special Counsel Thomas F. Kranz, “I had thought I saw three guns [but only witnessed Sirhan’s and Cesar’s actually being fired].”)

(Pease, Lisa. “The Other Kennedy Conspiracy: The Assassination Of Robert Kennedy Never Received The Scrutiny It Deserves.” *Salon*. 21 November 2011: “Fact: Donald Schulman, a young runner for a local TV station, claimed he saw security guard Cesar fire his gun. Schulman also told the LAPD he saw three guns in the pantry. (Some authors have mistakenly suggested Schulman wasn’t in the pantry, but LAPD records confirm that he was.)”

(MELANSON 1994, p. 69: “Martha Raines asserts that a gun besides Sirhan’s or Cesar’s was fired . . . Martha Raines told the author of seeing a man fire a gun in the pantry.”)

(MELANSON 1994, pp. 65–66: “According to Raines, the man fired a handgun of some kind . . . ‘And, as I recall, one of them [the shots from Tarrant’s gun] was high and should have gone into the ceiling . . .”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, pp. 199–200: “[Ted] Charach states that Sirhan could not have shot the bullets that penetrated these [ceiling] panels. Rather, he states, someone behind Kennedy and facing in Sirhan’s direction could have fired shots that would have hit those [ceiling] tiles.”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 33: Thomas Tarrants explained how he had “a dislike for John Kennedy and his policies on race and federal intervention . . .”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 81: “My defiance of authority began when authority placed itself on the side of federal intervention to integrate . . .”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 82: “As I saw it, America was being

undermined by the communist-Jewish conspiracy.”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: In 1969, Thane Eugene Cesar said, “I definitely wouldn’t have voted for Bobby Kennedy because he had the same ideas as John did . . .”)

(Moldea, Dan E. “Who Really Killed Bobby Kennedy?” *Regardie’s*. June 1987, p. 72: “The evidence to support Cesar’s possible role in the shooting is extensive and clearly demonstrates means, opportunity, and motive.”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 54: Sgt. Paul Sharaga relayed, “The woman stated that she and her husband were just outside the Embassy Room when a young couple, in their late teens or early twenties . . .”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 55: Sgt. Paul Sharaga communicated on the LAPD logger tapes, “12:28:53 ‘2L30, description of the suspect; at 3400 Wilshire Boulevard; male Caucasian, 20 to 22, 6 ft. to 6 ft. 2, very thin . . .”)

(NELSON 1993, p. 17: “It was evening, June 29, 1968 . . . Thomas Albert Tarrant III was twenty-one years old . . . tall and trim—about six feet three and 170 pounds—with brown eyes and black hair combed straight back. Women were attracted to him.”)

(NELSON 1993, p. 17: “It was evening, June 29, 1968 . . . Kathy Ainsworth . . . was twenty-six years old, five feet four and buxom, with a pretty oval face and brown eyes that matched her thick brunette hair . . . [and was employed by] the Lorena Duling Elementary School” teaching fifth grade.)

(MELANSON 1994, p. 65: Noting Martha Raines’s observations, Professor Philip Melanson wrote, “He [the third gunman] was approximately 6-feet 2-inches tall, Caucasian, with dark, wavy hair and wearing a suit (not a uniform).”)

(*RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy* (An Investigative Documentary by Shane O'Sullivan). E2 Films, 2007: To NBC reporter Sander Vanocur, an hour-and-a-half after the shooting, Sandra Serrano relayed, "This girl came running down the stairs in the back and said, 'We've shot him! We've shot him!' . . .")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, p. 21: "Campaign worker Sandra Serrano was still sitting on the fire escape below the southwest corner of the Embassy Room.")

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, pp. 53–54: "Serrano's interview [with Sander Vanocur] occurred about 1 ½ hours after the shooting.")

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, p. 469: "As Kennedy left the stage, the crowd began to disperse, and a minute or so later, Kennedy was shot. As cries from the pantry ignited panic in the Embassy Room, we see Campbell walk forward from the back of the room toward the commotion. It's clear he was not coming from the pantry but had been watching the speech from the back of the ballroom. The Latin man with the mustache had also been watching the speech, a little closer to the stage. When I obtained a new, clean transfer of the original Campbell footage, it was also clear that he was holding his right hand across his chest as he walked through the room but his hands were empty. There was no container and no disguised weapon [because it was presumably hidden underneath his dress shirt as Campbell held it in place with his right hand across his chest]. Why he held his hand across his chest and why the Latin man was waving toward an exit remain a mystery.")

(*RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy* (An Investigative Documentary by Shane O'Sullivan). E2 Films, 2007: Shortly after the shooting of RFK, Ambassador Hotel footage shows CIA agent Gordon Campbell using his right hand to hold onto what may be Tarrant's murder weapon carefully hidden underneath his dress shirt as he is guided towards an exit by a Latin man.)

(O'SULLIVAN 2008, p. 405: "The two men [Enrique 'Hank' Hernandez

and Manuel ‘Manny’ Pena] who had effective day-to-day control of the RFK investigation also had CIA connections.”)

(*RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy* (An Investigative Documentary by Shane O’Sullivan). E2 Films, 2007: The late Larry Teeter, Sirhan’s former attorney, stated, “The LAPD does have a history of ties with the CIA and we know that [from] two people who played a critical role in the investigation Manuel Pena and Enrique ‘Hank’ Hernandez.”)

(*RFK Must Die: The Assassination of Bobby Kennedy* (An Investigative Documentary by Shane O’Sullivan). E2 Films, 2007: On a recording, Enrique Hernandez told Sandra Serrano, “I had been called to South America, to Vietnam, and Europe and I have administered tests. The last test I administered was to the dictator in Caracas, Venezuela. He was a big man, a dictator. Perez Jimenez was his last name. And this is when there was a transition in the government of Venezuela. And that’s when President Betancourt came in . . . but this is all behind. But there was a great thing involved over there . . . and I tested the gentleman.”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, p. 409: On a recorded 1992 interview, Manuel Pena explained to attorney Marilyn Barrett, “The way they’ve written it, it sounds like I was brought back [out of retirement] and put into the [RFK] case as a plant by the CIA . . .”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 229: “In early November, 1967, Manny Pena officially retired from the Los Angeles Police Department. He had served the LAPD for 22 years . . . By January 17, 1968, however, Pena was back on duty with the LAPD . . . Following the assassination, Pena was appointed to the SUS [Special Unit Senator] . . . Both official and unofficial accounts credit Pena with a considerable role in the direction of the SUS’s work and daily management. This role continued during the major period of the [RFK] investigation. In 1969, at some time following the conclusion of the Sirhan trial, Pena once again retired from active LAPD duty.”)

(O’SULLIVAN 2008, pp. 405–406: “FBI agent Roger LaJeunesse had known Pena for years and was the FBI liaison to the LAPD during the RFK case. LaJeunesse said Pena left the LAPD for a ‘special training unit’ at CIA’s Camp Peary base in Virginia . . . Pena had been doing special assignments for the CIA for a decade, mostly under AID [Agency for International Development] cover.”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: Dr. Thomas Noguchi stated, “It is scientifically highly unlikely. In this case, there was an abundance of powder burn embedded deep in the tissue.”)

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 96: “Because of the soot in the hair . . .”)

(NOGUCHI 1984, pp. 97, 102: “I now knew the precise location of the murder weapon at the moment it was fired . . . Thus I have never said that Sirhan Sirhan killed Robert Kennedy.”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: In 1969, Thane Eugene Cesar said, “When the shots were fired, I reached for my gun [and got it out of my holster] . . . I had it in my hand.”)

(*The Second Gun* documentary, 1973: Directed by Theodore Charach and co-produced by Theodore Charach and Gérard Alcan: In 1969, Thane Eugene Cesar asserted he grabbed RFK’s right elbow with his left hand, guiding him through the pantry and said, “I got powder in my eyes . . .”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 213: “Gunpowder primarily blows back and to the sides from a fired gun, not forward. Powder residue is often found on the face and hands of the person firing the gun . . . Based on the locations of Senator Kennedy, Sirhan, and Cesar, however, the probability that powder from Sirhan’s gun would have gotten into the eyes of the guard would be extremely unlikely.”)

(MELANSON 1994, pp. 65, 69: “In addition to Sirhan’s gun and that of

security guard Cesar, Lisa Urso saw another one . . .”)

(MELANSON 1994, p. 65: After the shooting was over, Lisa Urso said the man in the suit with a drawn gun was “by Kennedy.”)

(Rosenthal, Harry F. “Testifies He Told RFK After The Shooting: You Can Make It!” *The Kokomo Tribune* [Kokomo, Indiana]. 16 February 1969, p. 20: Associated Press writer Harry Rosenthal wrote, “Shortly after midnight, Romero saw someone coming toward Kennedy.” Juan Romero testified in court, “I thought it was a person who couldn’t wait to shake his hand. I seen the guy put a hand at the Senator’s head. And then I saw a gun.” Asked if Sirhan Sirhan was the shooter, Romero replied, “I don’t believe that’s him.”)

(“Sirhan Trial: State Will Call 7 Eyewitnesses.” *The Press-Courier* [Oxnard, California]. 16 February 1969, p. 17: United Press International wrote, “All except Romero were definite in their identification of Sirhan as the gunman seized at the scene of Kennedy’s shooting. Sirhan stood up to give Romero a better view of him and the busboy said, ‘I don’t believe that’s him.’”)

(CHACON, RIGO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 9 MARCH 2014: “I’ve known Juan Romero for more than twenty years . . .”)

(Lopez, Steve. “Kneeling Again Next to RFK: Juan Romero Visits Kennedy’s Grave at Arlington National Cemetery.” *Los Angeles Times*. 21 November 2010: “‘Sorry,’ he apologized to his daughter, Elda, and friend, Rigo Chacon, who had made the trip with him from California. ‘If I can get it out of the way now . . .’ Maybe a good cry would help him keep his composure, he said, when he finally stood at the grave.”)

(NOGUCHI 1984, p. 95: Noguchi wrote that “the all-important bullet that had caused Kennedy’s death” was from behind his head. “The bullet had entered the skull an inch to the left of Kennedy’s right ear . . .”)

(JOLING, ROBERT J. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 8 FEBRUARY 2012: Robert Joling told Jay Margolis he believed Cesar was

Kennedy's assassin because Cesar was to the back-right of the Senator. While Cesar did fire and hit the Senator twice to his right armpit, it was Thomas Tarrants who was responsible for the fatal shot to the back of Kennedy's head. In fact, as Noguchi confirmed to Dan Moldea, the two shots to Kennedy's right armpit were nonfatal and they occurred *before* the fatal shot to the back of the head.)

(MELANSON 1994, p. 78: "Well,' Cesar replied, 'from where I could see, it looked like he was shot in the head, the chest and the shoulder.' 'How many shots did you hear?' 'Four.' This makes Cesar the only person besides Schulman to correctly state that Kennedy was hit three times. But Cesar even knew—or guessed—the approximate locations of the wounds. There were, of course, more than four shots fired, but four did impact on Kennedy (three wounds and the bullet that passed through [the rear of] his [right shoulder pad of the] suit coat).")

(TURNER AND CHRISTIAN 2006, p. 168: "It is also curious that Cesar's contemporaneous account locates the exact number and placement of shots and wounds in RFK's body—inflicted from the rear, his own conceded position—when no such identifications were possible until doctors examined the Senator at a nearby hospital some twenty minutes later.")

(Rosenthal, Harry F. "Testifies He Told RFK After The Shooting: You Can Make It!" *The Kokomo Tribune* [Kokomo, Indiana]. 16 February 1969, p. 20: Associated Press writer Harry Rosenthal wrote, "Shortly after midnight, Romero saw someone coming toward Kennedy." Juan Romero testified in court, "I thought it was a person who couldn't wait to shake his hand. I seen the guy put a hand at the Senator's head. And then I saw a gun." Asked if Sirhan Sirhan was the shooter, Romero replied, "I don't believe that's him.")

("Sirhan Trial: State Will Call 7 Eyewitnesses." *The Press-Courier* [Oxnard, California]. 16 February 1969, p. 17: United Press International wrote, "All except Romero were definite in their identification of Sirhan

as the gunman seized at the scene of Kennedy's shooting. Sirhan stood up to give Romero a better view of him and the busboy said, 'I don't believe that's him.'")

(GIZZI, IRENE. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 10 MARCH 2014: Morales, Joannides, and Unidentified Man in Profile "were shorter than he [Tarrants] was because he was the tallest in the group.")

(MELANSON 1994, p. 65: Noting Martha Raines's observations, Professor Philip Melanson wrote, "He [the third gunman] was approximately 6-feet 2-inches tall, Caucasian, with dark, wavy hair and wearing a suit (not a uniform).")

(NELSON 1993, p. 17: "It was evening, June 29, 1968 . . . Thomas Albert Tarrants III was twenty-one years old . . . tall and trim—about six feet three and 170 pounds—with brown eyes and black hair combed straight back. Women were attracted to him.")

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 55: Sgt. Paul Sharaga communicated on the LAPD logger tapes, "12:28:53 '2L30, description of the suspect; at 3400 Wilshire Boulevard; male Caucasian, 20 to 22, 6 ft. to 6 ft. 2, very thin . . .")

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 37: "I developed a great fondness for firearms and marksmanship . . .")

(JOLING, ROBERT J. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 8 FEBRUARY 2012)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 270: "As author Van Praag has scientifically demonstrated [regarding the Stanislaw Pruszyński recording], approximately 13 shots were fired within 5 ½ seconds . . .")

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 85: "Shouldn't there be some bullets on the scene that identify with Sirhan's gun? . . .")

(PEASE AND DIEUGENIO 2003, p. 557: "The serial number of the gun indicated did not match that of the Sirhan gun. The Sirhan gun had a serial number of H53725. The test bullets evidence envelope, however,

bore the serial number of H18602 . . . This gun had belonged, according to the LAPD's records, to a Jake Williams. It does not make sense that someone would look up the record of the Sirhan gun and come up with Jake Williams's gun number by mistake.”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 159: “This exhibit [#55], related to the gun identified as a .22 caliber revolver bearing Serial [Number] H18602 and belonging to Sirhan (actually it was not Sirhan's gun but a gun taken from LAPD Property).”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 82: “[DeWayne] Wolfer testified that the Sirhan gun was in Grand Jury evidence (having been admitted into evidence on June 7, 1968) . . . He also stated that he had removed revolver H18602, which was of the same make and model of the Sirhan gun, from the LAPD confiscated weapons collection on June 10 . . . Wolfer further stated that through some inadvertent clerical error the serial number of H18602 had mistakenly been placed on the evidence envelope ‘B.’”)

(Moldea, Dan E. “Who Really Killed Bobby Kennedy?” *Regardie's*. June 1987, p. 69: “Wolfer testified at Sirhan's trial that he was able to match bullets from a test-firing of Sirhan's .22 with bullets taken out of the victims. Later, however, when the trial evidence was examined by outside parties, it was discovered that Wolfer may not have test-fired Sirhan's gun at all. Police records show that he test-fired an Iver Johnson Cadet .22 with the serial number H18602; Sirhan's gun was an Iver Johnson Cadet .22 with the serial number H53725.”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 174: DeWayne Wolfer lied under oath at Sirhan's trial that the “Sirhan death weapon and no other gun in the world fired the fatal shot that killed Senator Kennedy.”)

(Moldea, Dan E. “Who Really Killed Bobby Kennedy?” *Regardie's*. June 1987, p. 70: “That same year [1971] a formal complaint was filed against Wolfer by [Noguchi's] attorney Godfrey Isaac and journalist Theodore Charach who charged Wolfer with having made serious errors in several

cases, including the Kennedy murder . . . [Former FBI agent Marshall Houts wrote:] ‘Wolfer suffers from a great inferiority complex for which he compensates by giving the police exactly what they need to obtain a conviction . . .’ In 1980 . . . he was also cited by the state court of appeals for testimony in a major case ‘bordering on perjury’ and ‘given with reckless disregard for the truth.’”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, pp. xxviii, 234-235: “One into Paul Schrade = 1; one into Ira Goldstein = 2; one into Irwin Stroll = 3; one into Elizabeth Evans = 4; one into William Weisel = 5; and four into Senator Kennedy and his suit jacket = 9.”)

(Moldea, Dan E. “Who Really Killed Bobby Kennedy?” *Regardie’s*. June 1987, p. 71: “DeWayne Wolfer’s reconstruction of the eight shots fired from Sirhan’s gun explains his theories nicely, but is not supported by the facts.”)

(“Robert F. Kennedy Assassination: The FBI Files.” Filiquarian Publishing, LLC. 2007, Second Section, p. 9: “Cesar owned a .22 caliber revolver at the time of the shooting . . . at first telling investigating officers that he remembered selling the weapon in the spring of 1968 [months before the shooting], but [later] admitted that he had sold the weapon [on] September [6], 1968, to a friend [Jim Yoder] in Arkansas. This weapon . . . was a 9 shot cadet model .22 revolver.”)

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 261: “While Cesar has claimed that he had the Ace Guard Service provided .38 gun with him that night, the police never checked his weapon and he initially told investigators (erroneously) that he had sold his .22 gun months before the shooting.”)

(PEASE AND DIEUGENIO 2003, pp. 551–552: “The official autopsy report was not made available to the defense until after Sirhan’s trial had commenced on January 7, 1969. The first mention of the autopsy report from the defense appears in a memo dated February 22, 1969 that [Robert Blair] Kaiser wrote to Sirhan’s lead attorney, Grant Cooper . . . Kennedy had died on June 6, 1968, and the autopsy had been performed

immediately upon his death. In the SUS card index, a card labeled only 'Medical' reports: 'Coroners protocol—Final Summary: 10 pages received 11-27-68 . . .' What could possibly have kept the autopsy report from being delivered for nearly six months? Was it held back to keep the defense from figuring out that Kennedy was shot at a distance that could not be reconciled with the consistent reports of Sirhan's position relative to Kennedy's?")

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 14 JANUARY 2013: "We got the call there at the Ambassador Hotel . . .")

(JOLING AND VAN PRAAG 2008, p. 235: "Robert Hulsman, an ambulance driver for the City of Los Angeles, together with Max Behrman, was dispatched to the assassination scene shortly thereafter. Their ambulance arrived at the front hotel entrance.")

(VILLALOBOS, EDGARDO. INTERVIEW WITH JAY MARGOLIS. 5 OCTOBER 2013: "They first took him to Central Receiving Hospital . . .")

(Rasmussen, Cecilia. "A Pioneering Public Hospital Checks Out." *Los Angeles Times*. 2 October 2005: "Perhaps the most famous of Central Receiving's patients arrived by ambulance in the early morning hours of June 5, 1968. Robert F. Kennedy had been shot at the nearby Ambassador Hotel after winning the California presidential primary.")

(Elliott, Osborn, ed. "Bobby's Last Longest Day." *Newsweek*. 17 June 1968, p. 30: "But Central Receiving has neither blood plasma nor X-ray equipment, and they had no choice but to send him on to 'Good Sam'—the Hospital of the Good Samaritan – four blocks away . . .")

(Stewart, Marilyn. "Former KKK Terrorist Cites C.S. Lewis' Faithful Obedience." *Baptist Press*. 9 August 2006: "As an operative for the White Knights, Tarrants was involved in some 30 bombings of synagogues, churches and homes before being apprehended in an FBI sting operation in Meridian, Miss [on June 30, 1968]. In the ensuing shootout between

Tarrants and law enforcement officers, Tarrants's female accomplice [Kathy Ainsworth] was killed and he was shot 19 times, almost ending his life.”)

(NELSON 1993, pp. 17–18, 21, 173–192, 200, 219–220, 233, 263: On June 30, 1968, in Meridian, Mississippi, the FBI opened fire killing Kathy Ainsworth and seriously injuring her partner-in-crime Thomas Albert Tarrants III.)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 14: “Ironically, Meridian was the home of one of the best orthopedic surgeons in the United States, Dr. Leslie Rush, who headed Rush Memorial Hospital in Meridian . . . My family talked to him about my situation, and after examining me, he volunteered to operate without charge.”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 95: Thomas Tarrants said how “there were too many for the extra cells on death row.”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 124: “On a bright, clear Monday morning, December 13, 1976, at about 8:30 a.m., a prison station wagon arrived at the pre-release center . . . I was packed and ready to leave.”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 109: “Nonetheless, some wouldn't be convinced. They no doubt still view my conversion as a gimmick for freedom.”)

(TARRANTS III 1979, p. 119: “For one thing I was at one time labeled by the press and federal and state authorities as the most dangerous man in Mississippi. More importantly, I had shot a patrolman—an extremely serious offense in its own right.”)